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On The Balcony
by Conrad Kiesel

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BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

By Richard B. Kimball, LL.D.

In the year 1748 there came to England from Venice a Jew who wrote his name "Benjamin D'Israeli"—literally, "Benjamin of Israel." He claimed descent from the high Hebrew aristocracy of Spain, whence, toward the close of the fifteenth century, his ancestors had been driven by the persecutions of the Inquisition, to seek refuge in the territories of the Venetian Republic. There, "grateful," so it was stated, "to the God of Jacob, who had sustained them through unprecedented trials, and guarded them through unheard-of perils, they assumed the name of D'Israeli—a name never borne before or since by any other family—in order that their race might be for ever recognized."

It appears that this Benjamin D'Israeli had already amassed a handsome fortune in commerce, and soon after reaching England retired from business, and, purchasing a valuable property, passed thereafter a life of luxurious ease, entertaining at his house at Enfield many of the distinguished men of the day, and among them Horace Walpole and Sir Horace Mann. He is represented as being "a man of ardent character—sanguine, courageous, speculative, fortunate, with a temper which no disappointment could disturb, and a brain amid reverses full of resources." The same account informs us that his wife, though a Jewess, "never pardoned him his name and herself her race," and was so mortified by her social position that she lived to nearly eighty without indulging a tender expression. Nevertheless, her husband scrupulously maintained strict relations with the Spanish and Portuguese synagogue in London, and was a close observer of its ceremonies.

This man had an only son, born after he came to England, whom he named Isaac, and whom he destined for a merchant prince, after the family traditions. Unknown to his father, Isaac had become addicted to poetry, and when the old gentleman announced his intention with regard to him, the son coolly replied that he had written, and intended to publish, a poem of considerable length against commerce, which was the corrupter of men. The father took a sensible view of the matter. So, far from attempting to coerce the youngster, he afforded him the opportunity to carry out his tastes. Isaac became a studious recluse, living literally among his books, without relations or family acquaintances, but enjoying the society of the most distinguished literary men of the time. Such was the author of the work entitled "Curiosities of Literature," one of the most curious and remarkable books in the English language.

Isaac D'Israeli married in 1802 a lady of great beauty and remarkable accomplishments, Maria Basevi by name, and on the 21st of December, 1804, their second child, a son, was born to them, who was named Benjamin for his grandfather, and who is the subject of this memoir. The child was initiated into the Abrahamic covenant on the eighth day, at the Bevis Marks Synagogue, of which his father was a member, though rarely an attendant.

Before this event the Act of Parliament, passed by the influence of the Duke of Newcastle, permitting the naturalization of Hebrews, had been repealed, owing to the clamor of the inferior clergy, so that the prejudice against the race for the time became intense. We must keep this fact in mind, for it bears specially on our subject. As I have remarked, Isaac D'Israeli gave little or no attention to the observance of the ceremonials of his religion, but he did pay into the treasury his regular yearly assessment of £10. On being elected president of the congregation he declined to serve, whereupon he was fined £40, which he refused to pay, and shortly after he severed all connection with the synagogue. The young Benjamin was at this time in his tenth year, and by this action of the father was left in a most untoward position, having neither the small advantage which might accrue to a Hebrew in full covenant with his race, and being at the same time cut off from every hope of recognition and advancement in a community of prejudiced Christians. This alone is enough to account for that unvarying cynicism and mocking satire which in one way or another characterized his whole political career. He had no schooldays, as those days are counted among English boys. He was sent for a short period to a boarding-school, which proved sufficiently disagreeable to him, by reason of his Hebrew origin; after that he was placed in charge of private tutors, who, under his father's direction, looked after his education. While this was in progress an odd circumstance took place.

Although Isaac D'Israeli had forsaken the synagogue, he did not exhibit the slightest leaning toward Christianity. He was engrossed with his books, and little else beside. Benjamin was an attractive, handsome boy, of a remarkably quick intelligence, and specially noticeable. The literary friends who frequented the house spoke with regret of the isolation which threatened his future. This, it was reasoned, could be partially counteracted by his becoming Christianized. But how to do it? Accounts differ in this regard, but an accepted version is that Mrs. Ellis, wife of a well-known man of letters, taking advantage of the father's temporary absence, hurried the boy off to Saint Andrew's, Holborn, where he was baptized by J. Thimbleby, the curate. This occurrence, which took place when Benjamin was twelve years old, must have produced an extraordinary impression, little calculated, however, to enhance his respect for the ceremony, or his faith in the rite. It was his first great lesson in adapting means to ends, and was not likely to be forgotten.

The obstacle which would have frustrated any attempt to enter public life having in this way been avoided, he was, four years later, confronted by another peril, which, in its way, might have proved equally formidable. It happened that one of his father's intimate friends was a wealthy solicitor, by the name of Swain. The man had no children, and he proposed that Benjamin, now sixteen years old, to whom he had taken a great fancy, should enter his office, under the promise that he should ultimately succeed to the business of the firm, of which Mr. Swain was the head. Besides, the young man would, in this way, become fitted for a respectable Government office, if his tastes went in that direction. So it happened that at an age when those who became his contemporaries in public life were entering at Oxford or Cambridge, Benjamin Disraeli was sent to the office of the aforesaid solicitor, in Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, where, in due course, he was to be articled in accordance with the rules. But matters did not follow in due course. He had no taste for the law. After a brief trial he refused to be articled, and gave up his desk to a younger brother.

Old Isaac D'Israeli did not, it seems, take the matter to heart. Possibly he recalled the circumstances attending his own choice when at the same age. He was a man of easy competence, so that at no time did his son have to contend with the unhappy cramping of poverty, or in fact the want of money for all reasonable expenditure. At

nineteen he visited Germany, and on his return commenced to develop the energetic, persistent purpose which lasted as long as his life—this was to attract public attention and challenge public notice. He possessed every qualification for the work. He had unbounded confidence in his own abilities, which he doubtless overrated; but it was so much the better for his object. He exhibited at all times an egregious self-sufficiency. He was audacious, but calculating; brilliant and imaginative, but sagacious.

Young Disraeli devoted himself to the fashionable puppyism of the period, of which Bulwer was a shining example and Count D'Orsay a chief. There were at the time a class of young men, of bright intellectual promise—severe students, too—who affected the dandyism of Pelham and the effeminate mysticism of Delisle; but they wielded keen pens, and on occasion gave the reading public clever books and slashing magazine and newspaper articles. At the age of twenty-two, young Disraeli set himself down to produce a romance. He was not content to rest its success upon its literary merits; he made the book a gallery of portraits and caricatures of living personages. "Vivian Grey" was caught up with avidity. Society was agog over it. Everybody was "taken off." So everybody was engaged discovering who was who, and in fitting the characters in the novel to the persons they were supposed to represent. At length a "key" was published, and society set to reading the book over again. Taking himself for the hero, and picturing his father as the hero's father, we find Brougham as Mr. Foaming Fudge, Canning as Charlatan Gas, Prince Leopold as the Prince of Little Lilliput, Lord Lennox as Lord Prima Donna, Lord Eldon as Lord Past Century, Horace Twiss as Vivacity Dull, Abernethy as Dr. Spittergen, Mrs. Coutts as Mrs. Million, and so on, and so on. The reader will see how thoroughly some parties must have been gibbeted. "Vivian Grey," though immature and erratic, is a work of genius, full of originality, vivacity and wit, and has survived the personalities which gave it its first currency. It demonstrated the writer's powers of satire, which he never in his subsequent career permitted to flag. It made a lion of him in London society, and brought him into the best political and social circles. Shortly after its publication, the author made a classical tour in Italy and Greece. Returning, he published a flimsy satire on the manners and customs of the day, entitled "The Voyage of Captain Popanilla." It attracted but little attention.

It was about this time that N. P. Willis met Disraeli at the Countess of Blessington's, and gave the following striking picture: "He wore a waistcoat splendidly embroidered with gorgeous gold flowers, patent-leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets. He has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale. His eye is as black as Erebus, and has the most mocking, lying-in-wait expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness—and when he bursts forth, as he does constantly, with a partially successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick, heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carelessness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously." This description is not more valuable for a picture of Disraeli, than for that of the dandy of the period, of which class Willis himself was a shining example. The difference between the young Disraeli and the dandy par excellence, was that the latter took up the calling as an occupation, the former used it as the best method at hand for attracting observation.

About this time (1829–30), Disraeli undertook an extended pilgrimage. He spent the Winter in Constantinople, the following season in Albania, and the next year in Syria and the Holy Land. In these journeyings, he found or fed the Oriental fancies that inspired his fantastic romance of "Alroy," and traveled through the sacred scenes which he revisited afterward with Tancred and Lothair. When he returned to England, he came back to carry out his cherished design to enter on political life. The times favored him, for the country was in the vortex of the Reform agitation. The old landmarks were being swept away; everything was unsettled. Christianized as he was, he still had to contend with the obstacle of his birth. Jews could not sit in Parliament, and he was a Jew in everything but the one operating legal provision. This in no way disheartened him. He had only to decide under what flag he was to embark on the stormy sea of politics—the more stormy the better suited to his purpose. From the Whigs, who were then in the ascendant, he had nothing to hope. He looked upon their party as represented by an exclusive caste, which regarded Government posts as its inalienable birthright, and he continued through life consistent in his denunciations of the "Whig Oligarchy." He saw little opening for the time being among the Tories. There was nothing left for him but to undertake what Roebuck had already accomplished—namely, to endeavor to enter Parliament as a Radical and "Friend of the People." With such men as Joseph Hume and Daniel O'Connell as his sponsors, he presented himself as an independent candidate to the electors of High Wycombe. Of positive principles, in his address there was literally nothing. He belabored the Tories, and abused the Whigs. Questioned, as is often the habit at the English hustings, his answers were adroit but non-committal, until an impatient elector at last demanded, "Upon what *do* you stand?" "Upon my head!" was the retort—a statement for once sincerely made and true.

On this occasion he was defeated, only to renew the contest before the same constituency the succeeding year, on the dissolution of the Melbourne Ministry, with Hume and O'Connell still his friends. He failed of an election by eleven votes. He was in no sense discouraged.

It happened two years later that a vacancy occurred at Marylebone. Whereupon Disraeli issued a flaming address, in which he described himself as one who "sought the support of neither of the aristocratic parties," but who advocated the cause of the people. He accepted, to the fullest extent, the radical doctrines of triennial Parliaments, vote by ballot, abolition of all taxes except a property tax, and separation of Church and State. To his disgust, he found the metropolitan constituency, from which he expected so much, even more implacable than the rural electors of High Wycombe, and he had so little support that he refrained from going to the poll. This served to disenchant him with radicalism. Fortune favored his efforts to put himself again in nomination the ensuing year. Mr. Labouchere having been appointed to office, went to his constituency, as was the custom, for re-election. He found Disraeli on the ground to oppose him, not in the shape of a radical, but in the interest of the Tories! The contest was very bitter, as may be imagined, and the neophyte in these new principles encountered a severe defeat.

Here we must record the incident of Disraeli's quarrel with O'Connell. Both were looking for a party, but with a different purpose. The great Irish leader had no personal aims. He sought, and he achieved, "emancipation"

DISRAELI'S FIRST ADDRESS TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AS PRIME MINISTER, IN 1868.

for his countrymen. Party and place were to him as nothing. Disraeli, on the contrary, was endeavoring to find a party who would advance *him*. In attaching himself to the Tories he showed great sagacity, as we shall see further on. O'Connell, meanwhile, had cast his lot with the Whigs. When Disraeli came to air his new-blown principles, he was taunted by his auditors with O'Connellism. Whereupon he launched into a severe invective against his former friend, calling him an incendiary, a traitor, and other hard names, and referring, in the most biting terms, to his alliance with the Whigs. As was generally the case with those who fell foul of O'Connell, the Irishman had the last word, and left to his adversary the ridicule. "The author of 'Vivian Grey,'" he retorted, "possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief, whose name must have been Disraeli. For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him; and with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross." For once Disraeli's imperturbability was stirred. He sent a challenge to Maurice O'Connell, the son; for O'Connell, after killing D'Esterre, had vowed never to fight again. The authorities interfered, and the affair lapsed.

During the years that, de-

A RECEPTION ASSEMBLY GIVEN AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE BY MR. AND MRS. DISRAELI.

ADDRESSES TO DISRAELI AT MANCHESTER.

spite his vigorous efforts to the contrary, he was consigned to private life, he occupied his leisure and energy in the production of the "Young Duke," and of "Contarini Fleming," a psychological romance, pronounced by Heine one of the most original of works, which was speedily followed by "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," an Oriental romance of real power, depicting the adventures of a prince of the house of David, who in the twelfth century proclaimed himself the Messiah, and called the Jews of Persia to arms. He then published the "Rise of Iskander." Next we have "What is He?" an answer to a question asked half contemptuously in political clubs,

and in which, appearing as a political pamphleteer, he gave evidence of those powers of sarcasm which did him and his party such service afterward. His versatile talents were next turned to poetry, and the "Revolutionary Epic" was, perhaps, the only failure he never tried to redeem. On the contrary, in the preface he expressed himself with unwonted diffidence. "The public," he says, "will decide whether this work is to be continued and completed, and if it pass in the negative I shall, without a pang, hurl my lyre to limbo." He continued to write political pamphlets, and in 1837 "Venetia" appeared, wherein the life of Lord Byron and the death of Shelley are combined in one individual. For this and other personalities it was severely criticized. Shortly after, he published "Henrietta Temple." This is a love story, with no political allusion.

At last the time had come when the younger Disraeli, as he was called, and as he liked much to be called, was to reap a result from his persistent efforts to enter on a Parliamentary career. William IV., the "Sailor King," died on the 20th day of June, 1837, and Victoria was proclaimed Queen. A new election followed, as a matter of course. Disraeli, by his last brilliant canvass, when he espoused the cause of the Tories, had attracted the attention of the leaders of the party, of whom Sir Robert Peel was chief. Through his influence Disraeli was invited by Mr. Wyndham Lewis to stand with him for Maidstone, where on the 29th day of July, 1837, he was elected to Parliament.

He had reached the first round of the ladder.

We may get an insight into the workings of his fancies—fancies practical and sagacious—by these sentences from "Vivian Grey":

"Mankind, then, is my great game. At this moment how many a powerful noble only wants wit to be a Minister; and what wants Vivian Grey to attain the same end? That noble's influence. When two people can so materially assist each other, why are they not brought together? Shall I, because my birth balks my fancy, pass my life a moping misanthrope in an old chateau? Now let me probe myself. Does my cheek blanch? I have the mind for the conception, and I can perform right skillfully on the most splendid of musical instruments—the human voice—to make others believe those conceptions. There wants but one thing—pure, perfect courage; and does Vivian Grey know fear? He laughed an answer of the bitterest derision."

It is an interesting circumstance that the first entrance into Parliament by Benjamin Disraeli, writer of romances, flippant dandy, mocking, cynical politician, Christianized Hebrew, with an imagination Oriental, picturesque—a fancy unrestrained, unlimited, yet with no illusions—I say it is an interesting circumstance that his first entrance into Parliament should be coincident with the advent to the throne of a girl of eighteen. For this Benjamin Disraeli was to make that young Queen an Empress! There is a long, wearisome road to be traveled first. Let us return to our history.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT HUGHENDEN.

The state of parties which at that time represented the nation as well in administration as in the various phases of opposition, was extremely unsettled. The Government, which was in the hands of the Whigs, possessed but a feeble majority, with Melbourne Prime Minister, and Lord John Russell still wearing his laurels, won by the passage of the Reform Bill which had been wrung from the Tories, or Conservatives, as they were now also called, under Sir Robert Peel. The Radicals, in their Anti-Corn-Law League, were pressing both Whigs and Tories for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and other so-called destructive measures. O'Connell had some years before carried his

Emancipation Bill, and advanced ideas were rapidly sweeping both parties away from their moorings. Bulwer, who was of the same age as Disraeli, had already been in Parliament five or six years; and Gladstone, who was to become his great rival, and who was five years his junior, had taken his seat in 1832. In short, there was at that period a group of young men of rising talent and advanced thought, who were familiarly known as the "Young England" party, and who have figured notably on one side or the other during the last fifty years.

Parliament met on the 15th day of November, 1837. Three weeks afterward Disraeli attempted his famous "maiden speech." It was in the debate on the Irish election petitions that the member from Maidstone rose to follow O'Connell. His purpose was to wreak vengeance long threatened on his former patron, now his bitter personal enemy, for the terrible onslaught on him, which we have already mentioned. He had sent word to the Irish leader he would meet him at Philippi, and now the meeting had come. When O'Connell resumed his seat it was the new member who caught the Speaker's eye. Great were the expectations of Disraeli's friends. There was a loud buzz in the house as he stood up in the second row of benches, opposite the Speaker's chair. An eye-witness gives the following account: "His appearance and manner were very singular. His dress, also, was peculiar; it had much of a theatrical aspect; his black hair was long and flowing, and he had a most ample crop of it. His gesture was abundant; he often appeared as if trying with what celerity he could move his body from one side to another, and throw his hands out and draw them in again. At other times he flourished one hand before his face, and then the other. His voice, too, is of a very unusual kind; it is powerful, and had every justice done to it, in the way of exercise; but there is something peculiar in it, which I am at a loss to characterize. His utterance was rapid, and he never seemed at a loss for words."

In spite of the habitual consideration of the House for a novice, the orator's style and manner were irresistible, and notwithstanding the cheers from his Tory friends, among which those of Sir Robert Peel were loudest, bursts of laughter filled the hall, until at last the orator came to a premature standstill, amid shouts of merriment. It was an almost unparalleled episode. The peroration of that maiden failure was most remarkable, for it contained the secret as well as the promise of his long series of triumphs: "I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun, several times, many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now; but the time will come when you will hear me."

This reception, which would have crushed the hopes of most men, served rather to aid the new Radical Tory member. His overweening self-confidence did not desert him. Instead of studying to conciliate prejudice, he had set himself to provoke and defy it: for the matter of the speech seemed almost as affected as the manner to an audience accustomed to the severe simplicity and unimpassioned delivery of the Parliamentary orators. On the other hand, the House was disposed in the future to listen to a man who showed he had some reason for his audacious defiance of its judgment besides mere audacity. At the same time, Disraeli did not disregard the lesson he had received, and he was listened to with growing attention as he learned to tone down his style and gestures in deference to the sentiments of his critics. For the next few years, while his party remained in opposition, he spoke at intervals against the Repeal of the Corn Laws, about the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill, and on various other measures, with evident care and preparation; but he made himself in no sense prominent. He kept himself before the public rather as a writer than a speaker, and added more to his literary than to his political reputation. In combating the general idea that a literary man is unfitted for active life, he writes in one of his novels:

"It is a common opinion that a man cannot at the same time be successful in meditation and in action. But in life it is best to judge men individually, and not to decide upon them by general rules. The common opinion in this instance may be very often correct, but when it fails to apply, its influence may lead us into fatal mistakes. A literary man who is a man of action is a two-edged weapon; nor should it be forgotten that Julius Cæsar and Frederic the Great were both eminent literary characters, and yet were, perhaps, the two most distinguished men of action of ancient and modern times."

From 1837 to 1847 Disraeli produced, among other things, three novels, entitled "Coningsby; Or, The New Generation"; "Sybil; Or, The Two Nations"; and "Tancred"—a "trilogy," as he was accustomed to describe them. Their scope was entirely political. In "Coningsby" he embodied the doctrines of a new school of political thought, dealing entirely with the aristocracy. In the book the descriptions of individuals were so marked and personal that everybody recognized them rather as veritable portraits than caricatures. In it he criticized the great party leaders, and with brilliant epigram, metaphor, satire and antithesis delineated their party strategy from his own sarcastic point of view. "Sybil" is of a different character, though equally personal. It deals with the condition of the English people. Disraeli had made an effective speech in the House on behalf of the convicted Chartists. He had previously made a special pilgrimage to the scene of the Chartist disturbances; and in "Sybil" we are taken into the busy manufacturing cities of the north, and introduced to the home life of the mill-hand and the iron-worker. The book evinces true sympathy with the people, which was always one of Disraeli's leading traits.

"Tancred," in some respects, is the best of Disraeli's novels. Its subject is the mystical influence of religion. It is filled with personal portraits, like "Coningsby" and "Sybil," and completes the "trilogy." With "Tancred" the author suspended the work of the novelist, and threw himself, with all his energy and enthusiasm, into the arena of politics. Before this he had married. His colleague, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, had died shortly after being elected to Parliament, in 1837. Two years later Disraeli married his friend's widow. She was rich, and her fortune enabled her husband to pursue his career untrammeled by the harassing need of money. The couple were deeply attached to each other, and their domestic life was very happy to the end.

In 1841 the Tories came into power, with Peel as Prime Minister. It was expected that Disraeli would receive some minor post in the ministry, but none was offered him. This circumstance may have changed his whole career, for had he accepted office, he might have felt constrained to have followed his leader in his free trade doctrines, which we may reasonably suppose would have been more acceptable to Disraeli than those of the protectionists. As it was, he felt free, and he boldly assumed the freedom of criticizing the acts of the ministry, but still in a friendly way, until when, in 1845, Sir Robert Peel announced his conversion to free trade doctrines, and the impending doom of the Corn Laws. Disraeli might, had he chosen, have found good reasons for following his leader. Party ties were dissolved; he stood less committed than most men. Besides, he had often held language leaning

toward free trade in corn and liberty in religion, and he might have readily tendered his support to Peel. But what would he gain by it? His support was really not essential. He would, at best, have to remain the lieutenant of his leader. As to the Whigs, he could easily have strained his views in "Liberalism," and joined them. But the fact is, Disraeli really detested the Whigs. Again, their front rank was composed of men of high Parliamentary renown, and before reaching the front he would have to force his way through a line of dangerous rivals. On the other hand, if he cast in his lot with the protectionists, leadership was assured him at once. They were, as has been forcibly expressed, a scattered mob, hesitating between desperate and timid counsels, but they offered the nucleus of a formidable force to a leader who knew how to rally them. They were struggling silently with bitter indignation, and longing for vengeance.

It was the fortune of the writer about this time to pay a visit to the House of Commons. Disraeli did not speak on the occasion, but we can never forget the observation of an old country member, a personal friend, it seemed, of Peel. "I will not say," he ejaculated, "that the honorable member has deceived us, but he has allowed us to deceive ourselves." This reproach, uttered in a tone of sadness, no doubt struck deeper than the bitterest invective.

At this time Disraeli had formed an intimate personal friendship with Lord George Bentinck, who was scarcely three years his senior, but who had already been in Parliament nearly twenty years. He was a younger son of the Duke of Portland, a great agriculturist, and fond of the racecourse. He was a man of fine talents, a ready speaker and debater. He, with Lord Stanley (afterward the Earl of Derby), had been ardent supporters of Peel, and helped to make up the then famous Conservative party. They represented the great landed interests of the country, and Peel's new measures, as they conceived, fatally imperiled them. In the memorable season of 1845–6 the onslaught on Peel was tremendous. Disraeli followed Lord George with argument and ridicule and scathing satire. He accused him of "committing political petty larceny," of "catching the Whigs in bathing and running away with their clothes."

The Corn Laws were repealed, nevertheless, but Peel was forced to give way to Russell and Palmerston. By his death, four years later, England lost one of her truly great men.

No better insight into English politics can be gained than by looking over the cartoons of *Punch*. One of these represents Peel being baited by former friends, now bitter opponents, who surround and taunt him, while "Dizzy," *Punch's* name for Disraeli, is represented as blowing smoke into the ear of the badgered statesman from a large tobacco-pipe. At the commencement of the next session, the Whigs having come into power, Sir Robert is represented as a large, portly gentleman, who asks "Dizzy," a small, slender fellow: "Well, my little man, what are you going to do this session, ch?" To which "Dizzy" replies: "Why—aw—aw—I've made arrangements—aw—to smash—aw—everybody."

Lord George Bentinck became nominally the leader of his party in the House, but Disraeli was the actual leader, and there was not the least feeling of rivalry between them. By the sudden death of Lord George, eighteen months later, Disraeli took the control at once. He became the mouthpiece of the Tory squires; in fact, the chief of the Tory Party, which position he never abandoned, never swerved from, but which he held, solitary and unquestioned, to the day of his death—a period of nearly thirty-five years. About this time he obtained the seat for Buckinghamshire, which he retained with scarcely any opposition till his elevation to the peerage.

Disraeli's management, during his entire career, showed that he never permitted any personal feeling to stand in the way of what he conceived to be the interests of his party. We give a most striking illustration of his adherence to this rule. His friend Lord George Bentinck favored the passage of the Jewish Disabilities Bill, a measure introduced by the Government. He voted, and exerted himself under great physical suffering to address the House on behalf of the Jews, and declined even to take any further active part in any other measures during the session, because he could not countenance what he termed the intolerance of his party. Now, Disraeli had always boldly prided himself on his Jewish descent and the glories of his race. There is not the least doubt that he not only felt a natural sympathy for, but took a genuine pride in, his people. Besides, he certainly had no bigoted prejudice against religious emancipation. Yet he took a different view of the subject from his friend Lord George, and sacrificed conscience and inclination to what he conceived to be the interests of party. It became later the glorious privilege of Lord John Russell to champion the Bill through Parliament; the last important measure which he ever successfully carried through.

In 1851, there was a general disruption of the Whig Party. Palmerston, who always had a liking for Louis Napoleon, and who, unlike Disraeli, often took counsel of his personal feelings, conveyed through Lord Normandy an assurance of the moral approval of the *coup d'état* by England. It was more than the English people could bear, and the Whigs went out. In March, 1852, Lord Derby was called on to form a Cabinet. Disraeli was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer and Member of the Privy Council, and was of course leader of the ministerial party in the House. The party "tumbled out of office" in the following December, and in this way: Disraeli was called on for his "budget." But how to frame it? The party was protectionist, and he was hampered by his obligations to the farmers. It was now that the Whigs, Free Traders, Peelites, and Independents all fell on him—Gladstone taking the lead. The House adjourned at four in the morning, "with a budget and a ministry smashed."

For the next five years Disraeli remained in opposition, never losing an opportunity to harass and annoy his opponents. Strange to say, the Tories were indebted for a return to power to a similar incident to the one which brought them back before. One evening, in January, 1858, as Louis Napoleon was about entering the Opera House in the Rue Lepelletier, Felix Orsini attempted his life by throwing down a bomb in the passage. It was claimed that the conspiracy was hatched in London, and in the succeeding month, Lord Palmerston—at the instance, it was said, of Louis Napoleon—was indiscreet enough to bring in a Bill to amend the law on conspiracy to murder. The measure created great excitement in England, and Palmerston resigned under the force of public opinion. Again Lord Derby became Premier, and Disraeli Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was a short-lived affair. Palmerston was the favorite of the Whig party, and, as in the case of our own "Harry of the West," they were disposed to "pick the flint and try him again." The House rejected the Bill introduced by the Conservatives to extend the suffrage—"a weak and deceptive measure," it was called—and, after less than eighteen months in office, Disraeli found himself again in opposition, where he remained seven years, but always as one of the prominent figures in

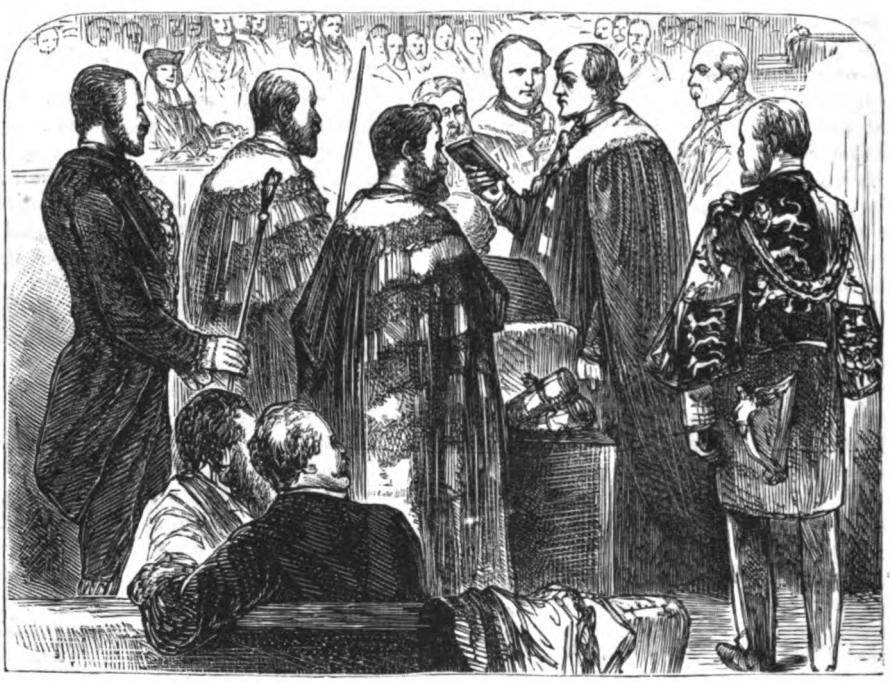
DISRAELI ADDRESSING ELECTORS AT AYLESBURY, IN 1874.

Democrat when called on to vote for Horace Greeley, and you can scarcely gain an adequate idea of how the "country members" felt when brought up to vote for a Bill which extended the right of suffrage to all householders in a borough, and to every person in a county who had a freehold of forty shillings. This went clear beyond the proposition of the Liberals, but the Liberals dared not oppose it. It was a triumph of the Conservative party, and of Liberal principles.

In February, 1868, Lord Derby resigned, from failing health, and Benjamin Disraeli became Prime Minister. He had reached the top of the ladder, but with no assurance of stability in his position. Parliament was dissolved, and the Liberals came in again. On this occasion he was offered a peerage by the Queen. He accepted it for his wife, who was made Viscountess of Beaconsfield. As to himself, he had not yet done with the Commons.

the House. In 1866, Mr. Gladstone brought forward his elaborate Reform Bill, on which the Whigs, after a bitter contest, were defeated.

Again Lord Derby was Prime Minister, and again Disraeli Chancellor of the Exchequer. He had learned that the nation demanded a genuine Reform Bill. Half-way measures had been tried and had failed; he resolved on an audacious stroke. What he so scathingly rebuked in Peel, he himself attempted and carried out. It was Disraeli that now ran away with the clothes of the Whig Party, while the Whigs were bathing. The Conservatives were aghast. It was useless to question or oppose him; he held the reins of power by the sheer force of his talents and his audacity. Imagine the feelings of a life-long



LORD BEACONSFIELD TAKING THE OATH OF INDUCTION TO THE PEERAGE, 1877.

THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON PRESENTED TO BEACONSFIELD AND SALISBURY.

In 1870 Disraeli published "Lothair," a politico-religious novel, satirizing the Marquis of Bute, who had gone over to the Catholics, and aimed at the Jesuits, the Communists, and the Fenians. In December, 1872, his wife died,

and the light of his life was extinguished, for he had no children. At this time, too, his health began to show signs of failing, but his energy and will power never.

Meanwhile the next trick in the great political game fell to Mr. Gladstone. He trumped Disraeli with Disestablishment, rallying his party with the cry of Justice to Ireland. He had a powerful majority at his back, which left his antagonist little to do but what he was accustomed to—namely, to lie in wait until the blundering and menacing position of his opponents should give him opportunity for displaying his special abilities. The Government was beginning to hurry too fast and too far in carrying out Gladstone's convictions—for he is a man of convictions—and Disraeli pounced upon the weak points of his schemes with epigrams and sarcasms and biting sneers. Gladstone lost his self-possession. He seemed to be playing into his opponent's hands. "Government began to live in a perpetual blaze of apology."

At length, early in the year 1874, Gladstone dissolved Parliament, and appealed to the country. The answer of the country was unmistakable. It seemed to vindicate the shrewdness with which Disraeli had anticipated the results of a household suffrage. The elections brought him to the Premiership with a strong Tory backing, and at seventy he entered upon the realization of his hopes.

EARL BEACONSFIELD'S RECEPTION AT DOVER ON HIS RETURN FROM BERLIN.

His second term as Premier was the most brilliant or dazzling of the Victorian administrations. England was before the eyes of Europe nearly all the time, and Disraeli was constantly before the eyes of England. It had been the policy of the Liberals for years to gradually withdraw the nation from co-operation in the affairs of the Continent, so that, while the Gladstone ministry was busy with home reforms, England had been steadily losing influence abroad—in fact, deliberately effacing herself. The action of the three Emperors was fresh in the public mind. When their chancellors had decided upon the terms of the Berlin Memorandum, they merely telegraphed to the Western Powers for their approval.

Disraeli commenced upon a line of conduct denounced by the Liberals as a flashy display of imperialism, which, in ridicule, they dubbed the "Jingo policy." The truth is, responsible politicians had carried their advocacy of non-intervention to a point at which prudence became cowardice and folly. The "Peace-at-any-price" party were blatant. On the other hand, Disraeli declared that the line he proposed to take was merely a return to traditions which had made the greatness or assured the safety of the British Empire in times of general convulsion. This, in brief, was the condition of parties.

It was in October, 1875, that the Prince of Wales set out upon his Indian tour. In November appeared the announcement that the Government had bought, for £4,000,000, the Khédive's share in the Suez Canal, which gave to England the commercial control of the enterprise; a shrewd stroke of policy, which illustrated as much Disraeli's business tact as his political sagacity. *Punch* has treated us to one of his best cartoons on this occasion: an adaptation from "Mosé in Egitto," which title it bears. Disraeli is represented as the King of India, confidentially regarding the Sphinx, who returns his look by a knowing wink, as much as to say, "We understand each other." The Suez Canal is in the distance.

On the opening of Parliament, in February, Disraeli brought in his Royal Titles Bill, which gave the Queen the style of Empress of India. It passed, with the fierce opposition of the Liberals.

On the night of the 11th of August, 1875, Disraeli made some remarks in the House, in reply to a question upon

Eastern affairs. It was immediately before the close of the session. He concluded by saying: "What our duty is at this critical moment is to maintain the Empire of England, nor will we ever agree to any step, though it may obtain for a moment comparative quiet and a false prosperity, that hazards the existence of that Empire."

These were his last utterances in the House of Commons. Next day came the announcement of the acceptance of the peerage, which he had declined for himself when his wife was ennobled.

Affairs meantime were troublous. The Eastern Question threatened the peace of all Europe. Lord Beaconsfield, as we must now call him, never swerved from the stand he had taken; many of his party faltered. When he decided to send the fleet to Constantinople, Lords Derby and Carnarvon seceded from his Cabinet. The former was the son of his old chief. Beaconsfield was firm, notwithstanding these signs of disaffection. The people were with him, and he knew it. Vast public meetings were held, which approved the policy of the Government. The majority in the House reached two hundred—in fact, the Liberals had become utterly demoralized. Government, meantime, had obtained an extra estimate of £6,000,000 for military preparations. At the Guildhall banquet, Disraeli actually threatened war with Russia, to which Russia responded defiantly.

Still, the people were with the bold and uncompromising Minister; for from the time the British fleet passed the Dardanelles, the Premier was forced forward into the proud position of champion of neutral Europe. The bringing a military contingent of the Indian army to Malta was a questionable piece of policy, for it involved the counterstroke of hostilities with Afghanistan.

The Congress of Berlin assembled. Disraeli was the prominent figure there, eclipsing Bismarck in the popular eye. We all know the result: how Russia consented to forego divers advantages legitimately gained in her war on the Turks, and many other things not important to mention here. Beaconsfield returned to London, bringing, as he claimed, "Peace with honor." He was welcomed almost as a subject was never welcomed before. The excitement of the people was at the highest.

The following week the Queen conferred on him the Order of the Garter—the highest badge of honor in her gift.

But when it came to be generally known that the Treaty to an extent was an affair "cut and dried"—that England had entered into engagements with Russia and Turkey before the Berlin Congress had been summoned, a severe blow was struck at the popularity of the Government. Beaconsfield defended himself with astuteness. He reminded the House of Lords that he had a delicate game to play, with indifferent cards; they should remember, he said, that Russia had expended blood and treasure, and had a right to claim the fruits of her victories, while England had confined herself to dispatch-writing. He referred to the understanding between the three Emperors, and maintained that England had abundant reason to be satisfied. Besides, under the private convention with the Porte, the nation had acquired Cyprus.

After his return from Berlin, Lord Beaconsfield spoke but seldom. His health was much impaired, and he left the defense of the Afghan and Zulu wars to the heads of the Indian and Colonial Departments.

Meantime, Gladstone, who had for a long period practically retired from politics, suddenly re-entered the arena. The "Bulgarian atrocities" gave him a special opportunity for assailing the Government. Next came his memorable Midlothian campaign of 1879, in which he hotly pressed his old antagonist, with a rancor scarcely to be excused. Nevertheless, the prospect of the Conservatives seemed satisfactory in the beginning of 1880, for the Parliamentary strength of the party was unbroken. The opposition, however, had gained heart. They dared the Government to a dissolution, and Beaconsfield, stung by the ferocity of the attacks, and no doubt believing the country was with him, accepted the challenge. This was in March, 1880. The result of the elections we all know. The Conservatives were defeated, and thrown into a hopeless minority; and the organization which a few months before was so powerful, collapsed as if by magic.

The people were tired of "Jingoism."

That the result was a shock and bitter grief to Lord Beaconsfield in more ways than one, there is no reason to doubt. He had made a mistake—he who so rarely made mistakes. He should have dissolved Parliament and gone to the people, if at all, in the triumph of his return from Berlin, while the popular enthusiasm was at its height. Well, it was all over now, and he stepped down from power with the same nonchalance as in previous years, and commenced another novel! "Endymion" is still fresh in the hands of the reading public. Like "Lothair," it deals with political subjects and persons.

Lord Beaconsfield's political influence was not in the least diminished by the defeat of his party, but rather enhanced. He continued to be its acknowledged leader till his death. On Saturday, March 19th, 1881, he dined with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. It was his last dinner out. A week later he held a consultation with his colleagues and political friends at his house in Curzon Street, but he was too ill to actively participate in it. From that time he failed rapidly from attacks of gout, complicated with bronchitis. He transacted some private business on the 7th of April for the last time; and on the 19th of April he succumbed to the inevitable.

In a characterization of Lord Beaconsfield, we must take into account what was the purpose of his life, and by what methods he attempted to further it. There can be no doubt that his first and last and sole object was to reach the highest distinction attainable under the Constitution and laws of the nation. This, unquestionably, is mere personal ambition, a virtue—for it is a virtue—infinitely inferior to that ambition which seeks activity and place for the good of the people, without regard to personal aims, and even to the sacrifice of them. Few such men exist, or have existed. But there have been and are such, and to these history accords true greatness. Beaconsfield's own definition of a great man was "one who affects the mind of his generation." How far he was great by his own standard, it remains for time to decide.

But what were the methods by which Benjamin Disraeli sought to reach the height of his ambition, and how far, if censurable, were these to be excused? Picture, once more, the Hebrew boy, cut off from associations with his own race, proscribed in the country of his birth, deprived of all hope of public recognition, driven to the acceptance of a Christian rite, by which, legally, he might attempt something in the direction of his aspirations; having no sympathy or aid from any quarter, but meeting rather with ridicule; separated from the society of boys and youths of his own age: is it strange that, under such circumstances, a young fellow quick-witted, brilliant, impressible, with unbounded faith in what he might achieve, yet hampered on all sides, as we have seen—is it any wonder, we say, he should grow up cynical and sarcastic, solitary and self-contained, and should lay hold of whatever means presented themselves to force a destiny? Looking at the history of political parties in England, he naturally came

to regard the whole business as a game of push-pins—the "outs" worrying the "ins," to be worried in their turn when fortune changed. He witnessed what, at that period especially, was the farce of English elections, and the close Borough absurdities. He regarded all with a mocking, bitter sneer, and resolved to become part and parcel of the hurly-burly; Jew as he was—Christian according to law, to interject himself into England's politics and become an essential factor therein. His selection of the Tory party after, as he expressed it, he had sown his political wild oats, was most sagacious. It was the machinery of the party he wanted to use. Its "principles" and "measures" he employed as scaffolding, to be thrown aside when no longer wanted. His creed was to adapt measures to suit the progress of events, instead of marching to defeat under the banner of fixed ideas. The Tories took up with him because there seemed no alternative. They kept on with him because he made himself necessary to their very existence as a party. He carried them up hill and down dale, hither and yon, until their very leaders were dazed. They followed him bewildered; troubled, too, and in great doubt and concern, but implicitly.

We have the frequent example of the scared hen looking at the ducklings which she has hatched, when they incontinently take to the water. In this case it was the brood of Tory chickens which in alarm ran along the shore, keeping pace with the political duck which was swimming over the sea of Liberal measures into the haven of Power. How it was effected they could not precisely explain, or, in fact, comprehend. But the Conservatives could scarcely quarrel with being the party of progress when it floated them into control. To do Beaconsfield justice, he claimed it was but carrying out views for which he always contended; namely, that the Tory party ought to ally itself with democratic ideas—a grim satire on the country squires and the landed aristocrats, which he must have enjoyed hugely. When reproached for a change of opinions, he replied, with inimitable audacity: "I have not changed. I have been obliged to educate my party up to these ideas." It is true he had led the party up, and they had taken the leap in the dark, as Lord Derby declared. He had divorced his party from its circumstances and surroundings, and made it a progressive institution. As to convictions, he did not appear to tolerate such cumbrous *impedimenta*. Full of expedients, versatile to the last degree, ready for the most sudden emergency, he lived nearly all his life a sort of hand-to-mouth political existence. We say *he*, for Lord Beaconsfield was his party, and *that* party dies with him.

As an orator, Lord Beaconsfield was not of the first class. He lacked the necessary quality of earnestness. His long speeches, especially when he was in power, were dull and prosy. It was in opposition that he shone. He was a very Saladin in attack, with scarcely a rival in a cut-and-thrust debate. He was scarcely a fair debater. He had a knack of sophistically restating his adversary's argument, and then ridiculing and cutting to pieces the newly created fabric. In swift and ready repartee, in satirical comment and sarcastic application, there were, of late years, none in the House who were his equals. A single instance of his ready wit will suffice. It was related to the writer by an eye-witness. The habit of Gladstone in the House was exactly the reverse of that of Beaconsfield. The former was continually chatting pleasantly with his associates, while Beaconsfield sat moodily by himself, having no intercourse with his followers, but silent and impassive. Gladstone had a habit, after being interrupted in his remarks, of turning to a friend and asking, "Where was I?" and being prompted, going on with his discourse. On this occasion he was attacking Beaconsfield with unusual acrimony, when some one interrupted by asking a question. The question answered, he turned, as usual, to the one next him with his, "Where was I?" "'Diabolical' was the last word," shouted Beaconsfield, in his high, rasping voice; and the ridiculous prompting actually spoiled the rest of his antagonist's speech.

One thing we must not omit to state—that Lord Beaconsfield, in the bitterest periods of party strife, never attempted to obstruct the legitimate functions of Government, or impede necessary legislation. The fact that nearly all his life was passed in opposition, when his party was not the responsible party, will go far to soften adverse criticism as to his manner and methods of attack. When he really came into power, few will deny that he advocated measures which he believed to be for the best interests of the nation. His personal devotion to the Queen was marked from the first, and he enjoyed to the last the esteem and confidence of his sovereign.

It is eminently proper, in justice to our subject, to record what Lord Beaconsfield's political opponents said of him while still in public life. Lord Hartington declared in a public speech that, while differing in politics with him, "no one could attribute to Lord Beaconsfield mean or unworthy feelings"; and that in his (Lord Hartington's) opinion, "he has had in view what he believes to be the greatness of his country and the power of the sovereign whom he serves." A strong tribute from such a quarter. And the Duke of Argyll, another political adversary, rebuking an attack on Lord Beaconsfield's motives, declared that "his motives were to leave behind him an honorable name."

No one of the many who entered the lists against him exhibited so much animosity, and at times virulence, as his great rival, Gladstone. But it was Gladstone who moved in the House of Commons an address praying the Crown to provide a monument in Westminster Abbey to Lord Beaconsfield. The motion was adopted almost unanimously. Great curiosity was exhibited on the occasion as to what Gladstone would say, for all knew he would not utter a word in violation of his conscientious belief. His remarks specially surprised the Radicals. Mr. Gladstone declared that the object of the proposed tribute had sustained a great historical part, and done great deeds written on the pages of Parliamentary and national history, with the full sanction of the constituted authorities and the nation. He compared his career with that of Pitt; and continued to speak at length, efficiently and earnestly, "not," as he said, "as a friend and admirer," but "impartially," about what Lord Beaconsfield had accomplished.

These examples are more than sufficient to silence the miserable attacks of the small political fry who are accustomed to pronounce him a charlatan in politics, carrying out his plans by tricks and jugglery. To discomfit in debate and triumph over the ablest men that could be brought against him, to vindicate and carry out against a most formidable opposition measures so wide and comprehensive, so bold and uncompromising, that some of the chiefs of his own party shrank from the responsibility and resigned office, is not the work of a mere political schemer, but of a most remarkable man.

Our space is exhausted; unwillingly we bring to a close this imperfect notice of one whose political career was the most extraordinary of the present century, if not of any century.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

Earl Beaconsfield was buried in the church near to his residence, Hughenden Manor.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CADET LIFE FORTY YEARS AGO.

By H. H. S.

West Point has always been popularly considered to be an exclusive school. There never was a greater mistake. The sons of poor farmers, mechanics and merchants have always had as free admittance as the most aristocratic; and of the former class, a greater number have graduated and "stuck" to the army as a profession, than of the latter—for the reason that the latter were more indolent and restive under the severe discipline existing. Even after graduating, they resign their commissions for some other calling. If exclusiveness should be acknowledged, the fault rests with the lawmakers themselves, who have the appointments in their own hands.

In 1833, my grandfather applied to Senator Johnstone of Louisiana—his son-in-law—for a cadet's appointment for me. During the Winter and early Spring he was absent from home, attending the Legislature, as Senator, at New Orleans.

Meanwhile, the appointment had come, and had been taken from the post-office by one of the boys, and stuck away in the drawer of a side table. When my grandfather returned home, he was continually and impatiently wondering why the appointment did not come. At length, in April, being occupied with his garden, and searching about the house for seeds, he chanced to open the drawer of the side table, and there he found the missing document, which had long lain *perdu*.

"Tantarabogus!" he exclaimed, using the only epithet he was ever known to utter—"Tantarabogus! Where's Hal? Run to the store at once, and fetch him!" (I had volunteered as clerk in a store.)

QUEEN VICTORIA INVESTING THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER. SEE PAGE 2.

I was soon on hand, and received my appointment and the congratulations of my friends with due modesty. Preparations were instantly set on foot for my outfit—among other articles of wear, a black, straight-bodied coat from the store, a "trifle" too large—but no matter! grandpa said I'd grow to it—and a silk umbrella. How the boys laughed at me as we were marched from the wharf at West Point across the plain!

I was to go from Nackitosh down Red River to New Orleans, and thence by sea to New York. On our way to the steamboat, grandpa stopped in a store to speak to General Houston, whom we found seated on the counter. I thought him, at the time, one of the most magnificent specimens of man I had ever seen. He was dressed in Mexican costume, and stood about six-feet-four, with light sandy hair, blue eyes, Roman nose, firm, well-cut mouth, and chin broad and handsomely turned; his face clean-shaved; and when he stood up to greet my grandfather, his Mexican *serapi* thrown gracefully over his shoulders, he was every inch a noble Roman — one of those we read of as figuring in the Forum. As soon as he heard that I was on my way to West Point, the general said he would give me a letter to Colonel Thayer, the superintendent. I had, besides this, letters from Surgeon Smith, the father of Lieutenant C. F. Smith, adjutant of the Academy; from Lieutenant Bruce Legate to Cadet Gus. Seaton; and from Bob Archer to some one else. I delivered them, but, alas! I might as well have taken coals to Newcastle—that was not the place for the patronage of the Gray by the Blue! no more than it was in after years.

I embarked at New Orleans in the enormous ship of six hundred tons!—the *Niagara*. Arrived in the harbor, the ship was quarantined. Tiresome enough, you may de-

pend, after a thirty days' voyage! There was a Frenchman on board, who desired to take a ship about to sail for Havre. He asked me to go ashore with him, and interpret with the doctor. I did so. The doctor, good, honest man! listened to the French palaver. Then turning to me, he asked my name, where I was from, where I was going to, etc., etc.

"Well, well, well! All the way from Louisiana—going to West Point, and speaks French like a native! Upon my word, it does beat all! And you want to go to West Point at once, don't you? Here, take this pass. Land at Whitehall, take a small boat there, and go up North River to the West Point steamer. Upon my soul, I never saw the like before!"

"But," said I, "what about my friend here?"

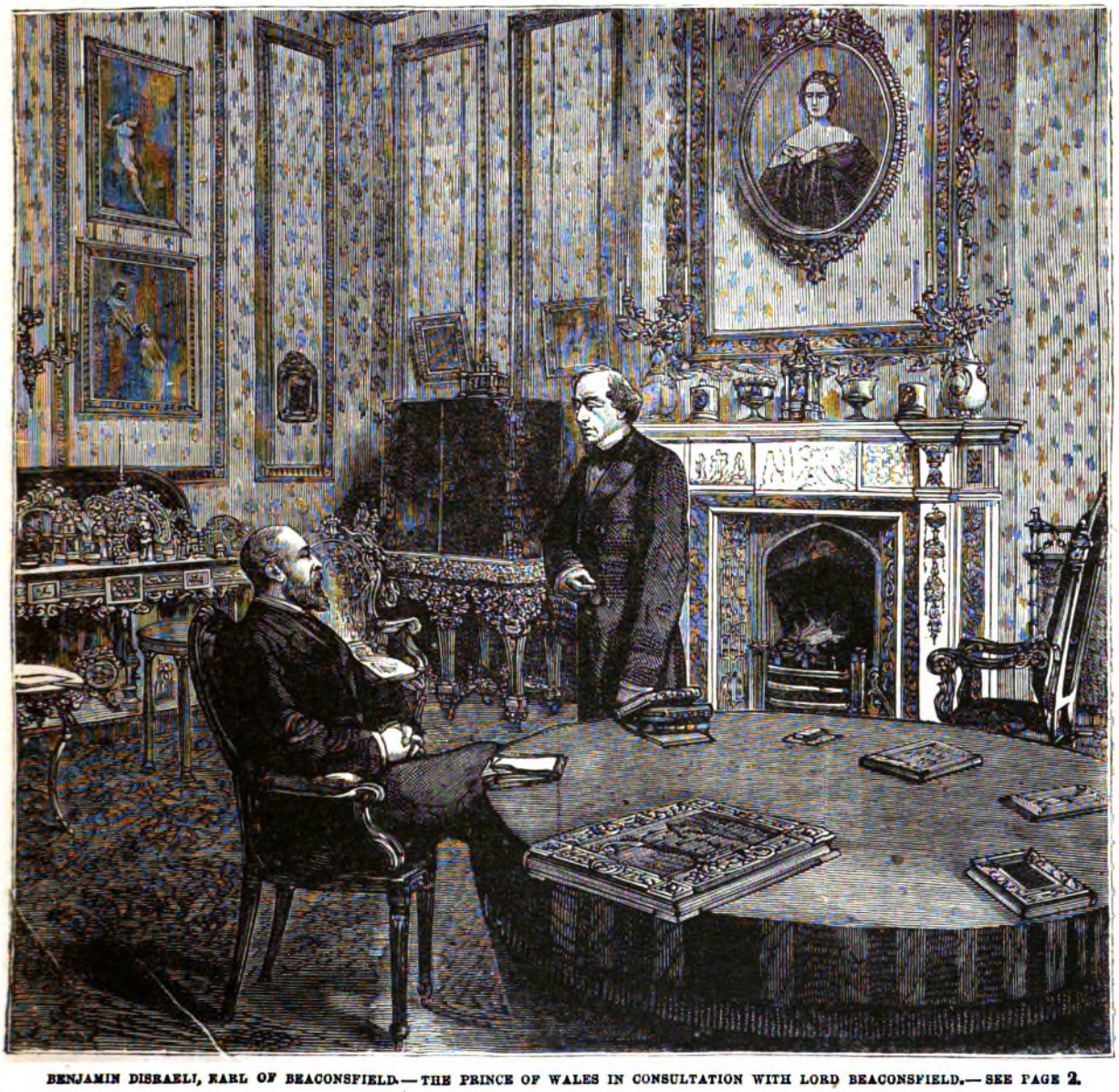
"Oh, he shall go, too."

So we went our way rejoicing.

Arrived at West Point, with some dozen others, we were met at the wharf by the adjutant's orderly, and conducted across the plain to the office, where we were met by Adjutant Smith. We were all inspired by his majestic presence, and the *ne plus ultra* of his military deportment. I think he was then, and continued to be, not excepting General Scott, the handsomest man in the army. Tall, straight as an arrow, hair and whiskers *selon les règles*, with well-marked, distinguished features. Ah, *he* was every inch a soldier! Having given in our names, which were inscribed in a huge folio-book, we were marched to the south side, south barracks, where the captain of "new cadets" assigned us to rooms. I was put into a room with four others—Easton, Perry, Cook, and Craicraft. I was the youngest of the batch; the others were grown or nearly grown men—indeed, Perry, as it was afterward discovered, had a wife at Newburgh.

There were two barrack buildings in those days—the north and the south barracks, standing at right angles to each other. The south side of south barracks would be vacated each year, for the temporary accommodation of the Plebes. I do not know how this epithet of "Plebes" originated. I think it must have come from "natural evolution," such as Darwin is attempting to prove nowadays.

Our temporary kits, consisting of two blankets and a pillow each, table, wash-stand and basin, a bucket, and a



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.—THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CONSULTATION WITH LORD BEACONSFIELD.—SEE PAGE 2.

broom, were provided by old John De Witt, the sutler. We spread our blankets on the floor, and slept the sleep of the innocent. Lang Easton and I doubled teams, as we were of kin, my uncle having married his sister. I had provided myself with comb and brush, and tooth-brush. In the morning I looked around for my tooth-brush. It was nowhere to be found. At length I found it—guess you where? Craicraft had it on the "stoop," polishing his own dentifrices! He thought it was common! poor innocent!

The next night, we were aroused about midnight by the entrance of two cadets, Forbes Britton and Benny Roberts, in full uniform, sword and sash. They inquired for Cadet Easton, my "bunkey." Lang was mute—indeed, all were mute, and housed under their blankets. "Cadet Easton!" was demanded, in a still more peremptory voice. Lang at length uncovered his head, and said:

"I am Cadet Easton."

"We have an order, sir, to strap you upon the shelf, to straighten you out, and supple your limbs."

"Well," said Lang, "if I must, I must, I suppose," and began to prepare for the operation—when, much to the surprise and consternation of the would-be officers, Perry arose, and seized the bucket of water, crying: "Get out of this, you scamps, or I'll drown you!"

They "skedaddled," and we were never more troubled.

Squads of six and eight were now formed for drill, under third class men detailed for the purpose. Left foot forward! Left foot rear! Left foot forward! Left foot rear! Left foot forward! Ground! Right foot forward! etc., etc. And in the facings and marchings, and in the goose-step, ah, me! how well I remember how assiduous I was in all these teachings. Sometimes a squad teacher would halt his squad in front of the superintendent's quarters, and go in to have his checkbook, with a list of articles he required from the sutler, signed. Then another would come up, join his squad to the first, and march both away, leaving his comrade in the lurch. There was no end to the fantastic tricks played upon each other in those days. Then we were marched down in squads to the tailor, old John Smith, to be measured for our uniforms. Those most advanced would go first, so this was the first incentive to ambitious youth.

About the 20th of June the examination of new cadets for admission would take place. This was a trying time. Some dozen or so were "found," an expressive phrase, and peculiar to West Point. After this, as we were uniformed, the class came to know each other, and would walk in groups around the plain, proud if they should be recognized by the "old cadets." Then the encampment! Ye gods and little fishes! was there ever such a time? Here all our energies were put forth to get into the "battalion." "Sauve que peut!" was the cry. Every man for himself. And to be detailed for guard was the acme of our glory. Police duties had hitherto been our sole lot—to go the rounds of the camp with wheelbarrow, spade, shovel and broom, picking up bits of paper, cigar stumps, etc., etc.; these were the displays we'd have to make before our beloved mothers, old aunts and cousins. "Mais, chacun à son tour." We'll have a nice time next year domineering over the Plebes.

The first details for guard were watched by the balance of the class with supreme interest; naught save an actual battle could have produced such a buck-feverish condition of the nerves. And to be posted as a sentinel—heavens, what a delectable felicity! The poor fellow little knew what was in store for him. The plaguing of Plebes was an institution as old as the institution itself—a reserved right, which the authorities dared not meddle with. It served to quicken the intelligence, the intellect, the instinct in attack and defense; the very essence of a soldier's future career. And many a counterfoil resulted from the too hardy or adventurous spirit.

Several bold fellows had rather more than they bargained for, in the shape of bayonet wounds from the contumacious Plebes. Posted as sentinels, and endowed with potential powers, the Plebe would exert his whole soul and mind in the execution of his orders, and it became a difficult problem to circumvent them. But it was done! Genius and experience prevailed. An unfortunate sentinel, posted behind the officers' tents, with orders to hail all persons coming within ten paces of his post, after "taps" would frequently hail the officer, whose duty it was to parade the street of his company, to see that all was quiet. This latter, paying no attention to the hail, would be charged upon, regardless of the intervening tent-cords, and away he'd go, head over heels, bayonet into the ground, looking-glasses smashed, and sundry heads peering from the uplifted walls, crying: "What infernal fool is that?" Or, walking his post demurely, he would suddenly find himself capsized into a wheelbarrow, borne off to Fort Clinton, and dumped into the ditch. Then again, a fellow wishing to run the mail to Benny Havens's, or go a-foraging to some professor's apple-orchard, would quietly approach a sentinel's post, when his back was turned, stand with his face inward, and await the challenge.

"Let me pass, please; I've been out on a lark."

"No; you can't pass this post; go back!" and away he'd go on his lark. Returning, the reverse trick would be enacted.

Ah, me! those were glorious days! looking forward, forward, all the time. Each new year with its attendant ambitions and aspirations.

Then the semi-weekly hops, at which Papanti, our dancing-master from Boston (who would be engaged for the season at five dollars from each cadet), would be the master of ceremonies. All the beauties of the land who would be spending the Summer at Cozzens's, would be there to grace the ball, and break the hearts of the "aspirants."

The Fourth of July—the glorious Fourth!—was a special day. Old Billy Cozzens would let himself loose on the dinner. All the magnificos of the land would be invited, and a rare time we'd have of it, with our oratory, and parades and salutes and marshals! 'Twas a day of absolute freedom and debauch. After the dinner, which had been well garnished with wine, we'd take upon our shoulders the most popular of the instructors of tactics, and lug him into camp, *nolens volens*.

The breaking up of camp was a great day. This would follow a grand ball, given in honor of the occasion in the mess hall. Here all the beauty and quality of the land would be assembled; notable generals and distinguished foreigners. Then the break-up—the toting of our traps to barracks; the making up of room-mates, and the *finale*. The long roll would be beaten. The band assembled on the color line; tent-pins would be drawn, the cords loosened, and two steady *men* at each pole. The drum and fife corps would march up and down the line, playing:

> "Now, ye Plebes, you've had your day,
> Strike your tents and march away."

Then three taps upon the bass drum; at the last tap the tents would fall as if by magic. Away to barracks and to hard study. Sections of twelve or fourteen are formed in the Phebe class, according to the roster; and by transfers up and down during the first month, according to merit, an equilibrium would be established. All would go on very smoothly at first, with our French and mathematics.

The *vaux riens* and January fellows would soon be spotted and eliminated. The January examination was to be a test for us Plebes, as to our fitness for the cadet's appointment. Hitherto we had received warrants only. "Boning" for corporalcies next year was the chief ambition now.

There are certain phrases peculiar to West Point which must be explained here. "Boning," means to study. "Fess," to confess utter ignorance of a subject. "Fan," to excell. "Max," maximum mark for the lesson. "Zero," a total fess. "Math," mathematics. "Phil," philosophy. "Chim," chemistry. "To run it," is to be absent either from recitation or drill. "To wheaton it," is to sham sick. "To bugle it," is to linger at the blackboard until the bugle sounds for the next section.

The Winter is interlarded with various amusements. In November we had one day of grace for a fancy ball, which would be given in the cockloft of the north barracks. Elaborate preparations were always made for this festival, and various characters assumed. I remember Seneca Simmons, a first classman, appearing as Ninny Harris, one of our instructors of tactics. He was dressed entirely, *cap à pied*, in Ninny's own uniform, and played the character with all of Ninny's peculiarities. We had theatricals, using two of the section rooms for this purpose. The officers and their families would attend these, and showed their appreciation by their applause. I remember once "Kit" Hardia playing the part of a bewildered cadet at the blackboard. A blackboard had been placed on the stage, and on it was written, in chalk, the problem from Bourdon: $a^m - b^m = a - b$. Kit, when the curtain rose, was discovered in cadet costume, standing contemplating the intricate problem. No one suspected what was coming; the professors stared and craned their necks, the cadets tittered. It was all an enigma. At length Kit, turning to the audience, commenced:

"Bourdon, thou reasonest well! else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after a good standing?" etc.

I thought the audience would have gone distracted. Kit was called out to repeat it. Old Dad Kendrick, he who was, until lately, professor of chemistry, played in the piece following the character of *Bob Acres*, and did it as well as ever I saw it.

One beautiful moonlight night a foot-race was announced between Benny Roberts and some unknown. Ninny Harris had been ascertained to be taking tea and spending the evening with the surgeon. Benny's programme was to loiter about, pretend to be making his way to Benny Havens's, and get a servant to whisper the fact into Lieutenant Harris's ear. He would naturally sally forth to catch the villain, and the race would take place.

As Benny had calculated, so the lieutenant came out from the house, beat around a little, Benny meanwhile dodging, as if to avoid discovery; at length, getting a glimpse, Harris started in pursuit, and this extraordinary race was improvised then and there between officer and cadet. The audience, the whole corps of cadets, assembled on the pavement in front of the barracks. The distance, about three hundred yards, tried the wind of both competitors. But, though the lieutenant pushed him hard, Benny did full credit to the cheering corps, amongst whom he rushed and made good his escape. The lieutenant, enraged and out of breath, demanded, in inarticulate words, who it was; no answer; all fled snickering to their rooms, while the crestfallen lieutenant, mortified and ashamed of the precipitancy which had made him the laughing-stock of the cadets, repaired to his castle, a small octagon brick building, which stood on the flank of the north barracks, and about fifty yards from it.

It was this same castle that Cadet Norris bombarded with a battery of six miniature mortars he had constructed out of the stems of old brass flat candlesticks, using cadet bullet-buttons for shells. The battery was established in one of his windows, and such a volley was rained around the premises that "Ninny" was loath to show his face. The perpetrator of this "outrage" was never discovered, but it was commented upon, commended and laughed at in high quarters. Poor Norris was dismissed in his graduating year, and became a distinguished civil engineer. The cadets were surrounded with spies and scouts, but they managed to circumvent them all, and the more rigid the discipline the more persistent the cadets became in contriving the means of circumventing the officers. Some of these, becoming obnoxious, were designated by hard sobriquets, such as "Ninny Harris," "Dickey the Punster," "Brute Waggaman," etc., etc., while others, more forbearing in their discipline, were adored.

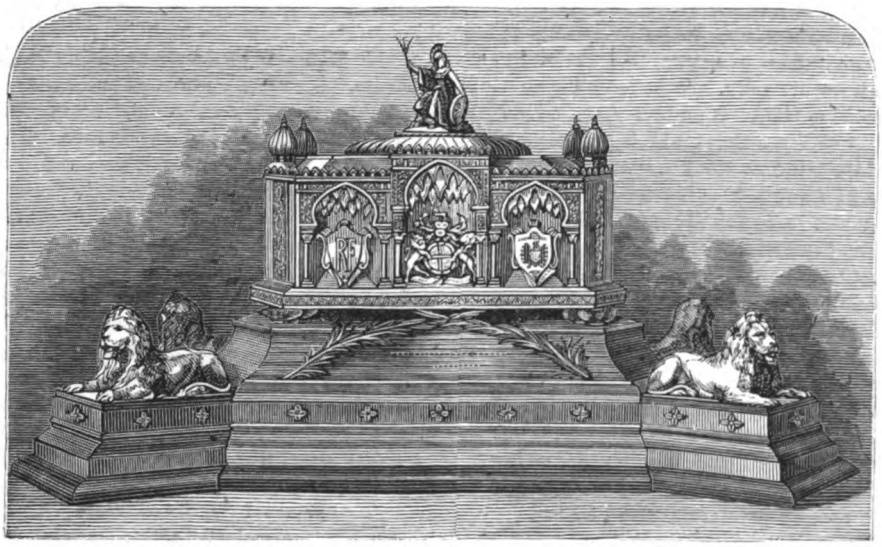
We had our favorites, too, amongst the "strikers" attached in various employments to the Academy. There was Dan Avery, the bugler, and Si, or "Sloptub," his brother, and Tommy Cox, the fireman, a dwarfish kind of fellow, but a giant in his way; and old Wallace, the fifer, grown gray in the service; and "Peter It," a stalwart darkey, whom the boys thought to be of neuter gender, hence the name. He was a glorious fellow! lived in a cellar at the west end of the "old south," and would occasionally provide suppers for his favorites, *sub rosa*. Then there was "Joe, the barber," he who is father or grandfather to the darkies who were chums of Cadet Whittaker, the *colored* boy of African descent. Joe has been promoted of late years to superintendent of the cadets' bathrooms. All these were great favorites, and would do trifling jobs for their crony cadets, such as smuggling to them a bunch of Havanas or a bottle of the "ardent."

Christmas was a notable day, all the officers disappearing, and giving the barracks up to the devices of the cadets, and such a jolly time they would have, assembled in popular rooms, singing, dancing and carousing; awaking in the morning to their recitations with red eyes and haggard faces.

On one occasion a few choice spirits—Cock Rodney, Kit Hardia and Ziph Grandin—undertook the arduous job of bringing from the "plain" the six-pounder used for firing the morning and evening gun, and carrying it up four flights of stairs to the "cock-loft," to fire it out of the hall window. The gun was duly loaded and primed, and, but for the sudden intervention of an inspector, would have been fired. The actors in this desperate scheme got off scot-free. The authorities were greatly puzzled next morning in getting the piece down-stairs, the police party employed in the operation not understanding the *rationale*, and they were continually mocked at and jeered by passing cadets.

Now comes the June examination, with all its doubts and fears and perturbations, and buck-fever withal. At this examination cadets who are "found," and have not exceeding two hundred "demerit," are "turned back," and commence the course again in the new class, thus running five instead of four years, before graduating.

The examination is conducted with the most rigid exactitude before the Board of Visitors and the Academic Board, by sections beginning with the first class, and thence downward to the fourth. The first class through parades, reviews, firing with big guns at a target, and mortars on the plain at a barrel; then fireworks, with pyrotechny of their own manufacture; then the relief of the class in general orders; and, as a *finale*, the sacrificial fire on Washington Rock, when books, notes, tables,



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.— THE LONDON CASKET PRESENTED TO LORD BEACONSFIELD.— SEE PAGE 2.

drawing-boards, etc., are burned, the class, the while, dancing around and singing :

"Some will be bound to far Oregon's shore,
And some to the famed Vera Cruz;
We shall see Matamoras and the fair señoras,
But not as the Grays, but the Blues.

"Hurrah! hurrah! for the merry bright month of June,
That opens a life so new;
When we doff the cadet, and don the brevet,
And change the gray for the blue.

"True, clouds may arise and o'ershadow our skies:
The sunbeams will still break through,
And with crimson and gold touch each silvery fold,
As it changes from gray to blue.
"Hurrah! hurrah!" etc.

The refrain was written some years after my time, but I adopt it as exceedingly appropriate.

The advent of tailors, boot-makers, and trunk-makers, has hitherto occupied all the spare hours of the graduating class, and of the third, just merging into the second, and going on furlough for two months. All is life and animation at the Academy. The distribution of the effects of the graduates to their Plebes now takes place —books, notes, tables, chairs, beds and bedding, clothes, etc., are freely distributed; white pants, especially, have descended from generation to generation for a dozen years.

Now that I have graduated, I must give a retrospective glance at the past and the present. The discipline has altogether changed. Then, there was more drudgery and self-imposed hardiness in the life. The cadet waited upon himself more, slept on the floor, and rolled and strapped his bed neatly, and set it up snugly on end in the corner under his book-shelf, and was not permitted to unroll it until "tattoo." He wore no mustache nor whiskers; nor any other than Monroe shoes, sharp at the toe. Smoking and chewing, or the use of tobacco in any form, was prohibited. Fires were provided, and the cadets would practice the culinary art in all its forms. Meat, bread, butter, potatoes, etc., would be "hooked" from the mess hall, and glorious suppers would be improvised in each other's rooms, with a modicum of hot "tiff" withal. All this after "taps." The cooking utensils were stored in secret snuggeries — under the floor, where other articles contraband of war were kept, such as "cit" clothing, wigs, etc. These last were used to make "dummies" in the beds, to deceive the inspectors, who would occasionally make their rounds, with dark lanterns, after taps—the supposed occupant "running the mail," perhaps. On such occasions, telegraphic signals would be given from the room below to the room above. Ah, me! those were the happiest days of my life!

Now, all this has changed. The plaguing of Plebes is denounced, and the perpetrators of the nefarious transactions hunted out. Baths have been introduced, and bedsteads and gas, and the rooms are heated with steam; and the lively bugs, which we used to delight in, have been eradicated! There is no motive for invention, no enterprise, none of that toughness and self-reliance, which in the old time fitted a lad at once for the hard life he is to experience on the frontier, or for the refinements he may enjoy in more polite society.

In comparison of the two modes of discipline, witness the graduates of the old and the new *régimes*. In the first are Presidents, Secretaries, Foreign Ministers, Senators, Members of Congress, judges, bishops, and other highly distinguished ministers of the gospel; amongst the latter, none of these—no, not one!

FUNERAL AT HUGHENDEN CHURCH.

A CRUEL MISTAKE.—"HIS EYES LITERALLY BLAZE WITH FURY. 'MENTION THAT NAME AGAIN!' HE HISSES, 'AND BY THE LORD THAT MADE ME, I'LL HURL YOU TO THE SIDEWALK AS I WOULD A DOG!'"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

ROSE LEAVES.

THE crimson petals of the rose,
In glowing hues how richly dressed!
How doth each regal bloom disclose
A mantling blush, a warm unrest!

But when the worn and withered flower
Is of her royal robes bereft,
How passing sweet her lasting dower!
How pure, how rich the fragrance left

So may this glad and glowing day,
Full lightly poised on restless wing,
With eager welcome speed away,
And rosy greetings blushing bring.

Then, when the golden sun is set,
And phantom hours glide softly by,
May breath of roses haunt us yet,
From scattered leaves of Memory.

A CRUEL MISTAKE.

CHAPTER I.

"This bud of love, by Summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

"SHALL we go to a theatre to-night?"

A yawn.

"Wake up, old man. Let's go and see something, and come back here for a game of pool, something deviled, and a nightcap."

"All right."

Two men sit opposite to each other at a small table in the palatial dining-room of the Megatherium Club.

The table is laden with rich cut-glass, that flashes in the gaslight, with rare fruits from the sunny South, and a black bottle—shade of Lord Cardigan!—upon which the pregnant words, "Chateau Lafitte Vintage, 1854," are inscribed upon a club label.

The man who spoke first is Charlie Marcey, one of the *aurati juvenes*, the gilded youth of the Empire City. Charlie is a trump amongst men, a pet amongst women; with the former he hunts, races, tandemizes, poloizes, sails, bets and—well, does everything within the orbit of rapid, creamy life; while with the latter he flirts *à outrance*, waltzes, rides, plays croquet and lawn-tennis, and even ventures to visit stores sacred to the mysteries of the toilets of the female form divine.

He is very small, built, as they say of saucy schooners, upon beautiful lines. His eyes are persuasive, his mustache curls like the ringlets of one of Sir Peter Lely's best beauties; he dresses under the express supervision of Smallpage, artist to the Prince of Wales, and has forty thousand dollars per annum.

His companion upon this occasion is Dudley Tollingham, a tall, languid, *blasé*-looking young man of about six-and-twenty, and showing blue blood in every feature, from his deep-gray eyes, his finely cut nostrils, his exquisitely chiseled mouth, his classic head, that would sit well upon the torso of a Greek statue, to his small, white hands and pink, almond-shaped nails—a man to be wooed by women—nay, worshiped—for his caressing beauty and his indolent insouciance.

Dudley Tollingham is also wealthy, having been left a splendid fortune, a palatial residence on Fifth Avenue, a steam-yacht, and other brilliant accessories, by his father, a large and successful operator in railway stock.

Dudley is one of those men who has seen a great deal, and imagines he has seen too much. Life has lost its fragrance for him. *Toujours perdrix!* is his daily wail.

To live being a necessity, he accepts the necessity; to live well being his lot, he lives well; and, allowing nothing to disturb the serenity of his immediate atmosphere, he glides onward, troubling himself about nothing, accepting everything that turns up, provided it be *couleur de rose*, or, indeed, anything in color, not liked or disliked, envied, kow-towed to, and on the borderland of unhappiness.

It is November, 187–, and bitterly cold. The obsequious servant wraps Tollingham up in his sealskin coat.

"I never mount an overcoat!" cries Charlie, gayly. "My tub is my overcoat. I never feel cold."

"It *is* a nuisance," growls Dudley. "I wish I could do without it. I wish I could do without everything!"

"You can't do without *me!*" laughs his companion, as they plunge into a hack and are rapidly driven to the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

They are provided with two stalls in the centre of the parquet.

The act-drop is down as they enter, and Charlie Marcey proceeds to scan the house through his opera-glass.

"I say, Dudley, just take a look at that girl in that private box next but one to the stage," he says to his companion, and offering his glass.

"I'll be hanged if I do! It's too much trouble."

"But I tell you, man, she's a fizzer!"

"Pshaw!"

Charlie again brings the lorgnette to bear upon the box in question, keeping it steadily fixed in that direction until the curtain rings up.

"I wonder who she can be?" he observes. "She's not on the Avenue."

"Who?"

"The girl in that box."

"Ah!"

"Take a look at her, Dudley—one look. *Con*found it, don't be so bloodless!"

"Tell me all about her, if it amuses you," was Tollingham's reply. "Anything is better than this rot," being a complimentary allusion to the performance.

"She has a figure of Hebe, a head like the——

"Medusa."

"Hang it all, no! Like one of those lovely girls that Du Maurier gives us in the London *Punch*."

"Ah!"

"Hair the color of that metal that we are destined never to see again in this country—gold."

"Not bad, Charlie. Dig in the spurs."

"A lovely forehead, brows finely penciled. I can't tell you about her eyes, except that they appear to be dark, with heavy, languishing lids; her nose is Grecian, her mouth is rich and ripe, with lips the color of scarlet geraniums. Her teeth—by George, how they flash! *Do* look at them, Dudley!"

"Bar sell."

"I'm in earnest. 'Pon honor."

Dudley Tollingham languidly raises the opera-glass, and languidly gazes at the object of his companion's description.

"Well, isn't she a stunning fine girl?"

Tollingham makes no response, but continues to regard her.

"I think I have your scalp, old man."

No sign.

At this moment she instinctively turns her face toward them—this in accordance with the theory that a woman *feels* when a man is gazing admiringly at her—and, casting

a sweeping, lustrous glance right into the barrels of the opera-glass, she flushes a rosy red, and instantly becomes intently absorbed in the performance.

"By heaven!" exclaims Dudley Tollingham, with an energy which utterly startles his companion. "She is simply perfection!"

"Aha, I've got you fixed at last!"

"Who is she?"

"*Sabe Dios!*" with a shrug.

"Go and find out."

"*Con*found your impudence! I'm not a club-waiter, or one of Pinkerton's shadows!"

"Charlie, we must discover who she is. I don't want to lose sight of her for one second. They'll tell you at the box-office. Do this, like the thorough fellow that you are."

Marcey, seeing the other so fearfully in earnest, quits the stall and proceeds to the box-office.

"Who has the second private-box?" he asks.

"Facing the stage?"

"Yes."

The clerk consulted the usher.

"The box is taken by a Mr. de Lascelles."

"I don't know that name."

"They are English."

"Have you any idea where they are stopping?"

"I can tell yer," chimes in the usher. "They are at the Clarendon, as the hackman was sent back for their voucher."

"Many thanks!"

Charlie glides back to his seat with this, as he was pleased to term it, "juicy intelligence," to find Tollingham still gazing, but *minus* the glass, at the object of his admiration—gazing as a devotee might gaze at a Madonna.

"De Lascelles! De Lascelles!" mutters Dudley. "Surely I have heard that name quite recently. As I live, that must be the man that Wyevolle Wentworth put down at the club as an honorary member."

Ere the conclusion of the performance, the two friends post themselves in the *atrium*.

"Here she comes," whispers Charlie; "don't let your heart burst up your ribs."

Just as Marcey has described her—tall, elegantly formed, haughty, beautiful—she glides past them.

Her eyes meet those of Dudley Tollingham.

His fate is sealed.

Chapter II.

> I would outstare the sternest eyes that look;
> Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth;
> Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear—
> Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
> To win this lady."

A change came o'er the spirit of the dream of Dudley Tollingham.

He who used to yawn into the club at four o'clock, now appeared at eleven A.M.

"It's the last thing before going to bed," suggested little Pybus.

He plunges himself into an easy-chair right opposite the door, and appears engrossed in the pages of the *Sun*.

He lies in wait for Wyevolle Wentworth, who loveth his matutinal grind of the whole gamut of daily literature.

"Ah, Wentworth!" he gayly exclaims, advancing to greet the astonished club-lounger. "Glad to see you. Have you any engagement for to-night?"

"Well, I am engaged for this evening, Tollingham."

"Will you dine with me to-morrow at my house? You know it—5,076 Fifth Avenue."

"It will afford me much pleasure. What's your hour?"

"Eight; will that suit you?"

"Oh, it's all the same to me. By-the-way, I have some English friends staying at the Clarendon"—how Tollingham's heart beats. "Very agreeable people, the De Lascelles. I've made the old gentleman free of the club during his stay; and, if you are not doing better to-night, come and dine with *me*."

How chances adjust themselves!

At half-past seven o'clock, Dudley Tollingham enters the Wentworth mansion. The drawing-room—a sheeny atmosphere of lace, gilding, glorious bits of coloring, dazzle, radiance and perfume—contains only one distinctly defined object for *him*.

A tall girl, whose outlines, although so young, have in them a rich, full grace, a snowy throat, beautifully rounded mouth, the lips full and crimson, parting to show spotless rows of veritable pearls. Large dark-blue eyes shone out steadily, fearlessly, from under a white brow, and masses of golden fair hair, evidently too much for the skill of a skilled lady's-maid. The soft, creamy white skin, the peachy bloom of the cheeks, make up a splendid specimen of Saxon beauty.

"What a woman to win!" thinks Dudley, as he reverentially bows to her.

"I saw you at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night," he says.

"We *were* there. It is a charming theatre. What did you think of the performance?"

"I wasn't thinking of it. I—I—that is, I was thinking of something else."

"Dear me, how cruel on the poor actors," she laughs; and as she leant back in her chair there was an indefinable, haughty, careless grace in every attitude and motion.

"Have you been long in America?"

"We got here last Thursday, *via* Canada. Papa and the Governor-general are kinsmen, and we came across the pond to pass two months with him, to return by New York. I was *so* anxious to get back by the Pacific Slope, the Yosemite Valley, 'Frisco,' as you call it, and India; but it is not to be. As it is, I shall miss a lot of hunting, although I would willingly have sacrificed it for the longer tour."

Dudley's heart is in his mouth as he asks her how long she purposes stopping.

"We sail by the *Germanic* on the 3d of next month.

Twenty-five days of life still remain to him.

"Have you been to England, Mr. Tollingham?"

"Yes—four times."

"Have you done a season in town—we call London town?"

"Yes; I spun round a lot last season."

"I wonder I didn't meet you. Tell me some of the people you know—*d'abord*, I only know one American family, and that is your Minister's. The girls are very clever, and, oh, so charmingly starry and stripy."

A solemn servant announces dinner.

To Tollingham is handed a dowager mounted by Worth and Tiffany. A hedge of gorgeously colored flowers deprives Dudley of a view of Miss Maude de Lascelles; the conversation of his neighbor gets into his head and maddens him like bad liquor. She is "up" in woman's rights, and grinds a whole pamphlet into his left ear.

Twenty-five days to fling his soul at Maude's dainty feet, and one day nearly sped!

He caught her glance as the ladies were rustling from the room, and his blood leaped.

"Close up, gentlemen, and let us attack the enemy," cries the host, shoving the claret right and left.

"How do you like the club, sir?" asks Dudley of Maude's father.

"It is a good club, sir. Your sherry is good, sir; your appointments excellent, sir. I have not dined there yet, sir, so I cannot say anything about your *chef*."

Mr. de Lascelles is pompous, and buried behind the folds of an immense white tie, folded as in the days when George IV. was the first gentleman in Europe, and Beau Brummel called him his fat friend.

He is not an old man by any means, but he affects a certain style which the fogies in Brooks's, his London club, consider unapproachable by the *canaille* "shopkeeping scoundrels," as indeed it is.

Take a walk down St. James's Street, peer into the bay-windows of Boodle's, White's, or Brooks's, and you will see the *crême de la crême* of dress—old-fashioned, if you will, but untouchable by mere men of money. It is a style of apparel that the London tailor only makes up for the members of these inner sanctuaries of society. You and I, my dear sir, get the ordinary thing—very good, very costly, in its way; but as for the costume of the Boodle men, bah! We can't get at it. It requires Plantagenet or Tudor blood to reach it.

"Mr. Wentworth is coming to dine with me to-morrow. If you are disengaged, will you do me the favor of accompanying him? This is my card. The hour, eight o'clock."

"If Mr. Wentworth has made no engagement for me, it will afford me pleasure, sir. I exchange cards. Wentworth, that claret is heated to perfection. It's a Margot, sir, or I'm much mistaken," smacking his lips.

THE CROQUET-PLAYER.

"It is a Margot, Lascelles—a '54 wine. I imported it myself."

"The best claret in London is at Brooks's. Our cellarman belonged to the Czar Nicholas, and if his wine wasn't in order, begad, sir, he was knouted. We pay the rascal five hundred pounds a year, merely to see that the wine doesn't get sick. The fellow is a treasure, sir—a perfect treasure. We wouldn't sell him for double the money."

In the drawing-room Dudley seeks Miss de Lascelles, and finds her at the piano. She has laid her bouquet on the instrument.

"What exquisite flowers!" he says.

"Are they not? They were sent to me by an Englishman. Perhaps you've met him. Tony Banbury, of the Guards."

A pang of maddening jealousy seizes Dudley Tollingham. He hates the guardsman from that moment.

"We can do very good things in bouquets here. Will you permit me to have the honor of sending you a bouquet for to-morrow night? You are going to the Dyke Harvests' ball."

"Thanks; but I know that papa has ordered one."

"Which means that you won't have mine. Will you let me send you a bunch of violets, then?" he asks, somewhat bitterly.

"I never refuse violets."

The next morning Miss de Lascelles finds a trophy of violets upon her dining-table—a pyramid of them, large, deeply-colored, exquisite, perfume-giving, modest bells.

"He is a very nice fellow," she thinks, "and I'll wear a small bunch to-night. His eyes are superb, and he is thoroughly good style."

They met at drives, balls, theatres, concerts, matinees, receptions. They met by day, and they met by night.

Dudley Tollingham lived, moved and had his being in her presence. Flowers, *bonbonnières*, gloves lost in reckless bets, photographs of American scenery; boxes for any of the theatres, one sleigh-ride only, as the snow "gave out" all too soon; and gushing attentions, such as mankind pay the women they worship, are showered upon her with man's lavish hand. He loves her to distraction, and has resolved upon risking his all upon her Yea or Nay.

A fearful stake—played but once in the life of man or maid!

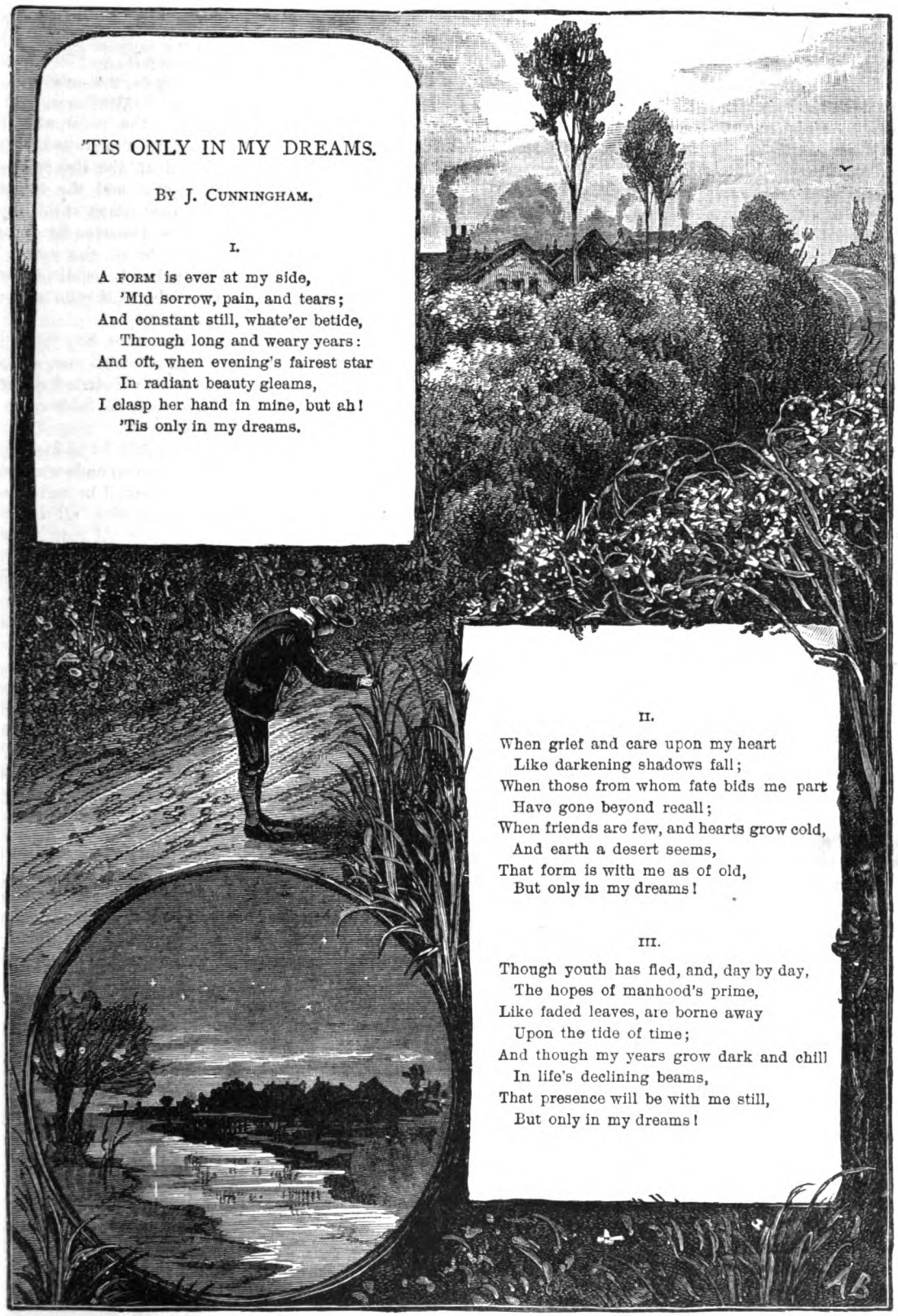
He calls at the Clarendon. It is the 26th of November, and the *Germanic* sails upon the 3d of December.

How he has cross-examined his heart as to whether he dare hope for the love of this beautiful, haughty, high-

bred girl! His inner voice says: "Take heart of grace," but when he comes to review the encouragement that gives spirit to his fainting hope, he finds but little light to lure him on. And yet she shall not leave him, perhaps for ever, without learning that he wildly worships her.

The De Lascelles have a suite of rooms. Miss de Lascelles is in. He enters the sitting-room, his heart almost beating backward.

Maude is seated on a silken *fauteuil*, her indefinable, haughty, careless grace fascinating him as by a spell. Beside her—yes, by her side—upon the silken *fauteuil*, lounges a handsome young fellow, whose yellow hair is



parted in the centre and pasted to his receding forehead. He is attired in a light tweed suit, wears a blue shirt, very low at the neck, with a crimson tie, knotted sailor-fashion.

"Mr. Banbury, of the Scots Fusilier Guards," says Maude, flushing to the roots of her hair.

She need not have uttered the words. Dudley Tollingham would have known the guardsman in ten thousand.

Tony was inclined to be supercilious.

"I see you're trying hunting here," he says.

"Trying! *Our* hunting is *the* hunting worth the name."

"That's so infernally American, Maude," turning to Miss de Lascelles.

"To stand up for one's own country, Tony?"

"Oh, by Jove, that's round enough, but you know I've been stuffed with——"

"Tony, you've been mixing with stupid people." And addressing Dudley: "It was awfully nice—your sending me that book of Heine's. The illustrations are high art, indeed."

Tollingham mutters a meaningless nothing. His whole soul is ablaze with hatred of the man who insolently lounges beside her, and who dares address her as if she were a girl behind a fifth-class liquor bar.

"I see that a fellow is driving a coach here," drawls the warrior.

"He is one of our best men, and a personal friend of *mine!*" cries Dudley, hotly.

"Ah! Does he know anything about horses?"

"You had better not ask *him* that question in *that* tone, or you might find his whip across your shoulders."

Dudley was simply on fire. Miss de Lascelles takes in the whole situation at a glance.

The perception of any woman in such a case amounts to clairvoyance.

"Tony," she says, "I want you and Mr. Tollingham to be very good friends. Mr. Tollingham, Mr. Banbury is going to be married to a cousin of mine on the sixteenth of next month. I am to be a bridesmaid."

The black shadow lifts itself from Dudley's heart. The guardsman may go and be hanged for aught he cares *now*. A truce is declared everlasting in an invitation on the part of Tollingham to Banbury to dine at the Megatherium. As Dudley is about to take his leave, he asks Maude to see him later on for five minutes alone.

"Say four, five, six o'clock," he eagerly presses.

She is pale and scarlet by turns as she half whispers the single word "Four."

"If there were no hope, she would have given me no chance."

Dudley Tollingham is giddy with a mad excitement. He could whoop as he jumps into a passing avenue car. He alights at Seventy-first Street, and rushes through the Central Park.

"Will the hour never come?" he thinks.

He repairs to the club and tries to play a game of billiards, but he misses every second stroke. He orders luncheon, but he cannot eat a morsel.

He finishes a pint of champagne, and proceeds to consult his watch at intervals of two minutes.

At four o'clock he finds Maude de Lascelles alone.

"It's a lovely day," he gasps—his ideas have dried up.

"Lovely," she murmurs.

A silence, broken by the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece. He envies that tick—it is so plucky.

"Your friend is to dine with me to-night?"

"So he told me."

"I—I thought at first that there was something between him and you—and—and I was nearly mad; and, Miss de Lascelles—Maude"—then comes the declaration in hot, palpitating, gushing words. She turns from him, then gently toward him, and he kisses her in one long, ecstatic kiss, that draws her very heart through her lips.

Chapter III.

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

Dudley Tollingham crossed the pond with the De Lascelles, and within two months was united to Maude. The wedding was muchly talked of, the Prince and Princess of Wales sending bridal gifts, and the *Graphic* and *London News* illustrating the proceedings at the ceremony, which took place in St. George's, Hanover Square.

After a prolonged tour in Europe, the young couple returned to the Tollington palatial residence on Fifth Avenue, and took up the running with the *élite* of New York society, as was their right.

Three years sped by. A beauteous boy made Dudley Tollingham a happy father, and a foolish one, as he bored his friends and acquaintances with detailed descriptions of its eyes, nose, chin, legs and toes, till he became known at the club as "That boy of mine."

Came a small cloud across the sunlight of his happiness.

Mrs. Tollingham's English correspondence was of a very ponderous description. Each mail brought her a pile of coroneted and monogramed epistles, all in feminine characters, save when her pompous old prig of a father honored her with a scrawl, which was but seldom.

One morning the contents of the mail are deposited upon a silver salver on the breakfast-table.

Dudley is down rather earlier than his wife, and languidly turns over the pile of letters.

One attracts him.

It bears the arms of the Coldstream Guards.

A terrible pang of nameless jealousy shoots through him. He turns up the superscription. It is addressed:

"Mrs. Dudley Tollingham,
"5,076 Fifth Avenue, New York,"

and in the left-hand corner are the initials "T. B."

A painful feeling of mistrust seizes him.

Why had not Tony Banbury married his cousin?

Why——

He will open the letter. It is bad form, but something whispers him that he *ought* to be made acquainted with its contents.

He feels like a criminal as he crashes through the envelope.

His heart gives one beat backward, a deadly pallor spreads over his face, he clutches the table for support, his ashen lips move involuntarily.

He reads:

"Knightsbridge Barracks, *Thursday*.
"My own, own, darling——"

One instant of horrified amazement keeps him dumb, staring at the written paper as if at some ghastly thing; then all the hot blood rushes over his handsome face, and then, in a hurricane of wrath that tossed him as the winds toss leaves, he burst from the room to seek his wife—his *wife*.

Maude is descending the stairs, after her the nurse with the infant Dudley, when she is sternly confronted by her husband.

"Maude," he says, the words coming with a strange, muffled sound from dry, white lips, "I have read a portion of a letter from Mr. Tony Banbury. It lies upon the breakfast-table. What have you got to say to me?"

"A letter from Tony!" she cries. "Oh, I am so glad! Why didn't you read it through?"

"Read it through! I've read enough to tell me that you—you, whom I loved with all my life and soul—are the vilest creature alive!"

"Dudley Tollingham, what do you mean?"—anxiously, pleadingly; adding, "Are you mad?"

"Mad! Would to God I were!"

The boy struggles with his scared nurse to rush to his papa.

Maude is terrified. The awful look of concentrated passion and hatred in her husband's eyes appalls her.

"What does Tony——"

The mention of the hated name lashes the passion of her listener into unendurable fire. His features flush with rage, his eyes literally blaze with fury, his lips work convulsively under his tawny mustache.

"Mention that name again," he hisses, "and by the Lord that made me, I'll hurl you to the sidewalk as I would a dog!"

Maude draws herself up to her full height, and, taking her child up in her arms, stalks haughtily past him.

* * * * * * *

A few minutes later, a telegram arrives addressed to Mrs. Tollingham.

She tears it open. It is from Tony Banbury.

"I sent letter for Lady Barbara in envelope to you—at least, I hope so. Wire, for heaven's sake! B—— has posted your letter to you. We are to be married on Monday."

Dudley Tollingham was forgiven, his self-accusation and distraction being simply awful to witness.

He never touches his wife's correspondence, keeping away from the English mails as though the letters contained nitro-glycerine or rock-rent.

"It was the only time I was ever guilty of the bad form of opening a letter addressed to my wife, and when I do it again may I——"

When Charles V. of France was a convalescent after the attack of lunacy which came upon him during his August march against the Duke of Brittany, a masquerade was given at the Hotel St. Paul in honor of the wedding of a widow lady in attendance on his Queen. To amuse the King, a certain Hugh de Guisay, one of his courtiers, got up a sextet of satyrs, consisting of the King, De Guisay himself, and four other courtiers, all of whom were attired in cloth smeared with rosin and covered with tow, the object being to make them look like goats. The King, thus disguised, was tormenting the young Duchess of Berri, when the Duke of Orleans, the Count of Bar, and sundry other semi-royal youths, coming to the masquerade, thought it clever to set fire to the tow worn by one of the King's companions. The dresses worn by the satyrs, smeared with rosin and covered with tow, were of linen, and sewn on the bodies of the wearers. In a moment the unhappy man was in a blaze, and ran wildly howling about the hall. The others took fire, and the whole sextet, except the King, were soon in flames, the King himself escaping only through the coolness and courage of the young Duchess of Berri, who held him fast, would not let him stir, and tearing off her silk robe, threw it over him and kept him from the flames and sparks. The shock threw the King back into a state of dementia, and of his fellow satyrs four died in agony during the next day, one of the four being the man who had devised the disguises, Hugh de Guisay, one of the most brutal and odious personages of the time.

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

A witch, in the earlier centuries of our history, in spite of the power with which she was credited, was among the most persecuted creatures on the earth. She lived apart from her fellows, in lone and secluded haunts. She was shunned, with the fear that dared not give open expression to its feelings, by all with whom she came in contact, and it was often with difficulty she obtained the bare necessaries of life. At any moment she was liable to be tracked to her lair, to be seized and mercilessly exposed, and to be put to a cruel death. Her children, looked upon as the issue of hell, bore the stain of their descent down to the third and fourth generation, and were often forced to seek their livelihood in distant provinces. Nor was it only upon the professional witch that these severities might be inflicted. It was open to any malignant or credulous person to accuse her neighbor of dealings with the devil, and to subject her to all the penalties which such proceedings then entailed. A spiteful woman had only to seek out the nearest magistrate, and inform him that a witch was in their midst, and that she had been seen kissing the devil in the shape of a cat, or riding through the air on a besom, or using miraculous charms to do hurt to a neighbor, or disfiguring her body with significant marks and gashes, for a warrant to be instantly made out, and the unhappy accused to be branded with a hot iron, in order to see whether such application would burn her flesh, or to be dragged through a pond, with her thumbs and toes tied across, to test if water had the power to drown her, or to be scratched with pins, to see if blood would flow, or to be tied to a stool for twenty-four hours whilst deprived of all sleep and nourishment, or to be tortured till she wept—for it was held that a witch could only shed three tears, and those from her left eye—or to endure other like pains and penalties.

Frequent instances occur, in the history of this peculiar form of superstition, of innocent girls, upon the evidence of pure malice, being torn from their homes and put to a painful death, for machinations of which they knew nothing, and for arts they had never pretended to possess. In those good old times the charge of witchcraft was the easiest method of getting rid of an unpopular neighbor; the testimony brought forward, if once believed in (and it was seldom rejected), the fire or water ordeal necessarily followed; and the ordeal, whether the victim was a witch or no, was generally sufficient either to kill her, or to send her raving mad.

Ludicrous as the powers appear to us at the present day with which witchcraft in former times was credited, such powers seem never to have been denied or disputed by the great minds of the past. A witch was all that was abominable, and to be held in the strongest loathing; yet few had the wisdom or the courage to contradict the possibility of her exercising the arts she pretended to. The judge, as he passed sentence upon the condemned woman, trembled lest her fell gaze should bring upon him and his household sorrow or death. The yelling crowd, as it half stripped her to undergo the water-ordeal, shuddered as it saw upon her exposed bosom the marks which, it was supposed, proved that she allowed her "familiar" to draw upon her life's blood. The villagers who went miles out of their way to avoid her haunts, never for one moment believed that the object of their fear was powerless to work them evil, and was either a half-mad woman, the victim of a hideous delusion, or else the actress of a knavish part to suit her own vile ends. To all the old crone, with her tall hat, crutch stick, and black cat nestling on her shoulder, was one who had dealings with the devil,

THE POPULAR IDEA OF THE GENERAL MEETING OF WITCHES.

and who, through the might of Satanic aid, could scatter the seeds of misery broadcast wherever she listed. She had sold herself body and soul to hell, and until death claimed her, her power to effect evil, it was alleged, was unlimited. The great man is he who rises superior to the prejudices of his age; but before the end of the seventeenth century there were none who had the boldness or the knowledge to brand witchcraft as a base and palpable superstition. We find Lord Bacon gravely prescribing "henbane, hemlock, mandrake, moonshade, tobacco, opium, and other soporiferous medicines," as the best ingredients for a witch's ointment. From the pages of his "History of the World" we see that the gifted and practical Sir Walter Raleigh was a firm believer in this childish form of superstition. The learned Selden, in his "Table Talk," whilst pleasantly discoursing on the subject of witches, shows that he also held the same faith. Sir Thomas Browne, the kindliest of physicians; Sir Matthew Hale, one of the most acute and spotless of judges; Hobbes, the skeptic; "the eminent Dr. More, of Cambridge," and the patient and thoughtful Boyle, all were of opinion that witchcraft was an evil capable of solid proof, and that its disciples merited sharp and swift punishment. It was not until the dawn of the eighteenth century that men came to the conclusion that the devices of "witches and witchmongers" were only so many tricks and fables, and utterly unworthy of credence. The last judicial execution in England for witchcraft took place in the year 1716, when a woman and her little daughter were hanged at Huntingdon "for selling their souls to Satan." Since that date, however, various cases have occurred of unfortunate women, accused as witches, being drowned whilst undergoing the ordeal by water at the hands of their intimidated, yet infuriated, neighbors.

It was only natural that an offense like witchcraft, so elastic in its details, and so capable of being transformed into an engine of oppression for the gratification of personal or political hate, should have given rise to various curious proceedings in the administration of justice. To the lover of out-of-the-way literature there is little reading more weird and interesting than is to be found in the study of witch trials. Women, perfectly innocent of the crimes imputed to them, under the terrors of torture, or in the hope to escape punishment, freely confessed themselves guilty of misdeeds they had never imagined, with an elaboration of detail almost sufficient to convince the most skeptical listener. The envoy of the devil was vividly described; the terms he imposed as the price of a lost soul were fully entered into: the course he suggested his victim to pursue; the places of rendezvous he appointed; the homage he required to be paid him; the different forms of disguise he adopted, and the like, were all clearly and precisely described—statements which often tended to show that either the unhappy woman had been well counseled as to her answers, or that she was in an advanced stage of insanity.

Of all the English trials, the most well-known are the proceedings in the early part of the seventeenth century against a band of wretched creatures, called the Lancashire Witches. The story is as follows: In the barren wilds of the forest of Pendle, once a portion of the great wood of Blackburnshire, there had lived for many years before the first James had been summoned from Edinburgh to ascend the throne of England, two old women, who with their families constituted the most important part of the population of the neighborhood. The names of these aged dames were Elizabeth Southerns and Ann Whittle, but to the votaries of witchcraft they were only known as "Old Demdike" and "Old Chattox." Both women were nearly eighty years of age, and had lived in the direst poverty, occasionally relieved by mendicancy, until public opinion had taken it into its head to endow them with the powers of natural magic. And now visitors flocked to the miserable hovels in Pendle Forest for love-potions, poisons, washes, and waxen images that if melted would render the barren fruitful. The two old crones began to flourish, and since the business which had been forced upon them appeared a very paying concern,

both Old Demdike and Old Chattox were much too wise in their generation to deny the arts with which they were credited. Each acted her part with much cunning and mystery; but, as two of a trade seldom agree, feuds and bickerings soon broke out between the competing witches. Old Demdike declared that she was the only genuine agent of the devil; that all her wares were efficacious, and that those who went elsewhere obtained but a spurious article. Old Chattox retorted in the same mercantile spirit; and thus it came to pass that the inhabitants in the forest began to be divided into two rival parties—one party upholding the excellence of Old Demdike, whilst the other party believed only in her competitor. For some years these two elderly ladies appear to have driven a lucrative trade in superstition, and to have found that their lines had fallen in pleasant places. On the accession of James I., however, Nemesis, then traveling in the North in search of victims, paid them one of her unpleasant visits.

The "British Solomon" took a singular interest in witchcraft. He firmly believed in the existence of witches, as is proved by his work entitled "Dæmonologie," and he was resolved to stamp out the whole brood in the country. Shortly after his accession, he caused to be enrolled in the Statute-Book an Act to suppress the crimes of sorcery, necromancy, and witchcraft, which is among the most sanguinary that its pages have ever had to record. By this Act it was decreed "That all persons invoking any evil spirit, or concealing, covenanting with, entertaining, employing, feeing, or rewarding any evil spirit; or taking up dead bodies from their graves, to be used in any witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; or killing, or otherwise hurting any person by such infernal arts, shall be guilty of felony without benefit of clergy, and suffer death."

The consequences of the creation of this authority were to overrun the country with informers, to sacrifice innocent persons freely to the credulity of the age, and to permit many ordinary casualties—the burning of a rick, the falling sick of cattle, the sudden death of the ailing, and the rest—to be attributed, in want of better interpretation, to the incantations of witchcraft.

With this statute in active force, it was scarcely likely that the proceedings of such notorious dames as Old Demdike and Old Chattox would escape notice. A warrant was made out by the Lancashire magistrates for the apprehension of the two women, and they were committed to take their trial at the next assizes. Justice, however, was not content with securing the persons of the two chief offenders, but was determined to destroy the whole brood, and accordingly there were lodged in the prison cells at the same time, Elizabeth, daughter of Old Demdike; James Device, her son; Anne Redfern, daughter of Old Chattox; Alice Nutter, and others; whilst a little girl, Jennet Device, the granddaughter of Old Demdike, was kept free, to act as witness against her family. Old Demdike had not been long within the walls of the jail before she drew up a full statement of her past history, for the benefit of the magistrates then investigating her case. She confessed that about twenty years ago she had met the devil in Pendle Forest, "in the shape of a boy, the one half of his coat black and the other brown," who offered to give her everything she would request in exchange for her soul. Thus tempted, she fell, and admitted that she had had frequent resort to her new friend, who said "his name was Tibb," and who appeared at various times to her "in the guise of a brown dog." She was now fourscore years old, and had been, she frankly owned, a witch ever since she was thirty. Her home had been for the last half-century in the forest of Pendle—"a vast place, fit for her profession"; and there she had "brought up her own children, instructed her grandchildren, and took great care and pains to bring them to be witches." She pleaded guilty to having bewitched several persons, upon whom vengeance was demanded, so that they died; to having bidden "her familiar," the brown dog, to bite cattle, so that they soon afterward perished; and to having brought death in the cup by bewitching the different drinks of men.

This confession was followed by one of a similar character from Old Chattox. The ancient dame, however, took the opportunity of attributing her present unhappy

MARGARET JOHNSON AND MARY SPENCER OF BURLEY.

position entirely to the evil advice of her former rival. She declared that "about fourteen years past she entered, through the wicked persuasions and counsel of Elizabeth Southerns, alias Demdike, and was seduced to condescend and agree to become subject unto that devilish, abominable profession of witchcraft." At the house of Demdike she met the devil, "who moved that she would become his subject, and give her soul unto him." At first she refused; "but after, by the great persuasion made by the said Demdike, she yielded to be at his commandment and appointment." Upon her consent, the devil said that when she wanted to summon him she must call out "Fancy!" In her statement, the old hag confesses having bewitched a young gentleman who attempted to do violence to her daughter, and with causing his death; to having made wax images which slowly wasted away before the fire, so that those whom they resembled might likewise perish; and to having sold potions, destroyed cattle, and poisoned drinks by the art of "her familiar" Fancy.

With the exception of two or three of the accused, all now followed the example of Old Demdike and old Chattox, and drew up confessions either freely acknowledging their guilt, or attributing their errors to the two aged crones under whom they studied. In the crimes of which they convict themselves there is a great similarity: selling potions and poisons, bewitching persons to a slow and painful death, destroying cattle by wounds inflicted by the evil one, sucking the breath of young children, and gratifying the desire of the barren in some cases, and the promptings of vengeance in others, appear among the chief articles of self-accusation. With the exception of Old Demdike, who died in prison before her trial, the whole of the Lancashire witches, who had established themselves in Pendle Forest, were found guilty and executed August 17th, 1612.

It is difficult to account for the circumstantial character of these confessions, unless they were suggested by the delusions of insanity, or by the pains of torture. The King, it was well known, was the bitter foe of all witches; and magistrates, anxious to curry royal favor, were assured that there was no better course to gain their ends than to ferret out an ample supply of victims, encourage them to accuse themselves in order to gain their release, then convict them out of their own mouths and send them to the gallows.

"Confessions were so common on those occasions," writes the learned Mr. Crossley, "that there is, I believe, not a single instance of any great number of persons being convicted of witchcraft at one time, some of whom did not make a confession of guilt. Nor is there anything extraordinary in that circumstance, when it is remembered that many of them sincerely believed in the existence of the powers attributed to them; and others, aged and of weak understanding, were, in a measure, coerced by the strong persuasion of their guilt which all around them manifested, into an acquiescence in the truth of the accusation. In many cases the confessions were made in the hope, and no doubt with the promise, seldom performed, that a respite from punishment would be eventually granted. In other instances, there is as little doubt that they were the final results of irritation, agony, and despair. The confessions are generally composed of 'such stuff as dreams are made of'; and what they report to have occurred might either proceed, when there was intention to fabricate, from intertwining the fantastic threads which sometimes stream upon the waking senses from the land of shadows, or be caused by those ocular hallucinations of which medical science has supplied full and satisfactory solution. There is no argument which so long maintained its ground in support of witchcraft as that which was founded on these confessions. It was the last plank clung to by many a witch-believing lawyer and divine. And yet there is none which will less bear critical scrutiny and examination, or the fallacy of which can more easily be shown, if any particular reported confession is taken as a test, and subjected to a searching analysis and inquiry."

Twenty years after these events had taken place another batch of so-called Lancashire witches was unearthed, of whose proceedings the State Papers of Charles I. furnish a full account.

"The greatest news from the country," writes one Sir William Pelham to Viscount Conway, "is of a huge pack of witches which are lately discovered in Lancashire, whereof it is said nineteen are condemned, and that there are at least sixty already discovered, and yet daily there are more revealed. There are divers of them of good ability, and they have done much harm. It is suspected that they had a hand in raising the great storm wherein his Majesty was in so great danger at sea in Scotland."

Sir William was evidently a firm believer in the arts of diabolical magic, but he somewhat exaggerates the details of this discovery. It appears that for some time past village rumor had reported that in Pendle Forest, precisely on the same site where Old Demdike and Old Chattox had carried on their evil practices, a band of women had congregated, which professed to be, in a similar manner, the agents of the powers of darkness. Of these women the presiding spirit was one Margaret Johnson, an elderly crone of sixty, whom country gossip accused of wholesale bewitchery of young children, of the sick and dying, and of cattle grazing in the "vaccaries" or the great upland pastures of the neighborhood. With her, it was said, were associated as accomplices in her vile art, Frances Dicconson, the wife of a husbandman in Pendle Forest; Mary Spencer of Burley, a young girl of twenty; and Alice Hargrave, together with some twenty other women of lesser note. The proceedings of this little infernal community having been reported to the neighboring magistrates, a warrant for the apprehension of its leaders was issued, who were at once committed for trial at the next assizes.

The chief informer on this occasion was a young lad, Edmund Robinson, commonly known by the name of "Ned of Roughs," the son of a mason in Pendle Forest Both father and son, it seems, had been in the habit of going from church to church, in the capacity of amateur discoverers of witches, and accusing various members of the different congregations of diabolical arts; and with such success that it is stated "by that means they got a good living, that in a short space the father bought a cow or two, when he had none before." At the trial young Robinson was sworn, and proceeded to state his case. He was a practiced evidence-monger, and there was little hesitation in the story he told from the witness-box. Kissing the book and looking straight at the bench, he said that upon All Saints' Day last he was picking wild plums in the forest with a friend, and whilst thus engaged two grayhounds, a black and a brown one, came running up to him and fawned upon him. He noticed that they had collars round their necks which "shone like gold," and that to each of the collars a piece of string was attached. Seeing no one with the grayhounds, he thought "to hunt with them, and presently a hare did rise very near before him, at the sight whereof he cried Loo! loo! but the dogs would not run." Irritated at this unsportsmanlike conduct, he tied the hounds together to a hedge, and was about to give them a good thrashing, when suddenly the black grayhound vanished, and in her place stood Frances

Dicconson. Almost immediately afterward the brown grayhound disappeared, and in her stead appeared a little boy.

Frightened at this transformation, he, the witness, was about to run away, when the woman Dicconson put her hand in her pocket and offered him a shilling, provided he would say nothing about the matter. He declined the money, and called out that she was a witch. "Whereupon she put her hand into her pocket again and pulled out a string like unto a bridle that jingled, which she put upon the little boy's head that stood in the brown grayhound's stead; whereupon the said boy stood up a white horse." Young Robinson was now seized by Mother Dicconson, and carried rapidly off to a house called Hoarestones. Here he met numerous other witches, who had ridden to the place on horses of various colors, and was offered refreshments, which he refused. "And presently after, seeing divers of the company going to a barn near adjoining, he followed after, and there he saw six of them kneeling and pulling at six several ropes, which were fastened or tied to the top of the house; at once with which pulling came then in this informer's sight flesh smoking, butter in lumps, and milk as it were straining from the said ropes, all which fell into basins placed under the ropes. And after that these six had done, there came other six, which did likewise, and during all the time of their so pulling they made such foul faces that he became frightened, and was glad to steal out and run home."

On being asked by the court if he were acquainted with any of the women who had been engaged in these practices in the barn, the witness answered that he knew them well by sight, and proceeded to give their names, to the number of some twenty. His evidence concluded, Robinson was ordered to stand down.

The confession of Margaret Johnson—for, of course, according to custom, she had confessed—was then read. The old dame said that some eight years ago, being in her house "in a great passion of anger and discontent, and withal pressed with some want," there suddenly appeared before her a spirit like unto a man, "appareled in a suit of black, tied about with black points," who offered, if she would give him her soul, to supply all her needs and stand ever as her firm friend. After "a solicitation or two she contracted and covenanted with the said devil for her soul," to whom, under the name of "Mamil, my God," she henceforth always applied for what she required. This friend, she admitted, had paid frequent visits to her, now in the shape of a brown-colored dog, then of a hare or white cat, and invariably settled upon her bosom to suck her blood. He often put in her hand gold or silver, "but it vanished soon again, and she was ever bare and poor, though he oft gave her the like." However, since she had been in trouble the spirit had cruelly deserted her, for she had never seen him whilst in prison. The poor demented creature then frankly acknowledged her guilt, and mentioned the names of several women who had been her accomplices.

In the fulness of her heart she also took this opportunity to reveal one or two of the secrets of her order. Good Friday, she explained, was the one great day in the year for the general meeting of witches, when they assembled "to consult for the killing and hurting of men and beasts." The marks upon the body denoted the number of familiars a witch could invoke: "If a witch have but one mark, she hath but one spirit; if two, then two spirits; if three, yet but two spirits." More than two spirits to one agent Satan would never permit. The men witches were possessed by women spirits, and women witches by men spirits; but witchcraft, she said, was rather the province of women than of men, because as Eve was deceived by the serpent at the beginning, so women, being frailer, were more easily entrapped in the snares of the devil. Witches had power "to cause foul weather and storms"; and if they "desire to be in any place upon a sudden, their devil or spirit will upon a rod, dog, or anything else, presently convey them thither—yea, into any room of a man's house; still it is not the substance of their bodies, but their spirit assumeth such form and shape as go into such rooms." Then, with a piteous moan, she confessed she had no more to say, and could not hope for mercy.

Though the example of Margaret Johnson, in admitting her guilt, was followed by several of the accused, there were one or two who, healthy in mind and conscious of innocence, declined to implicate themselves. These loudly affirmed that they were not witches, but honest women, fearing God and serving the King.

Speaking up against her informer, Frances Dicconson denied the whole story of the lad Robinson, and said that he was a young scoundrel who had been prompted by his father to wrong her because she had refused to sell him a cow, and to pay the price he asked not to appear against her.

But the most curious instance of how, in those days of superstition, the simplest matter could be distorted into a cause for offense, is to be found in the case of Mary Spencer. This young girl was accustomed to go into the village to draw water, and as she went down the steep hill which led to the well, she let the wooden pail she carried roll after her, and as now it followed her, and then she chased it, she, like a healthy, merry lass, sang and called after it as if it had been a living creature. For this childish outburst of animal spirits, Mary Spencer was accused of witchcraft; it was alleged that the pail followed her about where she listed, and hence was not of wood, but of the devil. Unfortunately, what gave a color to this assertion was the fact that the girl herself was the daughter of witches, for it appears that both her father and mother had been condemned during the last assizes for professing magic arts. The poor lass was accordingly committed to prison, and sent for trial. At her examination, she stoutly denied that she knew any witchcraft, or had ever done hurt thereby to anybody. She had always gone to church, she said, indignantly, and could repeat the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. She defied the devil and all his works, and only hoped to be saved by Christ Jesus. She admitted without shame that when she went to the well for water, she used "to trundle the collock or pail down the hill, and she would run along after it to overtake it, and did overhie it sometimes, and then might call it to come to her"; but she utterly denied that it followed her of its own accord, or that she could ever make it come to her by any witchcraft. Then, after an appeal for mercy to her judges, she said she was a Christian and not afraid of death, for she hoped it would make an entrance for her into heaven.

On the revelations contained in these examinations and confessions, seventeen out of this second pack of Lancashire witches were brought in guilty by the jury and condemned to death. Fortunately, the judge who presided on this occasion was a humane and sensible man, and superior to the prejudices of his day. The evidence against the prisoners failed to satisfy him; he refused to appoint a date for the execution, and referred the case to the King in council for further consideration. Accordingly, Bridgman, Bishop of Chester, was instructed by Coke and Windebank, the two Secretaries of State, to examine two or three of the most prominent among the condemned. Margaret Johnson

was the first to be summoned, and was the most penitent of offenders. After listening to an exhortation from his lordship, the old woman, weeping piteously, sobbed out: "I will not add sin to sin. I have already done enough—nay, too much, and will not increase it. I pray God I may repent." The guilt of the others was not so easily arrived at. They denied the charges brought against them, and explained how they had been the sport of the vindictiveness of their neighbors. The bishop was nonplussed, and knew not how to separate the truth from the falsehood. "Conceit and malice," he writes to the Secretaries of State, "are so powerful with many in those parts, that they will easily afford an oath to work revenge upon their neighbor." In fact, his lordship declined to commit himself to an opinion one way or the other.

As a second solution of the difficulty, the matter was now intrusted to medical hands. It was acknowledged that every true witch had certain peculiar marks about her person, which were nothing else than seals impressed by the devil, and by which therefore she could be easily identified. Should these marks be found on the condemned, there was at once an end of the inquiry. Margaret Johnson, Frances Dicconson, Mary Spencer, and one Janet Hargraves, as the most notorious of the offenders, were hastily sent up from Lancaster jail to the Ship Tavern at Greenwich, where they were for the moment housed. At the same time, Alexander Baker and William Clowes, the King's surgeons, were ordered by the council "to make choice of midwives to inspect and search the bodies of those women lately brought up by the Sheriff of Lancashire indicted for witchcraft, wherein the midwives are to receive instructions from Dr. Harvey, the King's physician, and themselves."

OLD DEMDIKE DISCOVERED BURYING A WAX IMAGE IN PENDLE FOREST.

The examination took place, and the question excited so much interest that the King himself, it is said, was present. It resulted in the doctors coming to the conclusion that on the bodies of Janet Hargraves, Frances Dicconson and Mary Spencer they found nothing unnatural; whilst on the body of Margaret Johnson there were two marks, which were probably the effect of a former application of leeches. Such was the mouse which the mountain of witchcraft had delivered.

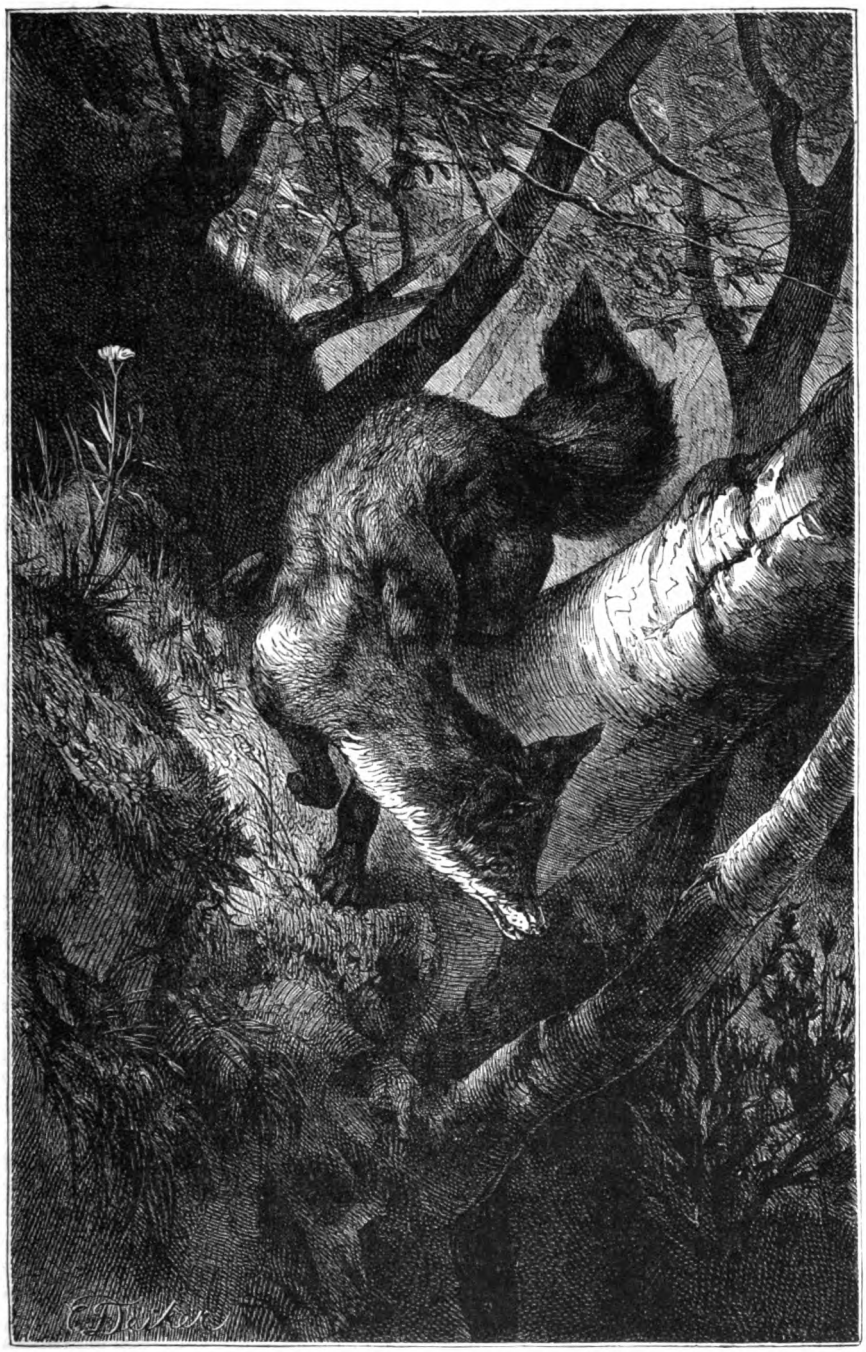
The evidence for the prosecution having now in a great measure broken down, it struck Secretary Windebank that he would privately examine the lad Edmund Robinson, upon whose sole and unsupported testimony the whole case depended. The boy was removed from the influence of his father, and then the truth came out. Before the stern presence of the Secretary of State the boldness of the witness, who had given so glibly his evidence as to the grayhounds, Mrs. Dicconson, and the meeting at Hoarestones, completely collapsed, and crying for mercy, the lad confessed the great enormities of which he had been guilty.

He admitted that the story he had told to the magistrates concerning the practices of witches was "false and feigned, and had no truth at all, but only as he had heard tales and reports made by women, so he framed his tale out of his own invention, which, when he had once told, he had to persist in."

The trial of the Lancashire witches twenty years ago had suggested the materials for his story. "He had heard," said this charming youth, "the neighbors talk of a witch feast that was kept at Mocking Tower in Pendle Forest, about twenty years since, to which feast divers witches came, and many were apprehended and executed at Lancaster, and thereupon it came into his head to make the like tale of a meeting at Hoarestones"; the more especially as Frances Dicconson and the others were reputed by their neighbors to be witches. "He had heard," continued this interesting specimen of juvenile depravity, "Edmund Stevenson say that he was much troubled with Dicconson's wife in the time of his sickness, and that he suspected her of witchcraft; and he heard Robert Smith say that his wife, lying upon her death-bed, accused Janet Hargraves to be the cause of her death; and he heard William Nutter's wife say that Janet and William Devys

had bewitched her; and it was generally spoken that Beawse's wife, who went a-begging, was a witch; and he had heard Sharpee Smith say that the wife of John Loynd laid her hand upon a cow of his, after which she never rose." With these materials, and assisted by a vivid imagination unballasted by scruples of any kind whatever, young Robinson confessed he had concocted his story. "Nobody," he said, with some pride, "was ever acquainted with any part of his fiction or invention, nor did anybody ever advise him, but it merely proceeded out of his own brain." Like Coriolanus, he could cry, "Alone I did it!"

The motive for the fabrication of these heinous falsehoods, which had for their object the bringing of innocent persons to the gallows, is a terrible instance of how great crimes can sometimes arise from the commission of slight offenses. It appears that it was the boy's duty to look after his father's cattle, to drive them home from the meadows, and to see that they were properly housed in the shed during night. One evening, having been tempted to play with some children, young Robinson found the the time had slipped so merrily away that, to his horror, he was now too late to go in search of the kine. Fearing a beating from his parents, the ready lie, always the resource of the timid, rose to his lips, and "he made this tale for an excuse." Henceforth amusement became easy to him; he could neglect his duty as much as he pleased, and play as often as he chose in the woods and the village streets, for on his return home he had only to give as an excuse that he had not been to the meadows to fetch the cattle because he had been spirited away by a witch, or that he had been frightened by seeing a boy with a cloven foot, or that a woman coming up to him had suddenly transformed herself into a lantern, and he had run away in sheer terror. Before Windebank, Robinson now solemnly denied that there had been any truth in these statements; he had "but told these tales to excuse himself when he had been at play." It is some satisfaction to learn that in this instance the biter was severely bit, for both the boy and his father were imprisoned under heavy sentences, whilst the so-called witches were released, and had their innocence fully established.



REYNARD ON THE WATCH.

The revelations disclosed at this trial dealt a severe blow to this peculiar form of superstition. It was now seen how easily vindictiveness or lack of principle could trump up a case of witchcraft against persons perfectly guiltless of all diabolical arts, and succeed in bringing their necks to the gallows. It was also seen how terror or a distorted imagination could force, as in the case of Margaret Johnson, the innocent to confess to acts which they had never committed, and which, when analyzed, were but one tissue of mental delusions. Hence, when, in the future, accusations of witchcraft were brought against certain individuals, such charges were inquired into by the justices of the peace with a care and a respect for common sense which had hitherto been painfully conspicuous by their absence.

Still it was long before the nation emancipated herself

from the thraldom of this degrading credulity, and it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that the law positively declined to consider the "magic arts" as within the bounds of possibility. Throughout the stormy times of the Civil War, and during the dissolute period of the Restoration, it always went hard with a woman accused of witchcraft, when accidental circumstances appeared to support the charge—when, for example, by a curious coincidence, an evil prophecy that she had made had been fulfilled; or when, by the buoyancy of her corpulence, she failed to sink when pitched into a pond; or when, as in the instance of Margaret Johnson, she had certain marks upon her body, which might be interpreted as the sucking spots of her familiar. We have no occasion to be a student of Buckle to learn that, of all the relics of paganism with which civilization in its onward march has had to contend, none have been more difficult to eradicate from the heart of man than that special form of superstition which found one phase of its development in the study and belief of witchcraft. Even at the present day, in many villages, the power and existence of a witch are still believed in.

A FIRE IN THE "TARTAR TOWN" AT TASHKENT.

By David Ker.

"This is all very well, you know," says my English comrade, on the third night after our arrival in the capital of Central Asia, as we sit over our tea and watermelon in the garden of the caravanserai, with the shadowy trees whispering around us; "this is all very well in its way, but it's not what *I* call 'seeing Tashkent.' If we're to see nothing but hewn-stone houses and paved streets, and French newspapers, and cafés in the English style, we might just as well be at home. I want some local coloring—something unmistakably Oriental. I came here to see Central Asia, not Europe in Asiatic binding."

"Asia in Russia-leather binding, you mean," answer I. "However, you're quite right; there's a good deal too much of the '*say* you've been there' style about our present life. I once went up Mont Blanc with a fellow who fell asleep from sheer exhaustion at the foot of the last slope, and was dragged up and down again by a rope around his waist, like an ox to the slaughter. Well, as soon as he got home he promptly delivered a lecture upon the ascent and the *view* from the top, and when I ventured to remonstrate, answered coolly, 'You see, I just asked my guide what I *would* have seen if I hadn't fallen asleep, and I wrote it down from his dictation.'"

"Well, I'll just tell you what we'll do; we'll order a drosky (a Russian carriage) to-morrow morning, and have a day of it in the 'native quarter,' till we've seen all we want."

The motion is carried *nem. con.*, and directly after breakfast on the following morning we start on our voyage of discovery, with my Tartar servant Mourad by way of pilot.

For me, at least, this return to barbarism is appropriate enough. My comrade still preserves some show of civilization, but I, in my dusty forage-cap, tattered white jacket, and red goatskin pants thrust into knee-high boots, look very much like an Eastern Robinson Crusoe, with Mourad for my man Friday.

With a tolerably fresh horse and a Cossack driver, even an Asiatic street may be traversed pretty rapidly, and we are not long in reaching the little stone bridge that spans the deep gully which forms the dividing line between civilization and barbarism in Tashkent. Once across it, we are in a new world. No more wide squares and leafy boulevards, no more smart shops or stately public buildings. My companion's wish for "something unmistakably Oriental" is now about to be gratified—with a vengeance.

At the very first strides we plunge into a deep, narrow, sandy lane, or rather ditch, over which hang great masses of baked clay, which we dimly perceive to be meant for houses, toppling over as if threatening to fall and crush us at any moment. The further we go the darker and filthier become the tunnel-like alleys, which seem to form one great cobweb throughout the entire town.

So narrow, in many places, are these delectable thoroughfares, that it is all we can do to avoid spiking ourselves at every turn upon the reed thatches that project from either side. Underneath the said thatches are horrid little kennels, almost pitch dark, in which villainous-looking old scarecrows are cooking unheard-of messes in little copper stewpans, or lying asleep, with the flies swarming over them in clouds. More than once we narrowly escape running into a passing camel, or running over some paunchy urchin, with nothing on but a thick coating of mud, who is sprawling in the very centre of the path.

Of the countless other abominations that meet our eyes on every side—mangy dogs, squalid pilgrims, hideously deformed beggars, covered with sores and vermin—one may say with the Highlander, "The more said, the less the better!" In fact, the whole tableau may be best summed up thus:

"Sing a song of nasty scents,
A puddle never dry;
Four-and-twenty black men
Crammed in a sty.
When the sty was opened,
The stench went near and far;
Wasn't that a pretty place
To christen 'a bazaar'?"

We look around us in righteous indignation, and are just beginning to fulfill the first duty of every "trueborn" Englishman—that of pouring contempt upon everything foreign—when a blast of thick, dingy smoke and stifling heat effectually changes the current of our ideas.

"A fire, by Jove!" shouts my companion, with a genuinely British enjoyment of anything like a catastrophe. "We're in luck—there's a sample of native industry at the very outset. Let's go and have a look at it!"

We jump off our drosky, and are instantly swallowed by the wave of turbaned nastiness which is surging toward a little mud-hovel about fifty yards ahead of us. The dried grass piled on its flat roof, after a fashion universal in Central Asia, has accidentally caught fire, and is now all one red, roaring blaze, alternating with gusts of thick black smoke.

By the time we reach the spot (our vehicle following) the "fun," as my friend humanely calls it, is in full swing. The impromptu hay-mow upon the roof is flaring like a volcano, notwithstanding the perfect stillness of the air. Water has been already brought up, and the buckets are skipping from hand to hand with very un-Asiatic alertness; while three or four gaunt, brown, half-clad scarecrows, who have clambered upon the housetop in defiance of the almost unbearable heat, are dimly seen through the whirling smoke, tearing down the still unburned grass, or kicking great heaps of red ashes down into the street, regardless of the throng that fills it.

One of these bouquets alights full upon the nose of a passing camel, which lashes out furiously on every side; and now things proceed in the style of "The House that

Jack Built." The camel upsets a horse, the horse "spills" a cart, the cart bumps against our drosky, our drosky squashes half-a-dozen people—and in an instant there is a grand compound "block" all across the road, while fresh showers of hot ashes, varied at intervals by a misdirected bucket of dirty water, come down upon us like a new eruption of Vesuvius.

Suddenly a body of white-frocked Russian soldiers—big, sunburned, tough-looking fellows, with close-cropped hair—are seen shouldering their way through the mob as a steamer cuts through drifting ice. Right up to the roaring furnace do they tramp unflinchingly, with the same stolid, expressionless aspect wherewith they would storm a battery, or stand to be shot by sentence of court-martial. A few short, sharp words of command, and every man is instantly at work, with the steady, machine-like precision of perfect discipline.

This re-inforcement turns the scale at once. In a few minutes the dry grass on the surrounding housetops is cleared away, and the blaze thus deprived of its fuel, the flames are beaten down with a deluge of water; the wedged mass of men and animals blocking the street melts slowly away; and my comrade, with the look of a man unjustly balked of his lawful enjoyment, mutters sulkily that "the heathens can't even burn a house properly," and tells the driver to go on.

AN ARTIST'S MISTAKE.

By Fred. Proctor.

I went into Lancashire some months since for the purpose of sketching Bolton Bridge. I had lodged at the nearest inn about a fortnight or so, when the landlady informed me that her son was living nearer the river, and if I could obtain a bed at his house it would perhaps be an advantage, and she was quite sure I should be more comfortable. Its proximity to the spot where I intended to employ most of my time was indeed a boon, and one of which I am always glad to avail myself; accordingly I engaged Mrs. Mugglewick—for that was the good woman's name—to see her son, and make a mutual arrangement on my account.

One evening, ten or twelve days after my introduction to Mrs. Mugglewick, Jr., whilst the rays of the setting sun were playing in a hundred hues among the trees, I gathered together my traps, and having secured them for the night, sauntered back to the bridge, to watch the stream and smoke out my usual pipe.

As I thus enjoyed myself, a herd of cattle from the north came down the opposite hill, and crossed by me toward the younger Mr. Mugglewick's house. It was well worth one's admiration to see these noble creatures, and a sight only marred by the two fierce-looking drovers bringing up the rear. They swore first at the beasts, and then at the dog, in the most terrific manner; and though I have heard the most horrid language in large towns, never have I heard such deliberate oaths as were uttered by these two men.

About an hour after, and while I mused on what had passed, I saw the elder Mrs. Mugglewick hastening to me from the house where I now stopped, in a most excited mood.

"Lor! Mr. So-and-so," said she, on gaining breath, "them men have turned their cattle into my son's field, and says they won't stir another step for him or no one else, so he must find a bed for 'em."

I saw the old lady was nervously endeavoring to say more, and I asked what my interest could be in the matter.

"Well, sir," said she, taking a pinch from her snuff-box, "there's a bed on the landing, if you don't mind yourself, as'll do for 'em a night."

Seeing no way out of the predicament, I made no objection, though I confess I did not relish the idea of so close a companionship with these suspicious characters. The landing referred to by Mrs. Mugglewick was a large one, leading into which was my own door; so that in entering my room I must pass them. However great my anxiety, there was nothing about the house to lighten it; on the contrary, everything assumed the air of being haunted with the ghosts of bygone days. The bare old oak staircase, so massive as to dwindle surrounding objects into pigmy size; the dingy atmosphere hanging about the broad low passage up-stairs; the old doors awry with age, with here and there a natural loophole to let in the cold air; the thick rafters and dark wainscoting; the Jonathan-Bradford bedstead on the landing, its faded trappings lending obscurity to the large bed—perhaps the ancestral gift to a newly-married pair, or the identical couch where a great-grandfather, in the twilight of some fourscore years, bid his weeping children remember his last and dying words; the diamond windows, each scratched with a dozen names or more; everything, in fact, from the black, sulky cat to the foreboding landlady, had that indescribable something about it ever dismal and comfortless.

On this particular night I attributed my feelings to the impending harm which I thought was hanging about me; and this state of mind was considerably intensified by the weird grin of the drovers, as they wished me "good-night."

"You scoundrels," thought I, "you play in that fashion to get me into your good grace."

However, I threw off the dread, and in about ten minutes after asked Mrs. Mugglewick, Jr., for a light. She gave me a candle, and also the key of my door, remarking: "You know, sir, it's best to be on the safe side;" and wished me many pleasant dreams, for, having become almost one of the family, all formality had ceased.

Whenever I fancy I might be disturbed by a midnight intruder, I carry to my room the spiked staff to which my umbrella is attached; and now, doubly conscious of its companionship, I secreted it under cover of my clothes. I gently ascended the creaking staircase, and finding they were in darkness, involuntarily hesitated, holding my light above me, so as to see clearly upon them. I was considerably astonished, and truly sorry I had misjudged them; for they were kneeling, one at the chair, and the other at the side of the bed—praying!

The ruins of a once magnificent bathing establishment have been recently discovered by Professor Giuseppe Novi, not far from Herculaneum. They are covered with a layer of ashes and lava of ten metres in thickness. What has been brought to light, up to the present, is said to eclipse all previous discoveries of a similar nature, both in Herculaneum and Pompeii. The fountains and tanks of these "Terme" are made of Oriental granite, and adorned with sculptures. The floors are of colored glass mosaic; unfortunately it is but badly preserved. The walls of the various buildings are elegantly ornamented with paintings and stucco-work. The excavations are to be continued.

The bird of wisdom flies low, and seeks her food under hedges; the eagle himself would be starved if he always soared aloft and against the sun. The sweetest fruit grows near the ground.

A RUSSIAN CROSS FROM THE CRIMEA.

After the capture of Sebastopol this cross was found in a private house. Had it stood in a church, amid the banners and procession candlesticks, it might have been supposed to be purely ecclesiastical in its character, as it bore evidence of long use. But it seems more probable that it was used as a military standard, to rouse the faith of the Russians in the struggle, and make them feel it was a holy war that they were waging against the enemies of Christianity, the Turks, upheld by men who could not be recognized by the orthodox as much better.

It is by no means a poor piece of work, being a creditable piece of carving, seven feet high, bearing in the centre of the cross the scene of the crucifixion, with the Eternal Father as the "Ancient of Days" above; and below the Mother of Christ, and at the extremity of the arms of the cross, Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James, the three Marys associated with the scene depicted. Beneath are the Russian arms, with the double-headed eagle.

THE RIVER.

By W. H. Roberts.

Tell me, O you well-loved gentle river,
Why so mournful is your song?
Find you not the trees as dear as ever,
That have shaded you so long?

Lo! in vain the fairest flowers are stooping
To you from the bank above,
And your own sweet fern is sadly drooping
For the olden kiss of love.

"Not for fern, or sweetest flow'rs that springing
Bloom upon the fragrant earth,
Can I change, alas! my mournful singing
For a lighter song of mirth.

"Listen! I have drowned a maiden, fairer
Than I ever hope to tell;
Only to herself can I compare her,
She was passing beautiful.

"What was I? She left the flowers that love her,
Though they drooped as she passed by;
Left she, too, the trembling leaves above her,
I could hear them vainly sigh.

"What was I? I saw her coming nearer,
Choosing me before the rest—
Fool was I! I thought that I was dearer,
And I drew her to my breast.

"Vain the thought! I was not one to woo her,
But her murderer instead.
Am I cold? A shivering ran through her,
Then a silence. She is dead."

Tell me, river—hush your dreary sighing—
Tell me, did the maiden fair
Wear a flower, a rosebud, lightly lying,
Half concealed in golden hair?

"When, alas! I drowned her with my kisses,
Half concealed her hair beneath,
Lay a rosebud in her golden tresses,
Not so fragrant as her breath."

Take me, too, O sadly-flowing river,
Take me also to your breast;
Join me, join me to my love for ever,
Let me share her perfect rest!

THE LAY FIGURE.

By S. Annie Frost.

We were Bohemians in New York, brother Marcus and myself, occupying rooms in University Place, where he painted pictures that brought in bare bread and shelter, and I wrote for the daily papers fashion articles and such matters as a woman's brain is supposed capable of grasping, by the "lords of creation" who rule such journals.

We had three rooms, the studio and library being carefully locked and placarded, "Out for an hour," when we converted it into a dining-room for our modest repast.

THE LAY FIGURE.—"LEANING AGAINST A HUGE MASS OF ROCKS NEAR HIM, MISS MORGAN WATCHED HIS BUSY FINGERS."

Here we painted and scribbled, wore out our old clothes for lack of fashionable new ones, received our friends, and were happy, after our own manner, until Uncle Graham died, and left us his place and a small income—by no means unlimited wealth, but what would place us above want and insure us a home.

I believe most women who live by their pens secretly congratulate themselves upon possessing all the domestic genius and seamstress talent of their less aspiring sisters, if they only choose to exert them. I know that I did, and my heart rose exultant at the idea of hens, a cow, and consequently plenty of milk and eggs for culinary purposes. Above all, the leisure to keep house.

Marcus would not share in the delightful planning of country pleasures, but he would rave about the freedom from city noises, the opportunity of studying nature without a long, dusty railroad-ride, and the consequent improvement in his landscape-painting.

"Though, mind you, Leah," he would say, "I shall never be a landscape-painter, except for backgrounds."

So, one lovely May day, we flitted to our new home, with a quarterly payment from our "income" inflating our pocket-books to most unusual dimensions.

We found our "place" was a lovely cottage of nine rooms, on an eminence, with a cupola that commanded a view of a tiny village, and a far-away glance at a railroad that stopped two miles off, but skirted round the village.

Here we established a studio on the second floor front, and a library second floor back, bedrooms on either side, and a tiny hall-room accommodating the servant. Here we enjoyed the unprecedented luxury of a kitchen, a dining-room, a parlor and a sitting-room, through which we ranged, wondering what we could do with so much room.

Uncle Graham had furnished the house with very handsome furniture, rich carpets, and, delight of delights! a superb Steinway piano, and some choice books and pictures.

I was wrapped in content and happiness. If I experienced some rude reminders that an expert housekeeper needs some training, I only set my teeth and battled the difficulties until I conquered them. I gloried in my triumphs in pies and cakes. I reveled in my flower-garden,

in my poultry-yard, in my cozy writing-room, in the piano, in every detail of our improved circumstances, even to the power of buying new bonnets and dresses in the wee store of the village.

But Marcus, after a month of roving through the woods, and by the waters, suddenly became pre-occupied, often sad, and evidently engrossed with some new subject of thought. We had been one in heart and thought from babies, being twins, and I wasn't going to stand being shut out from his confidence very long. When his merry whistle, his bursts of song, his jokes and teasing fits ceased altogether, I assailed him.

"What ails you, Mark? Our fortune seems to have a depressing effect upon you."

"Our fortune!" he said, bitterly—"a little cottage with an acre or two of ground, and a paltry six hundred a year for two of us! Just one remove from beggary."

"It is a good many removes from what we have had," I answered; "and you thought so yourself two months ago!"

"But then I had not seen——" and he paused.

"Tell me, Mark," I urged, seeing the cloud gathering on his handsome face.

"You have seen the great white house, almost a palace, where the road turns after we pass the village?"

"Seen it!" I cried. "Why, it is the one place for miles around. Those superb grounds are my great delight, for I can see them plainly from my window, and the fountains, statues and flowers do me as much good as they do the owner."

"What do you know about the owner?" asked Marcus, quickly.

"Only that she is a great heiress, and the ward of her uncle."

"I will tell you more. She is a small, fairy-like blonde, beautiful as a dream, childlike and full of ravishing sweetness. I met her by the great oak, where I have been sketching, and, I scarcely know how, we talked, and we met again and again, till—Leah, pity me!—I love her! I love the great heiress, whose uncle would show me the door in a minute if I dared present my suit."

"Does she love you?"

"I have never dared to ask. She flushes when we meet, and a dewy light comes into her blue eyes. She smiles often when no word has been spoken, as if a happy thought were in her heart, and she comes often to the oak-tree. She is such a child, Leah—not like the women we knew in New York, full of worldly wisdom, but simple and innocent."

Thus he talked, as lovers will talk, of the beautiful heiress, Amy Morgan, and I knew that for the first time in the twenty-five years of our lives, my image in my brother's heart was not first and dearest.

I crushed down my jealous pain as best I might, for to me he was the one love of my life; but I determined to see the little blonde, who must be such a contrast to my dark style and tall figure. So the next day I strolled down by the great oak-tree where Marcus was sketching, and where, leaning against a huge mass of rock near him, Miss Morgan watched his busy fingers.

How pretty she was! A very Titania, with her long golden curls and her soft blue eyes, not more than sixteen, and with the sweet expression of an intelligent child.

I was a third in the party by the time these thoughts ran through my mind, and in half an hour I loved the little heiress, too—not for her money or her position, but for her own winsome self.

In a fortnight we were fast friends, and Amy would come to the cottage whenever she could escape from home. I use the word "escape" advisedly, for the child told me all her troubles before her love for me was a month old. I felt so much older and wiser in my superior knowledge of life, that it never seemed strange to me when the wee fairy would nestle up to me, and talk as if I were her grandmother.

She was an only child, and an orphan, heiress to her father's great house and large income, but her uncle was her solo guardian, and would possess all her property if she died before she came of age, or unmarried. Her marriage would put her in possession of her estate, and her uncle resolutely opposed any visiting or friendships. She had been educated by governesses in strict seclusion, but the last one was dead—had died only a few weeks before our coming, so the little heiress had comparative liberty.

"Marie, my maid," she told me, "has strict orders to watch me, to see that I do not leave the grounds or form any acquaintances; but Marie loves finery and sugar-plums, and I save my pocket-money, which I never have a chance to spend, to bribe Marie to go into the arbor and make my dresses, while I run about. Is it very wicked, Leah? It is so tiresome to have her always beside me, as if I were a baby!"

I did not answer. I had fretted uneasily under the dishonorable air our friendship would wear in the eyes of others, though I knew well Marcus and I would have loved Amy if she were as poor as ourselves. I wished she were, that my brother might marry her, but I frowned down all love-making as matters stood.

Many a long argument my brother and I held over the unfortunate love that filled his heart. His whole nature shrank from the idea of seeming to steal the love of the heiress, yet he did love Amy sincerely and deeply.

Finally, when the Autumn winds began to strew golden leaves over the woods, my brother determined to run away from his fierce temptation to marry Amy at any risk.

"I must go, Leah," he said to me, "and try to live down this mad, useless love. I cannot take advantage of Amy's innocence and persuade her to elope with me, and it would be utterly vain to try to win her uncle's consent to our marriage. I will go to New York for the Winter, and think of nothing but my picture."

"Shall you take it with you?"

"Certainly; and I will work as I never worked before."

Left alone in the pretty cottage, I found the piano a tinkling sham, the books dull and wearisome, the furniture a burden, and my servant a thorn in the flesh. My chickens ceased to interest me, my cooking lost its flavor; and finally, one dreary October morning, I amazed Marcus by walking into his rooms, and informing him that life without him was unbearable, and I had come to share his self-imposed exile.

"What of Amy?" he asked.

"She has not been to the cottage since you left, and there is a new governess, a Frenchwoman, who probably scorns bribery and bonbons," I said.

We worried through the Winter. Marcus put his picture on exhibition in the Spring, and won a meed of praise that made me a proud woman. Better still, he sold it for a large sum, and he received two lucrative orders, that made him hope for a name, and perhaps a fortune, to place at Amy's feet.

For the forgetting part of his programme for the Winter was, unlike his picture, a decided failure. I had never realized before how deep was this love in the heart of my gay, careless brother.

He had been so light-hearted, so boyish, spite of his twenty-five years, that I was amazed to find him suddenly

transformed into a dignified man, whose face showed earnestness of purpose, whose eyes shone now with steadier light, whose whole being seemed elevated and expanded by the first grand passion of his life.

I marveled sometimes at the power of the wee fairy over the strong man, having never tested my womanly skill in that direction. I had been content to share and share with Marcus, submitting to his masculine leadership, rather than attempting ever to influence him; but I never gloried in him in the careless, happy days, as I did when I saw him conquering fortune for love's sake, yet keeping down his love for honor's sake.

In the Spring we went again to Eastville, to our pretty home, and here appalling news encountered us. We had made friends in the village in the past Summer, and from one and another we learned that Amy Morgan had been dangerously ill, and was now in an insane asylum, incurably mad. The bare fact was all we could gather. Mr. Morgan, the uncle, still lived in the great white house, and the French governess, Madame Celeste, kept house for him. Bitterly we realized that we had no right to ask for any particulars there, but Marcus seemed to age from day to day, as the time wore on.

June was nearly over, when, one morning, as we were seated in the studio, Marcus painting on his new picture, "Virginius Sacrificing his Daughter," we heard a quick, light foot on the stairs, and Amy Morgan, breathless, and white as death, burst into the room.

"Save me! Hide me!" she panted. "Don't let them find me!"

Like a flash of lightning Marcus drew the bolt of the door, while Amy cowered down beside me. We saw instantly that some foul fraud had been practiced to confine the poor child amongst lunatics, for, terrified, panting, wild-eyed as she was, she was surely sane. I drew her into my arms, while Marcus stationed himself at the window.

"You have escaped from the asylum?" he said, hoarsely.

"Yes. I am not mad. I was never mad, Marcus; but I shall become so if you let them drag me back again."

He set his teeth hard, but did not speak.

"Darling," I said, caressing her, "you will be safe here. They will not look for you."

"Yes, yes. After you went my uncle found out all about Marcus, and"—hot blushes coming quickly on her pale cheeks—"my love for him. He was furious, Leah," and she shuddered, paling again. "I thought he would kill me! Then he sent for Madame Celeste, who was my governess when I was a little girl, and whom I detested. I was ill, fretting for you, frightened for my life, and I was feverish and delirious. When I grew better I was in the asylum. Oh, Leah! don't let me tell you what I have suffered there! If they find me they will drag me back."

"Never!" said Marcus, suddenly. "I would kill you first with my own hands. You love me, Amy?"

"With my whole heart," she said, springing into his outstretched arms.

"Then you will be my wife. I will have a right to defend you, and my love shall protect you against such fearful tyranny as this. But I have no right yet. If your uncle comes with the doctor or keepers from the asylum, he will have the right to take you from me. In this quiet place there is no legal redress to be obtained at once, and before I could gain such power you might die. So darling, my darling, I will hide you until we can escape to New York to be married. Leah! see, there is a carriage with four men driving up the road. Run, sister, and keep them down-stairs as long as you can. If they will search the house, bring them to this room last."

I hurried away to do my share in guarding the young girl's liberty, and was dusting the parlor, singing carelessly, when Jennie, our girl, ushered in four men—two gentlemen, two rough fellows.

"Pardon me," said a small, wiry man, whom I recognized at once as Mr. Morgan, and who was evidently amazed to find me occupied in household duties; "I am Mr. Morgan, and I hoped to find my niece with you."

"Your niece, sir?" I answered. "I understood the young lady was an—invalid."

"She is a dangerous lunatic," he answered, "and has escaped from the asylum where my fatherly affection placed her. She has been traced to this neighborhood."

"Probably she is at home," I suggested, maliciously.

He had the grace to color a little before stammering out a rather peremptory request to search the house.

"Really, sir," I said, with an air of surprise, "this is a most extraordinary proceeding. You walk into my house uninvited, and, presuming that I am hiding your niece, request permission to search a private dwelling. However, since you desire to convince yourself that she is not here, you may look around you, though I hope it is not necessary for your entire force to accompany you."

"No; certainly not. Doctor, let those fellows wait outside."

Followed by Mr. Morgan and the doctor, I led the way from room to room, standing carelessly by as they searched through closets, under beds, in corners, till I opened the door of the studio. Marcus was seated before his easel, quietly painting, while on the platform before him stood the tall lay-figure that supported the flowing drapery of Virginius.

My brother rose with an air of courteous surprise, as I hurriedly explained the errand of our unwelcome visitors. There was a contemptuous curl on his lip as he said:

"I believe there are no hiding-places in this room, gentlemen, unless you choose to overhaul that pile of draperies and furniture in the corner; but you are quite welcome to search the premises."

He came, as he spoke, close to the lay-figure, and I saw one hand work nervously, as if he were longing to choke the life out of Amy's persecutors.

The couple searched everywhere in the room, without result, and I was beginning to wonder if Amy were in his vest-pocket, when the doctor stumbled and fell against Virginius. In a second Marcus caught it, and set it up again, the stiff wooden figure rocking against him as it went over. I was amazed at the ghastly pallor of his face, as he drew the folds of the robes into place again; but before I could do more than wonder, Mr. Morgan announced himself satisfied, and left the room. As he went down the stairs I heard him say to the doctor:

"We will come back when they are off their guard."

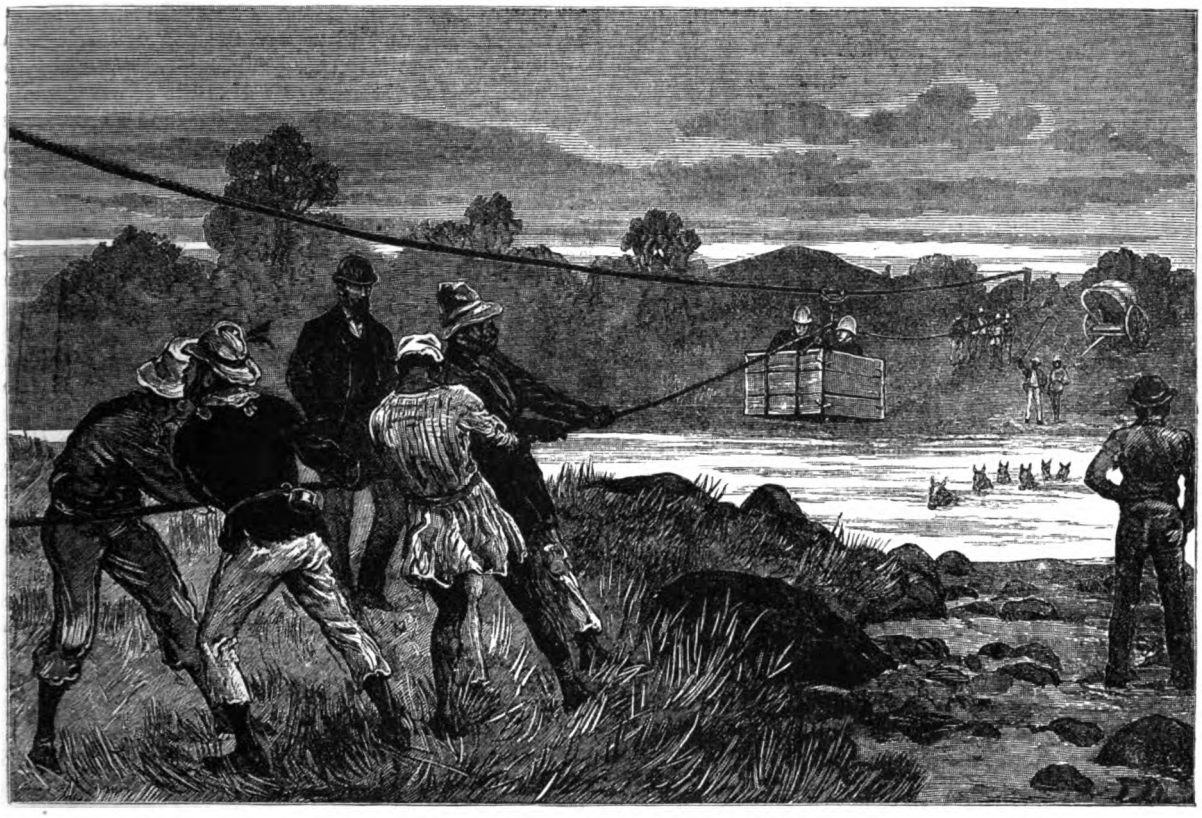
"So, my friend!" I thought; "will you?"

And when they drove away I bolted the door, and shot up-stairs to Marcus. Amy was just creeping out from under the folds of Virginius's robes, and Marcus complimenting her upon her presence of mind in falling stiffly like a wooden figure.

I gave my caution, and ran down-stairs again, where I dusted the parlor, and then took my sewing on the porch. Marcus joined me after a time, and clipped dead leaves from the vines, leaving Amy in my room lying down. Jennie, knowing nothing, moved about in the kitchen and garden, and three times the carriage passed with the four men inside, finding all the inmates of the cottage in view, apparently, and occupied in their every-day vocations.

But when the long, weary day was over, Marcus went out to hire a horse and buggy in the village.

COURT LIFE IN THE OLDEN TIME.



SOUTH AFRICAN TRADERS CROSSING A STREAM.

"They will watch the station here," he said, "so I will drive to the one at Fordville, nine miles from here. I don't dare start from the house. You bring Amy to the turn of the road by the mill, Leah. To-morrow, I defy them all to lay a finger on my wife."

We waited until dark before we crept out, skirting round the back of the house and across the fields, not striking the road until we were fairly at the trysting-place where Marcus awaited us. I had wrapped Amy in my shawl, and put on my hat and vail, packing a little satchel of needful articles; and so the heiress was decked for her bridal.

It was a month before they came back again, but Marcus judged wisely that Amy needed this interval of quiet and rest before she was fit to face her enemies.

The newspapers will tell you about the lawsuit by which Amy's rights were established.

Marcus lives in his wife's splendid house, where he paints Amy's face in every caprice of an artist's fancy, and I keep old maid's hall in my little cottage, with Jennie, the cat, and the lay figures in the studio.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN TRADER.

ORIGINAL SKETCH OF RECENT TRAVEL, BY AUGUST LOCHER.

THERE is so little known to the public beyond the limits of the Cape Colonies of this hardy, enterprising and plucky individual, that a description of his peculiar vocation and customary way of doing business may not be uninteresting.

Cape Town—that weirdly picturesque seaport snugly ensconced between the sandy beach at the innermost end of Table Bay, and the northern base of the famous Table Mountain, which towers almost perpendicularly over the port to a height of 3,550 feet, although still the capital and largest town of the Cape Colonies—has had its commercial growth suddenly and probably for ever blighted, by the piercing of the Isthmus of Suez; for fully 60 per cent. of the vessels which formerly called there on their voyage around the Cape of Good Hope now give that stormy promontory a wide berth, and pass more quickly and safely through that acme of modern engineering—the Suez Canal.

Thus thrown out of the highway of modern maritime commerce, and now practically dependent upon its own resources, Cape Town, owing to its close proximity to the Cape of Good Hope, the natural divide between the East and West African coasts, will, nevertheless, maintain its present size and colonial prominence, having, ever since the memorable event above alluded to, devoted increased attention to its latent internal and coasting trade, in which, up to that period, but a few exceptionally venturesome individuals had been engaged.

As late as the year 1870 Cape Town was the principal rendezvous of these traders, not only on account of its best stocked stores and pre-eminently advantageous location, both for the east and west African trade, but also by reason of its having been, nearly up to that time, the only South African port where merchantmen could refit; False Bay, or Simon's Bay, at the eastern base of the Cape of Good Hope, being exclusively a man-of-war harbor. But during the course of the last two decades the town of Port Elizabeth, in Algoa Bay, on the eastern coast of the Cape Colony, has grown so rapidly in size and commercial importance, that it rivals now, and in some respects even surpasses, Cape Town as a port of entry; affords all the commercial, shipping and refitting facilities of the capital, and is, at the present time, frequented by fully as many traders as well as foreign vessels.

Before proceeding any further, however, it becomes here absolutely necessary to elucidate the term "trader,"

as understood throughout South Africa, and as strictly meant in this article.

Here in America, particularly in the New England States, the noun "trader" is applied to almost anybody who transports and also sells merchandise, be it by vessel, rail or vehicle; even a common carrier is sometimes called a trader, and the participle "trading" is frequently used to express "shopping," "purchasing in a store," "selling over the counter," effecting a sale or exchange in the open air, in the office, or on "'change." The term "trader," as exclusively understood throughout South Africa, and implied in this article, denotes a person who plays the intermediary between the importer or seller of merchandise at the seaport and the colonists or natives who live too far remote from the source where these goods are obtainable to procure them themselves.

The trader buys the merchandise at the seaport or at his nearest base of supply for his own account, transports it over land or water, as the case may be, to these remote places, by his own means and at his own risk, and swaps it there to native or colonist, seldom for cash, but almost invariably for African produce, such as ostrich feathers, ivory, karosses (very valuable fur robes manufactured by the Hottentots), skins, hides, horns, wool, etc., wherewith he returns to the seaport or base of supply whence he started, and there disposes of his return load for cash, either by private or public sale, auctions being held in those places nearly every day for this special purpose.

These traders may be divided into two distinct classes, viz.: the inland or overland traders, who confine themselves exclusively to the trade on *terra firma—i. e.*, to the inland trade; and the coast traders, who follow their vocation in vessels only, and consequently frequent the coast, and navigable portion of the rivers.

The inland trader invariably transports his stock-in-trade on one or more of those huge, ponderous, four-wheeled tent-wagons, described and illustrated in every book of South African travel. These vehicles are built extremely strong, carry from two to four tons dead weight, and, although destitute of springs, cost from $500 to $1,000 each. They are drawn almost exclusively by oxen, as they, though slow travelers, are throughout South Africa considered by far the best draught-animals for heavy loads over the abominable colonial roads, which, of course, degenerate into mere wagon-tracks beyond the boundaries of the colonies.

According to the weight to be transported and the nature of the road, eight, ten, twelve to sixteen oxen are "spanned," *i.e.*, yoked, before a wagon, always two abreast. Eight oxen constitute a "span," or team, and will pull 4,000 or 5,000 pounds' weight, exclusive of the wagon, over a fair colonial road at the rate of about two miles an hour.

Draught-oxen have all to be broken in, *i.e.*, trained, for the work. Good "*trekk*-oxen" (colonial expression for track or draught oxen) are worth from $80 to $100 each throughout the colonies, and are always in good demand. They are never stalled or housed, and never fed, but allowed to graze wherever they find anything to eat. Ten miles a day is considered an average journey for oxen drawing a heavy load over bad roads, and fifteen miles over fair colonial roads; yet, in spite of this slow speed, these inland traders proceed many hundred miles into the interior, some penetrating even to the banks of the Zambesi River, fully 1,200 miles from Cape Town, and are absent about eighteen months on that trip.

They travel with comparative ease and safety anywhere within the limits of the colonies, but beyond these they have to rely entirely upon their own resources, and repair "break-downs," defend their life and property against wild animals, treacherous climate and rapacious or otherwise hostile natives, find their way through inhospitable regions, etc., as best they can. For days—nay, weeks—they toil through territories almost destitute of water, and all but utterly bare of vegetation of any kind; grim deserts only inhabited by the ostrich, zebra, antelope, lion, hyena and vulture—and, vastly more to be dreaded than any of these animals, by the stealthy *Bosjeman*, or "Bushman," the lowest type of human being, whose hand is against everybody, and who, lurking in his subterranean burrow, watches for a chance to puncture with his tiny, poisoned arrow, blown through a slender tube, the passing traveler, his servants or his cattle. Woe be to them if he hits the mark, for the scarcely noticeable wound, not larger than the prick of a darning-needle, inevitably seals their fate, and they will not travel another mile unless the wound is cut out instantly; for does not the sturdy ostrich, nay, the herculean lion, succumb to this same terrible weapon within thirty minutes of being punctured by it? The most vivid proof of the virulence of this poison is furnished by the dastardly troglodytes themselves, who do not hesitate to devour carrion, even of a dog that died from disease, but will not tackle a fat, healthy ox half an hour after the animal's death by their poison. Yet they will eat the rump of the poisoned ox, if they can cut out the wound as soon as the beast drops to the ground in a quiver.

Sly and cowardly, like the hyena or the jackal, the Bushman is always on the alert, and hides, like these, in caves, fissures of the ground, behind rocks and those huge ant-hills so numerous in that region, the moment he espies a stranger even from afar, so that to the latter the country appears to be uninhabited by man. During the night, however, the traveler discovers that he is mistaken. Under the cover of darkness, the Bushman stealthily approaches the wayfarer's camp, fortunately seldom intent upon plunder or murder, but upon hamstringing some of the oxen, which, thus rendered useless, have of course to be abandoned, and are usually killed by the traveler himself, in order to put them out of their misery.

To avoid being thus victimized, experienced and consequently wary traders and hunters therefore always travel through that notorious territory only by night, and encamp during the day. There is no danger of the oxen so destroyed becoming carrion for hyenas and vultures, for scarcely is the traveler out of sight, when, like weasels or prairie-dogs, up pop in every direction the hideous, tallow-greased heads of the dwarfish, bow-legged, pot-bellied Bushmen; and as soon as "the coast is clear," the booty, or rather what is left of it (for the traveler usually secures the best morsels of the bovine carcass for his and his servants' use on the journey) is immediately pounced upon by these human jackals, and either devoured on the spot, even to the entrails, or dragged to their subterranean haunts.

Occasionally, however, they pay dearly for their rascality, for it is an authentic fact that more than once a traveler, deprived in so dastardly a manner of his draught-animals, upon whose welfare his very existence depended, incensed beyond control at such an outrage, has slyly poisoned the bovine carcass before abandoning it, either with arsenic or strychnine, carried by nearly every trader, hunter or traveler in the interior, the former being chiefly used as a preservative of raw skins and hides, the latter as an exterminator of rats and beasts of prey, which in some districts are very troublesome.

Retaliation of so cowardly a nature, even upon human beings ever so obnoxious, is, however, generally and justly

condemned throughout the colonies, the more so as the Bushmen will, as a rule, only blow their poisoned darts at human beings who have actually and grievously wronged them, for they are loath to even destroy cattle in that manner; their ordinary object in view in prowling around travelers being neither plunder nor wanton murder, but simply the obtaining of a good supply of palatable food at the expense of the stranger—which act, by the way, they regard as legitimate as the chase. They naturally prefer to secure their food by the hamstringing process rather than by virulent, and to their stomachs most dangerous, poison.

It is a well-known fact that the Boers (natives of Dutch-African descent) for generations considered themselves in duty bound to kill an adult Bushman on sight; nay, those settled near the region inhabited by the latter used to make annual raids into that howling wilderness, where they hunted these wretched human beings like badgers, employing hounds to ferret them out. After mercilessly dispatching males and females alike, who appeared to them to be above eight years of age, they returned to their homes with their booty of infantile slaves, whom they "tamed" at their leisure, and "broke them in" to do all the manual labor in and around their homesteads, the males being employed as farm hands, shepherds and teamsters, the females as maids of all house-work.

It is to these Boers only that the stigma attaches of having poisoned scores of the miserable human beings in the manner described, there being no evidence that anybody else ever thus retaliated upon them.

To-day the Bushmen are nearly extirpated. The Bechuâna, Corâna, Namâqua, Griqua and other Hottentots still numerous in South Africa, although belonging to the same race of people as the Bushmen, are somewhat superior to the latter, both mentally and physically, and less wild; nay, some of them are tolerably good Christians, thanks to the missionaries living among them, and devote much attention to stock-raising, and to trade and barter with the far interior.

Next to the Bushman, the terrible tsetse-fly is probably the worst enemy of the inland trader, and one against whom no weapon, not even poison, has hitherto been of any avail. Luckily it haunts only certain districts, some quite limited in extent, and far distant from each other.

This formidable insect, somewhat resembling the common horse-fly, but slightly larger, brown of color, with four yellow stripes across its belly, and wings carried noticeably apart when at rest, is instantly recognizable by its peculiar buzz when in motion, harmless to man, but certain death to every horse, ox, dog, etc., upon which it alights. Man, mule, ass, elephant, and such other wild animals as are indigenous to the tsetse-districts, are known to suffer no harm from its bite; but all other quadrupeds succumb to it. The doomed victims die a miserable death, exhibiting all the symptoms noticeable in pleuro-pneumonia or epizooty. To the best of the writer's knowledge it was the immortal Livingstone who first drew the attention of naturalists to this remarkable insect; the famous traveler himself having lost over forty oxen by this tiny destroyer.

Most of the tsetse districts are well known to these inland traders, and, of course, carefully avoided; yet, with all their precaution, they sometimes come to grief by setting foot upon territory not previously known to be infested by "the fly," or through being driven into notorious districts by hostile natives.

In addition to the two most serious annoyances already described, the trader must humbly submit to many less serious ones, which cannot be eluded. He has to propitiate with a valuable present every paramount chief or king with whose people or tribe he may wish to trade. This has to be done as soon as he enters the domain of the sable ruler, who frequently exacts subsequently an additional toll or tribute for permission to leave or pass beyond his territory. The king simply insists upon being thus propitiated, his subalterns or sub-chiefs expect to be, and so does that arrogant humbug, the rain-maker, sorcerer and doctor of the tribe, who, by the way, wields immense influence over the people—nay, over the king himself; and being, as a rule, the wiliest, most touchy and venal "cuss" among the whole crowd, it is well for the trader, if he value his welfare, never to omit "to square" that most capricious personage, under any consideration.

The inland trader travels by night, whenever practicable; or when the night is too dark, from early dawn till about nine o'clock A.M., and from about four o'clock P.M. till nightfall. This habit prevails among all wagon traders, for various reasons. Both man and beast travel much easier and better during the cool night and early and latter part of the day, than when the sun is high on the zenith and the atmosphere intensely hot. During the night they trudge with comparative comfort over parched and barren districts, frequently pass unnoticed through hostile territory, and traverse unharmed tsetse-haunted spots, especially when it rains. Common flies, too, are not pestering the cattle during the night, and beasts of prey seldom venture attacks upon cattle on the move, particularly cattle dragging a wagon accompanied by well-armed men, and sturdy, plucky, extremely watchful dogs.

After having traveled a sufficient distance, usually one-half of the day's journey, a halt is made on some likely spot which affords water and pasture for the cattle; and, if possible, also shade and fuel for the men. If it is dark when they come to a halt, the oxen are unyoked, the horses, if there are any, unsaddled and tied to the spokes of the four wheels of the wagon until daylight appears, when they are all driven to the water to quench their thirst, and thence to the pasture to graze. There they are herded by one of the native servants, of whom every trader has at least two to each wagon, one being the driver, the other the "foreloper" (a Dutch word, meaning the forerunner or guide, whose duty it is to lead or pilot the "leaders," or foremost pair of oxen, by a strap attached around the base of the horns, over difficult portions of the road or track). Only in districts where the animals are believed to be absolutely safe from thieves and beasts of prey are they turned out to graze at night, but rarely without a herdsman watching over them, assisted by a dog or two, to prevent their going astray.

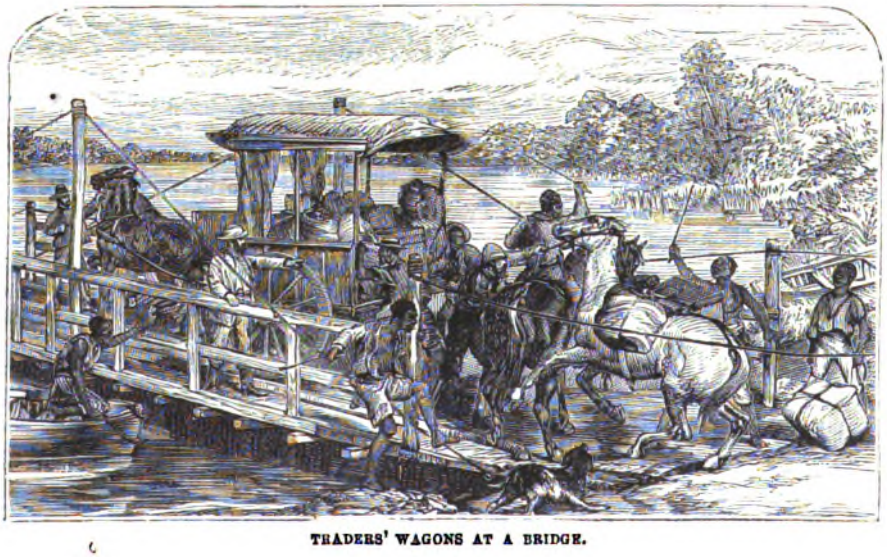
The camp-fire is kindled and kept burning by the driver—usually a Hottentot, who is considered by far the best ox-driver in South Africa—with fuel (wood) either collected on the spot, or more often brought along in the wagon, as the article is very scarce in some parts of the country. Frequently he officiates also as cook, preparing the customary frugal meal, consisting usually of venison (secured on the road), vinegar, pickles, ship-biscuits, and coffee or tea, from the trader's stock of groceries. After the meal each of the native servants takes his turn in herding the cattle, the rest of the company lie down to sleep, the trader in the wagon, the servants and dogs under it. Nobody remains awake; nevertheless, it is an absolute impossibility for any stranger to approach the camp unchallenged by the wonderfully alert dogs, which jump to their feet at the faintest unusual noise, and bark furiously at the approach of either man or beast, whose step, be it ever so light, is sure to start the wary curs.

MOUNTAIN TRAVEL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Arrived at a "kraal" (native town, village or hamlet), the trader seldom encamps within its limits, preferring some convenient spot in its vicinity, where he enjoys more privacy, and can better watch thieves; for many of the natives are sadly afflicted with kleptomania. His first duty on arriving within the domain of a paramount chief or king, is to lose no time in notifying that worthy of his presence, simply by forwarding to him such presents as he may think will be acceptable. If the messenger return empty-handed it signifies that the sender is welcome; but if he return *with* the presents the trader needs no interpreter to explain to him that he is expected to "come down" more liberally; and until he is informed by the chief's special messenger that he may advance, he had better be on his guard, and abstain from trading with the people or advancing any further without permission. Even if such leave is granted, he is expected to make due haste toward the capital, or king's residence, and not to trade off a penny's worth on the way thither, the cunning Ethiopian despot insisting on his prerogative of having the first choice of the trader's stock of goods, generously leaving to his subjects to trade and barter for what he does not covet himself.

NATIVES OF SOUTH AFRICA PREPARING A MEAL.

The trader's arrival at the king's kraal is the occasion of a kind of public "jamboree." A fine fat ox, ostensibly presented by the king to his welcome visitor, but in reality already well paid for by the latter in kind, is pompously paraded through the kraal, amidst the most infernal noise imaginable, produced by the violent thumping of tom-toms (primitive wooden drums), the crazy blowing of horns and the torturing of other barbaric musical instruments. After the parade the ox is slaughtered with much ceremony and incredible cruelty, often by the king's own hand.

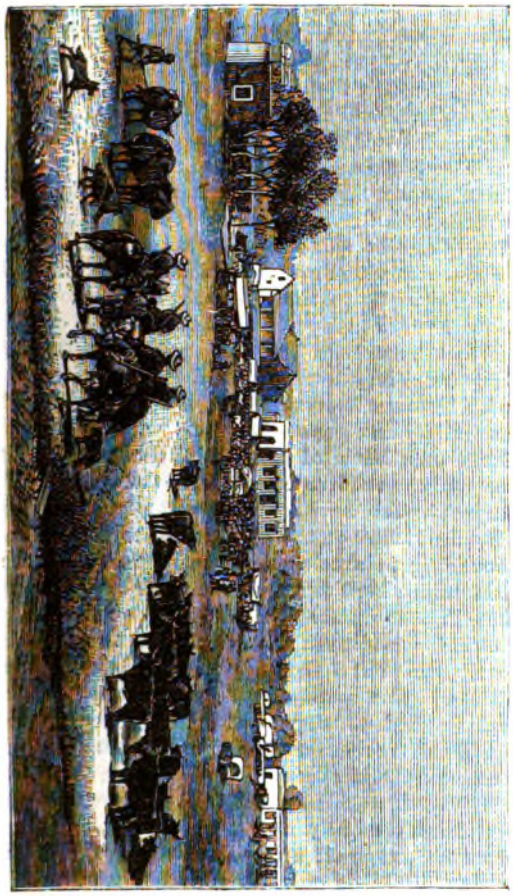


TRADERS' WAGONS AT A BRIDGE.

The head of the animal, belonging by prerogative to royalty, is severed from the

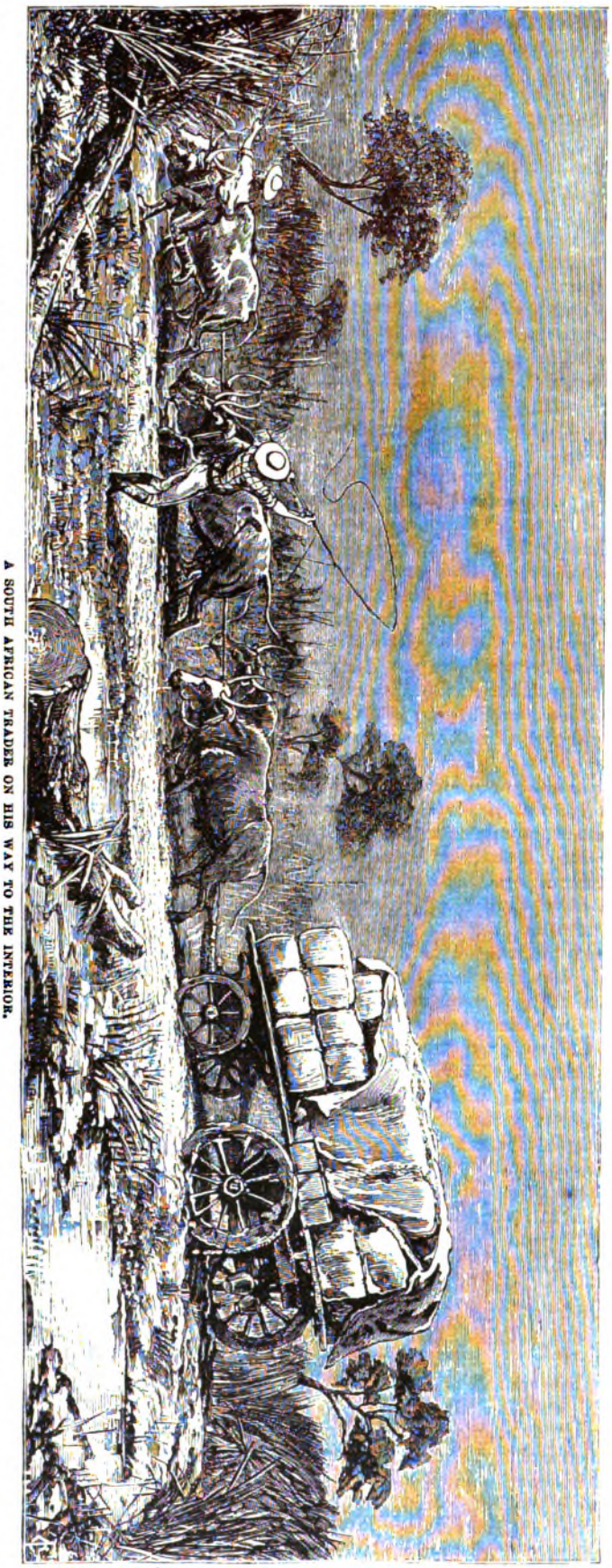
rump and transferred to the king's larder. A portion of the rump, weighing about thirty-five pounds, is then dispatched in charge of one of the sable dignitaries of the state to the trader's camp, and pompously delivered to the latter as a royal present. The remainder of the bovine carcass is then abandoned to the king's favorites, who in turn cede the entrails, bones, etc., to their own pets, while the hide, horns and hoofs wander into the king's exchequer.

Nothing further is done that day, but on the day following the king visits the trader's camp in state, accompanied by his dignitaries, and followed by a crowd of carriers, chiefly women, bearing ostrich feathers, elephants' tusks, skins, hides, horns, or whatever the chief may wish to trade off for the trader's goods. The latter is kept busy for hours



TRADERS' WAGONS IN THE SQUARE AT POTCHEFSTROOM.

showing his wares to the august visitor, and has at the same time to keep his weather-eye open for "kleptomaniacs." By dint of wonderful patience, expressive pantomime, and a reckless use of African-Dutch (a corruption of the Dutch language, interspersed with a great many Kaffir and Hottentot words) or of the language of the Zulu-Kaffirs, which the trader and the chief or one of their followers usually speak, the two generally manage to understand each other and to strike a bargain. Thenceforth commercial intercourse is open to the trader with the entire population subject to that particular chief; but upon his arrival within the domain of the next paramount chief, the trading privileges previously acquired avail him naught, and he has to pass through the same ordeal again. As if it afforded particular pleasure to the trader,



A SOUTH AFRICAN TRADER ON HIS WAY TO THE INTERIOR.

the poor fellow has to submit to this bleeding process on the occasion of every visit to the territory of these despots, for the patent is valid for one visit only.

Occasionally it happens that, by the time the trader has disposed of his stock-in-trade, the weight, or more frequently the bulk, of the goods taken in exchange therefor far exceeds that of the merchandise brought from the coast; or one or more of his wagons may break down beyond repair, with the limited means at hand. In such a dilemma he has no alternative left but to trade off again this surplus or irremovable portion of the load for horses, cattle, sheep, or goats, which, although capable of self-locomotion, only add to the surfeit of his troubles in his endeavors to get them safely to the far-distant seaport.

From the detailed account above given of an inland or wagon trader's every-day life beyond the boundaries of the colonies, it will be admitted that it is neither an easy nor enviable one; still, the profits made in this trade, as well as the romance and variety of adventure incident to it, evidently have a peculiar fascination for people of all classes, for the writer, formerly a trader himself, has been personally acquainted with the heir of a British peerage, a German count of princely income, and the only son of a wealthy Scotch banker, engaged in this perilous business.

Less toilsome and hazardous by far is the life of the South African coast trader, who in his little vessel, usually a schooner of from 50 to 100 tons carrying capacity, frequents nearly every harbor, cove and estuary situated between the Cape of Good Hope and the Portuguese colony of Benguela on the Western, and the mouth of the Zambesi River on the Eastern, coast—wherever he expects to find a human being willing to swap African produce of any description for his (the trader's) odds and ends of European or American manufacture.

Some of these coast traders confine themselves exclusively to the trade along the very productive East coast, where the population is naturally far more numerous than on the intensely arid, desert-like West coast. Along the former littoral, the harbors and anchorages, too, are safer, the rivers deeper and easier of access, and inland produce obtainable in much larger quantities than on the West coast. Compared to the latter, the entire East coast is, indeed, a luxuriant garden, exuberant in fertility, and rank tropical verdure is characteristic of the region beyond the boundary, or northeast of, Cape Colony proper. The climate, too, is salubrious enough all along that coast as far as Cape Vidal, two hundred miles northeast of Port Natal; but thence to the mouth of the Zambesi the coast is generally low, flat and marshy, degenerating around Delagoa Bay and the mouths of the two mighty rivers Limpopo and Zambesi into endless swamps, which exhale miasms of so deadly a nature as to render prolonged residence in their vicinity impossible, even for the natives of that region.

Even in those pestilential abodes, the undisputed home of the gigantic hippopotamus, the slimy crocodile and the horrid python, the dauntless trader makes his appearance, for it is just there that he usually strikes the most profitable bargains, simply because he has so few who care to compete with him in that notoriously malarial region.

No greater contrast can possibly be found between two regions actually adjoining each other and situated between the same degrees of latitude, than is the case with these littorals of Eastern and Western South Africa; for just as the East coast increases in fertility and variety of vegetation, the further the distance from the Cape of Good Hope, in precisely the same ratio the West coast decreases in this respect—so that under exactly the same degree of latitude, where the rankest verdure, the largest swamps and greatest humidity of the soil exist on the East coast, there is to be found on the West coast the most arid, dismal, sandy desert imaginable, with a climate correspondingly salubrious.

Under these circumstances, it will be readily comprehended that there are fully as many coast traders who, preferring health to exceptional profits, favor the West coast as a field of trade. But there, in turn, they meet with serious difficulties which are nearly unknown on the East coast. The most aggravating of these is unquestionably the utter inaccessibility of the few South African rivers which empty into the South Atlantic Ocean to sea-going vessels even of the smallest size. The two most important of these, the Gariep or Orange River and the Cunene or Nourse River, are effectually barred by sand-banks, and the minor streams are either obstructed in the same way or are not perennial watercourses—*i.e.*, they dry up, either partially or totally, during the dry season. Other not only objectionable but dangerous characteristics of the West coast are the immense, awe-inspiring swell from the southwest, the tremendously heavy rollers and furious surf prevailing there, most ominous to sailing-vessels suddenly becalmed when close in shore; and, to render matters still worse, good anchorages and safe harbors are few and far between all along that coast.

A gloomier aspect than that barren, sandy and desolate shore presents from the sea can scarcely be imagined. No human being can be spied anywhere, and even in those harbors and coves where natives are known to exist, the trader has frequently to fire a signal-gun or two before they become aware of his presence, because none of them live close to the seashore, but a few miles inland, where the country looks less desolate, and drinkable water is to be found. Thence landward the country rapidly increases in fertility and population.

The latter own herds of fine cattle, sheep and goats, also some poultry, but live chiefly from the chase, as that region, especially the territory northwest of Lake Ngami, is probably the richest on the face of the earth in wild animals, abounding in antelopes of every species, quaggas, and zebras, which herd together, and roam over the endless plains in vast numbers, meeting here and there a troop of ostriches, while the mimosa-clumps usually screen the towering giraffe and the surly rhinoceros, or a family of elephants. The ponderous hippopotamus disports itself in the waters of the rivers, but is particularly numerous in the above-mentioned lake and its sluggish affluents, whose reedy banks teem with wild boars, wart-hogs, reptiles and waterfowl, and constitute the favorite haunt of the lion, leopard and hyena.

The coast trader has often to wait in the harbor or cove for days, nay, weeks, in order to give the natives time to bring their produce from the interior to the seashore. He seldom allows them to come on board of his vessel, preferring to deal with them on shore, whither he transfers a boat-load of samples of his stock-in-trade, for their inspection and selection. After having ascertained the nature of the goods most in demand, and the quantity required, he returns with his samples to the vessel, to fetch the goods desired; or when the vessel is within hailing distance, he orders them to be brought ashore in a second boat. Of course he, as well as every man of his crew, is well armed, preferably with revolvers secreted under their clothes, as the natives, naturally shy and suspicious, are readily scared, especially by the sight of a rifle, which they appear to dread more than a dozen revolvers, and somehow never feel at ease in the presence of either rifle, gun or musket in the hands of a white man. They will trade for them, though, if ammunition is

also forthcoming, else they are shrewd enough not to care for them.

The negroes of the West Coast are not nearly as warlike and quarrelsome as those of the East Coast, and are noticeably inferior to the latter in intellectual as well as physical development and pluck. They are good-natured, hospitable, and generally harmless, so that traders very seldom have any trouble with them, while they occasionally get into bloody scrapes with those of the East Coast. There is, however, little difficulty in entering into trade and barter with either of them, both being inveterate traders.

The chief requisite for this purpose is the knowledge of some language by which trader and native may understand each other sufficiently. As neither excels particularly as a linguist, a vast amount of suggestive pantomime is resorted to by both parties, resulting frequently in mutual understanding, but still more often in hopeless muddle and ludicrous *dénouement*. In order to avoid such contingencies, however, the trader, if not sufficiently conversant with the requisite language himself, usually takes the precaution to ship among his crew some individual who can serve as interpreter.

The vernacular used by the East Coast trader in his intercourse with white people of the colonies is either English or Dutch; but with the negroes, who are almost exclusively Kaffirs, the language of the Zulu-Kaffir is resorted to; while east of Cape Vidal, Portuguese is principally spoken. On the West Coast, Dutch is the prevalent idiom from the Cape of Good Hope as far north as Walvish Bay, and even beyond, among whites as well as negroes, the latter of whom belong almost exclusively to the Namâqua and Damâra tribes of Hottentots, who, through frequent contact with the Boers of the Orange River territory, understand Dutch, more or less. In the vicinity of the Nourse River, Portuguese is again the language most practicable in dealings with the Ovampos, the natives of that region, who form the connecting link between the West African negro and the Hottentot.

In comparison with the inland or wagon trader, the coast trader lives in luxury and comfort. He enjoys almost perfect safety on board of his vessel, is quite independent in food and drink of the resources of the country which he visits, having ample provisions and water on board; needing, indeed, only to lower a baited hook into the sea, to haul up all the fish he cares for. Against attack, robbery and murder he is far better protected than his compeer of the ox-wagon, the more so as the natives have no boats, and are loath to venture on the water. Nor does he run any danger from beast of prey and tsetse-fly. He only makes presents when so inclined, leaves whenever and sails wherever he pleases, transports a much larger amount of merchandise, and even cattle, with ease; in short, he travels incomparably faster, safer and easier than the other; and though he cannot, as a rule, dispose of his goods to such advantage as the inland trader, he has not, like the latter, to part with a good portion thereof without receiving equivalent in return; and as he, moreover, averages two trips to the other's one, his yearly net earnings prove more satisfactory, after all.

THE false notion that the back of a growing girl needs support from stays is one of the most injurious to female youth that could well be held, for by their means the natural support to the back of well-balanced and adjusted muscles is lost, and the muscles themselves are weakened and attenuated.

WE should esteem virtue, though in a foe, and abhor vice, though in a friend.

AN AMERICAN MAZEPPA.

WHETHER Mazeppa told Charles XII., "after dread Pultowa's Day," the story Byron attributes to him, or not, certain it is that the adventure so graphically depicted by the master-poet of this century has had its counterpart in this land, though the events preceding the terrible ordeal differ from those that led to the Cossack leader's ride.

In 1871 I was the guest of one of the wealthiest men in the San Joaquin Valley, California—a man of middle age and splendid physique, but with hair and beard as white as snow.

As he was not at all sensitive about this peculiarity in a man of his years and strength, he often jokingly referred to it; indeed, he felt even proud of this appendage of matured dignity, though his neighbors, who had known him for years, supposed his being prematurely gray was attributable to natural causes.

One evening as I was sitting with him, in company with other guests, literally "under his own vine and fig-tree," one of the party happened to mention that the chief of a band of robbers that had infested Southern California for some years had been shot, a few days before, near Los Angelos.

"One of the Vasquez gang?" asked Mr. Woodford, our host.

His informant answered in the affirmative.

"They have been killing the wretches off for years," said Mr. Woodford; "but, like the fabled dragon's teeth, they are only consigned to the earth to spring up another band of armed robbers. I bear the fellows no love, I assure you."

Here Mr. Woodford nervously stroked his hair and beard; then, to hide the evidence of his excitement, he applied himself vigorously to his cigar.

"Then you know something of those rascals, Mr. Woodford?" I asked, in the hope that he might be induced to say something about them, that would be sure to be interesting.

In anticipation of his doing so, my companions drew their chairs nearer to him, and a silence followed that we looked to our host to break.

"Yes, I know much about these men, and to my sorrow; but, perhaps, I should not regret my experience, in the light of its consequences."

He again stroked his beard, and I ventured to say:

"The recital of your experience, Mr. Woodford, if not disagreeable to yourself, would gratify your guests immensely."

The others agreed with me earnestly, while Mr. Woodford looked up at the sky in a contemplative way, took a long whiff of his cigar, and said, as he tossed the stump away:

"I dislike to make myself the hero of my own story, though, in truth, there was but little heroism manifested by myself; and yet, to leave me out in the narration would be like leaving out the character of Mazeppa in Byron's poem, which, to my mind, would be infinitely worse than the ordinary illustration of incompleteness—"Hamlet" with the part of *Hamlet* left out. I am sure you will not attribute what I may say to vanity, when I assure you that in 1850 I was a young, strong and brown-haired lad of twenty. A man of forty-one with white hair and beard is unusual; but more unusual is it for a youth of twenty-one to shave gray beard from his face—yet such was my case."

This was a matter of surprise and news to all of us, and we so expressed ourselves.

"To begin my story," continued Mr. Woodford, "let

AN AMERICAN MAZEPPA.—"THERE CAME A FLASH BEFORE MY EYES, A SWIMMING, PAINLESS SENSATION, AND I CAN RECALL NO MORE OF WHAT TRANSPIRED."

me say that in 1850, in company with a friend, a man some ten years my senior, named York, from New Jersey, I started from Santa Barbara west, on an exploring expedition, more to learn something of the country than with the hope of discovering rich placers—for the paying mines, at that time, were two hundred miles to the northeast. We had seen the rich herds of the old Californians, and, being enamored of the happy, pastoral life the country promised, we decided, having some means, to go to 'ranching,' as cattle and sheep herding is still called in that section, if we could get a good location.

"When we left Santa Barbara, on a glorious April day, Don Manuel Cavesal warned us against the robbers who, with the Mountain Indians for allies, infested the country to the east, rendering communication with Old Mexico nearly impossible.

"We assured him we should be vigilant, and, pointing to our rifles and holsters, intimated that it would be a very imprudent, if not an unprofitable, speculation for the bandits to attempt to stop us. The old gentleman shook his head, as if to say, 'Youth must have its way.'

"But, if I had ever entertained an idea of being reckless, the supplicating look of Donna Maria, our friend's beautiful daughter, would have scattered it at once.

"We were splendidly mounted. My horse was particularly fine. To assure you of this, I need only say I gave sixty dollars for him. A low price, gentlemen, measured by an Eastern standard; but the finest horses could be bought, at that time, for from eight to fifteen dollars each.

"York was a tall, splendidly formed fellow, cultured beyond any man I ever met, and brave to a fault. But it was not the rash bravery that results from a great flow of animal spirits, and a corresponding want of thought, but a constitutional lack of fear. As is ever the case with such men, he was gentle as a maiden in his manner, and pure as mountain snow in his thoughts.

"As for myself, like all youths who come into the possession of man's strength at a bound, I thought a great deal more of my own acquirements than I ever have since. Conceit is the gaudy flower of youth that wilts only under the light of worldly experience.

"We rode very slowly over the mountains—the nature of the country would have necessitated this deliberate riding if our inclinations had not. For a week we lingered in the beautiful labyrinth of valleys west of the Coast Range, any one of which would have been a paradise for the purpose we had in view; but who ever seized on the first object that suited, when he had a great number equally good, and perhaps better, to select from?

"We went on, charmed with our tour, and living like Nimrods on the game which was ever within reach of our rifles. I recall that ten days of Arcadian bliss as the most delightful time of my life, and I could dwell on it at length, were it not that you may mentally accuse me of being prosy, particularly in view of the incident I started to narrate, and to which you must consider what I have said a preface.

"On the tenth day, when near the Tejone Pass, which, you will remember, separates the Coast Range from the Sierra Nevada, at the head of Tulare Valley, we stopped at noon to rest our horses and eat our dinner.

"A more beautiful spot it would be difficult to imagine. It was a gem of an emerald valley, with a diamond-like lake in its breast, while it seemed held in the embrace of the mountains that rose on every hand into skies mellow and blue as the vaunted atmosphere of sunny Italy. Clumps of huge live-oaks, scattered irregularly, but at the same time producing an effect that landscape gardeners might envy, gave the valley the appearance of an ancient park. I remember York called my attention to this; and, in the walls of the Sierra, he pointed out the old castle, with its towers, parapets and bastions, to which the park was an appendage.

"So you will see, my friends, that, though in the heart of the mountain-wilds of America, by a little effort of imagination, we were transported to that older land beyond the sea, whose beauty is enhanced by the wealth of its mighty traditions. Tradition and history to a country are what a coat-of-arms and a genealogical tree are to a family—something which those without them affect to despise, but for which they secretly respect and envy the possessors.

"Our horses were grazing near the lake; our dinner over, we were lying in the shade of a tree that would have shut out the sun from a thousand men, enjoying, as if in the famed lotus-land, our *dolce far niente*. We were too full of the sensuous enjoyment of the occasion to speak, and so we rested, looking from lake to sky, from emerald slopes to towering mountains.

"'LET US KILL HIM. IT WAS HE WHO SHOT THE CAPTAIN! A CURSE ON THE BEARDLESS WHELP!'"

AN AMERICAN MAZEPPA.—"I WAS MADE TO LIE ON MY FACE, AND A CORD WAS FASTENED FROM MY ANKLES UNDER THE ANIMAL'S NECK; MY HANDS WERE BOUND UNDER THE HINDQUARTERS."

"We never dreamed a serpent could enter this Eden. It had no charms for men who could not enjoy its beauties, and no plunder for the bandits whose calling would lead them to the haunts of men, or the lines beaten by travel. But we found out to our cost that our security was fancied; and that, where there seemed most peace, there was to us most danger.

"Had a thunderbolt fallen from the cloudless sky, and shivered to atoms the tree beneath which we rested—had a volcano leaped up from the heart of the clear, calm lake, we could not have been more annoyed than we were to see, as if they had risen from the earth at our feet, a band of armed men, and to hear the leader say, in a stern voice: 'Do not move, or you are dead men!'

"I turned to York to read his purpose in his face, for the suddenness of the assault left me with but little presence of mind. Great was my horror to see my companion leaping to his feet, and firing as rapidly as he could the revolvers he held in his hands. I followed his example, but how long I stood I know not; I remember seeing York as he fell forward toward his assailants; then there came a flash before my eyes, a swimming, painless sensation, and I can recall no more of what transpired till near sunset.

"When I regained consciousness, I was lying on the spot where I must have fallen, and York was dead and stripped by my side. Five men were making a grave near the lake, and I saw near it three bodies lying, which I supposed were the men who had fallen before my companion's fire, probably aided by my own; for I think I fired into the heart of the man who challenged us. I raised my hand to my head, and found it covered with blood. I tried to rise to my feet, but I was so weak that my arm failed in its support, and so dizzy that the mountains and trees and lake and robbers became multiplied, and went dancing around like the objects in a delirious man's dream.

"By closing my eyes tight, and summoning all my powers of will, I came back to my senses, and saw the bandits filling up the grave, and the three bodies were gone; so I concluded they had buried them. I noticed also that our horses were still grazing where we had staked them at noon, and that beyond them were the horses of the robbers. While I was taking all this in, two of the men came up from the lake and stood over me. My eyes were closed, but I was perfectly conscious they were there, and their conversation soon convinced me it was no hallucination.

"'Is he dead?' asked one of the men.

"'He ought to be; but he looks as if he was living,' said another, pushing me with his foot.

"'I can soon tell,' I heard the first speaker say. Then he knelt beside me, felt my pulse, placed his ear to my heart; and rising, he shouted, with an oath: 'He's just as alive as you and I!'

"'Then let us kill him. It was he who shot the captain. A curse on the beardless whelp!'

"This was said in a hoarse, cruel voice, and was accompanied by the ominous clicking of a pistol. I was now perfectly conscious, and you may be sure I entertained no hope of life.

"'If you kill him outright, as you did his companion, that's no punishment. I can tell you a trick worth a thousand of that,' said the first speaker, with a laugh such as men give when they are suddenly struck with a very new and exceedingly humorous idea.

"'What is that?' asked one of the men. I was now aware they had all come up from the lake.

"'Why, strap him to one of the horses; hitch the horse with the stoutest riata to a tree, and leave them. He can then have plenty of time to think over what he has done, and to do penance for killing Captain Bernal.'

"'Good!' 'Good!' 'Hurrah!' 'Bravo!' were the exclamations of approval that met this.

"'And what are we to do with the dead man?' asked one.

"'Leave him to the wolves,' replied the man who had proposed my punishment, and who seemed to be the person who had taken command.

"'We camp here for to-night?'

"'Yes,' said the leader.

"'And let this fellow be where he is till morning?'

"'No! Strap him up at once, and let us see how he stands it till daylight.'

"This decision was received with a cheer of approval.

"Filled with horror, I managed to sit up, and, wiping the blood from my eyes, I said to the man standing nearest: 'I have heard what you said.'

"'And of course it does not please you,' he replied.

"I COULD ONLY CATCH GLIMPSES OF THE MOUNTAINS, AND NOTE THE WOLVES WERE HOWLING BEHIND."

"I looked at him with as steady a gaze as I could command, and said :

"'I do not fear the pain you propose to inflict; but having robbed me and murdered my companion, you should be willing to grant me one favor for the terrible wrong you have done.'

"'And what is that?' asked the leader, with a sneer.

"'Kill me at once, and bury me beside this brave man,' I answered, pointing to the body of my companion.

"'You see I am right, comrades,' he said, addressing his companions. Then turning to me, he said, with a fierce light in his red face : 'Young American, you have killed the bravest captain ever born in Mexico—the bravest who ever drew sword against your cursed race. Had you remained still when he commanded, he would have held you for ransom; but, resisting, you forfeited your life, apart from his death. You have heard my decision, and because you prefer a sudden death I will make it a long one.' He motioned toward a horse, and nodded to one of his companions.

"I saw the man leading up the horse, and, strange as it may seem, it was with a feeling akin to pleasure that I noted it was my own.

"'Now strap him on. Get good riatas and buckskin for the work. Take off the saddle, girth the blanket tight, and fasten his legs under the horse's neck.'

"As soon as the orders were given they were carried out. I was lifted roughly from the ground, and bound in the manner described. I was made to lie on my face, and a cord was fastened from my ankles under the animal's neck; in the same way my hands were bound under the hindquarters, and a number of bands were forced over my body and tied to the girth. This done, the horse was fastened to the tree, and from my position I could look down on the corpse of my gallant comrade.

"It would weary you to attempt a description of the tortures of mind and body I endured that night. The horse at first submitted to his burden, but as the night wore on he became restless, and walked round the tree, now this way and again that, winding, and so shortening, the rope as he moved.

"The bandits went to sleep without a guard, and by daylight were up and ready to depart. After they had mounted their horses the leader rode up to me, and I could not resist raising my aching head, and begging, as I looked at him, that he would give me a drink of water.

"He repeated my request to his companions, and joined in their demon-like laughter.

"'Look down at the lake and imagine you are drinking; and see that you do not overlook the grave of Captain Bernal,' was his mocking reply.

"They went away and left me with the dead, whose position was enviable compared with my own. The sun came up, and as I saw the valley in the new light of the morning, it was completely changed from the Eden-like spot poor York and I had imagined it the day before.

"The lake seemed turned to blood, and the grass to stagnant scum. The trees assumed a grotesque individuality, and I saw the faces of demons in their gnarled branches. The very mountains seemed to gloat in my suffering, and bent over me and turned toward me with each circle of the horse, as if about to fall in on me and crush me out.

"I could not have slept in my condition, so that I reason I was unconscious for some hours, when I was roused from my lethargy by the stamping of my horse, and the loud, piercing yells of creatures beneath me. I opened my eyes, and, looking down, saw—but with no feeling of horror: I was past that sensation—a pack of mountain wolves, which had scented the blood of the dead, and were springing on the horse for the blood of the living. I felt their claws on my legs and arms, and instinctively I buried my nails in the flanks of the horse. At that moment he stood trembling with fright; then with a cry of terrible agony, like a strong man in pain, he dropped back on his haunches and tugged at the rope. I could hear him groan with the pain of his terrible effort.

"I heard a report like that of a pistol; the rope had broken, and the horse fell back. In an instant he was on his feet, snorting wildly, and with erect head looking about at the mountains. The wolves fled back in alarm. The horse had come to a conclusion, and at once dashed into the lake—in, till the water covered my swollen limbs, and beat into my face and mouth. The effect was intoxicating—a feeling of hope came into my shadowed heart.

"When the horse had drunk, and, with great sighs, buried his head again and again in the water, till I felt he was satisfied, I again clutched his flanks, and, with an effort, shouted :

"'Away!'

"The horse turned, made for the shore, and then, with a speed that took my breath, away he dashed.

"I tried to see the course he was taking, but could not make it out. I could only catch glimpses of mountains, and note the wolves were howling behind.

"Along the mountain-sides, with frightful precipices, down whose awful depths I could look, as the flying hoofs of the horse sent the loosened stones dashing below; up elevations that sent the blood to my head; down declivities and across streams—the horse kept on. Darkness came, and oblivion, save that now and then, like a lightning-flash in the pitchiest night, my consciousness asserted itself, and I caught a glimpse of my situation.

"A man can sustain but a certain amount of pain and retain his reason. I had reached the limit of endurance, and life and death were things of indifference, for reason was dethroned.

"I can recall nothing after that first night on the back of my horse, until I found myself in a house, with kind faces bending over me, one of them the well-known face of Donna Maria.

"I was in my old friend's house, as if by a miracle, and here is the explanation : My horse made his way back toward Santa Barbara, and when nearly exhausted, within ten miles of the valley, he was discovered by some herders, and I was recognized. I was taken to Don Manuel's, and there nursed back to life.

"There is but little more to say. I got well, and, returning to the valley, found the bones of gallant York, and gave them burial. I spent five years paying back the robbers, and I did it with interest. My horse still lives, honored in his old age. You can see him in the morning, and I need not tell you, my friends, that my wife is Donna Maria, the daughter of my best of friends, but to me the noblest of wives.

"Before concluding, let me say my hair had not turned gray when the herders found me, but the doctors shaved it off to dress my wounds and allay the fever that followed. The next suit of hair was white as this I carry, and so was the first beard that ever appeared on my face.

"I cannot say it was the effect of fright, but of trouble—the trouble of a lifetime crowded into hours, with all the bleaching power of long years. I am still strong, enjoy life with my noble wife and many little ones more than ever; but still the old trouble haunts me when I hear of these robbers, and recalls to my mind the time when they forced me to play Mazeppa.

"But come, friends, it is dark. Let us in and join the

family, when I shall ask you to join me in the best Cocomungo, to the destruction of all bandits at home and abroad."

We joined him, and the event so graphically narrated I have thus attempted, after years, to recall.

SCHOOLS IN OLD ROME.

Prof. R. F. Leighton, Ph.D., recently read a paper on "The System of Education in Ancient Rome," before the Long Island Historical Society. Henry C. Murphy presided, and the Society's new and elegant hall was crowded by a select and appreciative audience of both sexes, embracing many of the best known people of Brooklyn. Great attention, the reader said, was paid among the Romans to the study of grammar and of correct modes of expression. In society pure grammar was a subject of fashionable conversation. Crates, the Greek professor, instituted the first course of lectures on the subject. Lucilius, in the ninth book of his Satires, inaugurated the first spelling reform. Dionysius Thrax wrote the first elementary grammar. After the Punic wars the Greek culture became so fashionable that by many it was preferred to their mother tongue. Greek was the language of diplomacy, art, science, poetry and philosophy.

At seven years of age the Roman boys studied Greek and Latin grammar together. The sons of centurions went to school at five A.M., with their satchels and counting tables slung over their shoulders, and studied in schoolrooms on the ground floor, where they were so well and thoroughly flogged that their howls aroused the neighbors at very unseasonable hours. Martial and other satirists spoke of their cries and blubberings as one of the chief nuisances of the early morning hours—almost as great a pest to late risers as our street cries, in fact.

The masters were great disciplinarians, and esteemed corporal punishment one of the chief means of inducting that precious boon, knowledge, into dull heads. If a boy pronounced a single syllable wrong he was beaten black and blue, and his body so covered with weals and welts that it resembled a patchwork coverlet, or a coat of many colors. The ancients believed that boys were naturally vicious, and required taming. So great a teacher as Plato laid down the axiom that "A boy was the most ferocious of animals." Others, like Quintilian, protested against undue flogging.

Pictures found in Herculaneum showed that the English system of flogging was likewise in vogue; also, that in some schools both sexes were taught together, although the education of girls was comparatively neglected. In higher social circles, girls were taught music and dancing, and other fashionable branches, as nowadays. Schoolbooks were as cheap as with us fifty years ago. A textbook of seven hundred verses could be had in three separate editions, for eighty, thirty, and even as low as eight cents. Tuition was very cheap, less than a cent a day. The boys had holidays in March and December, and a long vacation in the Summer, from June 24th to October 19th, a great part of which was spent with their parents at Roman Newports and Coney Islands. At fourteen they were put into high schools, where they studied rhetoric, poetry and belles-lettres generally, their previous efforts having been confined to reading, writing and arithmetic, with Greek and Latin grammar and verses. The younger children were taught their letters and numerals by means of small ivory blocks, as at the present day. The pay of a teacher was $30 a year—about 100 times less than that of a ballet-dancer.

A SPRAY OF MIGNONETTE.

I gaze upon its tiny flowers,
Their dainty bloom and fragrance flown;
I live a dream of other hours,
When hope and love were all my own!
A simple act it was to you—
A passing whim soon to forget.
You gave me, dimpled o'er with dew,
This faded spray of mignonette.

You held the treasure lightly then—
A pretty flower, and nothing more;
But o'er its dust I hear again
Each loving word you whispered o'er!
The many joys that life can give
May leave me now without regret;
But love itself could not outlive
My faded spray of mignonette.

A WRONGED WOMAN.

Chapter I.

Iago.—"I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abused."

IF I say that young Lieutenant Pedro Gomersalez was not a jealous man, nine persons out of ten will reply: "How is that—I thought *all* Spaniards were jealous?"

And I really do not undertake to explain the thing. Life is too short to enter into long explanations. If one did that, the time for anything else would be short. I presume that Gomersalez, whose mother was an American woman, inherited a little common sense. "Further the deponent saith not." At all events, Gomersalez was *not*, of his nature, a jealous man.

But he had a "friend."

And a fair wife!

It would be idle here to give the oft-repeated scene—that scene in the romance of so many *real* lives!—between friend and husband, which would but recall the touching interview where the too-confiding and—of his nature—noble Moor is led to the suspicions really foreign to him. Iagos are by no means scarce. And Captain Lavarro had not the excuse of that celebrated villain. He did not think that Gomersalez had betrayed him with any "Emilia," for the best of reasons—there was no Emilia. Lavarro was not married, and was particularly fond of saying that he never meant to be.

The shake of the head, the murmur, "I've seen too much of married life for that! Santa Maria! have I not!" the insinuation of flirtation with Inez, Lola and Rosita—none of them single, of course!—was not bad acting, on the whole.

It was rather odd, however, that Lavarro never attempted this vainglorious talk, or these anything but manly insinuations, before Lieutenant Gomersalez, while his apparent deference in presence of Señora Gomersalez, the young American lady—she had been a Miss Peyton, a belle—was as if he had found himself before the shrine of some fair saint.

Judge, then, of the painful surprise with which—he being absent from his wife at the time, for both officers were on the staff of General Prim, and only now returning to Madrid—Gomersalez listened to the story of what Lavarro called his, the lieutenant's, wrongs.

Yes, it was his duty—overwhelming, crushing, maddening though it was, to "open the eyes" of his dear friend. It must be! He could not longer contemplate the deep affection, the childlike confidence, the manly trust of the being most dear to him. He must speak! Theirs had not been a mere shallow tie of conventional friendship, but a sacred bond. He must tell all!

"All" consisted in the assertion that, during the early part of the absence of Gomersalez, he, Lavarro, being at that time still in Madrid, had seen "with pain" the attentions bestowed upon the lovely Señora Julia by a young *attaché* of the French *ambassade*, Vicomte Léon de Parvé. His suspicions — *toujours Lavarro!*—had been aroused; his duty to his friend had summoned him to the repulsive task. He had watched—he had been convinced. "Forgive this emotion," etc.

The better a man is the less suspicious he will be. But the franker his nature, the deeper will be his suspicion when once awakened; for the reason that, discovering what he believes to have been his past blindness, he will fear to have been in *everything* a fool, in *everything* a dupe.

And it does not take a very deep villain—which Lavarro *was*—to deceive a very good man. *Goodness*, moralists "to the contrary notwithstanding," is not the strongest armor. Penetration is a far better one.

And so, "the more deceived," as poor Ophelia says, Gomersalez set out, ahead of his companion-officers, for his native city, there to ferret out the truth, and to wreck vengeance upon wife and lover. There were white hairs on his heavily-mustached lip, and among his dense raven locks that had come there in a single night—the night of his interview with Roberto Lavarro. And Gomersalez was not yet thirty!

Had his anguish been less intense, his heart less loving, there was enough of fierce Spanish blood in the young man's veins to have hurried him on to a mad act that could not have been repaired. But this was tempered with mildness to a certain degree, and with something of patience, for, in search of ways and means to find out the truth ere he should challenge Léon de Parvé, Pedro hit upon one not devoid of romance. The next chapter will introduce to you a certain Padre Angelico.

Chapter II.

"By every hope that earthward clings,
By faith that mounts on angel wings!"

Padre Angelico was a mild pastor, and little given to violent emotion. He was altogether too harmless a man to have any enemies, and had, therefore, no reason to suppose that anybody wanted to do him harm.

But he was rather more startled, on the whole, than was altogether agreeable, to find himself one evening—it was a fast-day, too—when about to emerge from his more than humble cottage—the poor padre had a good mile to walk into the city to confess his penitents at the Church of the Holy Trinity—face to face with two men in masks—the obliging reader will please remember that the "shades of eve" were very busy "falling"—who pinioned him, and, in a voice worthy of *Gubetta* in the thrilling drama of "Lucrezia Borgia," demanded, not his life, but—his robes!

A SPRAY OF MIGNONETTE.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 47.

"Sounds like the Middle Ages," I hear the reader say. Besides that, you mildly remark: "What could the men want with a priest's robes?"

Whatever they may have wanted with them, they certainly got the robes. Ay, and his manual of confession, besides.

There is a certain unpleasantness in being squeezed—though, really, between ourselves, the "masks" had been very careful not to hurt the worthy padre—and in hearing a deep voice, or, rather, two deep voices, demanding—anything! The disagreeableness of the thing was not so much in what they asked, as in the tone of voice in which they made their request. It was perfectly sepulchral.

Nor could it be said to be conducive to merriment, even

had the padre been that way inclined, to be tied to a chair in his little oratory, which, for the convenience of his parishioners, was always open, and in the presence of symbols which they ought to have respected, to be requested by the masks—respectfully, it is true—to remain in that position till "midnight bells," when they, the masks, would—this they promised and vowed—come to release him.

"And," added the tallest of the pretty pair, "we shall give you a good purseful for your poor."

As they withdrew, and when they were within the shade of certain trees, the tallest paused a moment, removed the mask from his face, flung his cloak to his companion, and, assuming the robes of Padre Angelico, manual in hand, strode in the direction of the city, at a pace almost equal to a railroad train.

A WRONGED WOMAN.—"SUDDENLY CAPTAIN LAVARRO STRODE UP BEFORE THE VICOMTE, AND CLAIMED MISS CAMPTON'S HAND IN THE QUADRILLE."—SEE PAGE 47.

Arrived at the church, the false padre entered it, taking good care to keep in the shadows of that by no means brilliantly lighted edifice, where a long string of penitents, mostly poor peasant women, were already waiting; for there had been many sermons, and much extra religious work, owing to the disturbed state of political affairs, and confessions sometimes went on all the evening.

One after another entered the confessional, and emerged with a smiling face. The new padre had surely been lenient in the imposition of penitential prayers, though his face had looked dark and sad and pale when he had entered the church.

But at last all the peasant women drew respectfully to one side. A lady had entered, who was well-known for her regular attendance at church. It was none other than the Señora Julia Gomersalez, who, though an American, was of an old Catholic family, who still held to their original faith. And she was "a great lady," said the women about her.

The lady entered the confessional. Not ours to enter upon the sanctity of a heart's unvailing!

The confession of the Señora Gomersalez lasted long. What could she have to tell?

The story of a false friend, so base as to have sought to turn a young heart from its duty, to ruin an immortal soul, to betray him whose hand he pressed in seeming friendship, though no uncommon story, could not be short in the recital, nor pleasant.

Such was the story, poured with great fervor and indignation into the new padre's ear.

Could Señora Julia have seen the "priest's" face, she would have been startled. But the high partition of the confessional hides the penitent from the father confessor. The "penitent," I say. Yes, for trivial faults, such as, to women like her, are sources of suffering as deep as their scarlet sins to the sinful; but Julia had nothing of moment to confess. Did the padre think she ought to tell her husband when he returned? Her good husband, Pedro Gomersalez, now away fighting for his country! Would it not be better for her to conceal from him the perfidy of his friend? He had loved—*Roberto Lavarro!*

Chapter III.

"Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair."

It was early in the following Spring that the Señora Gomersalez and her husband had found a residence to please them in Paris, and invited to join them a young American girl, the cousin of Julia.

And with them had come Vicomte Léon de Parvé, him whom Roberto Lavarro had named to Lieutenant Gomersalez as the treacherous friend who had betrayed him.

It was certainly odd that so base a being should seem to impress pretty Mary Campton as so noble and so winning! But there is no accounting for taste. Who knows what "diabolic" arts the vicomte may have brought into play? Dear me, *all* the "fascinating monsters" are not in the opera of "Faust."

Still pretty Mary Campton, who had already passed a Winter in Madrid when Roberto Lavarro had been there—she had afterward gone to Italy with a relative, and thence had come to Paris, on being sent for by Julia Gomersalez, who, probably, had good reasons for so doing—seemed sad, and was apt to remark, when alluding to *engaged* young persons, that:

"Girls seldom knew their *real* minds till it was too late to change;" or, "How I do hate these hasty entanglements! Why don't girls look about them a little more before they decide!" and other speeches to the same effect, upon hearing which, a smile might be seen to play about the mouth of Julia, who probably commented mentally upon the singular coincidence of such remarks with the appearance and departure of the Vicomte de Parvé.

The reader will probably divine that Miss Mary had a "hasty entanglement" of her own. She had; no less a one than an engagement, which now her soul loathed, to Captain Roberto Lavarro.

Mary was quite unaware of the base course pursued by Lavarro in endeavoring to turn away the heart of the Señora Julia from her husband. Yet, little by little—though, as may be imagined, Julia was ever silent as to the man she scorned and despised beyond words—little by little, I repeat, a conviction that the captain had no moral qualities to recommend him crept in upon the young girl's mind.

A sensible education and a good basis to start upon is never thrown away.

Yet candor obliges me to avow that Mary had never been so fully persuaded of the worthlessness of Lavarro, as since she had met the vicomte, who was certainly what Americans call "a first-rate fellow."

A youth of sacrifice for the sake of a bereaved mother; an independence given up to make the dowry of a sister; a manhood marked by many deeds of such courage as similar characters are capable of showing—all these had, surely, much to interest and win "the right sort of girl."

But Mary looked sad and sorry when Léon de Parvé offered her his hand and heart, and told her of the love he had cherished since they had first met, and only hesitated to avow because, he told her, her manner, kind one day, was always cold the next.

Poor Mary!

Half distracted between the duty that she imagined called her one way—there where her promise had been given—and the love that called her another, Mary told all, at last, to Julia, who had guessed "all" long before.

Chapter IV.

Lodovico.—"Where is this viper? Bring the villain forth!"

I am sure no one would ever have guessed, to have seen the countenance of Lieutenant Gomersalez, when Captain Lavarro entered his dwelling in the Rue de l'Impératrice—this was all before the terrible war—that any interview had ever taken place between them like that previous to the setting out of the former for Madrid. It is true that Gomersalez did not offer his hand, and that Lavarro *did not dare ask why!*

He had come—said the latter—to claim his bride, Mary Campton. He had, it is true, wooed her lightly enough in the past. With an idea of marrying some day or other, he had asked her in marriage of the aunt under whose care he had met her in Italy, after his unsuccessful love for Julia had passed by. But he was now as seriously in love with Mary as a man of his sort could be with any one but himself—quite enough in love to suffer deeply at her defection.

Enraged at the coldness which she evinced toward him, he began a course of persecution. Reproachful letters, the constantly presenting himself wherever he was certain that it would mar her pleasure to behold him—at balls, at concerts, at the opera, on the boulevard, at church—this was a part of the plan of annoyance which Captain Lavarro endeavored to carry out, and by which he probably supposed that he should at last worry and frighten the much-admired and greatly-followed young American belle into marrying him.

Lieutenant Gomersalez, to whom his wife had related

the dilemma in which Mary Campton found herself—at war between love and honor—now made up his mind that patience had ceased to be a virtue, and that the time had come for the young girl's release.

And, indeed, the vicomte might also say that patience was ceasing to be a virtue in him, however much he might curb his temper for the young lady's sake.

A scene which took place in the *salons* of Señor Gomersalez will give some idea of what pretty Mary Campton had brought upon herself by her hasty engagement. One in ten of these turn out well, and Mary's was not such an exception.

De Parvé, fronting Mary, was about to take his place in a quadrille, which it was the fashion occasionally to dance, even in the city. Even *parisiennes* are not always ready to waltz; they say they require a particular *toilette* for *la valse*.

Suddenly, just as Miss Campton and De Parvé had advanced to their place, and were about to dance, Captain Lavarro strode up before the vicomte and claimed Miss Campton's hand in the quadrille as his right, he being "her *fiancé*."

This was done in a tone so loud, and with a manner so insulting, that in another instant De Parvé's glove had marked the officer's face with a scarlet streak; but, ere another gesture could be made, and when De Parvé's challenge had scarcely burst from his lips, Lieutenant Gomersalez—calm and pale as the marble statue of the Commandatore—parted the infuriated pair, and quietly uttered these words:

"De Parvé, my friend, you cannot fight with this man."

"Why not?" exclaimed not only the vicomte, but many of the other gentlemen guests.

"Because he is not a man of honor," coolly replied Gomersalez.

"Prove it," exclaimed some acquaintance of the captain, though the countenance of the latter certainly proved that the shot had told.

"Listen to me," said Gomersalez. "I *will* prove it. This man had a friend. His friend believed in him as in heaven. He also had a beautiful young wife, whom he loved, and who deserved to be loved as few do. Called to duty by his country, he left her. One day this man"—and the lieutenant's eye flashed, and his lip quivered as he turned upon Lavarro—"sought him, and with much apparent emotion, told him that his wife was false. He whom he accused of having betrayed him was the gentleman before you, the Vicomte Léon de Parvé"—here several gentlemen were obliged to intervene, to hold off the young Frenchman from the false Spaniard's throat—"a man, as we all know, of honor."

There was a dead silence here.

"The husband, gentlemen, found means of convincing himself of the utter falsehood of the accusation—means such as all cannot, and few would dare, avail themselves of. I need not say that the love of the couple so nearly parted has but grown stronger for their trial. Have I, or have I not, proved that Léon de Parvé cannot fight with Captain Lavarro, because he is not a man of honor?"

A cry of warm assent burst from one and all, to which was added the demand:

"This man must leave the room!"

In a few seconds more, Roberto Lavarro had left the house of Lieutenant Gomersalez, and in an hour's time he had left Paris, where he has not since appeared. Somewhat later, he was *obliged* to leave the Spanish army. These little things *will* get about!

Why, you will say, did not Lieutenant Gomersalez, when convinced of the falsehood and villainy of his former friend, challenge and fight him?

Did he "bide his time," as some will?

No. I think the main reason was this, as he said:

"I have never soiled my sword!"

But I quite congratulate myself upon the fact that the lieutenant had read the Spanish poets in his boyhood. But for that, he might not have hit upon an expedient quite so romantic as that of assuming the garb of his fair wife's confessor, nor have had the satisfaction—for such, in one sense, it certainly was—of hearing the true story from her own lips.

And I know that Padre Angelico forgave the outrage, in view of the handsome amount which he received for his poor—their name was legion—and of the good that he was able to do with it. Still, I don't advise the like.

AMONG LOMBARD CITIES.

Prior to this steaming and electric age, nowhere were stage-coaches and other four-wheeled vehicles, arrayed in postilions and ribbons, so abundant and well patronized as in Italy.

The fair peninsula was then the curiosity of the world. It is no longer so, since modern facilities have familiarized it, or rather its prominent points, to the inhabitants of all civilized nations. The lumbering coaches and elegant equipages that swept over the superb highways were conspicuous features amidst the lovely scenery of Italy.

Nor was this method of locomotion without its substantial advantages and keen pleasures, despite the cost in money, time and trouble to the wayfarer. Naturally, our contemporaries would not swap places with their grandparents for the mere pleasure of slowly riding in a stage-coach through a pretty country; but you can yet lay your finger on a strong minority "who wouldn't care if they did," for it is not so easy to obliterate the traces of joys experienced in juvenile years.

The foremost advantage to those who traveled through Italy in slow coaches was that they saw the country thoroughly; inspected, as it were, forcibly its every nook and corner, and became intimately acquainted with the life and manners of the natives. True, there was the drawback that the travelers, setting out determined to let nothing escape them, wasted much of their attention, while it was fresh, on the first objects met, which were not generally the best, and, being quickly dazzled with excellences, their powers of admiration were fatigued before their travels were ended. But if the old drawbacks have been overcome, also many of the sweets of the old-time method of traveling have been lost through the steam conveyances that whirl to-day's tourist in a jiffy from under the Alps to the extremest end of Sicily.

In the old days the Alps existed as a barrier to be climbed over, and the novelty of crossing their grand, snow-clad heights was a treat which has been abolished by the gigantic tunnels under their base, through which one is shot in a few minutes, to "do" the classic land in a week.

A day each to Venice, Florence, Rome and Naples, is as much as many of the modern tourists can afford; time, which is money, impelling them to get through and back home at break-neck speed. Not a few Americans, indeed, "do" grand old Rome in two or three hours, which certainly must shock the shades of Lord Byron and Julius Cæsar; that is, if anything can shock them. Passing a few hours in those famous cities, is seeing Italy with a vengeance! But it is cheap, beyond a doubt. To go along the renowned Cornice Road from Nice to Genoa, the former traveler expended sixty dollars for a four-horse

THE CITY OF MANTUA.

vehicle, and three days' time. To-day the trip can be made in a Pullman car for three dollars, in six hours.

No part of the peninsula has been so neglected, ay, so abandoned, by the modern tourist, as the very one which is most celebrated in modern times—namely, the fertile plains of Lombardy, rich in souvenirs of art, poesy and war. They have been the theatre of many famous battles, and they are studded with towns noted for heroic deeds, and as the birthplaces of celebrated men. As the scene upon which occurred the last conflict that finally established the present Italian kingdom—that dream of noble spirits during wellnigh twenty centuries—it is all the more deserving of interest. Here it was that the great Dante, in exile, dreamed and sang of a free, united Italy; and here it was that the poet's aspiration was put into deed, and secured for ever, on the hard-fought field of Custozza, July, 1866.

The plain of Lombardy really extends from the River Ticino, separating it from the Province of Piedmont on the west, up to the lagoons of Venice on the east. In the earliest times it was possessed by the ancient and powerful Etruscans; subsequently these were expelled by the Gauls. At about the beginning of the second century B.C., it became a well-cultivated and opulent province of the Roman Empire. After the fall of the empire, it fell a prey to the Northern barbarians called "Longobardi," or Longbeards—whence its name. But the descendants of the Longbeards were not allowed to enjoy unmolested their rich territory; and from the day of their settlement, on through the Middle Ages, until this age, it was coveted and fought for by fierce and greedy neighbors—during the last few centuries by France and Austria. The termination of the wars of Napoleon I. left it in the hands of Austria, who, in virtue of the 1815 Treaty of Vienna, held it uninterruptedly under her cruel yoke, until the results of the battle at Custozza, in 1866, finally turned it over to Victor Emmanuel, founder of

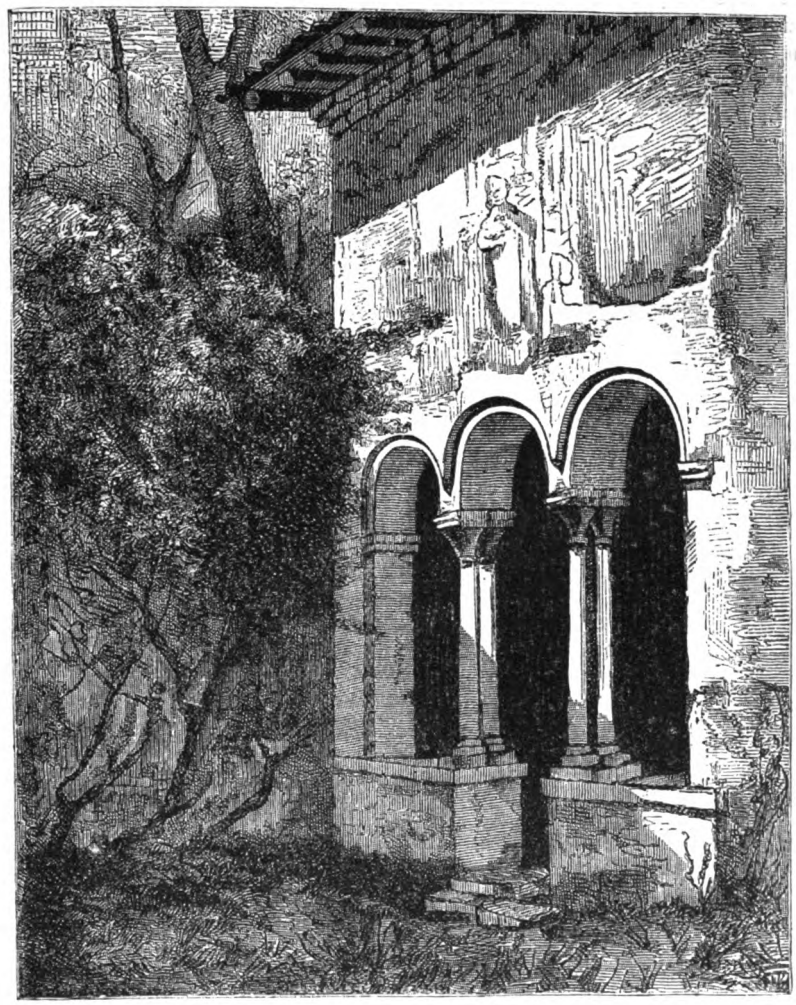
VERONESE COSTUMES.

PAUL VERONESE.

the present Kingdom of Italy, of which his son Humbert is the ruler.

Lombardy comprises the most generally productive part of the peninsula. It is distinguished for its mulberry trees and silk, its rice, corn, wheat and cheese—the *strachino* being the best. The vine, olive, chestnut, and a great variety of fruits are raised, and the peasantry, who are a frugal, laborious set of people, are better off than the peasants in other sections of Italy. Manufactures are numerous in the towns, and constantly increasing. The province boasts a school of music, architecture and painting; in the Middle Ages it was the great instructress of Christendom in civil law and medicine, and in modern times science has been successfully contributed to in its cities. Its literature has always been rather scanty, from the fact that the Italian tongue was not allowed to take root, but was repressed, or rather choked off by the intermixture of many foreign idioms—the Lombard being to-day the harshest and most tangled of all the many-shaded Italian dialects.

Milan is the metropolitan city of the province; but, as the latter's fame is pre-eminently military, its real capital may be said to be the great fortified town of Verona, which is situated in the very heart and centre of the plain. Verona was the key with which Austria so long kept Italy locked up, and it was precisely in the region immediately around Verona that the battles for Italian independence were fought, and that after three grand campaigns—though disconnected in time—independence was achieved, and the Austrians expelled beyond the Alps. The first was undertaken in 1848 by Charles Albert, King of Sardinia (Piedmont). After fighting against overwhelming odds, or as one to eight, for nearly a year, he was finally driven back and defeated in 1849 at Novara, where he turned over his crown to his son, Victor Emmanuel, and, having abdicated, went to die as an exile in Portugal. Charles Albert was a weak ruler, and not at all a general; but he was a good-hearted and patriotic man. To his latest hour, he continued to urge his son to stand by the flag of Italy, and to unfurl it again at the first opportunity. This his dying request was faithfully adhered to by his son. Thanks to the discernment of the latter in choosing as his minister a man of genius—Cavour—an alliance was formed with Napoleon III. in 1859, for the express purpose of entering upon a second campaign against Austria. The French Emperor crossed the Alps in April of that year at the head of a large army, and, in conjunction with the Piedmontese troops, fought two bloody battles at Magenta and Solferino, totally defeating the Austrians, and compelling them to withdraw on the east side of the river Mincio, and under the protecting guns of Verona. The peace concluded at Villafranca, a hamlet about eight miles from Verona, put an end to the war, by adding one-half of Lombardy to the royal domain of Victor Emmanuel. The French Emperor declined to fight in order to get the other half, as he had promised to do, and, to the great disgust of patriotic Italians, returned to the delights of his Court at Paris. His excuse was that Prussia was on the eve of interference; his wife, Eugenie, being persuaded



JULIET'S CHAPEL, VERONA.

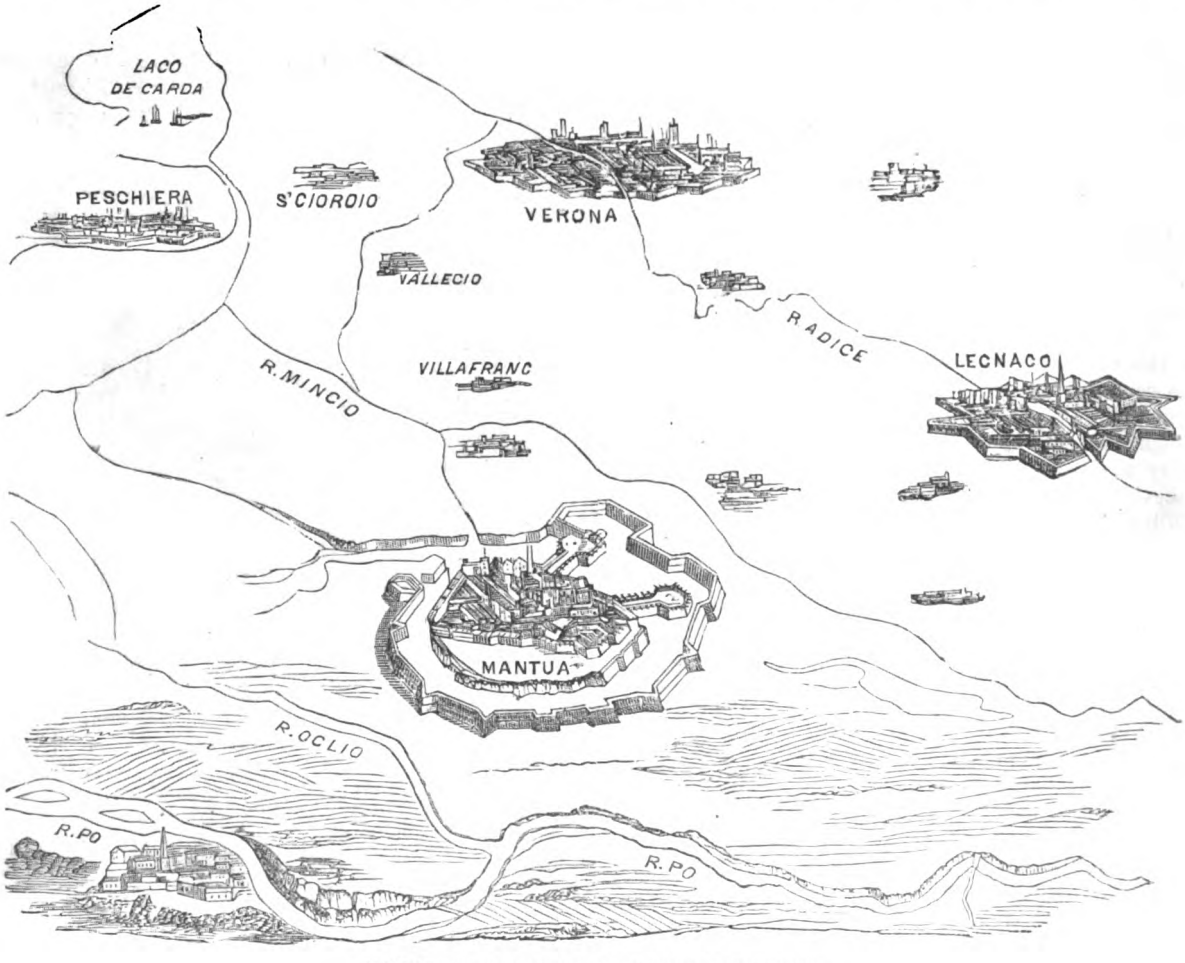
that she could discern, even from Paris, the soldiers of Moltke in the act of crossing the Alps.

The third and at last successful campaign against the Austrians, ensconced in the heart of Lombardy, was put through in double-quick time in conjunction with Prussia in 1866. It lasted only seven weeks. While Moltke whipped the Austrians under Benedek at Sadowa, in Bohemia, Victor Emmanuel crossed the Mincio with his army, and fought a pitched battle on the same field where his father, Charles Albert, had contended for the mastery. Like that of his father, his own army was defeated; but, as circumstances alter cases, his own defeat, rather than disaster, meant victory. Although driven back over the Mincio, he had really won the original object of the campaign, by merely preventing the Austrian army in Italy from being concentrated in Bohemia against Moltke. The result was that Prussia of course dictated terms of peace at Sadowa for both the allies; and Italy thus got back into her keeping every inch of her own soil (with the exception of Rome, captured in 1870 from the French).

The ground upon which were fought these more recent campaigns—as also most of the previous ones, especially those of Napoleon I.—is known as the "Quadrilateral." It is an area inclosed or protected by the four great fortresses, Verona, Mantua, Peschiera and Legnago, so situated as to form a square whose four sides are nearly equal—hence the name "Quadrilateral." Verona and Peschiera lie on the north, Mantua and Legnago on the south, each about twenty miles from its next neighbor. In and around this military theatre of the Quadrilateral are many little villages and hamlets, hills and meadows, thickly strewn with the dead bones of soldiers that fell there by the hundred thousand, in all the pomp and glory, misery and suffering, attendant upon battle. Lonato, Castiglione, Arcole, Goito, Pastrengo, San Marino, Solferino, Villafranca, and Custozza, are the titles of some of these landmarks left by Napoleon I. and Charles Albert, Napoleon III. and Victor Emmanuel, and duly recorded on the page of history.

The campaign of 1859 excited the attention of the whole world while it was in progress, as the stake played for was nothing less than the resurrection of Italy. The battle of Solferino was the most decisive fought on the plain of Lombardy during this century. Even at that early period the war correspondent was around to chronicle the small beer of camp and wagon-train. It was during the course of this campaign that the founder of the New York *Times*, Mr. Henry J. Raymond, was so incessantly ridiculed by James Gordon Bennett, Sr., and Horace Greeley, on account of his locating the military operations in the "elbows of the Mincio" (the Mincio being very crooked and branching as it runs from Peschiera to Mantua). Mr. Raymond's fluvial technicalities were dubbed inexact in strict military parlance by the *Herald* and *Tribune;* and both these journals confidently assured the public that he could thenceforth be always found with the "elbows of the Mincio" wrapped around him.

Since the termination of the wars for independence, the Italian Government has had the bones of the dead soldiers of the three nations—France, Austria, and Italy—collected and buried in one vast ossuarium erected at Custozza. At this spot it has also had erected a grand



PLAN OF THE FAMOUS QUADRILATERAL IN LOMBARDY.

monument commemorating the fact that there the national independence was finally consummated by arms. It is such a monument as our Government, for a similar purpose, has ordered to be raised on the field of Yorktown next October. On the memorable fields around the Quadrilateral there are upward of twenty houses still preserved, and shown as having been lodged in by Napoleon I. during his campaigns.

The developments of late years in the art of war have induced the military authorities of Italy to lay less stress on the possession of the Quadrilateral, though the four fortresses are maintained in perfect trim; for the defense of the kingdom in future, the line of forts along the Alpine chain and armies in the field are relied on.

Verona, intersected by the River Adige, has a population of 80,000 souls and a small garrison. It was famous in the days of old Rome as the birthplace of several of her eminent adopted citizens, among others of Pliny the Younger, Cornelius Nepos, Macer, L. Vetruvius Cerdo, and, above all, of the elegant poet Catullus.

"Mantua Virgilio gaudet, Verona Catullo."—*Ovid.*
(Mantua rejoices in Virgil, Verona in Catullus.)

To American and English visitors Verona first suggests Shakespeare, and brings to mind the opening lines of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona":

"Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus,
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honor'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with sleepless idleness.

Not omitting Launce and his dog, nor "Romeo and Juliet," a portion of which play is laid in the locality. Indeed, the greatest eagerness is manifested by our Anglo-American travelers to see the tomb of Juliet, which is in the garden of the Orfanotrofio. It is of red Verona marble, and before it was promoted to its present honor was used as a washing-trough. The Empress Maria Louisa got a bit of it, which she caused to be divided into hearts and gems, elegant necklaces, bracelets, etc., and many other sentimental young and elderly ladies have followed her example. Male tramps have unanimously voted visiting at this tomb a bore. The "House of the Capulets," now an inn of the same illustrious name, may have been the dwelling of the family, as suggested, or may not: time changes things so.

With respect to the tomb of Juliet, it was shown in the last century, before Shakespeare became generally known to the Italians. That identical tomb, it is admitted, has long since been destroyed; but the present one does just as well for all practical purposes. Whether the fair Juliet ever existed in flesh and blood or not, it is certain that Dante, in his beautiful verse, mentions two families by the names of the "Montagues" and "Capulets" dwelling in Verona in anything but harmony—in fact, living in a deplorable way, very much as Shakespeare depicts them. And Dante ought to know the facts in the case, for he resided at Verona several years, having first landed there when exiled from Florence for embezzlement of the public funds while in office, as alleged by his slanderous enemies. These enemies afterward besought him to pardon them, and return to his native city, and even went so far after his death as to intrigue to get his ashes within their walls; but neither alive nor dead would he consent to forgive them—living, he refused to return into their hands, and dead, his immortal verse embalmed them in his "Hell," wherein they were accorded reserved seats, as it were. At the lavish and hospitable Court of Verona, Dante became intimately acquainted with the ruling Prince, Cangrande, and wrote a large portion of his great poem, the "Divine Comedy." Cangrande (literally, Big Dog) was eminently disposed to encourage literature, and hence treated Dante in distress like a gentleman. In that part of the poem entitled "Paradise," one of the blest is made to foretell to the poet the kind of reception awaiting him at the Veronese Court:

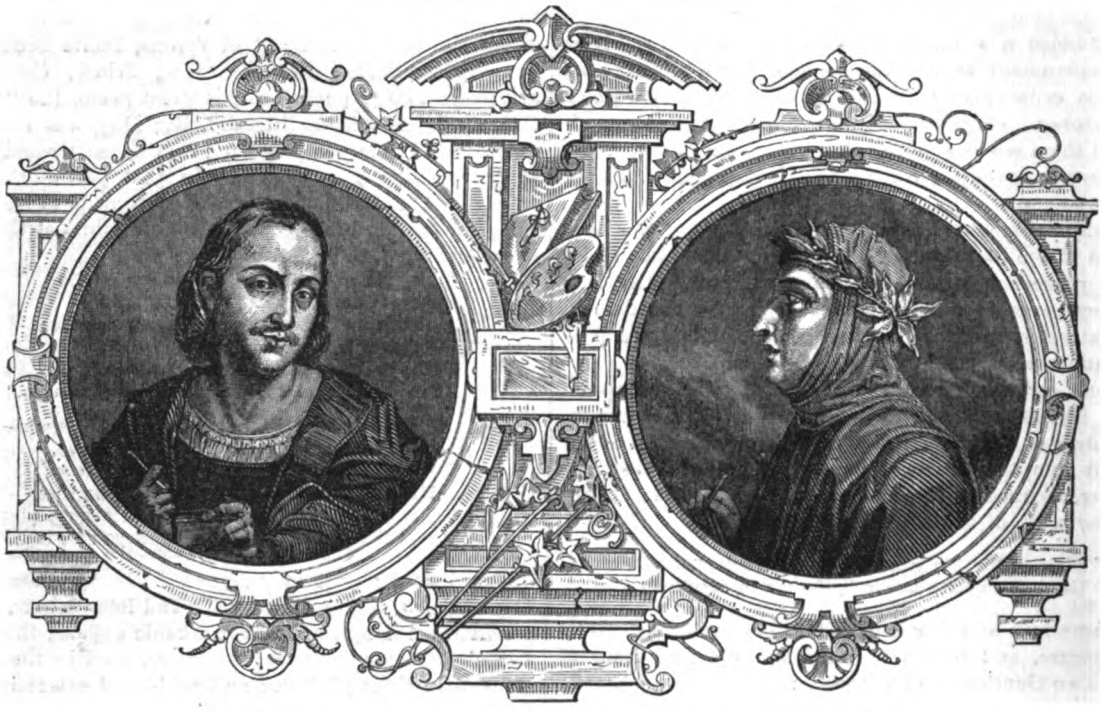
"Lo primo tuo rifugio, e il primo ostello
Sara la cortesia del gran Lombardo
Che in su la Scala porta il santo uccello;
Ch' avra in te si benigno riguardo
Che del fare e del chieder, tra voi due,
Fia primo quel che tra gli altri e piu tardo."

(Thy first retreat—first refuge from despair—
Shall be the mighty Lombard's courtesy,
Whose arms the eagle on a ladder bear.
His looks on thee so kindly shall he cast,
That asking and conceding shall change place,
And that wont first to be, 'twixt you be last)

The distant aspect of "Verona la Degna" (Verona the Dignified), with its serrated walls and lofty towers, is very peculiar. Among its most remarkable objects, the first to attract attention is the amphitheatre, used by the ancient Romans in their gladiator and wild-beast entertainments. It was built between the years 81 and 117 A.D., and is consequently contemporaneous with the Coliseum at Rome. The interior is nearly perfect, owing to the continuous care bestowed on it. Most of the other Roman amphitheatres, as those at Arles, Nismes, and the Coliseum itself, have suffered from having been converted into fortresses or quarries for building materials. It is larger than that at Arles and Nismes, in the South of France. Four arches only are preserved of the outer circuit, which consisted originally of seventy-two, being eight less than in the Coliseum. The internal aspect of the arena is complete; and though a great number of the seats have been "restored," these gradual restorations are not apparent. The greater diameter of the amphitheatre is 511 feet; of the arena, 262½ feet; the lesser diameter of the amphitheatre is 404½ feet, and of the arena 146 feet. The circumference is 1,429½ feet, and the height of what remains is, from the original pavement, 100 feet. It is built of Veronese marble, the substructions and vaultings beneath the seats being of good Roman brickwork (long, thin bricks were used by the Romans). The seats continue nearly in one slope from top to bottom. So much remains perfect of the corridors and entrances that a very clear idea of the arrangements of an ancient amphitheatre may be obtained. Many of the arcades are now occupied by smiths, farriers and small tradesmen. The interior is frequently used for exhibitions of horsemanship, dancing on the tightrope, fireworks, public meetings and political celebrations, etc. The arches to Gavi and Gallienus, athwart the street, are insignificant enough; they have nothing but their names to recommend them. But the tombs of the Scala princes (the old ruling family) are models of the most elegant Gothic, open as filigree, light, spiry, full of statues rising in rows and caged in their fretted niches; yet, slender as they seem, these tombs have stood entire for five hundred years in a public street, the frequent scene of sedition,

"Which made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans in hands as old."

Some of the dingy palaces, built by Sanmicheli, have an unrivaled air of beauty in their simple severity. Sanmicheli was the elegant architect as well as the fortifier of

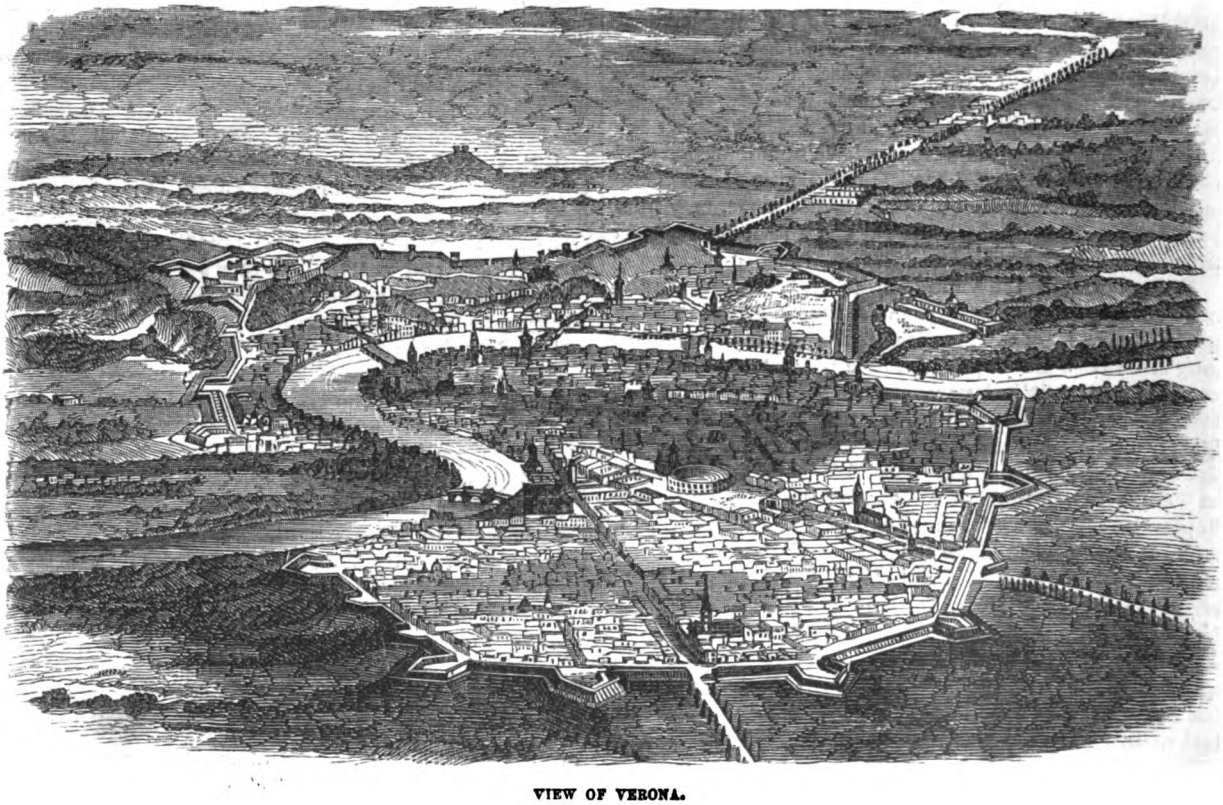


BOCCACCIO PETRARCA.

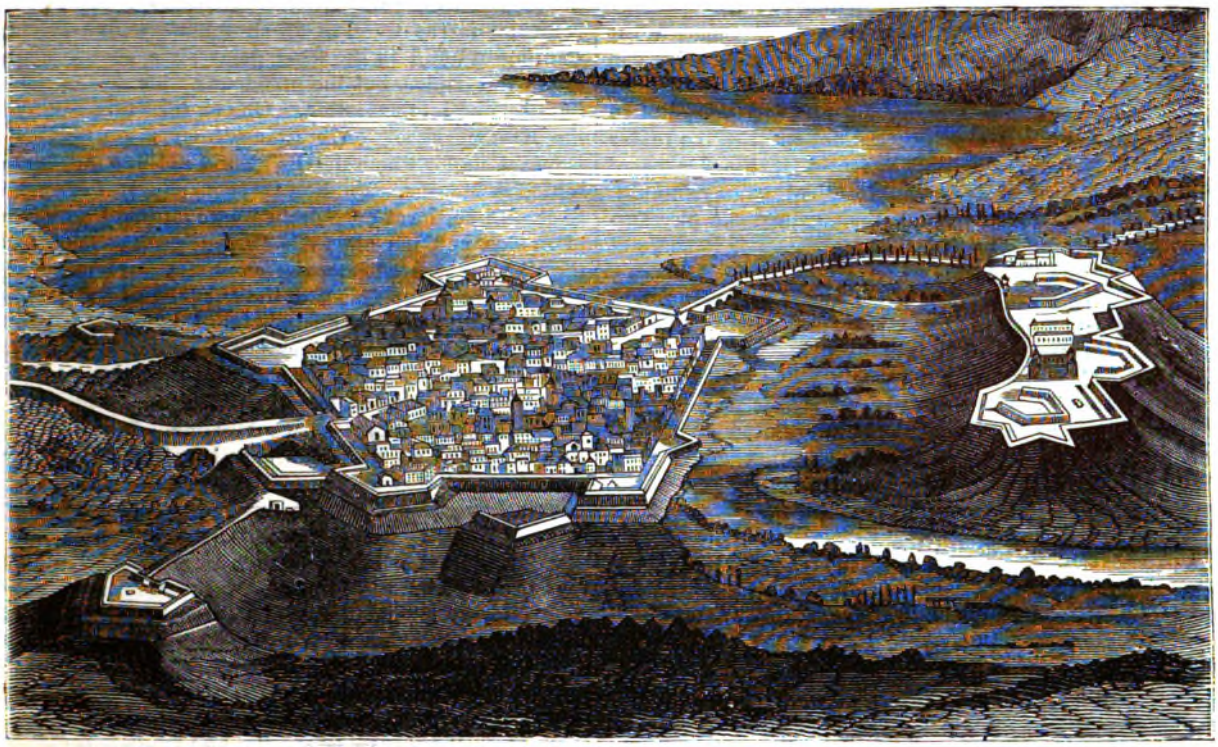
his native city; indeed, he was the founder of modern military fortifications, as he first laid down the rules for the succeeding Vaubans.

The churches of Verona are numerous, and well filled with paintings, statues, and other ornaments; many of them present the best Gothic style of architecture to be found in Italy. The church of San Zenone is the most notable, and the most interesting to Americans. Its bell-tower is one of the finest objects in the very varied landscape about the city. In this church there is a strange painted statue of St. Zeno, the patron of the city, sitting in a chair. He was an African by birth, and the statue represents him as brown as a mulatto, though not with a negro physiognomy.

Of Paul Veronese, the chief painter of the Lombard school, and whose real family name was Cagliari (changed to that of "Veronese" from his having so honored his birthplace), his native city now possesses little more



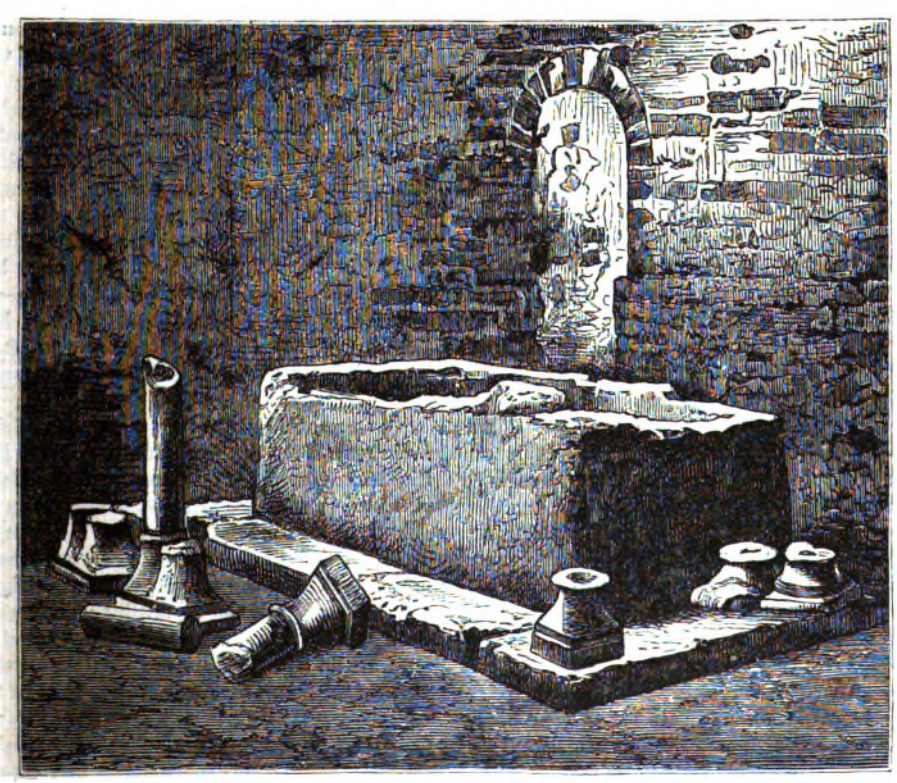
VIEW OF VERONA.



VIEW OF PESCHIERA AND LAKE GARDA.

than the name. All of his best pictures, much sought after, have been taken to Venice and other foreign marts, like the best of almost everything else, that rarely remains in its first home. The best peaches are always sent to the highest bidder in the most appreciative market; the prettiest flowers are sure to be first plucked.

The picturesque costumes once cherished and worn by the Veronese people have long since become obsolete, and the present generation of males and females are arrayed in precisely the same patterns of clothes that obtain in the most utilitarian lands. In this item of costumes the same remark applies to the citizens of Genoa, Venice, Florence, Rome and Naples; yes, for evermore, the sombre modern toggery has replaced the bright colors and the graceful draperies which were so well designed to satisfy the fancy of both foreign and domestic artists. The faded palaces of the Scaligeri (the old rulers) are occupied by either the municipal or military authorities. Surmounted with statues of the local celebrities, decked out, as on festive occasions, in flags, with patriotic crowds huzzahing themselves hoarse over some notable personage "returned from patriot battle-fields," or "independence" anniversary, these quaint old structures present a very picturesque appearance; together with other relics, ruined monuments and bits of bygone eras, that help to keep up Verona's reputation of first-class antiquity.



JULIET'S TOMB AT VERONA.

Mantua was considered by Napoleon I. the bulwark of Austria in Italy, and hence, while he was on the throne of France, he always held it. For centuries previous it had been renowned as a stronghold, often besieged, and as the

seat of one of the richest and gayest ducal courts of Italy—and heaven knows there were enough of them in the Middle Ages. Indeed, so many there were, that we can scarcely remember them, yet their heads were all most potent and illustrious seigniors, and all have their allotted places in history. Hence it should not surprise the reader to hear the well-authenticated fact that the Dukes of Mantua were men of considerable talent, energy, munificence; and that the city under them gained the pleasant-sounding sobriquet of "the Glorious." Didn't Genoa, not far off, call itself "the Superb"?

As the birthplace of Virgil, Mantua is as justly proud as Stratford-upon-Avon is of Shakespeare, or Florence of Dante. We should certainly feel leniently disposed toward the Mantuans, who never weary of repeating from Dante's "Hell" the lines in which Virgil is made by the poet to give some little account of himself:

"E li parenti miei furon Lombardi,
E Mantovani per patria amendui.
Nacqui *sub Julio*, ancorche fosse tardi,
E vissi a Roma sotto 'l buon Augusto
Al tempo degli Dei falsi e bugiardi.
Poeta fui, e cantai di quel giusto
Figliuol d' Anchise, che venne da Troia
Poiche 'l superbo Ilion fu combusto."

(And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both
By country, when the power of Julius yet
Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was passed
Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time
Of fabled deities and false. A bard
Was I, and made Anchises' upright son
The subject of my song, who came from Troy,
When the flames prey'd on Ilium's haughty towers.)

A column and a square are dedicated to the memory of Virgil. The house in which he was born is not pointed out—it was so long ago. But he has a tomb at Naples: born in Mantua, lived at Rome, buried at Naples. Virgil! how many schoolboys in their day have wished he had never been born! To them he has ever been, and still is, a bore. Naturally so, when his poetry is crammed down their throats instead of being left for their riper years, when they would be able to appreciate its beauties. The tomb at Naples is on the ground of a charming villa at Posilippo, a height overlooking the blue waters of the Bay of Naples. It is, of course, a curiosity for all sight-seers, and is in an underground vault, the entrance to which is surrounded by wild shrubbery and flowers. The stone itself is ordinary, but it has a gorgeous inscription in dog-Latin, which is quite remarkable when one considers what kind of a Latin scholar it aims to commemorate. While on the spot one inwardly reflects what a pity it is that the polished poet didn't think to write his own epitaph in some of that choice Latin of his, which keeps on making the tour of the schoolroom to the greater torment of a legion of innocent urchins.

Mantua stands on the "smooth-gliding Mincio," the stream so familiarized by the Latin classics. It is surrounded by marshes and three lakes, partly formed by dams and embankments, and partly by the river; they are crossed by six bridges. The lakes and marshes are very insalubrious in Summer, breeding a plentiful crop of fevers. Formerly the marshes were considered to add great strength against an attacking army, though nowadays of course they could be no impediment to long-range guns and our other facilities in waging war. The city proper is situated on two lands, between which the Mincio flows; and from its situation amid the flat and sedgy banks, the climate proves so exceedingly unhealthy. Its population is declining, and is only about 30,000 at the present day. A general stillness, sallow faces and grass-grown streets give it a sad and wretched aspect. The cathedral is the finest of its churches. Giulio Romano, aspiring to build in the same great style as he painted, raised this edifice, but the grandeur of his design was not fully carried into execution. One of the great painters of the Roman school, on escaping from the discipline of Raphael, under whom he had done nothing original, he settled in Mantua. Finding there no superior excellences to check him, he at once dashed into all the irregularities of genius, and ran after the Tuscan graces—the mighty, the singular, the austere, the emphatic. He left on the architecture of the palace of the "T" a congenial stamp. The reigning duke had commissioned him to put up this palace as a plain country-house, but Giulio Romano converted the order into one for a splendid palace, in building which his powers as architect, painter and sculptor might be applied in harmonious combination. It was built in five years, and all its rooms bear beautiful frescoes from the hands of this master and his pupils. Its "Hall of Giants," so called from the frescoes representing Jupiter warring on the Titans, is still the admiration of foreign visitors and art connoisseurs. The name of the palace was derived from the form of the roads and avenues by which it was approached, and so arranged as to produce the capital letter T.

The slaughter-house and fish-market of the city are immediately on the Mincio's banks, so that they are always kept clean. These, too, were built by Giulio Romano, and, while their plan is simple, he has given them great architectural beauty. With all our modern stock of capital, where is the city that could now have its market-places put up by a Giulio Romano?

Of course, having done so much for his adopted city, it is only fair that the "House of Giulio Romano" should be pointed out to the stranger, as is the case. Its front is of an elegant and chaste design; over the door is a statue of Mercury, and the attributes of that heathen god are pictorially introduced in various parts of the building. Another noticeable structure is the "Devil's Palace," which is passably well named on account of its dreary, deserted and haunted look. It is said to have been built by the fiend in one night, he having been constrained thereto by the divining-rod of hazel, which in Germany used to be employed for the discovery of treasures.

Legnago, situated upon the River Adige, is a village of six thousand inhabitants, and only remarkable for its fortifications, which were partly planned and executed by Sanmicheli, Verona's architectural engineer. One of the gates designed by him, and of great beauty, has been pulled down and rebuilt in another situation. As a member of the Quadrilateral, Legnago helps to command the line of the Adige, which river in the past caused so much bother and trouble to both French and Austrian generals.

The remaining member of the Quadrilateral family of fortresses, Peschiera, is situated on an island formed by the Mincio where it issues from the Lake of Garda. It was besieged in 1848 during seven weeks by King Charles Albert; and in 1859 Napoleon III. was on the point of besieging it with his army, when political reasons caused him to put an abrupt end to his campaign in Italy. It is now known only as a military stronghold, the village itself being a miserable place, never entered by any foreigner who can possibly keep on its outside. It is in full view of the Lake of Garda, the largest of the Italian lakes, and very beautiful, if not equaling the more frequented Lakes of Como and Maggiore. The Lake of Garda, the "Benacus" of classical writers, is formed chiefly by the River Mincio descending from the Tyrol. Its upper por-

tion is surrounded by the lofty range of Alps, and its sides are bold and precipitous, though the shores of the lower portion are less elevated, being cultivated in lemon-tree plantations, and covered with picturesque villages. The waters are deep, of a marine blue, and dotted with sail and row-boats, which make them always a charming picture for the eye. The lake abounds in fish—trout, pike, tench, eel, carp, herring, etc., but no perch. Its only outlet is the Mincio, at Peschiera. The lofty Alpine background visible from Peschiera, as indeed from any point on the great plain of Lombardy, is a never-ending feature of sublimity in the landscape.

In close proximity to Peschiera lies Brescia, a prosperous town of 40,000 inhabitants, famous in military annals. It was anciently celebrated equally for its fortifications, the valor of its citizens, and the excellence of its manufactured arms and weapons. Its sieges in the past were many, and the memory of Arnaldo, its heroic defender, is still preserved green. Gaston de Foix, at the head of a French army, captured it. Amongst the French chivalry that attacked the city was the celebrated Bayard, "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche," who received a wound at first thought fatal. From this "knight without fear and without reproach," our Bayard family of Delaware traces its descent. On receiving his wound, according to the chroniclers of his courtly deeds, he was placed by two archers upon a door torn from its hinges, and carried to the best-looking house at hand. Its owner was a rich gentleman, who had fled to a monastery; but his wife and two fair daughters had remained at home, and were hid in a hay-loft under the hay. The mother, when she heard the knocking at the wicket, opened it in fear and trembling; and Bayard, notwithstanding his own great pain, observing her piteous agony, placed sentinels at the gate, and ordered them to prohibit all entrance, well knowing that his name was a defense. He then assured the noble lady of protection against the prey-seeking soldiery, inquired into her condition, and dispatching some archers to her husband's relief, received him courteously and entreated him to believe that he lodged none other than a friend. His wound confined him for five weeks, nor was it closed when he remounted his horse and joined the army.

Before his departure the lady of the house, still considering herself and her family as prisoners, and her mansion and whole property as the lawful prize of her guest (in strict accordance with the barbarous war customs then prevailing), yet perceiving his gentleness of demeanor, thought to prevail upon him to compound for a moderate ransom, and having placed 2,500 ducats in a casket, she besought his acceptance of it on her knees. Bayard raised her at the moment, seated her beside himself, and inquired the sum. He then assured her that had it been 100,000, it would not have gratified him so much as the good cheer which he had tasted under her roof. At first he refused to take them, but upon her earnestly and heartily pressing him, he requested permission to bid adieu to her daughters. The damsels had tenderly nursed him, and when they entered the room they thanked him with deep gratitude as the guardian of their honor. Touched by their gentleness and humility, Bayard answered: "Fair maidens, you are doing that which it is rather my part to do—to thank you for the good company you have afforded me. You know that we knight adventurers are ill-provided with goodly toys for ladies' eyes; but your lady mother here has given me 2,500 ducats, which lie on that table, and I present each of you with 1,000 in aid of your marriage portions. For my recompense I ask no more than that you will be pleased to pray God for my welfare." He then put the ducats in their aprons, and turning to the lady of the house, said: "The remaining 500 ducats I take, madam, to my own use; and I request you to distribute them among the poor nuns who have been pillaged—and herewith I take my leave."

After having dined, as he was leaving the house to mount his horse the two fair maidens met him, each bearing a little offering which she had worked during his illness; one consisted of two rich bracelets, woven with marvelous delicacy from her own beautiful hair and fine gold and silver threads; the other was a crimson satin purse, embroidered with much skill. The brave knight thanked them for this last courtesy, saying that such presents from hands so lovely were worth ten thousand dollars; then, gallantly fastening the bracelets on his arms and the purse on his sleeve, he vowed to wear them both, for the honor of their fair donors, while his life endured, mounted and rode away.

The Brescian renown for military spirit and bravery was invariably manifested during the recent wars for Italian independence; at the first opportunity the Brescians always rose up against the Austrian troops garrisoned in their city. On all sides are seen traces of the havoc committed by cannon on its public edifices and palaces. The city has a few relics and monuments of the Roman era, and its churches, palaces and galleries of paintings are worthy of inspection.

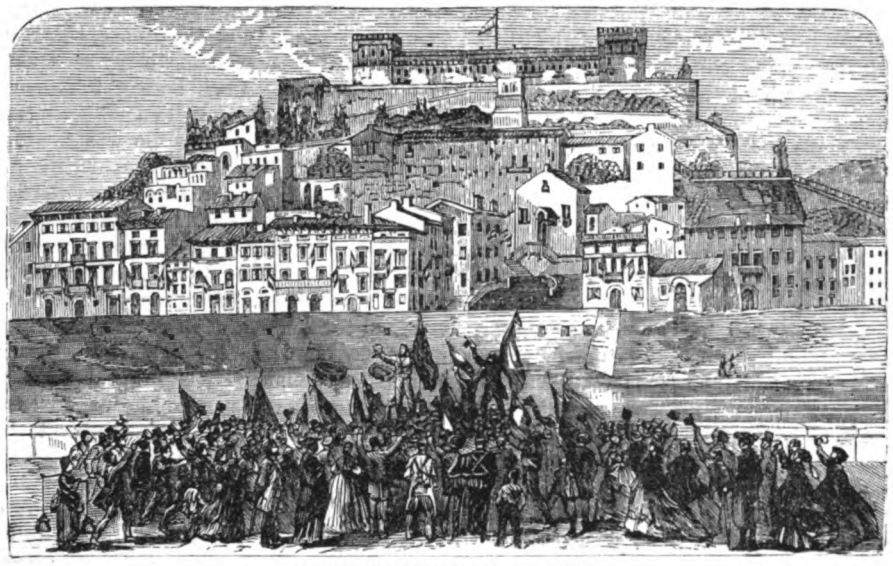
Midway between Brescia and Milan, but a little to the north, stands Bergamo, once a fortress, but now purely a commercial town of 30,000 inhabitants. Harlequin, according to the traditional cast of the ancient Italian drama, was a Bergamese, and the personification of the manners, accent and dialect of the people of his native town. Harlequin has made the tour of the world, and there are very few children even of this age and country who are not personally acquainted with him. Let them be thankful for this to Bergamo. Donizetti, the operatic composer, was born in it, and now enjoys the honor of a fine monument in the most prominent part of the corporate limits.

The most populous, enterprising and wealthy of the Lombard cities is Milan. Its cathedral is famous the world over, equally with St. Mark's Church at Venice. Truly it is a superb structure, of the Gothic order; its fretted steeples can be seen for many miles in the plain around. It seems to have been wonderfully contrived to bury millions of money in ornaments which can never be seen. Whole quarries of marble have been manufactured here into statues, relievos, niches and notches, and high sculpture has been squandered on objects which vanish individually in the mass. The design is extravagant, but it is irresistibly extravagant—a Gothic church fronted with quadrangular doors and windows! In this splendid, literally shining cathedral, there is yet a solemnity which would certainly seem to be favorable for meditation and devotion. It holds the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, the patron saint of Milan.

In the medieval museum at Monza, a village near Milan, is still preserved the "Iron Crown" with which formerly the old German emperors were crowned; it has been since used at the coronation of the two last Emperors of Austria, and is now part of the royal insignia of King Humbert, though he was not crowned with it when he ascended the throne on January 9th, 1878. The thin plate or fillet of iron which lines the diadem, and whence the crown derives its name, is supposed to have been hammered from one of the nails employed at the Crucifixion. The workmanship of the outer crown, which is of gold, with enameled flowers, is plain but very peculiar. It is a curiosity that especially draws many American and

English tourists to visit Monza.

About ten miles from Milan is Lodi, a town of twenty thousand population, and of a special Napoleonic fame. It was here that, when first encountering the Austrians, the young General Bonaparte, afterward Napoleon I., on seeing his soldiers hesitate to cross the bridge over the River Ticino under a withering fire of the enemy, seized a French flag, and, rushing to the head of his columns, cheered the men and dashed with them across the bridge—by that act completely routing his adversaries. The French soldiers were so enthused by his timely daring, that, after the fight, they called a meeting and unanimously elected him to hold the honorary and ex-officio grade of "Little Corporal" in their ranks—whence the *sobriquet* stuck to him until his ever-increasing fame rendered such a title too much of a familiarity, when it was merged into "l'Empereur," pure and simple.



VIEW OF VERONA FROM THE RIVER.

Cremona, on the River Po, about half-way between Milan and Mantua, is on a footing of equality with her neighboring sisters in the matter of antiquity. It had in the Middle Ages its own popular and princely rulers, and, as a general thing, was at war with Brescia, Piacenza, and especially Milan. It is now a thriving place of forty thousand inhabitants. It was once celebrated for the manufacture of musical instruments, particularly fiddles. The business was hereditary in families. The remote ancestors of Amati, the most renowned of these modern makers, who flourished a hundred and fifty years ago, had supplied Charles IX. of France with excellent lutes and violins. The instruments of the last Amati are still in great repute, and fetch high prices. He was succeeded in reputation by Stradivarius; and all the world around us, even in this present unmusical period, has heard of a "Stradivarius" fiddle, and of its inestimable value, granting that no one has ever seen such an instrument—that is, to swear to. There are so many that are called the "only genuine" ones handed around in every country! At present, Cremona is noted for its mustard—a special brand—and a truly good article it is.

DANTE.

GIULIO ROMANO.

Although nominally a Venetian town, being only twenty miles from Venice, Padua may be set down as belonging to the rich Lombard plain. If we are to put implicit trust in tradition, it is very antique, for its foundation was attributed to Antenor by the Romans themselves. Padua has several curiosities. Its café Pedrocchi, the best, is celebrated all over Italy. The city claims the honor of having invented striking clocks. But these and other local items have not made its name known to Anglo-Americans so much as Shakespeare's pages, upon which it plays no unimportant *rôle*. Its University was renowned as early as 1221, when Frederick II., of the Holy Roman Empire, commanded the students of Bologna to forsake that city, which had incurred his imperial displeasure, and to resort to the city of Antenor. At first, the Paduan University was pre-eminent in law—afterward both in law and medicine. Baldus and Morgagni are still occasionally referred to by learned doctors and lawyers everywhere. At the top of the staircase in the building is a statue of Miss Helen Lucretia Piscopia, a lady who spoke Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish and French, "with fluency"; was, besides, a poetess, musician, a writer of mathematical and astronomical dissertations, and laureated with a doctor's degree of the University — which she so richly deserved. She died at forty-eight, unmarried, having refused many advantageous offers in order to pursue her studies. She was the first Vassar girl. Padua also boasts of having started the earliest anatomical theatre and botanic garden—so her fame should be dear to the cultivators of science. Galileo was professor of mathematics for upward of ten years in the University.

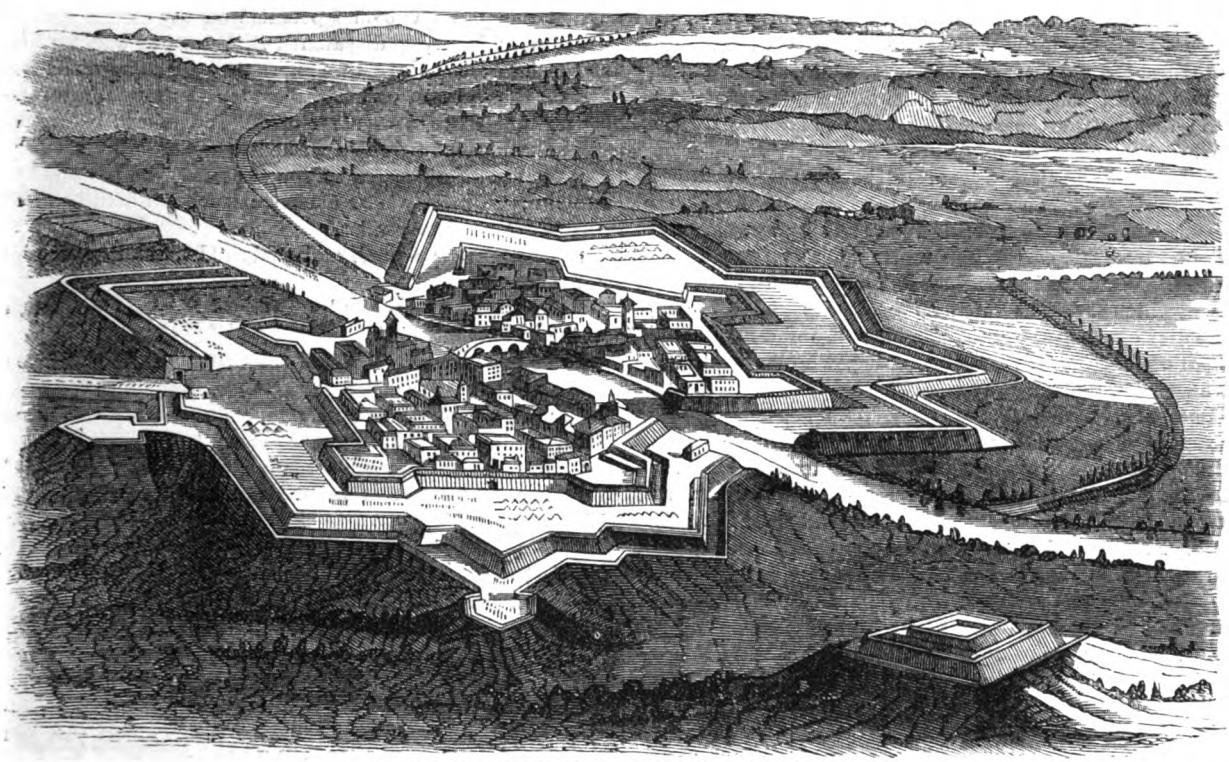
There is no use in any one being irreverent toward a city which is gifted with all these authentic claims to our admiration—the present must be grateful to the past, with which it is one and inseparable, indissolubly linked. The fine old houses, churches and palaces, filled with paintings, quaint arcades, etc., are highly curious.

In the vicinity, at Arqua, Petrarch was born, though early taken to Padua. The most reliable portrait of him now in existence, which was painted upon the walls of the house in which he dwelt, is over the door of one of the rooms in the bishop's palace. Petrarch, the greatest of the Italian lyric poets, was a roamer of his native land. He was reared as a young man at Avignon, in the South of

KING CHARLES ALBERT.

France. It was while there that he is credited with having first met the fair "Laura," in the person of a young lady of the locality, and whom he idealized and immortalized in his melodious verse later on. To judge from his passionate strains, moods and underscored compliments, he must have been very much in love with this young lady at one time of his life; indeed, he kept her photograph stored away in his memory at a time when most people have knocked off love-making—swapped it for the kitchen. He never married, but told his love in this extravagant versification. Some say he made a mistake, and that "Laura" would have made him a first-class wife. Others, and they pass for being the best judges in the case, opine that "Laura" was only his beau ideal of what a woman ought to be. He was the friend of the tribune Rienzi, and was crowned poet laureate in the Capitol at Rome, which was an honor even during the Middle Ages. One of his merits was the influence he exerted over his friend and companion, Boccaccio, the author of the "Decameron," in inducing him to reform his life and style of novel-writing.

Boccaccio was born of Tuscan parents, while they were temporarily sojourning at Paris. In early life he studied for the priesthood, but later abandoned that career, and passed many years in dissipation, until the healthy influence of Petrarch was brought to bear upon him. At last he took the ecclesiastical habit, and retired from all worldly pleasures. He is classed alongside of the Italian classics, ranking with Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto and Tasso.



AMONG LOMBARD CITIES.— BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LEGNAGO.

THE STROLLERS.

"I SUPPOSE you have no theatre in this herring-curing metropolis of yours?" I inquired of my landlady.

"Gude save us," she gasped, surprised into her broadest Scotch accent by the suddenness of such a heathenish question; "is it a playhouse you're speering after? The Lord be thankit, no," and her porcupine piety bristled into arms at once; "tho' I maun say," she continued, "the more shame for our Provost to allow sic an abomination, there's a handful o' ne'er-do-weel mountebanks come to the ither end o' the town."

"A company of strollers, doubtless," I said.

"Strolling traps for heedless souls, as our gude minister, the Rev. Hamish McCant, said fra his ain pulpit o' Sabbath last, when speaking o' the ne'er-do-weel sinners; and he gar us to watch and pray and tak heed o' the new pest o' sin that had broken in amang us, and denounced them and their playhouse tricks as an abomination."

With this piece of second-hand pulpit eloquence she swept the remains of my dinner from the table, and sailed out of the room like a saintly ship ballasted with tons of morality, and fanned with the breeze of religion. So, thought I, at the approach of these poor strollers, this goodly pastor, like a frightened hen with ruffled feathers, gathers his pious brood under his spiritual wing and cackles forth an anathema on the heads of these people, denouncing them as sinful in themselves, sinful in their profession. Consulting my watch, I found it past seven o'clock, so I put on my hat and went in search of this temple of "abomination."

Presently I found myself laboring up a narrow, hilly lane, on the top of which was located the object of my search—the hall where the strollers had taken refuge. As I glanced at it through the fog which enshrouded it, I saw by the aid of two feebly glimmering, ghost-like lamps, a peculiarly constructed building standing by itself, girded round with rusty railings. The diamond-paned windows were set in half-arched frames of curiously sculptured stone, giving the place a sort of religious appearance. I saw, by a limp playbill half hanging from the wall, "Macbeth" was the piece chosen for that night, and furthermore, was set forth in lesser and more blotted type, as if weeping with tears for the conscious deception, "*With a powerful cast.*"

Such an inducement, to say nothing of the Scotch mist, which was rapidly melting into raindrops, was not to be resisted; so I paid my money, and entered the hall. I found the orchestra consisted of a raised piano, at which was seated a lady of what the Scotch would call a "sonsey" build. She was not a bad player, but possessed an evident determination to make the labor worthy of the hire, for she rattled at the instrument in such a racehorse style, and kept it in such a constant state of palpitation, that if the poor thing had been troubled with heart disease it must have dropped down dead before she had got through half a set of quadrilles. The place was nicely fitted up with a raised stage, a good clean frontage, gas-footlights, and all the requirements of a model miniature theatre. The first scene was an infant-looking landscape, answering the double purpose of curtain and act-drop. There was a patchy blue sky, with here and there a tendency to be feverish. In one place it became so flushed that it seemed to have broken out in a kind of sunset rash. The foliage was well painted, and hung like a reproachful touch of nature over a distracted river, which, foaming and splashing very wide in the foreground, then suddenly collapsing in the midst of its whitewashed fury, melted into a thin streak, that, winding, lost itself amidst a crowd of hills shaped like dumpy pyramids.

A bell rang, and the "curtain" rose, discovering the "Weird Sisters" on the borders of the blasted heath, impervious of course to rain, unscathed by lightning, undaunted by peals of thunder roaring loudly from a sheet of iron. We passed from darkness and storm to light and calm, which brought forth *King Duncan* and his court, the latter consisting of *Malcolm*, his son, and a confidential friend of the *King's*, with a swing leg, who knew his business thoroughly, and proved a splendid listener to the garrulous old monarch.

The loyal salutation of "God save the King" brought *Macduff* before the audience. The moment he appeared, *Malcolm* evinced the greatest interest in his dress, and seemed to fidget nervously with the folds of his seedy plaid. The faithful listener actually forsook his allegiance, and turned his back on his loquacious old patron. *Duncan* impulsively met the thane with outstretched hands, and muttered, in the only natural tone he had used during the scene: "Cheer up, old fellow;" then, suddenly remembering himself, looked confused, thoughtlessly rubbed his head with his finger, pulled his wig one way, toppled his crown the other, struck a regal attitude, and looked as if his Majesty had partaken of more wine than was good for his ancient constitution. *Macduff*, heedless of the interest his appearance caused among his brothers of the sock and buskin, spoke his speeches in a rambling and abstracted manner, so much so that the renegade listener withdrew himself from his fixed perusal of vacancy, and cast a pitying look on the thane in question, so far forgetting himself that at the end of the scene he absolutely jostled the *King* out of his way, and marched off before him.

In the next scene a trumpet call, given with peculiar effect on the piano, again brought *Macduff* before us, speaking more abstractedly than ever, but with this difference—he appeared in such a hurry to get over what he had to say that he galloped forth the lines as if he had gripped his author between his teeth, and fairly bolted with him. At last the scene is arrived where the news is brought to *Macduff* that his wife and children are slain. This scene, I need scarcely say, is one of the gems of the play, and with the prospect of such a *Macduff* before me, I felt inclined to go out till it was over. But whilst I was hesitating the scene had begun, and to my surprise the gentleman in question had recovered his self-possession, speaking in such a firm and steady manner that I looked instinctively to see if it was the same man. All doubt being settled on that point, I gave my whole attention to the play.

In due time *Rosse* brought the mournful tidings, which were received by *Macduff*, not in the usual way, with a stamp of the foot, a gasp, a gurgle, a windmill motion of the hands, a crash on the actor's self-devoted head, as though the sails of the windmill had found the wind too rough, and collapsed accordingly—no, he seemed stunned, rooted to the spot, as if life were slowly leaving him. When the messenger had delivered the dread news there came a pause, in which the poor thane seemed fully to realize the foul massacre; and then, with the terrible intensity of a strong man's grief, he buried his face in the folds of his plaid, his whole frame quivering with inward emotion, and his deep sobs wrestling with an iron will. So natural was the man, so free from stagey boisterous grief, that I was astounded to find him in such a place. When the play was over I penciled on my card a wish to see him, and having dispatched it, I went to wait for him at the address given. In a short time I was inquired for, and on the inquirer entering the room, I thought my messenger must have made some mistake; the man before me was so unlike the person I wished to see.

"I am not the gentleman you expected," he hastened to explain; "I merely bear his excuses for not being able to accept your invitation."

I bade him be seated, and said: "I thought you were not the gentleman."

"Oh, no, sir," he replied, "I played *Banquo*; not much acting in *Banquo*, sir."

I differed in my own mind, for I thought he had given us a little too much acting in *Banquo*. But I politely deferred to his opinion, and said, "I was sorry the other gentleman had not been able to come."

"Ah, Mr. Gay's a good actor, sir, but, poor fellow——"

"Rather peculiar and uncertain in his part, is he not?" I interrupted.

"No wonder he was peculiar, sir, playing a part like *Macduff*, and his *only child lying dead at home.*"

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "is it possible?"

"Fact, sir—couldn't be helped—opening night—short company—must do it or close, and that would have ruined us."

Here, then, was the key to all the poor fellow's abstractedness at the beginning of the play. He had just left the bedside where his darling child had breathed its last, and, with the gloom of the grave around him, had dressed for a mimic scene of woe, to weep false tears for another's slaughtered children, and his own darling pet lying dead at home. God help him!

That night, in the dimly lighted room where death had entered, two forms by sorrow twined in one knelt by the breathless image of themselves. Into the long, long night they wept and prayed. Pray on, poor stricken ones. Peep through the curtain, pious bigotry, and blush for the ostentatious lie against these people.

THE UMBRELLA ANT OF BRAZIL.

THE umbrella ant of Brazil thatches its house with circular bits of leaf cut with accurate precision from coffee and orange trees, which they oftentimes defoliate to carry out their bold architectural designs, their mansions being sometimes forty or fifty yards in circumference, though only two feet in height. This enterprising tribe of the little people are wont to carry each other a piece of leaf in

an upright position, apparently utilizing their burden as an umbrella or parasol to shield themselves from the burning heat of the tropical sun. When numbers of these wondrous ants walk in procession with their little umbrellas, a very grotesque effect is produced.

I have conversed with a gentleman who graphically described these ants at work upon their umbrellas. In their preparation they observe a division of labor. While some of the little workers are in the trees cutting the little circles from the leaves, their companions are below waiting for the tiny umbrellas to fall, that they may pick them up and carry them to their homes. These little people are civil engineers as well as architects, excavating as they do a tunnel under wide and rapid rivers as broad as the Thames at London Bridge, their triumphs of engineering skill having been executed long before such subfluvial thoroughfares were even heard of by the human family.

JAPANESE CHILDREN.

THE Japanese children have to endure hardships from heir birtth. In their tiny houses are no bright, cheerful fires, no easychairs, no well-spread tables, around which the family gather and hold sweet converse. You must stoop to enter the ordinary houses, and their rooms are not much larger than closets. A part of the floor is covered with mats, on which they sit and sleep. A block of wood four inches high, hollowed a little at the top, answers as a pillow. Sometimes it has stuffing on top an inch thick, over which a clean piece of paper is spread each time it is used, to save any needful washing. The head, poised on this pillow, prevents the disarrangement of the hair, so that it need not be combed more than once or twice in a week. But the poor babies' and little children's heads are shaved entirely, or have from one to five tufts of hair left on the top over each ear, and on the back. I have seen little babies with heads entirely shaven and uncovered on the coldest day, while the mother or person on whose back it was carried had the face and head covered, only the eyes and nose visible. Dr. Hepburn says, "Only very strong babies survive their infancy."

Japanese houses have only paper windows; they have no stoves or grates, but a little box from one to two feet square, with some coals in the centre, is all they have for warmth or cooking. Two or three cups, as many plates, a teapot, a kettle and some boxes to hold their clothing, complete their furniture. All the houses I have seen are very clean, which is their only appearance of comfort.

Little children are often made to take care of the baby. A very common sight is a little boy or girl, from five to twelve years old, playing with a kite, with a baby strapped on their backs, fast asleep, but sometimes crying. In the latter case they only say, "Be quiet," and go on with their play. But Japanese children seldom cry or quarrel, and are very obedient to parents and teachers.

THE ALARM-BELL OF ATRI.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown—
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may"—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How happily the days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unraveled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts—
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall;
And, day by day, sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadowless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the Summer-time,
With bolted doors, and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his sweet repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and, with reluctant pace,
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade,
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form, of woman born.
But a poor steed, dejected and forlorn,
Who, with uplifted head and eager eye,
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight.
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!

He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together, like a Summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;

Of flowers of chivalry, and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees, that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

THE ALARM-BELL OF ATRI.

Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the perfume of heroic deeds,

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door,
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

A LATE REMORSE.—"MRS. ALDERLY DREW AN ENVELOPE FROM HER POCKET, AND TOOK OUT THREE BANK-NOTES. MADGE PERCEIVED THAT EACH WAS FOR A HUNDRED DOLLARS. SHE SNATCHED HER HAND AWAY AS MRS. ALDERLY TRIED TO PUT THE PACKAGE IN IT. 'I WON'T TOUCH THEM!' SHE CRIED. 'DO YOU THINK I'M TO BE BOUGHT?'"

A LATE REMORSE.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Part I.—Chapter XIV.

Kenneth Alderly spent a portion of his sleepless night in writing a long letter to Elinor Stuart. He gave the imperative reasons which occasioned his departure. He begged her to forgive him if he had seemed harsh or unjust; he told her how great his trust and confidence were; reiterated in passionate language the story of his love, and dwelt with satisfaction on the assurance that his mother would be with her before the day ended—his mother, who was prepared to offer her the affection due a daughter.

It was almost daylight when he went to bed. He slept for a few hours, then rose and began to dress. He had meant implicitly to obey his mother—to go without trying to see Elinor—but he could not; he must at least endeavor to get a glimpse of her. Even the sight of the little cottage where she dwelt would be a comfort in the hurry of

vague apprehension which beset him, now that the moment for starting on his journey was so near.

But he found that he must deny himself even this consolation. Before he had completed his toilet, one of the servants knocked at his door, with the information that Mr. Gresham had just learned there had been a change in the time of the morning express—it would reach the station a full hour earlier than hitherto—Mr. Alderly had no time to lose.

Kenneth went down-stairs, and found his host and hostess awaiting him. Florence Denham was there also, and she told him that his mother wanted him to come to her room as soon as he had breakfasted—she had risen too late to be able to dress and share that meal with the others.

"You must not be long, Kenneth," observed Mr. Gresham, as the young man left the table, after making a vain attempt to eat. "The carriage will be at the door in a moment. Florence, won't you drive with us? Though I am afraid I shall have to leave you to drive back alone, unless Anne accompanies us. I must go to my office from the station."

But Miss Gresham objected to her brother's proposal for herself, on the ground that it would not seem courteous to leave Miss Alderly to breakfast in solitude.

"I'll come, if you will take me to the mills afterward," Florence said. "I remember going once, and the noise and machinery frightened me half to death."

"Well, that's an odd reason for wanting to visit them again," said Miss Gresham, and her brother laughed.

"But you see, I like to be frightened," returned Florence, laughing, too. "Will you take me?" she added to her step-father.

"Oh, yes! Get on your hat, and bring a big bottle of smelling-salts, in case you feel inclined to faint," he replied, teasingly.

In the meantime, Kenneth had gone up-stairs. He had left his letter to Elinor lying on his table; he went first to get that, and then hastened on to his mother's room. Mrs. Alderly had risen and put on a dressing-gown to receive him.

"It seems I must be off at once," he said, as he embraced her.

"You will telegraph me as soon as you arrive?" she said—with her usual quick perception noticing the letter he held in his hand. "Have you written to her?" she inquired.

"Yes. I could not go without doing that."

"Of course not. Leave the letter with me; I will send it down, with a line from myself to ask when she will be at leisure to receive me."

"You darling mother!" he exclaimed. "And, oh, mother, mother! you will do everything in your power for me—you——"

"My son knows that his honor and his happiness are safe in my hands," she interrupted, tenderly embracing him.

Their adieux were hastily uttered, and Kenneth hurried away, finding Florence and Mr. Gresham already seated in the carriage. His cousin's presence was a disappointment to Kenneth. He had meant during the drive to tell his friend his secret; he hesitated to do so before Florence, preferring that his mother should give her the news. He had only time to draw Mr. Gresham aside to say something which had just occurred to his mind.

"I shall be back before that rascal gets his face cured," he said; "so nobody can suppose I ran off to escape any possible consequences."

"Of course not! But you won't hear anything more from the fellow; he could gain nothing by a law-suit, because he assaulted you. By-the-way, you didn't tell me what caused the trouble—your mother's coming put it out of my head."

The whistle sounded, and the train appeared in sight, so Kenneth was spared the necessity of answering. It seemed to Mr. Gresham that he observed the same slight constraint in the manner of the two cousins as they said good-by, which he had noticed the night before.

The train made only a brief halt, then whirled on, carrying Kenneth with it, so much encouraged and strengthened by his mother's parting words that he could begin to think how brief his absence would be, and to dream of the future with the eager enthusiasm which belonged to his age.

Mr. Gresham and Florence drove away to the mills; he was glad of this opportunity to have her to himself, and once in his office, they sat talking so pleasantly and so long that he somewhat neglected his correspondence, and the inspection of the establishment had to be deferred until another occasion.

Mrs. Alderly appeared below-stairs, and rendered herself so charming that she put the shy spinster at her ease, though conscious of a certain repulsion toward the elegant lady, which made her feel rather guilty. Mr. Gresham was not a man to complain of his wrongs; his sister had never lived with him until after his wife's death, and knew very little concerning the part which Mrs. Alderly had played in his troubles.

That astute personage wanted to hear what the spinster had to say of Elinor Stuart—to find out Mr. Gresham's opinion in regard to the girl—but it did not suit her purpose to admit that she had even heard Miss Stuart's name, since, of course, that must have happened through Kenneth. She began inquiring about the work-people; what opportunities their children had for education; and, of course, that brought Miss Gresham at once to a mention of Miss Stuart. Then, in the midst of her eulogiums, up came the remembrance of the story which had pained the good soul so sorely, and in her trouble it was not difficult for Mrs. Alderly to draw it from her, Kenneth's part included.

Mrs. Alderly was kind and sympathetic, but she managed to impress the spinster with a fear that the girl had done wrong; not intentionally, but she ought to have remembered in her unprotected position how necessary it was for her to exercise great caution. Any association with a person like the man Hudson was very inexcusable; to receive visits from one in Kenneth Alderly's rank was certain to lay her open to gossip.

Mrs. Alderly recommended Miss Anne to say nothing whatever to her brother; very likely he would learn nothing about the matter, and that would be best. Then beginning to find the spinster's society somewhat insipid, she pleaded important letters to write, and went into the library for that purpose. But before Florence and Mr. Gresham returned, poor Miss Anne had heard of the encounter between Kenneth and Will Hudson, and grew more troubled than ever. To indulge in a little weeping fit was unavoidable, and while on the way to her room she met Mrs. Alderly, who was at no loss to divine the cause of her distress, alleging that her maid had just informed her of the circumstance.

"And now, you see, my brother must hear," the spinster said, disconsolately.

"I mean to tell him, myself," Mrs. Alderly replied.

"He is so strict—so severe about certain things," sighed Miss Anne. "Oh, I hope he will not blame that poor girl. I must go and see her; I am so sorry."

"My dear Miss Anne," said her guest, in her most persuasive tones, "I want you to be guided by me in this matter; I have a plan in my mind which I think will settle it all. Will you wait? take no step whatever, until I have tried?"

The spinster, always glad to avoid responsibility, readily consented, trusting to Mrs. Alderly's assurance that Miss Stuart should be made to understand that her apparent momentary neglect did not arise from any harsh judgment in regard to her conduct.

Florence came back delighted with her morning, and in such high spirits that Mrs. Alderly chafed to perceive that Kenneth's departure had caused her such slight disappointment; but she showed nothing of this in her manner, and seemed as much diverted as Mr. Gresham by the girl's merry chatter.

At luncheon he chanced to remark that he did not know how Florence was to amuse herself; their quiet circle of acquaintance included so few young people; and in this connection he mentioned Miss Stuart, appealing to his sister in testimony of the young lady's talents and charming manners, to the spinster's utter dismay. But Mrs. Alderly's glance of caution kept her from betraying her confusion as she would otherwise have done, and that lady herself listened to Mr. Gresham's praises of the schoolmistress with an appearance of polite interest.

Mr. Gresham was obliged to go that afternoon to visit a farm he owned some miles distant, and he proposed that the ladies should drive with him; but Mrs. Alderly feared that she could not endure the fatigue so soon after her journey.

"Then you and I might go on horseback, Florence?" Mr. Gresham suggested. "I know you like that, and I have a pretty little mare, whose paces will suit you."

"That will do, nicely," Mrs. Alderly said, after Florence had given a delighted assent; "and Miss Anne and I can take a sober airing in the neighborhood, if we feel inclined."

Not long after the pair had started, Mrs. Alderly begged her hostess to order the carriage, but explained with elaborate courtesy that she wished to drive alone.

"I will come back for you later," she said. "I am going to the village to see the cousin of that man Hudson, as you say she is at his house."

"Oh, she is such a violent creature! I really should advise you not to do it," the spinster cried, in alarm. "She is capable of being very rude and impertinent."

Mrs. Alderly smiled a scornful disbelief of the possibility of the girl's venturing to be rude to her, and reiterated her determination.

Miss Anne saw her depart with a wonder at her courage, and a sense of relief in the idea that the resolute lady meant in some fashion to set matters right for poor Elinor Stuart.

Will Hudson's aunt happened to be standing on the porch of her little cottage when the carriage drove up. She recognized it and knew who the lady seated therein must be, for of course the whole village was already aware of the arrival of Mr. Alderly's mother.

Mrs. Blackmore, in a fright, retreated as rapidly as the mass of flesh which weighed her down would permit, to tell Madge. She felt quite unequal to the emergency; but Madge would know what to do—Madge was never at a loss. She went up-stairs, and softly entered the darkened room where Will Hudson lay in bed, his wounded face covered with bandages. Madge was seated by his side, gazing fixedly at him, her fierce black eyes misty with pain. Mrs. Blackmore called her name in a wheezy whisper. Madge turned round with a warning gesture, but the fat woman made such appealing signs that she rose and went out into the hall.

"What do you want? He's asleep," she said, crossly, after she had noiselessly closed the door. "Why, you look as if lightning had struck you!"

"Wal, I feel so," returned Mrs. Blackmore. "I thought I'd ha' tumbled flat on the floor! Didn't you hear the kerridge? It's his mother, as sure as you're alive!"

"Whose mother?" demanded Madge, impatiently.

"Alderly's. And ain't she grand! I can't see her—I don't know how you'd want me to act——"

"Go and sit by Will," interrupted Madge, while a sudden storm of rage whitened her face. "I know how to act! I'll turn her out of the house—I'll tear her fine clothes off her back and stamp on her, if she doesn't go at a word!"

"Oh, Madge, you'll get into trouble—don't!" pleaded the woman in terror.

But Madge wrenched her gown loose from Mrs. Blackmore's grasp, saying:

"Do as I told you! Go in there, and mind you don't wake him."

She was gone. The fat woman crept into the sick-room, closed the door and sat down in the darkest corner, muffling her face in her apron and holding her hands over her ears, shaking from head to foot like some gigantic mold of jelly just ready to melt.

Mrs. Alderly had entered the house, and was standing in the narrow passage as Madge descended the stairs. She looked up and saw her. Her first emotion was one of wonder at the creature's beauty, as she flew recklessly down the precipitous steps, her dress disordered, her black hair partially loosened from the comb, so that it fell in heavy, curling masses over her shoulders. Then Mrs. Alderly saw the rage that hardened the girl's countenance and blazed in her eyes. She comprehended perfectly with what hostile intentions Madge was approaching her, but she felt no alarm.

She stepped quickly forward as Madge reached the bottom stair, caught her arm that was extended in a gesture of menace, and cried out, with a sob:

"Oh, my poor girl, how you have suffered! I am so sorry—so sorry. Great heavens! what a beautiful creature you are!"

The words were so unexpected that Madge stood dumb for an instant. The ring of sympathy in the trembling voice moved, even while it angered her; full of misery and wrath as she was, the tribute of admiration thrilled pleasantly across her boundless vanity. Then, too, though she would never admit it to herself, the tall, stately, figure arrayed in costly satin and lace, and the resolute eyes which gazed so fixedly into hers, so at variance in their composure with the tremulousness of the artfully tutored voice, impressed Madge with a sense of her own weakness and inferiority; something of the feeling she had with Hudson—that here she had met a will more powerful even than her own.

Before she could speak, or even recover herself sufficiently to think of resisting, Mrs. Alderly drew her down the passage, toward the door of a room which stood open.

"We can go in here," she said; "my poor child, I want to see you alone."

Madge strove to rouse herself; if she had not been too ignorant to express her exact emotions, she would have compared them to those of a person submitting to the influence of some powerful magnetizer. She tried to look away from those penetrating eyes; a quick, half-formed thought rising in her mind, that if she could do this she could assert her own volition—could pour out the tide of

rage which surged hotly still under this medley of inexplicable feeling. But she could not free herself from that glance; her voice broke, and had more trouble than anger in it, as she answered, rude as her words were:

"I don't know what you want to see me at all for; you've nothing to say to me—what do you come here for?"

"Because I have a great deal to say to you," returned Mrs. Alderly.

Still holding her arm with one hand, and putting the other caressingly on her shoulder, she gently pushed Madge, only half consenting, into the room, followed and closed the door behind them.

"I didn't believe any human being could be so handsome!" she cried, as if uttering the words in spite of herself. "I had heard of your beauty, but I did not dream it could be so great."

Madge felt angry that the exclamation should please her; she was acute enough to grasp a confused idea that the lady meant to wheedle and cajole her; all the same, she could not resist the mingled effect upon her vanity, and the influence of those eyes, which never for a second released her from their sway.

"You're handsome enough yourself not to wonder at other folks," she said, fretfully; then her lips began to quiver, her features to work with passion, and she cried out: "I don't want to hear you—I don't want to look at you! I'd know you for his mother anywhere, and he's a'most killed my Will—yes, he has—curse him! and you, too, and all belonging to him!"

But still she could not yield to her passion with her usual headlong violence; she felt herself irresistibly restrained; was aware that if she could not overcome this spell upon her, she might easily interrupt her own ravings with a burst of tears.

"My poor girl, my poor girl," murmured Mrs. Alderly.

"I wish you'd go away!" moaned Madge. "What do you want here? Your son has done harm enough——"

"Will Hudson wouldn't feel like that," interrupted Mrs. Alderly. "It was a fair, stand-up contest; there's no shame to Will that he happened to get worsted."

"But what do you want of me?" retorted Madge. "That's what I don't understand."

"To tell you how much I sympathize with you; not only about this, but all you have suffered during these past months."

"How do you know?" demanded Madge. "But I don't care—I'm not ashamed. It's that Jezebel of a school-teacher that ought to be ashamed! She tried to make Will in love with her; he was just sort of dazed—but he found her out—he—— Here, do you want to know what he said to her?"

"I can guess."

"Can you?" retorted Madge, with a bitter laugh. "Well, you'll own it's a fine position for a girl that calls herself a lady to get into—to be told right before her gentleman lover that she'd been a common workman's miss, for all she tried to make believe that she'd always treated him like the dirt under her feet."

"But if you tell this, she will lose her place—people won't send their children to such a person's school," Mrs. Alderly said, deprecatingly.

"Do you think I mean to keep still? If you've come hoping to coax me to do that, you'd better go home, for you're wasting your time."

"What do I know about her?—what do I care about her?" returned Mrs. Alderly. "It is you I sympathize with—it is you that have borne the trouble; you did not cause it."

"No," said Madge, "and it was over! Oh, Will and me was to have been married in a week, and now, there he lies, all mangled and cut up—marked for life, maybe—and your son did it!"

"She did it, you mean! My son acted as any man would—he could do no less; when Will can talk, he will tell you so. But he'll soon be well; then you will be married and happy, unless she comes near you."

"She'd better not!" cried Madge. "Unless she wants that face of hers bruised worse than Will's, she'd better not!"

"That would do no good—only make Will sorry for her—only put you within the reach of the law. No, no; quiet means are the best. If people here believe that story about her, it would break up her school; she would have to go away at once. Dear me! a beautiful creature like you can do anything she likes with men—why, there'd be plenty ready actually to drive her out of the village, if you asked them to do it!"

"I hadn't had time to think," muttered Madge, an evil light kindling in her eyes. "I've only been thinking of Will—I felt as if I didn't want it to be known what had happened; but I see—I see!"

"I hope you will try to forgive her," said Mrs. Alderly. "If she went away from here in disgrace, it would ruin her."

"Oh!" ejaculated Madge, in a tone of sudden triumph. her face showed how hungrily she seized upon the new thought that had presented itself to her mind.

"But I did not come here to talk about her; it is better to forget her, if you can, my dear girl."

Madge laughed.

"It is you I am thinking of. I have been told the doctor says Will's injuries will soon be cured," continued Mrs. Alderly. "I wish you great happiness. I have brought you a present that I want you to accept."

She drew an envelope from her pocket, and took out three banknotes. Madge perceived that each was for a hundred dollars. She had never seen so large a sum in her life; she stood passive for an instant, then snatched her hand away as Mrs. Alderly tried to put the package in it.

"I won't touch them!" she cried. "Do you think I'm to be bought?"

"Why should I wish to buy you?" demanded Mrs. Alderly, coldly.

"You think I'll keep still—you—

"What is that to me?" returned Mrs. Alderly, again laying her hand caressingly on the girl's shoulder. "I am sorry for the trouble you have had—I want you to be happy with Will—I think you the handsomest creature I ever saw—so I offer you this little present for your wedding clothes."

Again she spread the notes out, and held them before Madge's eyes. The girl gazed at them in a fascinated way.

"Will wouldn't let me," she muttered.

"But you needn't tell Will, unless you choose," Mrs. Alderly said, with a little laugh.

"I'd have to—what would he think of my having so much money?" Madge answered, still with her eyes on the treasure.

"Tell him after you have spent what you need and put the rest out to interest," Mrs. Alderly said.

Once more she pressed the banknotes into Madge's hand, and this time the girl's fingers close over them.

"Now I must go," she said. "And I can't change you—you won't be made to feel that you had better let that Miss Stuart alone?"

"Take back your money, if that's what you want!" cried Madge.

"No, no; I did not hope to buy your silence; you are too proud for that. Ah, well, I can say no more; perhaps when you reflect you will think differently. Good-by now; I must go."

She passed so swiftly from the room that the door closed before the girl could move; she stood there, clutching the banknotes in her hand. But she was not thinking of the gift; she had forgotten even Will for the moment; she could remember nothing but the idea of vengeance which her visitor had suggested to her mind, and her own eagerness to accomplish it without delay.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.—A SKETCH BY GAVARNI.

Chapter XV.

Elinor Stuart had reached home more dead than alive after the encounter between her lover and Will Hudson, frightening her kind landlady almost out of her senses by her appearance. But Elinor gave no explanation, and went at once to her room. The widow felt confident that in some way Miss Stuart had become acquainted with the gossip in regard to herself, and the conviction filled her good heart to overflowing with sympathetic grief. But before the evening ended, she learned what had happened. Joanna, who had been sent out on an errand, returned after an inexplicable absence, and told her mistress that Mr. Alderly had nearly killed Will Hudson—so, then, Mrs. Mosely understood everything.

She was afraid to intrude on her lodger, yet she could not bear to go to bed without seeing her. There was no reason now for keeping her own interview with Miss Gresham a secret, and it might give the poor girl a little gleam of comfort to know how, in that important quarter, she was sympathized with and pitied.

She went up-stairs and knocked softly at the door, calling: "Please, please, my dear, let me come in for a minute."

"Come," Miss Stuart answered.

She was leaning back in an easy-chair, fearfully white, but perfectly quiet. She spoke in her usual gentle way; thanked her landlady for coming, but she needed nothing.

"Oh, I know all about it—I couldn't keep away. Oh, my dear, don't think me impertinent," sobbed the poor woman.

"I am not likely to do that," Elinor replied. "I thank you very much for your kindness, but I cannot talk to-night—I cannot!"

"No, no! Only I wanted to tell you something," returned Mrs. Mosely, as well as her sobs would permit her

to speak. "I hope you won't think I did wrong—I meant it for the best—and it was right; I'm surer than ever, as things have turned out."

"Well?" asked Elinor.

"I'd heard, my dear, and it drove me a'most crazy to think anybody could dare to say a word agin you——"

Elinor put up her hand; she could not bear this ill-timed sympathy.

"Yes, I know; but let me tell you. I went up to Miss Gresham yesterday—yes, I did—she's good, oh, so good! My dear, she couldn't praise you enough; and she said in whatever way she could help you, she would. There; I thought it might be a grain of comfort to you to hear that. Now, I won't bother you a minute longer; only, my dear, I wish I could tell you how sorry I am—how——"

Here she broke down completely, and hid her face in her apron, with bitter sobs. Elinor went up to her, put her arm about her waist, and led her toward the door, saying:

"It is a comfort to me, and I am very, very grateful. I can't thank you now; I can't talk; but I shall be better to-morrow. Don't cry, please; see, I don't."

She consoled the good woman somewhat, and got her out of the room, but as she was closing the door Joanna's voice rose shrilly from the lower hall:

"Miss Mosely! Miss Mosely! Here's Robert, from Mr. Gresham's, with a letter for Miss Stuart; and he says he wants to get an answer."

The small handmaiden flew up-stairs, eager to get a sight of the young schoolmistress, but Mrs. Mosely met her on the landing, took the note and told her to go below.

"I'll wait out here while you read it," she whispered.

Elinor read the hastily written lines; her lover's face, as it had looked at her in angry doubt, started up—oh! if he had not believed her at the first, what hope could she have? She wrote her brief answer; she could not see him yet—she could not; she must have time to think—he also.

The seemingly almost endless night passed at length, but such misery as Elinor Stuart endured during those terrible hours leaves traces in the soul which no years of after happiness can ever efface. The morning came; she rose and dressed and went down-stairs. Mrs. Mosely pleaded with her not to go to her school, but Elinor only shook her head; she would have strength to fulfill her duties; occupation would be better for her than the solitude of her chamber.

She had only to look at the faces of her pupils—most of them assembled earlier than usual—to know that they were aware of what had happened; but she went quietly through the work of the morning, and when noon came returned home. Mrs. Mosely had already heard of Alderly's departure, and concluded that he had announced his intention in his note of the previous evening.

"Do you know how William Hudson is?" Elinor asked.

"He's hurt bad, but not so bad as he ought to be," replied the widow. "The doctor says it'll take some time for him to get well, but it's my opinion he may thank the spree he's been on for that. And so Mr. Alderly's gone away—wal, now mebbe folks will be quiet."

Elinor could not speak, could not ask a question. Gone—gone without a word! She got out of the room; she could not trust herself to remain alone, though—she must have no time to think. She went back to her school and again took up her duties; the children could only report to their parents, when they returned home, that Miss Stuart looked very white and queer, but there wasn't any other difference in her.

That afternoon and evening no news came, though Mrs. Mosely had waited in a fever of hope that some message would arrive from Miss Gresham. She heard of Mrs. Alderly's visit to Madge Anderson, and that struck her a fresh blow, but she had wisdom enough to keep the news from Miss Stuart.

Another night passed, another morning dawned; but Saturday was, fortunately, a half holiday, for Elinor perceived that her physical strength was beginning to yield under the strain upon her mind.

But Saturday's duties were very light; it was Elinor's habit to have the girls once a week read aloud little essays or letters they had written—these tasks could be finished before noon.

She reached school rather late; she caught the sound of eager voices and signs of great commotion among the pupils, but the hubbub ceased abruptly as she crossed the threshold. She observed that a number of the scholars had failed to make their appearance; several of the elder girls had evidently been crying, and it was apparent from the faces of all that they were with difficulty able to apply themselves to their work.

As usual, Elinor read a chapter from the Bible; then they all sang in concert a few verses of a familiar hymn. In the midst of this, one pretty little child seated near the platform on which the mistress's desk stood, startled her companions by a loud burst of weeping. Elinor motioned her to come to her, and signed the girls to go on with the hymn, for they had all paused. She continued singing. The child ran up to the desk and hid her face in Elinor's lap. As the exercises ended she raised her head and whispered:

"I didn't mean to be bad—indeed I didn't, ma'am."

"I am sure of that; you are always my good little girl, Fanny," the mistress whispered back. "Aren't you well—do you want to go home?"

"No," sobbed the child, "'tain't that. Oh, I'm sick here, and so is ma," and she laid her little hand on her heart. "'Tisn't true they're going to make you go away—oh, it isn't!"

A terrible chill crept over Elinor, but she controlled herself.

"We mustn't talk now," she said. "Sit down here on this stool and hear the girls read their compositions."

The child obeyed, and Elinor sat, resting one hand caressingly on her curly locks, while she quietly called upon one of the oldest scholars to begin the reading of her theme. The recitation went on in due order, and several essays had been got through; a tall, awkward girl was rising in her turn, when the quiet of the schoolroom was disturbed by a woman's voice at the door, calling in loud, angry tones:

"Nancy Hunter, be you here?"

The mistress and scholars looked instinctively toward the door, where a thin, gaunt woman, with a shrewish aspect, stood, staring into the room. The girl who had just risen sank back into her seat, and hid her face on the desk before her.

"I see you, Nance Hunter! You needn't go a-scrougin' down out of sight! You'll ketch it, miss, and so I warn you!" cried the virago, advancing a few steps.

Miss Stuart descended from the platform, and walked along the aisle, saying, calmly:

"Good morning, Mrs. Hunter. Did you want Nancy?"

"I want her, and I mean to have her!" replied the woman, insolently, turning fiercely toward Elinor.

"Nancy, go with your mother," Miss Stuart said.

"Go? I guess she will go!" exclaimed the virago. "I hain't got to that p'int yet where I need help to make a gal of mine mind—and so she'll find out, I can tell her!

Nance, you hussy! come along this minute, or I'll smack you before the whole lot on 'em!"

The girl broke into loud sobs, but rose from her seat and proceeded to get her hat. The other pupils had risen also, and were staring with eager, frightened faces.

"Sit down, girls," Miss Stuart said, with a gentle firmness which produced instant obedience.

"Wal, they can stay, ef they've a mind to," cried the woman; "but my gal's a-goin', and what's more, she ain't to set foot here ag'in, either!"

Miss Stuart paid no attention. She walked back to meet the girl, laid a hand on her shoulder, and spoke a few kind words. The mother rushed up, caught her daughter's arm, and gave her a violent shake, saying:

"You dared to come here, did you, arter I told you not?"

"You didn't!" sobbed Nancy. "You only said if you was me you wouldn't, and that this should be the last time."

"Don't you give me the lie, you trollop!" vociferated the mother. "Ef that's what children learn here, the sooner they stop coming the better—and so I tell you plain, Miss Stuart, ma'am; and you'll find I ain't the only one that thinks it. We don't want our gals to grow up thinkin' it's fine to set two men by the ears, and get one to half murder the other!"

Miss Stuart walked back toward the desk. The woman scowled an angry disappointment at having been unable to force the mistress into any retort, and strode to the door, dragging the weeping Nancy after her.

"You, Mary Watts," she called, "you'd better get, too, I can tell you. I don't believe your mother knows you've come."

"She didn't tell me not to," replied the girl, at once frightened and defiant.

"Wal, she will!" retorted the woman. "She said if I took my Nancy away, you shouldn't stop. There, Miss Stuart, ma'am, you can't say I'm a-disturbin' your school. I've a right to my gal, and I've got her! She's to grow up respectable, she is, and not larn to think it's fine to set men at each other's throats, like mad dogs!"

She passed out of the house; the girls had risen in wild confusion.

"Oh, Miss Stuart," sobbed Mary Watts, "it's all that Madge Anderson, I know; she's been giving Mrs. Hunter money! I heard them talking this morning—and Mrs. Hunter drinks, and——"

"Hush!" Miss Stuart interrupted.

It was useless to think of attempting to finish the morning exercises; it would have been impossible to quiet the excitement among the girls. Into the bargain, Elinor could not feel certain but some further insult might overtake her if the children remained. Madge might have persuaded or hired some other ignorant woman to follow Mrs. Hunter's example.

She dismissed the children, and when they had gone, Elinor departed, also. At the door she found her favorite, little Fanny, crying as if her heart would break. She led the child down the street, and when she reached Mrs. Mosely's gate, gave her a kiss, and bade her go home.

She got up to her room without encountering either the widow or Joanna, and sat down to reflect. There seemed but one thing to do: go to Mr. Gresham, tell him what had occurred, and learn whether he thought it better for her to try and live down the tempest, or close her school. Perhaps he also blamed her; by this time he must have heard something of what had happened. The idea made it very hard to go to him, but it seemed the one thing in her power.

Toward the middle of the afternoon, Joanna, engaged in picking green gooseberries in the garden at the back of the cottage, which gave upon the river-bank, was startled by the appearance of a lady standing there, whom she recognized as Mrs. Alderly, having seen her on the previous day, as she drove away from Mrs. Blackmore's house.

Joanna dropped the tin-pail she held, in her confusion, and stood staring open-mouthed, as the elegant, stately lady came up the path and paused opposite her, saying:

"I wish to see Miss Stuart, my girl; is she at home?"

Joanna could only nod; her small stock of good manners was quite put to flight by embarrassment, and a thoroughly feminine awe of the visitor's rich garb.

"Then you will go and say that a lady wishes to see her," Mrs. Alderly said, smilingly.

Joanna nodded again, and ran off along the path, Mrs. Alderly following at a leisurely pace, stopping to smell the roses as she passed, and picking a couple of blushing buds. By the time Joanna reached the porch, she got her wits back enough to recollect that she ought to show the lady into the parlor, her sudden sense of politeness inspired by an intense longing to have another glance at the marvelous gray and silver costume, and the wonderful feather which decorated a bonnet so beautiful, that Joanna was struck by a vague, bewildering idea there must be such creatures as celestial milliners, and that a glimpse of their choicest handiwork had been granted her.

"Will you please come into the room?" she said. "Miss Mosely, she hain't to home——"

"I want to see Miss Stuart, my good girl. Ask her to come down, if you please; I have not much time to wait."

She entered the apartment toward which Joanna had made a frantic gesture, and the handmaiden, after dazzling her eyes by a fresh inspection of the bonnet, fled up the stairs, and dashed into Elinor's room, far past the possibility of remembering to demand permission to enter.

"Oh, Miss Stuart," she gasped; "come down—come down! She's a-waitin' fur you, and says she's in a hurry—and it's got a silver cord a-holdin' the feather, and such a shine onto her dress as rubbin' wouldn't give Miss Mosely's best teaspoons, not if you stuck at it for a week!"

"Are you crazy, Joanna?" asked Miss Stuart.

"Yes'm," replied Joanna, without the slightest idea of what she was saying. "And it's all curled round the brim; and, oh, Miss Stuart! a leetle tiny umbereller-parasol, with lace as wide as your hand, and silk stockin's on, all flowered, a-holdin' up her skirt to keep it off the grass——"

"Who is it wishes to see me, Joanna?" Miss Stuart, interrupted, with a calmness which acted somewhat upon the girl's excitement as a dash of cold water might have done.

"Yes'm," she said, in a dazed way. "I knowed her in a minute—I seed her yesterday, when she was a-gettin' into the carriage in front of Miss Blackmore's—on'y Miss Mosely said I was to hold my tongue; so don't tell her, please, else I'll ketch it."

"Who is down-stairs, Joanna?"

"Yes she is—and the feather's all curled round the brim; and I'd have knowed it was his mother anywhere," stammered Joanna.

"Do you mean Mrs. Alderly—she wants to see me?" asked Elinor.

"And her umbereller—oh, that umbereller!" gasped Joanna.

Miss Stuart stood silent for a moment, not even hearing the girl, who grew each instant more excited, swaying herself back and forth, and fluttering her arms above her

head as she poured out broken ejaculations which inextricably confused the lady and her attire.

Mrs. Alderly had come to see her—had come after visiting Madge Anderson. Elinor knew instinctively what the visit portended. She did not hesitate; she left Joanna dancing and ejaculating like an insane young parrot, and went down-stairs.

As she opened the parlor door Mrs. Alderly, standing by a table in the centre of the room, moved forward a few steps, her long silken skirts trailing over the floor, and giving an added height and majesty to her tall figure.

Then she paused, and with a slow, sweet smile, said, in the softest, most indifferent tones of her tutored voice:

"Miss Stuart, I am sure?" As Elinor bowed in answer, she added: "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Mrs. Alderly."

Chapter XVI.

AS Elinor Stuart entered the room, Mrs. Alderly's seemingly careless glance took in every detail of her appearance. In spite of the girl's pallor and fatigue, the visitor's educated taste fully recognized her delicate loveliness; recognized, too, not only the signs of unusual intellectual vigor in the head and face, but that their possessor had every claim to the title of lady.

This consciousness did not in the least soften Mrs. Alderly, but it gave her a feeling of self-gratulation. She detested being brought into contact with common people; to have been forced into an interview with the handsome, ignorant shrew she had seen on the previous day, had increased her cold vindictiveness toward Elinor; she considered it Miss Stuart's fault such action on her part had proved necessary.

She had, with deliberate cruelty, left Elinor in suspense as long as she could venture to do so, but further delay in making her visit was impossible. Kenneth must be written to, and, besides, some information in regard to what was going on could not fail to reach Mr. Gresham. He would very likely come to Miss Stuart as soon as he learned the reports; and for the safe and certain carrying out of her plans, Mrs. Alderly desired to see Elinor before he did.

She knew the girl must have heard of Kenneth's departure; she had herself already been informed by her maid of the occurrence which had that morning taken place at the school; she was ready now to pay her own visit; these joint blows would inevitably have left their victim in a discouraged, morbid state of mind, which would render Mrs. Alderly's victory easy.

She was too shrewd a judge of character not to perceive at a glance that Kenneth's verdict had been correct. Elinor Stuart was a very proud woman, and exquisitely sensitive into the bargain. The fact that she had such materials to work upon was still another point in her favor. As she announced her name, Elinor bowed a second time, saying:

"The servant told me, madam, she had seen you yesterday, as you came out of Mrs. Blackmore's house."

Mrs. Alderly looked startled and pained—the expression of her face made it as clear as if she had put the sensation into words, that she was astounded and shocked that Miss Stuart could offer even such allusion to what had happened, and appear undisturbed.

"Yes," she said; "to go there was my first duty. I was thankful—oh, so thankful!—to find that at least the unfortunate man's life was not in danger."

Her voice shook; she put out her hand and supported herself against the table, as if the mere recollection had turned her sick and faint; but she still kept her eyes fixed on Elinor, as if in troubled wonder at her calmness.

The girl's delicate intuitions warned her that no kind motives instigated the visitor. Kenneth Alderly had left her, and his mother's errand was to announce the fact, and no womanly softness or pity mingled with the resolve which had brought her. Instinctively Elinor felt the hostility of that presence—felt, too, that the hostility did not have its origin in the lamentable occurrence which might lay her open to misrepresentation and harsh judgment; it went below and beyond such reason. Mrs. Alderly would make the quarrel between her son and Hudson the pretext for condemnation; but she had been condemned in advance—her crime was that Kenneth had been attracted toward her.

"Thankful—most thankful!" repeated Mrs. Alderly, with a shudder.

"And I am thankful," Elinor replied, slowly. "However much he deserved punishment, I am very sorry for him." She drew forward an easy-chair, and added: "Will you be seated, madam?"

Mrs. Alderly sank into the chair, and remained silent for a moment. She had expected her mere presence to startle the girl into some show of emotion—this perfect composure angered her.

Elinor sat down opposite, and waited for her visitor to speak—weak and worn as she was, she knew that she should have strength to bear the interview—it was all she asked. She perceived now that a hope had lingered in her mind, even after Kenneth Alderly's departure. She had been unconscious of indulging it, but the withering pain at her heart warned her that the hope had existed even amid the blackness of the past days and nights; but it died out suddenly now, spent by the woman's very presence, like a torch extinguished by an icy wind.

Then, through the chill and numbness which crept slowly over her, she heard Mrs. Alderly's voice again.

"My visit, Miss Stuart, perhaps takes you by surprise?"

"No," Elinor answered. "Your son had told me you would be certain to come here as soon as possible after your arrival at Mr. Gresham's."

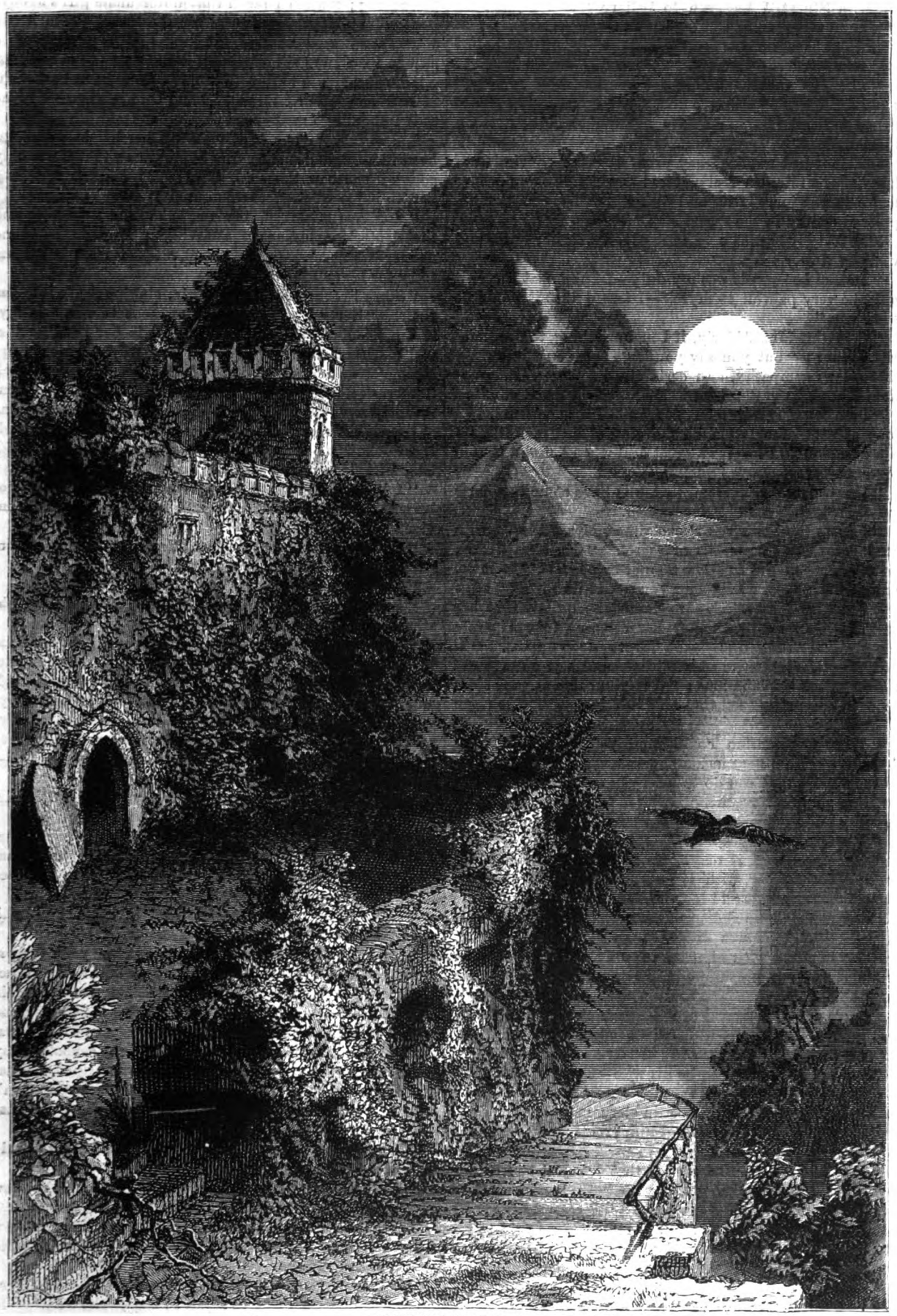
A sudden stormy light filled Mrs. Alderly's eyes; the white lids drooped quickly over them to hide this betrayal of feeling—but Elinor caught it, and comprehended that the show of embarrassment and trouble which the lady's face immediately assumed was wholly feigned.

"But that was before—before——" Mrs. Alderly broke off abruptly—seemed exercising all her strength to control herself, then glanced at Elinor with the look of wonder at her calmness again visible in her countenance—a look which gradually deepened into stern disapproval, as she said, in a voice that had lost its tremulousness: "I have come at my son's request—Miss Stuart, he has gone away."

She waited to see what effect her words would produce; but there was none visible. Perceiving that she meant to force her to speak, Elinor said, in a voice cold as Mrs. Alderly's own:

"I had heard so, madam."

"Everything is so quickly known in a village like this—everything!" sighed Mrs. Alderly, and again she shuddered. Apparently she had to struggle hard to subdue the agitation which oppressed her anew; then she added, with the effort a person makes who has a painful duty to perform, and knows that any hesitation only increases the difficulty: "You must feel that it was best for him to go.



MOONRISE ON THE LAKE.

I—Miss Stuart, I beg you to believe that I came here to-day in all kindness! You must excuse me if I say that you do not meet me as frankly and openly as I had hoped you might."

"Then let me thank you for coming, Mrs. Alderly," replied Elinor. "I assure you, I had no intention of not being perfectly frank. I have nothing to hide; nothing to keep back."

If Elinor had required any proof that her conviction of her visitor's inimical feelings was correct, she would have had it in the incredulity and disbelief of her assertion expressed openly in the face which met hers.

Mrs. Alderly sighed ostentatiously, shook her head, and went on slowly:

"I came because it was my duty—I knew that the visit must be very painful to myself—I feared that it would be so to you."

"It might, Mrs. Alderly, if I had anything to conceal," said Elinor; "but you say you have come in kindness—that means sympathy, and certainly, in my present position, I must be grateful for that—especially from you."

"I am heartily sorry for you," the lady answered, in a tone as void of emotion as the ring of a silver bell; "I can overlook and forgive a great deal when I find a person regrets errors and wrong-doing."

"Do you mean, madam, that you have come to accuse me of such conduct?" Elinor asked.

"I come to accuse you!" exclaimed Mrs. Alderly, with an indescribable emphasis of regret. "Oh, Miss Stuart, let me beg you not to allow temper or perversity to make you misjudge me. I implore you not to do that!"

"I will try not to," Elinor rejoined, so quietly that her enemy was in doubt whether her attempt to exasperate the girl had not been mistaken for a serious appeal. "If you are not fully aware of what has passed, you are quite right to want explanations; but if you came at your son's request, I am surprised that he did not himself give them to you."

"What explanation could he give?" demanded Mrs. Alderly. "I am here in his name to ask you to explain—to show me what I can do to help you in your unfortunate position; for, believe me, however blamable you might be, my pity and sympathy could not fail."

"Then you do think I have done wrong?"

"Oh, what does it matter about my impressions?" returned Mrs. Alderly, with the air of a person trying her utmost to be patient and magnanimous. "If you tell me that my son had no right to demand an explanation, that is different. If I was mistaken as to the terms upon which you stood with him, then it only remains for me to apologize for my presumption, and express my regret for your trouble."

A wave of color passed over Elinor's cheeks, and faded, leaving her, if possible, whiter than before; but her voice, though very low, was perfectly steady as she answered:

"Your son asked me to be his wife—I consented."

"Then surely he has a right to demand an explanation," Mrs. Alderly said, sitting erect in stern majesty.

"The last time we met I told him exactly what had happened——"

"Don't—don't remind me of that dreadful scene," interrupted Mrs. Alderly, putting up both hands, as if to shut out some horrible spectacle. "I cannot bear it—I have not your strength of will! It drives me wild to remember that a little more and my son might have been a murderer—my son!"

"Mrs. Alderly——"

"Oh, when I think that poor wretch lies yonder—that even yet he may be in danger!" pursued Mrs. Alderly, unheeding; "when I recall that unfortunate girl's agony, her twofold misery, her fears for the life of the man she worships—her anguish in thinking that he may never be able to speak, and tell her that if his heart was led away for a time, her love and devotion have brought it back—oh, Miss Stuart, when I think of these things, it seems to me as if I should go mad—mad!"

She rose from her seat, clasping her hands above her head in a tragic despair. But Elinor knew that it was only acting; she saw the cold, hard eyes covertly watching her, to judge what effect this outburst would produce.

"You are mistaken, madam," she said; "I have had the doctor's assurance that William Hudson is in no danger whatever. He is a bad, wicked man, but I am sorry for him all the same."

"Sorry!" repeated Mrs. Alderly, sinking back into her chair. "Sorry! Give me one moment to compose myself, only one!" She buried her face in her handkerchief and remained silent for a little. Presently she looked up, saying, with a faint smile: "I am better now. I shall not break down again. Miss Stuart, this is a very painful interview; let us make it as easy as we can. Tell me at once what message I am to send my son—set yourself right—show me the way to help you. Miss Stuart, I beg, I implore you to speak!"

"I have told your son what occurred; if he did not believe me, no protestations that I could add would convince him."

"Protestations!" cried Mrs. Alderly. "No; what are needed here are proofs."

"Your son has my word," was all Elinor answered.

"Great heavens; is this a time to show pride and obstinacy!" groaned Mrs. Alderly.

"If he can doubt my word—if you are here to tell me that he does, then I have no more to say," pursued Elinor.

"I do not understand you, Miss Stuart. You perplex and pain me beyond expression," returned Mrs. Alderly, while a glow of triumph set her heart beating quickly, and lent a tremor to her voice—she was near victory now! "Do you mean that you separate yourself from my son—that you consider your engagement at an end?"

"I can only answer your question by another: Did Mr. Alderly refuse to believe my word?"

"Oh, what do we gain by recrimination!" cried Mrs. Alderly. "My son was half mad—oh, you cannot wonder! We are a proud race; it is the first time disgrace has ever come near us."

"Madam, do you use that word in connection with me?" demanded Elinor.

"I am not blaming you—oh, do not lose your temper again! It is disgrace; you must feel that! I am not here to upbraid, to reproach; only to beg you to explain—to set matters right—to clear yourself before these people who are speaking your name with coarse execrations! Oh, I heard what happened at your school to-day—I want to help you, and you refuse to be helped. What can I do—what can I say to move you?—for my son's sake—for your own—for mine, too, wretched mother that I am!"

"Mrs. Alderly, I can add nothing to what I have said; I have given my word; I can do no more."

"We are to let people say you were—were that low creature's love, and do nothing?" moaned the woman.

The dreadful insult went to Elinor's heart like the blow from a knife; her senses reeled and tottered, but she would not give way.

"If you come to tell me that your son wishes his freedom, it would be right to say it at once," she said. "Is that what he demands?"

"He demands nothing; he begs an explanation. Even if you refuse it, or if you can give none, is he not powerless? My son is a gentleman—he cannot go back from his word. Oh, my God! I have been too proud, perhaps; I have fostered his great pride too much, and this is my punishment. Ah, it seems greater than I can bear! How shall I live—how can he live—how are we to look our world in the face—how——"

"Stop, I beg!" interrupted Elinor. "I try to think you do not mean to insult me—that you scarcely know what you are saying—but I cannot listen to such language."

"And now she says I insult her!" cried Mrs. Alderly, with a hysterical, sobbing laugh. "I, so crushed and broken that I scarcely dare to lift my eyes; I, who feel as if I must shrink away from the sight of every human being that ever knew me! I beg you pardon, Miss Stuart—oh, I would do it on my knees if that would content you—is not my pride punished enough? My boy—my boy! Well, you must settle what we are to do—what quarter of the globe shall hold us—some obscure place where shame cannot track us—speak, speak; decide—I am prepared!"

"Madam, tell your son that he is free—that I will never voluntarily see his face again," Elinor said, rising. "I think we have nothing more to say to one another."

"What can I tell him?" exclaimed Mrs. Alderly, wringing her hands. "Everything rests with you; I don't know what you want him told! Am I to say that you refuse to explain, or that you cannot? In either case, that rigid honor of his would hold him bound; he would come back! Oh, you are the arbiter—you only! You could be his wife if you chose; that he would go mad or kill himself, I am sure! No, no; I did not mean to say that; forgive me—forgive me! You have a fatal gift of fascination, Miss Stuart; I feel it, even at this moment—a terrible, terrible, most dangerous gift! It made my son for a time forget the real, honest affection, founded on esteem, which he had for another; it drove that unfortunate Hudson mad—oh, what am I saying—what am I saying!"

"At least, madam, if I possess such power, it shall never be exercised on you or yours," Elinor replied. "One thing I want to ask; you need not be afraid to answer—it will help your ends. You meant what you said—there was some one whom your son loved before he met me?"

"I did not intend to say it—I—oh, spare me this, Miss Stuart! Spare him—take your way—do with us what you will! He never meant you to discover that the shock of—of the other day had shown him the truth—he did not think I heard him—poor, poor boy!"

"Will you tell me what he said?"

"No, no! Oh, all this is foreign to the matter in hand!"

"Believe me, it is not. I have no anger toward your son. I shall be glad to see him happy. Tell me without hesitation."

"I have no right—it is his secret! Oh, how could I blunder so! Good heavens, I think my brain is going!" cried the actress, pressing her hands to her forehead in a frenzied way. "Oh, you stand there like a marble statue! You will never speak till I tell—your will is iron! Then I must! He said, 'Well, I have chosen my fate—I must abide by it! and I know now I have let a dream come between me and happiness! I have been weak as a bird fascinated by a serpent, and I thought I was strong!' There, I have told you—you forced me! But even if you tell him, don't visit your wrath on my poor Florence—don't harm her! let it all come on me—on me!"

"You are sure—you do not exaggerate? Madam, there are moments solemn as death—this is one of them! If I were dying—if you were—would you really still say that?"

Mrs. Alderly looked full in Elinor's face, and answered: "I would swear it."

"I thank you," Elinor said. "You have done me a favor, cruel as you are. I loved the man I believed your son; you have convinced me that I loved only an ideal—I shall have the less to suffer."

"Oh——"

"We need say no more. I will only detain you a minute longer."

She seated herself at the table, drew a sheet of paper toward her, and began to write. Mrs. Alderly walked to the window, and stood looking out upon the green lawn. She had conquered—she only remembered that! There was no room in her mind for penitence or remorse.

Presently Elinor rose and went up to her, holding out the page whereon the woman's eyes seized eagerly.

"There is that which separates us as completely as death and the grave could do. Go your way—let me go mine. I know now that I made a terrible mistake, Kenneth Alderly—it was not you I loved."

Elinor did not so much as glance at the lines she had written. If she had, the apathetic chill that locked her senses would have kept her from realizing the damning significance which might be given to them. But Mrs. Alderly comprehended. She snatched the paper, and hid it in the pocket of her gown; raised her handkerchief to her face, but it was to give herself time to subdue the triumph depicted there.

"Oh, believe me, I meant to act for the best!" she cried, brokenly. "If I can help you in any way, only show me how! See, I am rich—if you need money——"

"Oh, stop, stop!" broke in Elinor. "Remember we are both women—do not insult me further."

"Ah, you will misjudge me!" sighed Mrs. Alderly. "Everything I say is wrong! How can you think I meant to insult you—how can you give way to anger?"

"I am not angry—I pity you!" returned Elinor; and again Mrs. Alderly concealed her face—but this time it was because the beautiful eyes seemed to pierce her very soul and read all its vindictive meanness, its despotic cruelty. Then a sudden rage stirred her that she should have shrunk for so much as a second from her victim. She was about to speak—to give utterance to some last venomous taunt, when the click of the gate sounded sharply through the stillness, and she heard Elinor exclaim:

"Mr. Gresham—it is Mr. Gresham!"

Mrs. Alderly felt that it would be safer to prevent their meeting, if possible; she said, quickly:

"You cannot see him to-day; I understand. I will tell him. He is a hard, stern man; pitiless to any fault in a woman, however innocent she may be. I know he has heard; he will blame you. It is useless to bear that. I will send him away."

"No," Elinor said, resolutely, "he may come in. I wish him to come."

She glanced toward the door, but Mrs. Alderly did not seem to notice the sign of dismissal, and kept her stand.

Chapter XVII.

That morning Florence Denham had persuaded Mr. Gresham to take her to visit the mills, and afterward she had gone with him into his office, sitting there while he read and wrote his letters, and then coaxing him to go out with her, instead of spending any more time over business that forenoon—"wasting time," Florence phrased it, with a gay impertinence, at which Mr. Gresham laughed.

He was glad of any opportunity to cultivate an intimacy with the girl so dear to him, and gratified to see that Mrs. Alderly, so far from putting restrictions in the way, appeared glad of his interest, and his step-daughter's evident great liking for him. Florence was so natural and charming, so full of good sense and womanly strength of mind under all her youthful high spirits, that Mr. Gresham admitted to himself that the worldly influence of Mrs. Alderly had not produced the evil effects on her character which he had dreaded to discover.

After all, there must be a great deal that was good and lovable in the woman, for two people like Florence and Kenneth to remain blind to her faults, and hold her in such respectful affection. It might easily be that the years had changed her, rendered her less haughty and overbearing. She had done him much wrong, it was true, but probably from wounded and mistaken pride, not deliberate wickedness, and she seemed now anxious to show that her opinions had entirely changed. The past was dead and gone; to embitter the present by brooding over what he had suffered, by cherishing resentment against his sister-in-law, would be a weakness and folly which could only react disastrously upon his own peace. He loved Florence, and he had grown very fond of Kenneth; the greatest pleasure existence could give now, elderly as he was growing, would be their companionship and affection, and to enjoy these blessings, a condoning and overlooking of Mrs. Alderly's ill-treatment in former days became necessary.

Even the clearest-headed and most practical men own enough of the visionary or imaginative faculty often to persuade themselves that things must be true, because credence therein makes life easier; and Mr. Gresham, regarding his sister-in-law by the light of his own wishes, was able to believe that the amendment in her character so desirable had really taken place.

The woman's matchless power of dissimulation would have deceived Solomon himself, and her manner to Mr. Gresham was perfect. The man does not live whom an artful woman cannot flatter, if she bends her energies to the task. Mrs. Alderly was determined to make a favorable impression on her host, and he aided her efforts by the strong desire he had to remain on amicable terms with her for the sake of the young people, so dear to his heart.

After luncheon he had gone back to his office, and toward the middle of the afternoon one of his clerks entered, to say that the foreman wished to speak with him.

Larkin was a man of nearly Mr. Gresham's own age, and had been for many years in his employment; he was not only an intelligent workman and capable manager, but a kind-hearted fellow, fortunate in the possession of a wife as sensible and good as himself, and between them they were bringing up their numerous children with rare discretion and wisdom. Two of their daughters ranked among Miss Stuart's pupils, and Mr. Gresham knew that the father and mother thoroughly appreciated the fortunate chance which had enabled him to find a mistress for the girls so far superior in every way to what he could have expected, considering the grade of school.

But Elinor Stuart's exigencies would not have permitted her to refuse any honest opportunity of earning money, and Mr. Gresham's offer had been most liberal; though, indeed, the fact that she had been called on to teach the children of the laboring class had given her an additional interest in the work. The necessity for the education of the masses—a necessity which our century recognizes more and more plainly, if the progress of mankind is to continue upward, was a subject which Elinor had thought of and studied deeply; and she put her whole heart into her duties, feeling that nowhere, in no position, could she be so placed as to have greater advantages of doing good, greater ability to prove of use in her day and generation.

Larkin had come to speak to Mr. Gresham about the reports in circulation concerning Miss Stuart, which had resulted in the breaking up of the school that morning. Many of the parents had decided not to send their children back, and a consultation held among them on the previous evening, had caused Larkin, at their request, to express this determination to Mr. Gresham. It was the first that gentleman had heard in regard to the matter, and he was shocked and indignant; but Larkin's account placed the teacher's conduct in so unfavorable a light, that Mr. Gresham could not help feeling she must have been greatly to blame, and that in her association with Will Hudson she had yielded to an unworthy spirit of coquetry.

It seemed necessary that he should see the young lady herself—she ought to have an opportunity to tell her story, and Mr. Gresham hoped he should be able to arrange matters. It was difficult for him to think ill of Elinor, but he knew too well how often coquetry will lead women into reprehensible folly, to have much faith in her entire innocence.

He left his office, and in passing through the village he met the sister of the clergyman, who had just come from inquiring after Will Hudson. She began speaking at once of what had occurred, and her verdict was not favorable to Elinor. Had Hudson been a common-looking man, the case would have been different; but the fellow's extraordinary beauty formed a strong item in the count against her. Then, too, the lady of the rectory, though meaning to be a just woman, was perfectly unaware that both she and the other feminine magnates of the village were a good deal influenced by the fact that, during his stay in the neighborhood, young Mr. Alderly had kept aloof from them so entirely that they only knew him by sight, while he had been for weeks a daily visitor of Miss Stuart's.

Mr. Gresham walked on to Mrs. Mosely's house, scarcely knowing what to say or do, but still clinging to the hope that Elinor would have some explanation to offer—would at least recognize that he came animated by a spirit of justice, and that of his right to inquire into the matter there could be no question.

Joanna's head, sorely disturbed by all the excitement, and especially by Mrs. Alderly's visit and her wonderful bonnet, was turned quite upside-down by Mr. Gresham's arrival. She was past the faculty of speech, and only danced at him for a moment, like a small lunatic; then flung open the parlor door with a strangled squeak, and ran off to hide herself in the recesses of the kitchen.

As Mr. Gresham entered, Elinor stepped forward and spoke his name, but she did not offer her hand. She read in the stern gravity of his face that if he had not actually formed a condemnatory verdict against her, he was at least sufficiently influenced by what he had heard to come rather as a judge than a friend; he might be impartial, but he was unsympathetic. After what she had suffered at Mrs. Alderly's hands, she felt the lady's presence must render her dumb—she could make no appeal. Then rose a still more hopeless sensation—if she wished to speak, what could she say? The idea that any human being could accuse her—her—even of undignified conduct in regard to a man like Will Hudson, was an insult and a degradation so great, that to allow the matter to be spoken of, much less to attempt any defense, appeared impossible.

"Good-morning, Miss Stuart," Mr. Gresham said, in his slow, grave voice, and Elinor answered as quietly, her

eyes fixed inquiringly upon him. The effort needed to retain her self-possession was so immense that it was not strange he mistook her manner for an almost haughty defiance, which chilled yet more the faint hope he had been trying to nurse and keep alive in his mind.

Then Mr. Gresham caught sight of Mrs. Alderly, and could not repress an exclamation of surprise. She held out her hand, saying: "Miss Stuart and I have been making acquaintance, you see."

"I am very glad you came, Mrs. Alderly; I am sure Miss Stuart must be, too," returned Mr. Gresham, glancing at Elinor as he spoke.

He saw a faint, bitter smile cross the girl's beautiful lips; it expressed a plain rejection of the sentiment he had ascribed to her, and this hardened him. Mrs. Alderly's visit was a kindness which he should scarcely have expected her to show, and added to his growing conviction that the years had greatly changed and modified her character. If Miss Stuart failed to appreciate the womanly sympathy which must have dictated the act—and her silence unavoidably brought this conviction to his mind—she was not likely to meet him in a more conciliatory spirit.

Elinor read his disapproval in his face; her manner had increased the prejudice already in his mind against her, and this consciousness the more completely sealed her lips. She could not condescend to reproaches; she could not stoop to the weakness of betraying how mortally the woman's insults had stabbed her soul; and if she did, of what avail could such revelation be? Mrs. Alderly's pretense of pity, her pleadings for proofs which might enable her to carry out her professed desire to aid, would all assume a significance in Mr. Gresham's eyes, very different from their real meaning, and only add to the severity of his censure against herself.

For the time, too, even the burning humiliation of the unjust suspicions whereof she was the object; the miserable slanders which must cast their shadow upon the remainder of her youth, were, in a measure, merged in a bitterer and hotter pain. She had lost the love which made life beautiful; her heart had gone out toward a man so weak and vacillating that he was unworthy of its affection. Nay; it was not the man himself she had loved, but an ideal to which she had given his name.

THE LITTLE CHICK!

These thoughts rushed through Elinor's mind as she stood there, with Mr. Gresham's eyes upon her, and the gravity of his countenance deepening into stern disapproval as he watched the contempt with which she received Mrs. Alderly's kind-sounding speech.

"I felt it my duty to come," that lady continued, covertly regarding Elinor, able to take every advantage possible of the situation, determined to make this interview final, and utterly alienate Mr. Gresham from the girl. "As soon as I heard what had happened, I could not rest I hoped that I might be of some service—some comfort to Miss Stuart—but I fear I have only annoyed her uselessly; at least, I have the consolation of knowing that my motive was a good one."

"I have already told you, madam, that I fully appreciate your motive," Elinor answered.

Mr. Gresham frowned; her voice and manner were only fresh confirmations to his mind that the girl meant to be haughty and defiant, and such a spirit could only have its rise in the consciousness that she had done wrong, and refused to admit it. Mrs. Alderly lifted her handkerchief to her lips, and indulged in a secret smile; the girl was playing directly into her hand; every word, every look, only prejudiced Mr. Gresham more deeply against her.

"Certainly, madam, no one could misunderstand your intention," he said; "it does you honor. I hope Miss

Stuart has talked freely with you; I trust you have arrived at some means of settling this painful business."

"Miss Stuart does not seem to see the matter in the light I do," returned Mrs. Alderly, in a low, troubled tone.

"There can be only one way of looking at it," Mr. Gresham said, decidedly. "Miss Stuart, I don't think I need to tell you how grieved I am! I have only just heard what has happened; it has taken me so by surprise that I scarcely know what to say. Besides my wish to assist you, it was, you must feel, my plain duty to come to you; pray believe that I have done so in a spirit of kindness."

"I do, Mr. Gresham," Elinor replied.

She seated herself as she spoke, and Mr. Gresham sat down opposite the two ladies.

"Ah, dear Miss Stuart, that is right; even if you do think that I, a stranger, perhaps erred a little in venturing here, you will not have that feeling toward Mr. Gresham," cried Mrs. Alderly, eagerly. "You will not hesitate to explain to him; if my presence troubles you I will go, only just this let me say—don't think me unkind or impertinent. You are young, you don't realize what a terrible thing it is to be the object of gossip. I am not blaming you—I—oh, Mr. Gresham, I want to say and do what is right; I want to help this young lady! If she would consent I would take her away with me, find her a home elsewhere. I do not see how she can stay here."

She stopped, apparently quite choked by emotion; Mr. Gresham was touched, but Elinor Stuart's pale face remained unmoved.

"I must tell you frankly, Miss Stuart, that a number of the parents sent my foreman to me to speak about the school," Mr. Gresham said. "I need not tell you how highly I value your services, how much respect and admiration I have entertained for you personally. I want to be just, both to you and my people; I want you to show me some means by which we can remove this prejudice from their minds."

"They have judged me already, Mr. Gresham, and so, I think, have you," Elinor said, steadily.

"No, no—don't say that, my dear girl," interposed Mrs. Alderly. "Oh, Miss Stuart, we are both your friends, try to believe that. Mr. Gresham could not be hard upon you. If you have been a little wrong I am not accusing you, but if you had, Mr. Gresham would be the first to accept your regret. Tell her so, Mr. Gresham. Remember, young girls, even the wisest, don't reflect as we older people learn to do; it is as natural for them to like admiration as it is for flowers to like the sunshine. Oh, I am sure that poor young man, when he gets well enough to talk, will want to do all he can to shield Miss Stuart; he must know in his heart she did not mean to make trouble. Can't you see, Mr. Gresham? She was interested in him, he is talented and handsome, it seemed a kindly work to help him. Dear Miss Stuart, just assure Mr. Gresham that was what you meant—that you did not dream the poor fellow's fancy was serious; that if you went further than you intended, it was from thoughtlessness. That is all you need do—all."

"Pardon me, madam, I must ask you to say nothing more," returned Elinor, in a still colder voice.

Mrs. Alderly cast a hopeless glance at Mr. Gresham, and sank back into the chair from which she had half risen. He turned slowly toward Elinor; she had only to look in his face to perceive the effect that the woman's insidious speech had produced. Of what avail for her to plead? She had only her word to offer; if he could believe her capable of such conduct, of what use to descend to protestations? She was judged already, everything had gone from her at once—her love, her friends, her good name! Only one human being could right her; if Hudson chose to speak and tell the truth, that would free her from these odious imputations. But there was no hope that he would do so now, with the rage and humiliation of the punishment he had suffered fresh in his mind; with Madge's influence stronger than ever upon him. She must wait, she must bear her burden—at least she could bear it in silence.

"Miss Stuart," said Mr. Gresham, "I am ready to help you in any way possible, if you will only tell me what I can do."

"I thank you, there is nothing," she replied.

What assistance could he be to her? This woman's artful insinuations, and her own manner of receiving them, had deepened his doubts to certainties; he believed that she had descended to a flirtation with Hudson—that fact made an impassable gulf between them.

"Since I have this opportunity," she went on, after a slight pause, "I will ask you to consider my services in the school at an end."

"Oh, then you must let me help you," cried Mrs. Alderly.

Elinor did not answer; she rose, in sign that the interview was ended. Mr. Gresham rose, too.

"You do not wish to be detained," he said. He was not only angry, but disappointed and grieved; in his eyes her increased coldness and determination could only seem fresh defiance, growing out of the knowledge that she had done wrong and been discovered. "I am sorry, Miss Stuart, that we must part in this way. I did not come here meaning to ask you to resign your position, only to consult upon means which might set this matter right."

"I have chosen the easiest way," she said.

"Oh, Miss Stuart, then you must at least not reject our friendship!" cried Mrs. Alderly. "If you would come for a while to Mr. Gresham's house—I know he will be glad to have me propose this—it would convince people that he does not blame you—that——"

"I thank you, madam—I am leaving Laughton at once," Elinor interrupted, before Mr. Gresham could speak.

"I am very, very sorry, Miss Stuart," he said, feeling more helpless than he had ever done in the whole course of his energetic life. He would not have believed that he could be so deceived in any girl—she was stubborn in her wrong-headedness, as she had been weak, if not wicked, in her conduct. He wanted to speak, but felt at a loss what to add. Elinor cut his difficulty short by saying:

"You are very good, sir. I will bid you good-by."

"We mustn't keep her; she doesn't want us," Mrs. Alderly whispered in Mr. Gresham's ear, for she had risen and was standing by him. "Oh, Miss Stuart! if you change your mind, you have only to write to me. Good-by."

"Good-by," Elinor repeated.

Mrs. Alderly put her hand in Mr. Gresham's arm. He murmured a few broken words; Elinor caught one fleeting glance of triumph from the woman's eyes, then the pair went out of the room and left the house.

After a time, Elinor rose to go up to her chamber. She could spare no leisure to her suffering—she must act. She could not remain another day in this place; at any moment some new insult might overtake her—she must start immediately—in what direction did not matter—all she thought of or asked, was to get away.

As she crossed the hall she met Mrs. Mosely, who had returned a few minutes before, and had already been informed by the frantic Joanna of the two visits Miss Stuart had received.

Plain and unlettered Mrs. Mosely might be, but she had a heart as full of goodness and tenderness as ever human breast held. Her great love and sympathy for her lodger made her quick to comprehend, the instant she looked in her face, that so far from Elinor's visitors bringing her any comfort, they had increased her suffering tenfold; and this certainty, added to the grief and indignation with which she had heard of the outrage the school-mistress had received that morning, drove her quite wild. She could only catch Elinor's hands in hers, and sob, dolefully:

"Oh, Miss Stuart! Oh, my poor dear! Try not to mind; it will all come right some time—it must!"

Anguish-stricken as she was, Elinor could find soothing words for the good creature, and show her that she was able to bear her burden. She made Mrs. Mosely go up to her room, and there told her that she meant to leave Laughton that night.

At first the widow could only weep and moan, but Elinor's firmness enabled her to get her senses into a little order, and she saw that this plan of immediate departure was the best—there could be no possibility of rest or peace for Miss Stuart till she was far away.

"But where can you go?" she cried. "And, oh, what will you do? I know you can't be rich—oh, my dear, don't think me impertinent!"

"I think you as good as gold!" Elinor said, kissing her. "But you need not be troubled; I have several hundred dollars in the bank, left from the little fortune I told you about. I have money with me—I shall do very well; I can find some sort of work somewhere. What I want is to get away—so far I cannot be traced. I must think where to go; perhaps first to New York, and then to Long Island. I have friends there—only just now I'd rather not see any of them."

Mrs. Mosely clapped her hands in the sudden excitement of a new idea, dried her eyes, and became sane and helpful at once.

"I've got it!" she exclaimed. "My deary dear, it's just as if Providence had p'inted out the way! There's my sister, Jane Tyndal, that lives in Lehigh Valley. I've told you about her. She's a widow, too—and the best St. Paul ever wrote about wasn't better! She'd be as glad to have you with her as I am, and I couldn't say more."

"Why, there's a load off my mind at once. See what a comfort you are to me!" replied Elinor. "I can start for your sister's to-night."

"O' course you can; but, you see, you'll get to the Junction too late for the train to Amford, where she lives. You'll have to stop over Sunday at Wachuset; but there's a good hotel."

"I don't mind—I am used to traveling alone."

Mrs. Mosely sprang up, and clapped her hands again.

"You ain't a-goin' to," she cried. "I've been promisin' Jane a visit for more'n two years; I've got the money now, and I mean to make it! I'll shut up the house, and send Joanny to her ma; and I'll stay a month, and nobody shall know where we are off to—there! I've done cryin' now—packin' up is what we've got to think about, and nothin' else whatsomever."

As soon as he reached home, Mr. Gresham dispatched a servant to Miss Stuart with a brief note, inclosing nine months' salary, the time for which she had been engaged. As he sat at dinner that evening, a letter was brought to him; he opened it, and some banknotes fell out. There were a few words written on the sheet of paper in which the bills were folded, simply stating that only five months' salary was due Miss Stuart; she refunded the rest of the money, which Mr. Gresham must have sent by mistake.

That night Mrs. Alderly wrote to her son, inclosing the lines which Elinor Stuart had written him. Her letter was full of motherly love and tenderness, but she could not spare him; try to soften the blow as she might, it must fall.

Four days later she received an answer from Kenneth; she read it slowly through, and sat holding it in her hand, while her thoughts ran thus:

"Going to Europe at once—the best thing possible! He must have a few months to himself, then Florence and I will join him. Hearts are always easiest caught at a rebound. It has all ended well—very well—I have saved my boy!"

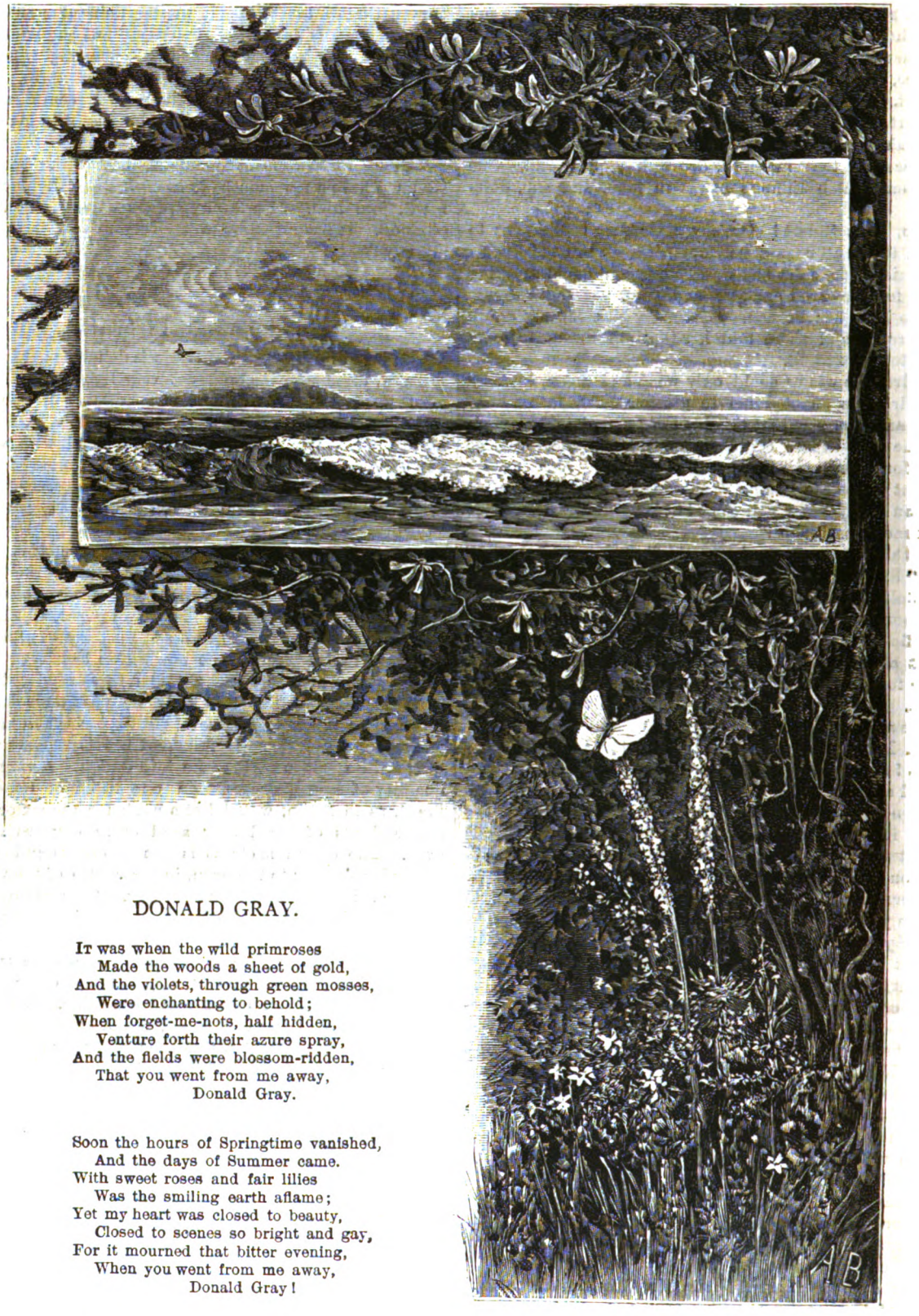
END OF PART I.

BREAD-MAKING IN SPAIN.

THE bread in the South of Spain is delicious; it is white as snow, close as cake, and yet very light; the flour is most admirable, for the wheat is good and pure, and the bread well kneaded. The way they make this bread is as follows: From large, long panniers, filled with wheat, they take out a handful at a time, sorting it most carefully and expeditiously, and throwing every imperfect grain into another basket. This done, the wheat is ground between two circular stones, as it was ground in Egypt two thousand years ago, the requisite rotary motion being given by a blindfolded mule, which paces around and around with untiring patience, a bell being attached to his neck, which, as long as he is in movement, tinkles on; and when it stops he is urged on to his duty by the shout of "Arra mula!" from some one within hearing. When ground, the wheat is sifted through three sieves, the last of these being so fine that only the pure flour can pass through it; this is of a pure apricot color. The bread is made in the evening. It is mixed with sufficient water, with a little salt in it, to make into dough. A very small quantity of leaven or yeast in one batch of household bread, as in Spain, would last a week for the six or eight donkey-loads of bread they send every day from their oven. The dough made, it is put into sacks and carried on donkeys' backs to the oven, in the centre of the village, to bake it immediately after kneading. On arriving there the dough is divided into portions weighing about three pounds each. Two long, narrow wooden tables on trestles are then placed down the room, and a curious sight may be seen. About twenty men, bakers, come in and range themselves on one side of the table. A lump of dough is handed to the nearest, which he begins kneading and knocking about with all his might for about three or four minutes, and then passes it on to his neighbor, who does the same, and so on successively, until all have kneaded it, when it becomes soft as new putty and ready for the oven. Of course, as soon as the first baker has handed the lump to his neighbor, another lump is given to him, and so on until the whole quantity of dough is kneaded by them all. The bakers' wives and daughters shape the loaves for the oven, and some of them are very small. They are baked immediately.

A DISTINGUISHED German geographer is of opinion that the diamond district of Africa is the Ophir from which King Solomon drew such liberal supplies of gold and precious stones.

THE bee is said to be a resident of any climate of the globe. It will prosper in hollow trees in Canada, where mercury will freeze in the open air, as well as at the equator.



DONALD GRAY.

It was when the wild primroses
Made the woods a sheet of gold,
And the violets, through green mosses,
Were enchanting to behold;
When forget-me-nots, half hidden,
Venture forth their azure spray,
And the fields were blossom-ridden,
That you went from me away,
Donald Gray.

Soon the hours of Springtime vanished,
And the days of Summer came.
With sweet roses and fair lilies
Was the smiling earth aflame;
Yet my heart was closed to beauty,
Closed to scenes so bright and gay,
For it mourned that bitter evening,
When you went from me away,
Donald Gray!

Swallows now their flight are winging,
Far across the azure main,
And I bid them tell my Donald
Soon to hasten home again.

Promises are ofttimes broken,
So are hearts, yes, day by day,
And my own won't last much longer
If you cruelly keep away,
Donald Gray.

TRUE TO THE END.—"NEARER CAME THE FACE TO MINE, UNTIL HIS BREATH FANNED MY BURNING CHEEK."

TRUE TO THE END.

By Ben. E. Cordell.

CHAPTER I.

The storm had been abroad with fearful violence. Not until the day was far spent did the elements cease their warring, when the sun went down below the horizon without a cloud, foretelling a quiet night, and a bright, clear morning beyond.

Symbolical, I thought, of her life, over whose inanimate body I was keeping lonely vigil.

All day I had watched beside her sick-bed, with an earnest prayer and despairing hope in my heart that she, my only real friend, would be spared to me. Unavailing prayer—disappointed hope!

Ere the twilight deepened into night, "life's fever" was followed by that sleep that knows no waking here, but full of promised rest hereafter for those who "die in the Lord."

Alone with my dead I spent the night. I was not strong enough to bear the gaze of the curious world, whose offers of condolence and assistance on the morrow I must accept. Neither did I desire that stranger hands should perform the last services we may give our departed ones.

With tender touch I draped the slight figure in the only color I had ever seen her wear—a silver-gray; parted

the brown hair over the graceful brow, and folded the dear hands, so cold and still, across the pulseless heart—hands ever ready in life to serve and save those who, but for their strong help, must have sunk beneath many a burden of sorrow or shame.

Fear and physical repulsion, so often felt for the body after the soul has left it, I had none, but could have lain me down by her side, and slept as sweetly as when she took me to her arms a little homeless child. It was my loss, my isolated condition, that drove away the needful rest. I was now for the first time alone. Fatherless, motherless, without brother or sister, and the only heart that had taken me to itself, cold and still.

As may be imagined, this long night of suffering proved a strain greater than my delicate organization could bear. The morning found me delirious with fever, and for a fortnight all was a blank.

Soon as I was able to leave my bed for an easy-chair, I received a visit from my godmother's legal adviser, who informed me he was only waiting my convalescence for the reading of the will.

"Why wait for me?" I exclaimed, impatiently. "I do not care to be present when Elmwood and all its appurtenances are delivered over to the new master. It is enough that I know the place so long my home is to pass into stranger hands, without hearing it formally announced."

My godmother had long before informed me (probably to guard against any false hopes I would otherwise naturally have entertained of a fortune at her demise) that the vast estate she was enjoying had been accumulated during her husband's grandfather's life. He, being an Englishman, with an Englishman's love for home customs and manners, had been shocked and surprised by the want of this feeling on the part of Americans. Therefore, he so entailed the property that it should always be in the possession of the eldest male heir, thus preventing the home he had founded passing into other hands, or bearing other name than the one he left it, and the one he had borne.

"But the new master desires your presence, and has given orders that all business transactions be delayed until your presence is possible."

He thinks his aunt's ward is expecting a handsome legacy, and will be filled with mortification and chagrin when undeceived; he would see my humiliation.

These and similar thoughts came rapidly through my mind as the lawyer waited my reply.

"Convey to Mr. Elmwood the fact of my readiness to meet him at any time he shall suggest. I can certainly command strength sufficient to carry me to the library."

A few hours later a note containing Mr. Elmwood's compliments, and wishing to see Miss Gilford that evening, if the delicate state of her health would permit, roused me to think of my personal appearance.

For the first time since that fearful day and night I found myself wondering if my dress of mourning was becoming, and hesitated some minutes before deciding in which style I should arrange my hair.

"He shall admit I am both proud and handsome, although a penniless dependent," I said to my mind. And when the toilet was completed, and I saw my face and figure reflected in the mirror, I knew I had made no vain boast, but that my godmother's taste was unerring when she had fondly called me her beautiful queen—the pride of Elmwood.

On entering the library I found, not a haughty young master with all the requirements of a maiden's *beau ideal*, only a grave, quiet man, with dashes of silver through his abundant brown hair. Earnest expressions of sympathy for my late sorrow and sickness, and questions concerning my present condition, so unarmed me that the imperious part I had rehearsed an hour before for his benefit was forgotten. Moved by this unexpected solicitude and kindness, and with the force of habit strong upon me, I in return bade him welcome to Elmwood. No sooner had the words escaped my lips than I remembered his right to be there—and mine gone. With confusion and blushes I stammered out:

"I mean—I mean—I do not know what, only I did not intend to act as hostess in this house, where you are master, and I—an intruder."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, seizing my hand and gazing into my face with a questioning expression, "is it possible you were aware my aunt was powerless to leave you any part of her fortune! and you loved her truly and unselfishly—excuse my hesitancy in receiving this truth, but such devotion and attention as you gave her is seldom seen where there is only the remembrance of past benefits and recompense."

"Is one woman's friendship for another such an anomaly? I cannot understand among what people or in what country you have been living, to learn such skepticism regarding that which seems only natural, and as a matter of course to me."

"In the same world with yourself, child, and meeting the same people. Only I am half-way through the journey of life, and have learned to see my fellow-creature as he is. You are at the beginning of the road, looking at all things through the rose-tints, and with the sentimentalism of youth. When you stand where I do, worn and weary with disappointments and trials, and look back over the tedious path already trodden, you too will have grown cynical, and will wonder how it was possible you could have had the trusting nature I am now so pleasantly surprised by. But the road may not begin to wind up-hill for you as early in the journey as it did for me. I trust not. I am relieved, Miss Gilford, that I am not to see you disappointed at the reading of the will. By-the-way, I have a letter written by your friend a few days previous to her death, in which she informs me she has left her personal effects to you, her 'beloved ward,' whom she confides to my care and protection so long as the law requires for you a guardian, and ever after such assistance as you may need. Miss Gilford, I assure you I take pleasure in respecting this last will of my uncle's wife, and trust you will continue to call Elmwood home, and remain under its shelter with the same rights and privileges as during your godmother's lifetime."

Chapter II.

Weeks passed. Although I wore robes of mourning, and kept warm in my heart the memory of the departed friend, I found I could be reasonably happy. Reasonably happy! ah! how happy the quiet weeks had been since the new master came, I did not appreciate until I was cruelly awakened from the beautiful dream.

One morning, being indisposed, I failed to fill my accustomed place in the breakfast-room. Evening came, and a quick knock at my door proclaimed the near presence of one who had come to be more dear to me than I dared admit to my innermost self.

"May I come in?"

Lying on a lounge, with morning-dress still on, and hair loosely flowing about my shoulders, I knew I was not prepared for a gentleman visitor; but a glance in the mirror opposite told me the crimson cashmere wrapper and disheveled hair only heightened the beauty my black dress could not conceal, and pride prompted me to be seen

once in the bright color which suited so well my olive complexion, by this man I had come to love unconsciously.

"Yes, you may come."

A superfluous consent, for he had already found a seat on a low ottoman by my side.

"Do not try to rise," putting his cool hand on my hot brow. "You have too much fever in your veins for any unusual effort. I am lonely without you, and could not resist coming to you; but I will not talk—neither must you—will only sit near you and read, if you like, some little snatches from this collection," taking in his hand a book of miscellaneous poems which lay on the table near by.

One after another, he read pretty sentimental ballads, finding, in the meantime, one of my hot hands, which, under the spell of his voice and near presence, I allowed to remain, passive and quiet, in his delightfully cool one.

The hand, as some writer has told us, is, indeed, a medium of affection. Its warm embrace communicates the love we would often conceal, and sends a thrill of joy from heart to heart. This evening I felt the full force of this fact; with half-closed eyes, I enjoyed the touch so full of pleasure to me—listened to the low, musical voice, afraid to move, lest the spell should be broken, and the present happy hour interrupted—or gone.

"Oh, sad are they who know not love;
But, far from passions, tears, and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass
The silver coast of fairy isles!"

The soft tones faltered—paused, and a pair of dark eyes I felt now gazing into my face. I did not, by gesture or motion, notice the interruption, and the voice began reading the second verse of that inimitable Persian love-song. A trifle softer, a trifle lower, the tones:

"And sadder they, whose longing lips
Kiss empty air——"

Again a pause; this time the eyes looked into mine with an earnestness that made me think my innermost thoughts were being read. Near—nearer came the face to mine, until his breath fanned my burning cheek, and the voice once more resumed the broken song:

—"Whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear, warm mouth of those they love."

Again the tones are hushed, and the face close beside my own came nearer still, until his "longing lips" found my "warm mouth," and covered it with kisses, passionate yet tender—wild but loving. Did I start back, and try to escape these caresses? No! My arms were about his neck, and his face close to mine, as he finished our love-song.

The tiny clock on the mantel struck twelve, and still we enjoyed the knowledge of each other's love; few words were spoken, only a half-articulated name of endearment now and then, and caresses, that was all.

Chapter III.

I had finished a tardy toilet, one made with especial care, as was testified by the unusual number of crumpled neckties, collars, etc., thrown one side. Then I sat down to await my Philip's coming, and as I waited, my thoughts went back to the first days of my life in this house—recalled each incident, however trifling, during my godmother's time; reviewed the past week spent with my guardian, that grave, quiet man, whom I expected to dislike, whom I now loved.

Strangely it came to me then how little I knew of his life, positively nothing beyond the brief weeks spent at Elmwood. I remembered, too, that he had evaded the few questions I had asked concerning his past, though I had told my whole history to him.

I was interrupted in these thoughts by a rap at the door; only John the footman, with a letter for Miss Gilford, in my guardian's writing.

My hand trembled strangely in breaking the seal; an indefinable dread and fear seized me, as I opened the page, and I read:

"Elinor:—Last night there came over me a glamour so strange, it completely enveloped and hid duty from sight, leaving passionate love to have its own way. The hand that so lately clasped yours was long ago given with my honor (not love) to another.

"Forgive me that, for a few happy hours, I forgot what was due to yourself and my wife.

"I make no excuses, but my sin I confess, and as far as it lies in my power I shall atone. I offer in slight palliation the fact that I dreamed not of peril for you, neither knew I that sorrow was involved, in my silence concerning myself; nor could I suppose my heart would play false, and, when I most needed strength, start into such strange and ungovernable emotions.

"But the danger I did not foresee is upon us; the one love nature gave me to give is with you; and, most cruel of all, the life of your life has, unknown to us both, come to rest upon me, whom to think of the world would call crime.

"Duty points plainly our paths, not lying together, but sadly apart, perhaps—vain hope, still a hope—some time in the future to cross again. Heaven only knows.

"I would seek you, to hear from your own lips the pardon and blessing without which I have not the courage to face my dark future; but counting your strength by my own, a meeting would only bring sorrow to both.

"In conclusion, I ask your acceptance of the instructions left with my lawyer. I would think of you always as mistress at Elmwood. This atonement is all I can make; do not, I beg you, deny it. And, further, I ask you to write me at least the one word forgive.

"I call you my darling once more, then farewell!

"Philip."

So ended the letter that wakened me from my beautiful dream. The room seemed to reel. All grew dark and uncertain before me, and a sensation as of a strong hand grasping at my throat stifled and choked me.

For days I knew not which feeling predominated—surprise, resentment, or despair; but, after my passionate nature had spent itself in violent demonstrations of grief, and I came to consider the subject calmly, I knew my guardian had unconsciously brought this anguish upon me. He had written truly when he told me the danger had come unforeseen. Instead of reproaches, I found myself respecting and thanking the consideration and wisdom which, as soon as the error was discerned, yielded no longer to temptation, but turned resolutely where duty pointed, while yet there was strength left to go. He still had one object in life. I, too, must have one.

I summoned courage to try, in an imperfect way, to fill my godmother's place, and soon found, by forgetting myself and becoming interested in the lives of those about me, my trouble was softened, and as weeks lengthened into months, and months into years, I was, if not a happy woman, at least a contented one.

* * * * * * *

On the table before me lies a little scrap of paper, which has fallen from the open letter in my hand—a little scrap, soiled and worn—on which I read the words traced six long years ago:

"Philip:—I forgive you. Be strong in the right, and should the time ever come when it is no longer a sin to accept it, return to my love, and your own Elinor."

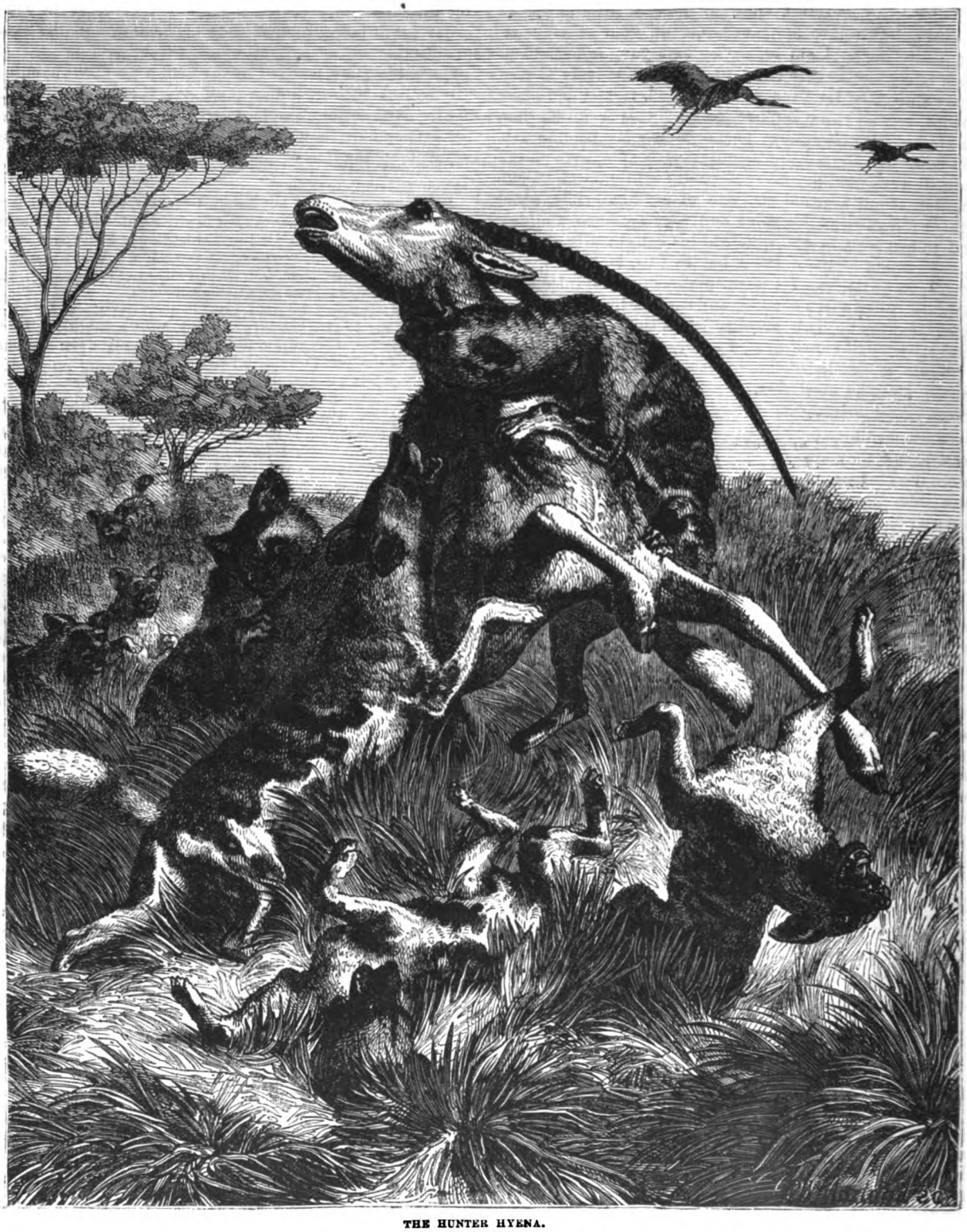
On the page in my hand I read:

"Elinor:—The time has come when it is no longer a sin to accept it. I return to your love and my own Elinor. At this hour to-morrow be ready to greet your Philip."

THE HUNTER HYENA.

We have been informed, from the days of childhood, that hyenas are the most cruel, bloodthirsty and cowardly beasts under the sun, and the uninviting appearance of these creatures, seen in our menageries, seem to be in keeping with this notion. The truth is, that there are many different species of hyenas in the tropical countries, and that some of them will, indeed, attack persons walking or traveling alone, or kill animals inferior to them in size and strength, simply for sucking their blood, and sometimes dig up corpses from the graves.

This does not, however, refer to all hyenas; and in the prairies of Central Africa there lives the hunter hyena, which possesses some of the noblest qualities of the dog, and, in fact, forms a transition between the dog and the hyena tribe.



THE HUNTER HYENA.

This animal is called *mebbie*, in the basin of the Congo River, and is found through the whole of Southern Africa, as far as the grassy prairie extends, but never visits mount-

ainous tracts or the sandy or rocky deserts. The mebbie is constantly in motion, and of a lively, mercurial disposition, lives in caves—at least in the period of gestation and breeding—and is not an exclusively nocturnal animal, like others.

The formation of the jaws and teeth is entirely that of the dog, but the head looks more like that of a hyena. Generally the face and mouth are black, the forehead and neck of an ochre color, while the rest of the body is variously tinged in brownish-yellow, grayish-white and black shades, and no two mebbies have ever been seen that were spotted in the same way. These diversified spots, in unison with the remarkably smooth-haired skin, give to the animal a rather attractive, if not beautiful, appearance, and to call it *painted hyena* would fully characterize the mebbies in their most striking peculiarity.

There is no instance on record where packs of them have attacked human beings, but they are much less afraid of man than lions and leopards. When roaming through the high grasses of the prairies, day or night, they are generally seen in packs or clusters of ten to sixty individuals.

When engaged in hunting game they always act on the co-operative principle, and their perseverance and assiduity is really admirable. A great help to them is the keenness of their olfactory organs.

They congregate near the water-springs and ponds, conceal themselves behind the shrubs and high grass-bunches, and lie in wait for the game, which, by thirst, is compelled to seek many times a day the refreshing element. They will assail cattle as well as antelopes or gazelles; the latter will succumb without exception, but not in all cases can the mebbie overpower a strong animal of the bovine class. Then they will at least inflict some bodily injury on the cattle, and cows or oxen which have not been corraled during the night will often, under the repeated, bold attacks of the furious pack, lose their tails. Mebbies falling in with a herd of fat-tailed sheep will kill indiscriminately as many of them as they can, but eat only the bowels of the slain, even if they are not disturbed in this bloody achievement.

The pursuit and "finishing up" of one of the large African antelopes by a pack of these restless dog-hyenas is one of the most thrilling and exciting spectacles that the human eye can witness. In a vivid picture our artist has represented the moment when the antelope, which is about a heifer's size, is attacked by a swarm of the insatiable canines; but the long chase which precedes the capture is not of minor interest to the spectator than the capture itself.

The noble game, aroused by the loud yells of the hyenas, fully realizes the impending peril, and is seeking safety in flight. With incomparable celerity the nimble legs carry the antelope through the high grass-stalks, and circuits are made in the line of flight, when the animal attempts to tire out its restless pursuers.

But the hyenas follow apace the swift game, howling, yelling, whining or emitting a voice which might appropriately be called jubilating, since its sounds are not unlike to a distant bell ringing. They observe in their pursuit a kind of order or discipline; for the foremost in the pack, when their breath commences to give out for having followed all the circuits, are relieved or supplanted by those of the rear, which have spared more of their energy by making short cuts and running in a more direct line. They gain the ascendant over the game through a long stretched, never-tiring gallop, which seems peculiar to them.

When the antelope's strength begins to fail she turns round and boldly faces her terrible antagonists. In despair she sweeps the ground with her mighty horns, and frequently succeeds in killing aggressors by one stroke; by powerful kicks of the hind-legs she dispatches others, or renders them quite unfit for further action.

But all this is only the beginning of the end. Suddenly one hyena, quicker or more experienced than the others, will seize the antelope's neck, and at the same moment almost the whole crowd spring upon the exhausted game and fasten their teeth in the throat or body of the victim.

Sometimes the noble animal can free itself once more from the deadly grasp of these dare-devils, and then another exciting race begins, which will end with the irrevocable slaughter of the victim; but, as a rule, the bloody act is achieved at the time of the first attack.

THE LITTLE MERMAID.

To get a share of the antelope's entrails, which is the only portion coveted, the hyenas then quarrel among themselves. They open the carcase by repeated bites, and empty it, but despise the flesh, and leave it on the fields to rot; and should they discover more game roaming in the vicinity, they will not eat at all, but after killing the first, start instantly in pursuit of a second prey.

In despoiling their victims they exhibit the truly cruel and bloodthirsty nature of their tribe, and accompany by continued howls their bloody work.

A FEW DAYS IN A QUAINT OLD ENGLISH CITY.

By J. E. Ruutz-Rees.

"Bring a collar and a tooth-brush, and come along," wrote my friend. So I went. He had been long settled at Chester, and was always overwhelming me with descriptions of the "quaintest old town in England, by Jove!" until he had fairly aroused as much curiosity as a well-regulated mind can evolve; and, armed with a mackintosh and umbrella in addition to such implements of civilization as he had suggested, I left Liverpool by the morning express, and reached the much-vaunted town at noon one Spring day. I had not specially enjoyed my journey. The atmosphere throughout had been disagreeable; what is known as a Scotch mist was falling—a hesitating, unchristian, penetrating species of fine rain, which blurred the landscape, and even penetrated the luxurious first-class carriage, where I was beguiling my weariness with a cigar, my legs comfortably extended on the cushions opposite.

Glad to hear the sound of "Chester!" as we reached the terminus, I quickly left my carriage, to be greeted by my friend.

"Glad to see you, old boy!" said he, holding out one well-gloved hand, and hoisting a dripping umbrella in the other. "Fine weather for the ducks. Got any traps?"

A sign to the guard, and my valise was given in charge of a porter, and we left the station.

"Thought we might as well tramp it," said Rivers; "give you an opportunity of seeing the town; never mind this confounded Scotch mist; it'll clear by-and-by."

So it might, but for the moment it was uncomfortable, and my first impressions of Chester were far from being as enthusiastic as they afterward became.

We tramped along accordingly in the mist, sheltered by umbrellas, until we reached the Rows, my companion eagerly talking all the while, and expatiating upon the resources and advantages of his favorite town.

"We can't die here, you know," he said; "the air is so salubrious; it's the lowest death-rate of any town in the United Kingdom. Only two-and-a-quarter per cent., and one can always be the quarter and get carried on. Good, that, isn't it?" added Rivers, with his usual delight in his own jests. "We're only twenty miles from the open sea, and besides that we have the river air; the beautiful River Dee, you know—you've heard of the Miller of Dee, of course? Jolly? why, of course he was jolly. Who could help it in Chester? We're all jolly here, I can tell you."

Here we turned down into another row, where, under shelter, my umbrella became less of a drawback in my enjoyment of the architectural peculiarities, upon which Rivers waxed eloquent. Still, it was so damp that I was not altogether sorry when he suddenly came to a halt, and ascending the steps of one of the quaintest houses in the street, exclaimed:

"Here we are, old boy! Welcome to Chester—welcome home!" and, as he opened the door with a pass-key, I found myself in a hall of fair dimensions, and face to face with a very handsome woman, who greeted me cordially as her husband's friend.

"Come in," she said. "I am so sorry that your first view of Chester should be in a Scotch mist; but, never mind—you'll have plenty of sunshine after a while. Let me introduce my daughter, Ella."

Then and there, all doubt as to the charms of Chester vanished from my mind. Whether it was because the Scotch mist had left me unprepared for any brightness, or whether the pungency of the boasted sea-air was already operating upon my system, I know not; but I do know that Chester—Chester, the quaintest city of Old England!—must be for ever cherished in my regard. How can I describe Ella? There, I won't attempt it! Rivers was always good-looking enough, and Mrs. Rivers was handsome; but Ella! Ah, well, she was divine!

She came forward, with a little blush; a pair of bright blue eyes were raised to mine, and as in a few hesitating words she bade me welcome, I surrendered at discretion.

Lunch awaited us, and before that most genial and unceremonious repast was ended, Mrs. Rivers's prophecy was realized—the mist had lifted, the sun came out bright and warm, the sky was blue, and the air full of the twittering of birds.

Rivers lost no opportunity of lauding his cherished Chester, but I placed more reliance on his daughter's description.

"Oh, yes," she said—"I like the queer old town well enough; it's not particularly exciting," she added, "but still it's endurable. We've got a croquet club, and tennis association, and we often get up picnics—that's one advantage of the legends and history of the old place. There's always an excuse for an excursion, if it's only to see where some stupid old monk was buried. But you'll have enough of it, with papa to lionize you—he's Chester mad."

"We'll have the carriage at three," said my host, "and drive round the walls—that'll give you some idea of the size of the place. It's the only town in England that still possesses its walls entire in their circuit of two miles; and the north and east gates are in exactly the same spots as the old Roman ones. You've no idea," he proceeded, "of the age of the city. Why, it must have been founded soon after Cæsar's time. That is making it quite modern, indeed, for old antiquarians declare that it was built by Japhet's grandson two hundred and forty years after the Flood. They don't say how he got here, and, as I haven't found his brass in the cathedral, they *may* be mistaken. But it is quite certain that the Romans had a colony here, and constructed the roads. It is identical with the Deva of the Roman Itineraries, and excavations have revealed any amount of remains.

"Now, papa," exclaimed Miss Ella, "stop. I assure you, Mr. White," she added, turning to me, "papa's worse than Murray, because you can't skip him; he will go over every bit of ground. Who cares about remains, I should like to know?" and she shook her pretty head and looked, oh, so delicious!

Rivers paid no more attention to her than if she had been a fly. He continued rapturously, while she made a comical *moue*.

"Absolutely, they excavated an altar with a Greek inscription—having a dedication by a physician named Hermogenes. I tell you, old fellow, it's a perfect education to be here; you're always learning something. A few days ago they pulled down a wretched old hotel here, and exposed a fine basilica, with Corinthian pillars, and baths,

and all sorts of luxurious contrivances. I tell you, those old fellows knew a thing or two. Why, the very house we are in must be centuries old."

Here Miss Ella interposed with her sweet voice:

"I should think it *is* old, and worm-eaten, too. Horrid old shed! *it* ought to be pulled down. Why don't you, papa? You might find a particular old monk of your own, and have him potted."

Rivers shrugged his shoulders.

"The irreverence of this generation is appalling," he said, and then went on, calmly: "The old Welsh name of the city—Caerleon Vawe—means 'Great camp of the legions on the Dee'; or, as the Romans in their parlance called it, Cestria, no doubt the origin of its present name. But come, here is the carriage; let's go. Put on your hat, Ella."

And so we started, Miss Ella and I on the back seat, Rivers opposite to me, expatiating, exclaiming and explaining as we passed through the quaint old streets with their overlapping houses. The Rows, seen now without the overhanging mist, were picturesque in the extreme. They exist throughout the greater portion of the length of the four principal streets, and are best described as continuous galleries open to the roadway, the houses projecting out over and under them. They are formed, as it were, of the first floors of houses, reached by steps from the pavements.

We left the carriage and walked through one of the Rows. It is boarded and protected by a ceiling, so that a covered way is provided, which fronts the shops, and assumes the character of a promenade. These streets must have been excavated in very early times, and were originally sunk far below the surface. The covered ways enable one to make almost the entire circuit of the city under shelter, and they are generally alive with pedestrians. Many of the houses, like that of my friend, must have been built in the seventeenth century, and the more modern ones are built in the same style, so that the aspect of the entire city is picturesque, and most un-English.

Some of the basements of these more modern houses are still as they were built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; one old chamber in Eastgate Street has a stone groined roof certainly dating four hundred years back.

"It's a shame," said Ella, "that they have destroyed the castle, and only left 'Cæsar's Building,' and filled up the space with that abominable jail. Papa will admire the architecture; I think it's hideous. Now, Mr. White, wouldn't the old castle, with its dilapidated walls and moats and ivy, and all that, you know, be much nicer than that horrid county hall and the law courts?"

I couldn't help agreeing, as I thought how we might have explored the ruined castle, and in imagination I saw myself tenderly helping my charming companion up and down old stairways, and halls of the forgotten past.

"There's the Town Hall," she continued. "Now, there's some sense in that. The first year we were here—I was quite a little girl, you know—the Prince of Wales came down to open that. They might manage another royal visit, I consider, and give me a chance of enjoying it, now I'm 'out.'"

Our drive round the city brought us to the Grosvenor Bridge, which spans the Dee and leads to Shrewsbury. It is a magnificent structure, the largest single span in Europe, excepting one over the Danube. The old bridge with its seven arches still remains a picturesque object in the distance.

"Now," said Rivers, "you must come and see the very oldest house in the city—Derby House; it was built in 1591, and I have a permission to go over it. Come along." And his enthusiasm increased at the prospect of feasting his eyes upon the relics of olden splendor. But he was not destined to carry out his intention upon this occasion, or to astonish my mind with those particular antiquities. Just as he gave the order to the coachman to turn down one of the narrower city streets, a drove of cattle entered at the other end, from the market-place. We had scarcely time to be aware of it before we were in their midst; a fact which would have had little of interest for me, but for Rivers's evident uneasiness.

"Forgot it was market day," he said; "it makes the mare fidgety." And he stood up in the carriage to give some direction to the coachman, while Ella laughingly pointed out the exertions of the drovers as the cattle ran hither and thither; and a flock of sheep, pouring in from a side street, added to the confusion. I was as diverted as she, never imagining any cause for alarm, until, to my surprise, my friend sprang over the back of the carriage to the coachman's side, and laid his hand on the reins with a "Steady, now," which, from the tone in which it was uttered, told me what to expect. The mare, already uneasy, became still more excited as the noisy drovers, running hither and thither, called their dogs; and the sheep, turning about in the indefinite manner peculiar to them, ran in a sort of circle in the roadway. In vain my friend raised his voice in tones of soothing and encouragement; the mare, as if possessed, started into a mad gallop, and Rivers, making a last frantic effort to hold her in, turned to me with a "Keep Ella still," as we dashed down the narrow street, scattering the frightened cattle and bewildered men, utterly at the mercy of the infuriated mare.

Our sudden peril, the unexpected turn our pleasant excursion had taken, threw down every barrier of reserve. I placed my arm round my frightened companion, and holding her firmly with one hand, clutched the side of the carriage with the other.

Our pace was so rapid that I could discern nothing but the horrified rush of the people to steer clear of us; but with a sudden jerk we had turned a corner, and the carriage striking against a stone wall, was overturned, most providentially not on the wall side. The mare, escaping from the broken traces, tore the reins wildly from the restraining hands of the coachman and his master, and before I had time to realize the catastrophe, I found myself sitting with my hat off in the middle of the road.

My first impulse was to turn to Ella, but she was already on her feet, bending over poor Rivers, who was lying beside the curb, apparently unconscious. A crowd quickly collected, but before I had time to be seriously alarmed my friend had opened his eyes, and attempted to rise.

"Thank God!" he murmured, as his eyes rested on Ella and myself. "I thought it was all over!"

Our escape from permanent injury indeed seemed miraculous. Rivers alone appeared to have sustained any hurt, for, on attempting to rise, his leg caused him such pain that he almost fainted, and all our efforts were directed to getting him home.

In a very few moments the coachman appeared with his tale of disaster; the runaway mare had never stopped until in her mad career she had dashed against the stone buttresses of the city wall. Honest John shook his head as he told of the loss of the valuable creature, adding:

"But there, measter. I always telled ye how 'twould be. It were a most unmonageable brute anyway, her were."

This was little consolation to poor Rivers, whose one anxiety was to get home and anticipate the bad news with his wife. Many friendly offers of assistance were made by persons in the crowd, and the matter ended in Rivers

being helped into the brougham of a neighbor and driven home, while I undertook to bring Miss Ella safely through the excited crowd to her father's hospitable door.

This adventure, disastrous as it appeared, had the happiest results for me. Rivers's injury turned out to be a severe sprain, and he was condemned to many days of inaction on the sofa. His superfluous energy was devoted to planning out excursions for me, in which Mrs. Rivers, being detained by her sympathetic attendance on her husband, could not join, and so it fell out that Miss Ella was my constant companion.

Is it to be wondered at that I look back to those few days at quaint old Chester with undying gratitude? nay, that I am at times inclined to thank Heaven for the accident that laid my too energetic friend on his back, and placed me at the mercy of his daughter's guidance?

THE CITY OF CHESTER.—VIEW OF A STREET; A COVERED WAY; THE CITY GATE; QUAINT HOUSES; A RUINED ABBEY.

Together we explored the cathedral, "crammed," as the dear girl said, with information before we started—information for which I have always been grateful, for I doubt if I should have acquired it on the spot. I positively declare that I was capable of losing my interest in the oldest brass or the most intricate carving if Ella only glanced at me. Her blue eyes were more to me than all the painted wonders in the vast cathedral pile, and the little attentions I was able to pay her far outweighed in importance the genealogical record or historical account to which I ought to have devoted my attention. We went to that cathedral a great many times. Rivers was delighted at my zeal; it never occurred to him what pleasant resting-places we found under the deep arches, or how cool the cloisters were in the growing heat of the early Summer. He never succeeded in making very particular inquiries, after all, for directly I suspected him of any such intention I turned the tables, and asked him a question—for example, as to the Shrine of St. Werburgh, now the bishop's throne, and so sent him off upon one of the antiquarian discourses in which his soul reveled, while Ella would lift her fringed eyelids and glance at me, to show how well she understood my hypocrisy. Ah! those were halcyon days—days never to be recalled. Dear, quaint old Chester, how much I owe thee!

OLD HOUSES IN CHESTER.

One morning we sauntered into the cathedral porch.

"Now," said I, "to-day I really must see some of these points of particular interest. Let us find Henry IV.'s tomb—at least, the tomb ascribed to Henry IV. of Germany."

Well, so we did; but somehow, when we reached it, we were tired. Ella sat down on one of the stone inclosures, and I stood beside her, watching the effect of the sun's ray through the colored window as it lighted up her golden hair. What did we care for the three coffin-lids with the wheel crosses, where the fat old abbots molder in their graves? or the early burial records of old Norman priests? Who of us two admired the quaint tapestry picture of Elymas the Sorcerer? A mightier sorcerer than Elymas was with us both!

Did Ella appreciate the beautiful pillars of the Chapter House? or care a brass button about the library? or find anything beautiful in the architecture of the cloisters? I did; but then, they were irradiated by the glory that surrounded my newly found queen!

We staid a long while in the old Norman chamber, it is true, but it was because our voices echoed and re-echoed so charmingly. There I whispered, "Ella," and she, shy little darling! first said, "Paul." Ah! that old vaulted room with its massive pillars held many a gleam of sunshine for my heart. Didn't we go together to the Abbey Gate, with its fifteenth-century arch, wandering past the city walls, and coming home in the sunset glow of the early Summer evening? Didn't we go together to that stumpy old Cæsar's Tower, and try to picture to ourselves what the castle must have been? Didn't we wander by the Dee, and watch its current, and talk of effects of light, and all that was proper? Didn't we cross over the Grosvenor Bridge and look back upon the city, and exclaim at the breadth of the Roodeye, or race-ground? Didn't I promise to come again and see the Chester Cup run for? In short, what was there in or out of the city walls that we did not visit together? I won't say explore, for I like to be honest; but, anyway, we went there—to one and all of the show places, and to every excursion; to Eaton Hall, belonging to the Duke of Westminster, one of the most beautiful seats in England, where I was possessed with a mad desire to call it mine, and dower the lovely Ella with its vast domains! I lavished a fortune in tickets to see it, and every other sight within miles; pointed out the most

solitary nooks, and found more quiet corners than Rivers ever dreamed of in all his antiquarian research.

Ah, I felt for poor Rivers, laid by the heels; but after all, he had his wife, and the satisfaction of cramming me. I had visited and explored the whole city and its surroundings before he was well enough even to drive round with us. Poor fellow! I wasn't so inconsolable as I ought to have been, but I did dread saying good-by! I lingered on till Summer in all its glory was upon us; until every spot of the lovely country round was in its fullest Summer dress; until midday excursions were impossible, and the late evenings found us out upon the walls, or sauntering up one of the Rows, or loitering round the old-fashioned garden back of Rivers's house. I *could* not tear myself away.

My enthusiasm for Chester far exceeded for a while even that of my friend, and he was gratified beyond expression at my participation in his eulogies of his quaint old dwelling-house, with its carved mullions, deep porches and latticed windows. But he never quite forgave me, I honestly believe, when he found out at last that the charm I found in Chester lay not in intricate carvings or curious excavations, not even in the overhanging houses or magnificent cathedral, but in a pair of bright blue eyes, and shining locks whose golden meshes had entrapped my heart.

When he gave his winsome daughter into my keeping, it was with a half-reproachful remark that such a little, insignificant trifle as love should have been needed to illuminate the glories of that quaint old English city, Chester on the River Dee.

THE SCARLET TANAGER.

This is the brightest and most beautiful of our feathered isitors. Seen among the green foliage in his scarlet and black livery, he seems to glow like a living flame, and well deserves his name of "fire-bird," while the French style it the "cardinal." Unlike the majority of brilliantly-plumaged birds, the tanager is a musician, and, in addition to these good qualities, is very readily tamed, and makes a lively and affectionate pet. He is to be found chiefly in oak groves, situated near swamps. Here may be heard his warbling song, broken by a pensive call-note, sounding like the syllables *chip-churr;* and here he and his companions show their beautiful color and lively movements in their pursuit of insects, of which this bird destroys a great number. The nest is generally to be found in orchards and forests, particularly in oak groves, where the trees stand at some distance apart. It is so loosely constructed that the light shines through its interstices. The materials used in its construction are broken stalks of dried weeds, slender twigs of oak, fir, whortleberry-bushes, or like frail constituents, loosely framed, and bound together with pea-vine runners or grass. It is quite shallow, lined with slender pine-leaves, or the wiry brown stalks of the Canadian cistus, and contains, about the middle of May, usually four, sometimes three, seldom five eggs, of a dull, light-greenish blue color, spattered, more or less thickly, with purplish brown. The full-grown male tanager is a bright carmine, with clear black wings and tail. The female is olive green above, yellowish beneath, wings and tail-feathers brown, edged with olive-green. During the Autumn, the young males are colored like the females, except that a few red feathers make their appearance here and there. While as yet the eggs are unhatched, the birds are extremely wary, and appear very much distressed if approached; but after the young birds appear, the male bird takes his full share, like a dutiful husband and affectionate father, in caring for them, and becomes careless of being seen.

Indeed, his attachment to his young seems very strong, as is shown by the following account, taken from Wilson:

"Passing through an orchard, and seeing one of these young birds that had but lately left the nest, I carried it with me for about half a mile, to show it to my friend, Mr. William Barton, and having procured a cage, hung it up on one of the large pine-trees in the Botanic Garden, within a few feet of the nest of an orchard oriole, which also contained young, hoping that the charity and kindness of the orioles would induce them to supply the cravings of the stranger. But charity with them, as with too many of the human race, began and ended at home.

"The poor orphan was altogether neglected, notwithstanding his plaintive cries, and as it refused to be fed by me, I was about to return it to the place where I found it, when, toward the afternoon, a scarlet tanager, no doubt its own parent, was seen fluttering around the cage, endeavoring to get in. Finding this impracticable, he flew off, and soon returned with food in his bill, and continued to feed it till after sunset, taking up his lodgings on the higher branches of the same tree. In the morning, as soon as day broke, he was again seen most actively engaged in the same manner, and, notwithstanding the insolence of the orioles, he continued his benevolent offices the whole day, roosting at night as before.

"On the third or fourth day he seemed extremely solicitous for the liberation of his charge, using every expression of distressful anxiety, and every call and invitation that nature had put in his power, for him to come out. This was too much for the feelings of my friend. He procured a ladder, and mounting to the spot where the bird was suspended, opened the cage, took out his prisoner, and restored him to liberty and to his parent, who, with notes of great exultation, accompanied his flight to the woods."

THE LITTLE BEGUM.

By Jane G. Austin.

Wilberforce Blake, of the firm of Yerxa, Demetri & Blake, the great East Indian importers, was master, among his other possessions, of a handsome country-house in the village of Woodside, which village Mr. Blake and his friends were perhaps a little too much in the habit of regarding as a mere adjunct appanage to "Bagatelle," as the country-house was styled. But besides Bagatelle, Woodside boasted of another large house, although the two were several miles apart, and this was Athens House, the Select Family and Day School of the Misses Murray, dedicated especially to the education of young ladies from ten years old upward.

Nobody but the Misses Murray considered this school a very good one, taken from an educational point of view; but Athens House was a large and handsome building, the site healthy and picturesque, and the distance from any large town a recommendation to careful parents always looking out for ravening wolves in the shape of young men. Whether it was these considerations, or mere propinquity, and a desire to encourage home productions so far as a foreign merchant might, that swayed the mind of Mr. Blake, it is impossible now to say; but certain it is that when the Baboo Raj Moctal consigned to him, in a private letter inclosed in the schedule of a rich assorted cargo, his daughter Tazia, to be educated "according to the fashion of young American noblewomen," with an added and obscure hint of matrimonial designs enter-

tained by the Baboo upon a certain business friend of his own, native of the Great Republic, but resident in Calcutta, the busy merchant contented himself with asking his wife in an absent-minded sort of fashion :

"That school at Woodside is as good as any, I suppose; isn't it ?"

"For Matilda !" exclaimed Mrs. Blake, shrilly, as she elevated her hands and eyebrows.

"No, no—for Taza Moctal. Oh, I have not told you, have I ?"

And in few words the facts already known to the reader were communicated to Mrs. Blake, with the added information that the *Jehangeer* was already signaled as outside the harbor, and would probably be at the wharf early in the morning.

"And the girl is on board ! Why did not her father send her overland ? But I suppose, traveling with only a servant, she was safer among the people who knew her and all about her," soliloquized Mrs. Blake. "Well, bring her out to Woodside to-morrow night, and we will see. She might, perhaps, go back to Madame Devine's with Matilda in September, if——"

"Of course, that is the best plan !" exclaimed the merchant, much relieved. "I never thought of that."

"I said *if*, Mr. Blake," replied his wife, astutely. "I cannot tell until I see the girl. She may not be a suitable companion for Matilda."

"Well, we shall see to-morrow night."

The next afternoon, at the time when the carriage should return from the train, Mrs. Blake, carefully dressed, seated herself upon the veranda, in some little flutter of curiosity, while Matilda, a girl of fifteen, pale, lank, flaxen, blue-eyed, and in the weedy condition of figure incident to her years, lay upon a sofa just within the open window, reading a novel.

"There comes the carriage !" exclaimed Mrs. Blake, eagerly. "I see your father ; a dark woman and a man on the front seat—her servants, no doubt ; and—— Yes, now I see her. Humph ! She will go to Woodside, I have a fancy."

Matilda, if she heard, made no reply, but her lips curled in unfilial scorn, and, without changing her attitude, she attentively regarded, first her own reflection in the great mirror opposite her couch, and then the light, girlish figure seated in the barouche, now drawing up at the foot of the steps. A charming figure, fairy-like in its proportions, yet rounded with a promise of fuller and more luxuriant curves in the future ; a small, proud head, crowned with masses of silky black hair ; a skin colorless, yet glowing with a certain white light of life and health ; a mouth that might have been too tempting but for a certain curve of proud purity not to be disregarded by even the most ardent ; arched eyebrows, clear and fine ; and beneath them, eyes—ah, such eyes ! Oriental in their dark fire and softness, large and steady, proud and tender—such eyes as never opened first upon a Northern sky, never failed to move the inmost heart of Northern man.

"Poor mamma ! She never will let that face be seen beside mine when she can help it," murmured Matilda Blake, with the half-sad, half-scornful smile familiar to her pale lips ; and then, as her father and his guest came up the stairs, the daughter of the house went forth to meet them with the cold and somewhat careless manner which deceived so many of those who thought her a mere child, or else the formal, selfish and heartless puppet of her mother's teachings.

This composure was destined to be slightly discomposed on this occasion, however, for the East Indian no sooner found that this young girl was the daughter of her guardian, than, throwing her arms about her, she pressed her to her heart, kissing her upon cheek and brow and lips, murmuring the while :

"My sister in a strange land, you are very dear to poor Taza ! And you will try to love her as she will you, will you not, O friend of my new life ?"

"Thank you, I—I——" stammered Matilda, looking cross and awkward, as proud and bashful persons always do under similar circumstances ; and Mrs. Blake smoothly came to the rescue with :

"These people are your servants, I suppose, my dear ? I will send them to the housekeeper's room for the present."

"Oh, Sooltan and Aisha !" replied Taza, withdrawing from Matilda's cold embrace with a pained expression upon her sensitive face. "Yes—Sooltan is my *kitmudgar*, and Aisha my *ayah*—nurse, you call it in English, I believe."

"And what are the man's duties, my dear ?"

"Why, to wait upon me at the table, madame, and to take care of the dishes and silver that I use," replied the girl, surprised. 'He has them all packed in that basket, and Aisha has my dressing-case. But the most of the luggage is still on board the *Jehangeer*."

Mrs. Blake looked at her husband, looked at her daughter, and made no reply except to invite her guest to enter the house, and to go to her own chamber ; but leaving her there, she returned to the drawing-room to announce :

"The girl goes to Woodside to-morrow, or, rather, as soon as the school opens again, and her man-servant may return to Calcutta in the same vessel that brought him here. As for the woman, she may take care of my lady's clothes, for I suppose she is far too fine to be able to do it for herself."

"She is as she was born and brought up, my dear," replied Mr. Blake, philosophically. "Potato-vines do not bear passion-flowers."

"Passion-flowers, indeed !" muttered Mrs. Blake ; "and potatoes, forsooth !" added she, turning toward Matilda ; but further speech was cut short by her husband, who briefly announced :

"Julian Yerxa is coming out to-morrow to spend two or three days, perhaps longer."

"Julian Yerxa ! and you never told me until now—and this girl here and all !" exclaimed the lady, a flush of excitement staining her withered cheek.

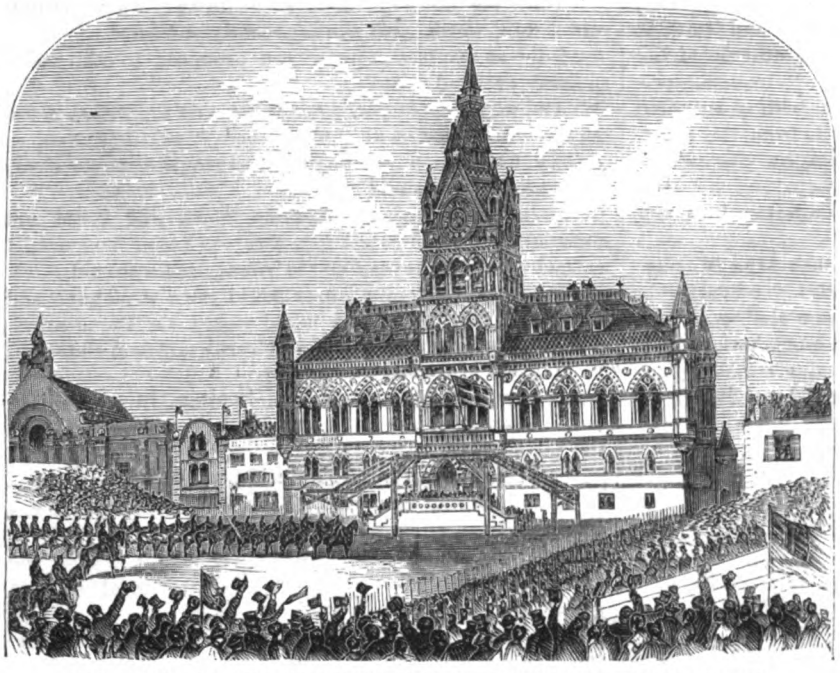
"It is just on account of 'this girl,' as you call her—and, by-the-way, her name is Taza, or, if you prefer, Miss Moctal—it is to see her that Yerxa is coming just now. He went on board with me, and was rather taken with her beauty and foreign manner."

"Oh, was he, indeed ? And you encouraged him, I suppose, and invited him out here to meet her," suggested Mrs. Blake, in a tone of such fierce sarcasm that her husband looked up in astonishment, exclaiming :

"Well, of all the unaccountable women ! Have not you been teasing me for months to bring this young man out here ?"

"And why ?" replied the lady in her former tone. "Because he is the only son of the head of your firm, and will inherit one of the largest fortunes in America ; and because he is handsome, and gay, and impressible, and likes to hear Matilda sing, and——"

"Oh, it was a trap, was it ? and I was the tame elephant that was to lure the wild one inside, was I ? Thankye, my dear, but that sort of thing is not at all in my way—and I wouldn't try to make it so, if I were you. Besides, Matilda's too young for market yet, and veal never brings so good a price as beef."



A FEW DAYS IN A QUAINT OLD ENGLISH CITY.—THE NEW TOWN HALL, CHESTER.
SEE PAGE 86.

"Coarse! vulgar! unfeeling!" muttered Mrs. Blake, but so low that the subject of these epithets was not obliged to hear them, and did not appear to; and just then poor Taza came gliding down the stairs, so lovely in her fresh dress of embroidered India muslin, and her quaint ornaments of yellow Delhi gold, that the heart of her hostess hardened more than ever toward her, and Matilda's sallow cheeks reddened with envy.

The next day, Julian Yerxa came—a fine, tall, dark young fellow, with all the beauty of his Greek father and American mother, and just enough of the Oriental romance tempering the Western energy of his nature to make him the most ardent of admirers, the most passionate of lovers. He had already been an occasional guest at Bagatelle, and, in spite of the youth of both parties—for Yerxa, just out of college, had barely passed his twenty-second birthday—Mrs. Blake had already settled in her own mind that the business connection of the fathers was to be cemented as soon as possible by a more tender association of the children, and to this end many of her schemes during the last year had tended.

All this taken into account, must we not pardon the somewhat venomous expression of the lady's face as she watched her destined son-in-law's open devotion to the new star, and marked the shy light in Taza's eyes as she listened to his half-murmured speeches, or received at his hands the symbolical bouquets he delighted to arrange for her?—pardon, too, the sharp, cold tone of her voice as she addressed her husband's ward, and the withering sarcasm of her manner as she congratulated that luckless man at bedtime upon the success of his operations?

"But I shall manage matters a little better to-morrow, I promise you, and in a few days—well, we shall see."

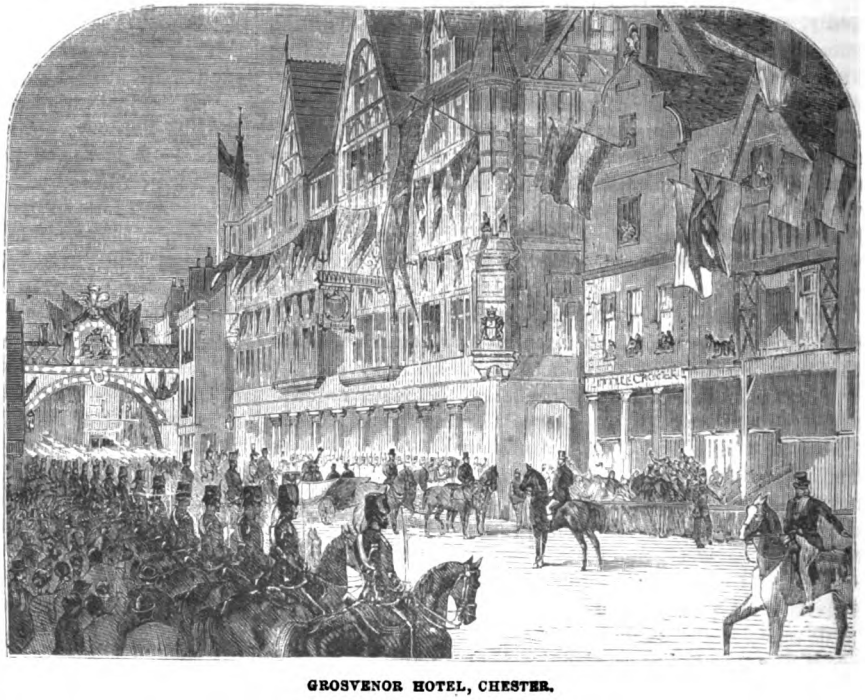
"We sha'n't see any mortification or distress come to the stranger child confided to my care, Mrs. Blake, and that I can promise you," replied her husband, sternly, and the weaker vessel prudently held her tongue, and revolved her schemes in her own busy brain.

Just how it was effected no one but herself could tell, but during his remaining stay at Bagatelle, Julian Yerxa found few or no opportunities for private conversation with Taza, and when he left the house it was under pledge to meet Mrs. Blake "and the rest of us," as that lady worded her invitation, at the seaside hotel where they had taken rooms, one of which could now be spared for him.

When the guest had fairly departed, Mrs. Blake proceeded to unfold the second part of her scheme, which was that Miss Moctal, with her *ayah* for company, should be safely established at Athens House a few days before the departure of the rest of the family for Seatown.

Various and excellent were the reasons assigned for this arrangement by the wily dame who made it. Taza, dear child, was not yet accustomed to American manners or customs, and would be the subject of remark, perhaps of gossip, among the idle and fashionable people she would meet with them.

Her health, too, would be more benefited just now by the sweet, clear air of the country than by the sea-breezes she had lived among for the last three months; again, she



GROSVENOR HOTEL, CHESTER.

would have time, before the school recommenced, to learn something of its ways and requirements, and thus to escape some of the wonder, and, perhaps, ridicule of her future companions. In fact, the flood of eloquence prevailed, and when Julian Yerxa, flushed with anticipated delight, stood ready to hand his friends from the stage-coach completing the journey to Seatown, the one face he cared to see among them was not there, and all Mrs. Blake's smooth explanations failed to comfort or to satisfy him.

It was about a week from that day that Miss Murray, entering the dormitory which her solitary pupil forlornly occupied, found her lying listlessly upon the bed, while Aisha, crouched upon the floor close at hand, watched her young mistress with gloomy eyes, assuming a look of contemptuous dislike as the little dried and formal figure of the school-mistress entered the room, and asked, suspiciously:

"Miss Moctal, is Mr. Julian Yerxa a friend of Mrs. Blake's, and did she give you permission to receive him here?"

Taza sprang from the bed, and her beautiful, languid eyes lighted as Miss Murray had never yet seen them.

"Of course, of course!" replied she, rapidly. "Mr. Yerxa was at Mrs. Blake's until I came away, and he was with them at the shore of the sea. He will have a message for me to come to them down there, it may be."

"Well," replied the lady of Athens House, after a sour and doubtful pause, "he is in the drawing-room, and you may go down to see him. Until school begins, I suppose you do not come under its rules; but after that time no visitors are admitted for the young ladies, unless bringing a written order from parents or guardians."

But Taza, scarcely waiting for Aisha to nimbly arrange her disordered hair and dress a little, was already gliding toward the door with that peculiar rapid yet repressed movement so peculiar to her race, and in another moment appeared a vision of youth and grace and beauty before the delighted eyes of the young man, who sprang forward to meet her with both hands extended, and his lips tingling with the desire to add a yet more significant warmth to his greeting.

"You were not with them at Seatown!" were his first reproachful words, and she innocently answered:

"I did so want to go, and you promised to take me to so many pretty drives."

"And why did not you come, when you knew that it was only to meet you that I went there?" asked Julian, so eagerly that a bright, beautiful blush mounted to the clear, pale cheek as Taza said:

"I was not allowed. Madame Blake said I did not know enough of the world yet, and was better here until I learned to behave myself as the young ladies should."

"If the other young ladies could learn to behave and look like you, Taza, this world would be Paradise already," murmured the lover; and Taza's shy eyes answered for her without words.

A rapid hour flew by, and then Miss Murray entered the room, made a few formal remarks, and soon frightened away the guest, who, in departing, said, however:

"I am very sorry I forgot the book to-day, Miss Moctal, but with Miss Murray's permission I will send or bring it to-morrow."

"A book sent to Miss Moctal by Miss Blake, I presume?" suggested Miss Murray, icily; but as Mr. Yerxa only replied by a hurried bow, and proceeded at once to his leave-taking, the mind of the preceptress remained unsatisfied; and when with the morrow came Julian, armed with the last new novel and a charming bouquet, he was received by teacher as well as pupil, and had not the chance for one private word with the latter.

THE SCARLET TANAGER.— SEE PAGE 90.

But Love, who laughs at locksmiths, holds school-ma'ams in especial derision, and that very evening Taza received from her smiling *ayah* a little note, saying:

"Tabitha spoiled my visit to-day, but you will not be angry if I meet you in the course of the daily walk, which Aisha, who is uncommonly companionable for a person speaking no English, tells me that you take under no guardianship but hers. I have much to say to you, and shall be sorely disappointed if you do not give me the opportunity."

Who does not say that Taza should have sternly refused the rendezvous thus solicited—should have torn up the note, reproved Aisha, and banished Julian Yerxa from her memory and affections?

Of course you, well-educated and strongly principled daughter of a Puritan ancestry, would have done so without hesitation, in spite of the popular slur upon ministers' sons and deacons' daughters; but my poor Taza had no Puritan ancestry, no education in particular, no training in any school except that of her own will and pleasure, for her mother had long been dead, and to her father she was simply an idolized plaything or petted tyrant; and Aisha—upon whose judgment she relied with the faith that every child tacitly gives to the woman most closely associated with its infancy—Aisha calmly said:

"Why not meet the Burra Sahib, little lady? He good, he handsome, he rich. Aisha like him much."

And so Taza consented; and this, the first stolen meeting, was not the last, until, like a thunderbolt upon a defenseless steeple—like a tornado upon a quiet country, like a wolf upon a trembling sheep—Mrs. Blake, one fine morning, descended upon Miss Murray, demanded a private interview, and with merciless inquisition extorted from that weeping little woman every particular of Julian Yerxa's first two visits, and the circumstantial evidence of the stolen meetings.

"Very fine, very creditable, Miss Murray!" was the lady's comment, when all was told. "Careful mothers will be very likely to place their daughters under your charge when they hear this account of your faithfulness."

"Oh, ma'am! oh, Mrs. Blake!" cried the unfortunate little woman thus addressed; "must it, need it be known? Will not you mercifully keep the secret? It will ruin me, utterly ruin me, should it become public! Anything I can do or say, anything in the world to make amends, I shall be most happy."

Anything! The word was suggestive; and Mrs. Blake sat for some moments coldly regarding the weeping woman. At last she said, very slowly:

"To be sure, it seems a pity to ruin your school, as I am afraid I should in telling this story; for, of course, I must defend my own faithfulness, and the responsibility would all rest upon you."

"Oh, madame, be merciful! be merciful!"

"I should be glad to be, if—— And, after all, the principal thing is to divide these two young persons and keep them apart. Are you good at imitating a handwriting, Miss Murray?"

The Principal of Athens House hastily raised her tear-stained face, and a sudden fire burned upon her whitened cheek; but meeting those cold gray eyes, her own fell, and the indignant words that had risen to her lips died there unspoken.

In the course of the next week several important events took place among the little society we have introduced to the reader.

Mr. Julian Yerxa, still remaining in town to attend to the important business which had so suddenly summoned him from Seatown, received a note in the same childish characters as the two little missives he had already received from Taza, and it said:

"I am so sorry, I knew it was wrong, but I did not think until yesterday, when I received a letter from papa"—the Calcutta mail had actually arrived, as Mrs. Blake was aware, and had brought a letter from the Baboo to his daughter—"but I should have told you long ago that I am regularly betrothed to a gentleman in Calcutta, a New Orleans gentleman, ever so rich, and connected in business with papa. I shall have to marry him, I suppose, but it was such fun to hear you talk, and you looked so romantic in the moonlight; but it was naughty, and I hope you'll forgive my not telling you sooner. If you really think it's no harm, now that you know it never can be anything but nonsense, I had just as lieve meet you at the old place, to-morrow evening, as not. Send a little note to tell me if you will come.

"TAZA."

There was no need to feign the answer, and the conspirators allowed poor Taza to receive it just as it was sent, for it was only these cruel words:

"Excuse me if I do not meet you to-night, and if I am unable to do myself the honor of visiting Woodside again this year. I am going to look for a wife among my own honorable and high-minded countrywomen. YERXA."

Oh, the tornado, the wasting, desolating tempest of wrath and shame and scorn that swept through and through that loving, passionate heart, and shook that slender frame, and blazed in those dark eyes, when the daughter of Raj Moctal read this cruel note, and thought herself the mock and scorn of the man she had so truly loved.

"He thought, because I was alone in this horrible country, because I had no father, no brother near me, and because I frankly told my love, and went to meet him when he asked me—he thought he could trifle with me as long as suited his pleasure, and then cast me aside and go to seek his wife among his honorable countrywomen. Honorable! Does he dare say that my father's child is less than honorable?"

And the poor broken-hearted child hid her head upon the brown bosom of her *ayah*, and wept such scalding tears as sear a channel in the brain never quite to be obliterated.

Aisha waited until the first burst of passion was over, and then she said:

"Go home, little lady, go home to Sahib Papa, tell him all story; and he send and catchee bad man, and bring him in ship, and give him to the tigers in the jungle. Mahmoud carry him out in jungle, and lose him quick."

Taza smiled and raised her head. Even her few weeks of American life had taught her that Indian justice was not easily applied to citizens of the Great Republic; but, aside from this, the *ayah's* words had suggested two soothing ideas to the smarting spirit of the proud girl.

Home! Revenge!

She sat long in silence, and then her resolve was formed. Of money she possessed an almost unstinted store, and her quick wit and alert powers of observation had already taught her how money matters are arranged in this country.

Before sunset that day the Atlantic Cable Company had received by mail, and were already transmitting by wire, a message to the Baboo Raj Moctal, Calcutta:

"I am sick and unhappy. May I come home? I shall die if I do not. TAZA."

Then she went to bed and remained there, ill enough to make good her plea of inability to rise until the answer came.

"Come home in *Jehangeer*, and bring two American lady teachers, first quality. T. L. impatient."

The message was sent from the telegraph-office to the office of Yerxa, Demetri & Blake, as directed, inclosed with another for the firm, and Julian opened the envelope, read both, and bitterly smiled as he whispered to himself:

"T. L. is the bridegroom, no doubt, and they have sent for her to complete the nuptials."

So he went no more to Bagatelle or to the Athens House, and poor little Taza, half hoping in the depths of her loving heart that when he knew she was going home he would report and offer some excuse, some apology, beg for the pardon she could not have withheld, saw the days slip swiftly by and bring no sign, until at last the *Jehangeer* was ready for sea, and the daughter of her owner came down to take possession of her stately cabin, accompanied

by Sooltan and Aisha, and the two "first quality" lady teachers provided by the generous merchant in duplicate, in case one should die of the climate before she had become acclimated to its fervor.

With her came also Mr. and Mrs. Blake, and Matilda: he kind, but abstracted and unobservant; she full of kindly and motherly suggestions as to the physical comfort of the lovely girl whose heart she had deliberately slain, but of whose property and comfort and proper service she took the most unbounded care.

As for Matilda, she remained pale, silent and suspicious; she knew that Taza was the victim of one of her mother's intrigues, but what this might be she knew not, nor greatly cared to learn; for one of the mournful results of this young girl's training in the school of duplicity and pretense had been to cultivate a cynical indifference to the suffering of those whom she daily saw suffer beneath these weapons, and an equally cynical contempt both for her mother's course and for those who did not see through it.

Suddenly Taza, languidly reclining upon the extension-chair placed beneath an awning for her, started upright, and while the color flushed into her white cheeks, fixed her eyes upon the doorway of a warehouse near the head of the wharf, while her trembling lips plaintively whispered, "Julian!"

Mrs. Blake, who sat close beside, caught the look, the motion and the word, and also the vanishing figure of the poor self-tormented fellow, who had been hanging about, ever since Taza drove down the quay, catching glimpses of the girl whose departure tore the very heart from his breast, and yet whom he regarded as the falsest and least trustworthy of her sex.

Mrs. Blake turned pale, but only for a moment, and then she smiled and easily said:

"There is Julian Yerxa. I wonder he don't come down to bid you good-by; but perhaps the silly fellow fancies Matilda might be jealous."

The poor victim did not speak, but the great feverish eyes, the quivering mouth, asked the question she could not put in words, and her tormentor, gayly patting the thin cheek, so round a few short weeks before, answered with a meaning smile:

"Yes, dear, we hope that our dear young friend Julian will in time become our yet dearer son. We do not talk much about it, because both are so young, but I thought Matilda would have told you while you were at Bagatelle."

Even Mrs. Blake's hard and worldly heart was not proof against the piteous look slowly replacing the inquiry in the great dark eyes, or the ghastly pallor stealing over the pale pure cheek, and hastily rising, she said:

"I will take one look more at your stateroom, love, to be sure that the flowers are properly placed, and everything as comfortable as possible; and then——"

But like a black electric cloud the tall form of the *ayah* brushed past the stately dame, and ran to Taza's side, muttering in Hindoostanee:

"Old witch! What is it you have said now to hurt my poor little lady? May the Destroyer devour you!"

For Taza had swooned—with the heat, Mrs. Blake said; but when she recovered she would not hear of postponing the sailing of the *Jehangeer*, as the complaisant captain offered to do, and Mrs. Blake urged. No, Taza said, she should be better afloat; it was this horrible, stifling American air that was killing her; she only wanted the blue water, and to know that she was going home, home, home!

She murmured the sweet word again and again, and the great tears came sliding from under the fringes of her closed eyes, and she turned her face so decidedly to the wall, that even Mrs. Blake was fain to give up the attempt at sympathy and consolation, and withdrew to the outer cabin until the word was given for "friends to go ashore," and then she was told that Taza slept, and must not be disturbed. So, leaving all sorts of tender messages with the brace of lady teachers, she departed, and with her the rest; and as the great ship moved heavily from the wharf, with all sail set to catch the favoring breeze, the tried heart gave way, and with none but the *ayah* to pity and console, the child went through such a paroxysm of grief and passion, and trampled, forlorn, yet all-powerful love, as made the weeping nurse tremble lest life itself should yield before such a mighty power.

But life is very hard to touch by grief while the body is young and strong and untired, and, a few days out, Taza was on deck, quiet and very sad, but well, and, as she hated to feel, growing hourly better as she inhaled the strong salt breeze, and felt the free sunny air all about her like a bath.

And the *Jehangeer* was prospered beyond all precedent in her voyage, and at its close the Baboo Raj Moctal received to his loving arms a fair, stately maiden, with a face graver than that of the child he had sent forth, indeed, but immeasurably more beautiful; and as he kissed her again and again, he whispered:

"Yes, my own, my beautiful; the good young American lord, Theodore Lemonye, is impatient for his bride."

"Oh, my father, speak not to me of these things! Have not I brought these ladies who are to teach me all that I went to America to learn?" replied Taza, serenely, and the old Indian recognized in the ring of the clear, sweet voice a tone that had guided his life until he laid his fair young American wife in her foreign grave, and he sighed and said:

"You, like your mother, O core of my heart, do with me as you will. You are not like the daughters of the East, who say, 'To hear is to obey,' and then deceive."

And Taza, well contented, smiled and patted the thin brown cheek, and smiled into the kind eyes of the father whom she loved, and foresaw that she should guide to her own will; and both were satisfied.

But now that the way was smoothed, and all was so prosperously arranged, Julian Yerxa himself quietly and unconsciously defeated all Mrs. Blake's fine schemes of transforming him to a son-in-law, by wandering away, no one quite knew whither—to California first, and then, perhaps, to the Pacific Islands; perhaps round the world; no one could tell whither, least of all himself. So he announced in his farewell visit at Bagatelle a few weeks after the sailing of the *Jehangeer*, and his smiling hostess could have throttled him with her own white and jeweled fingers.

"If you go to Calcutta, you must try to be there for Taza Moctal's wedding," said she, venturously. "The natives use very strange and grotesque ceremonies upon these occasions, and it will be quite a show, I suppose. To fancy a half-American girl willing to become one of a seraglio full of wives! Isn't it a little repulsive, Mr. Yerxa?"

"Perhaps," replied her guest, rising to take leave; "but the scheming, the pretense, the open bargaining with which our wholly American girls are disposed of by their parents is, to my mind, still more repulsive."

So Julian Yerxa passed out of Mrs. Blake's scheme of life, greatly to her displeasure, and the secret mortification of the silent Matilda, who had fancied him, and who soon after this announced to her mother that any future plots in her behalf would be useless, as she should never

marry; and, in fact, she never did, but became in due course of time first a wonderfully learned but silent young lady, and finally a still more learned and talkative spinster, and a great light among the stronger-minded of her sex, with whom she managed to identify herself without becoming ridiculous—a most remarkable result.

And Julian! Restless as all men pursued by the gadfly of an unquiet heart, and, unhappily, exempt from the daily labor which is salvation, he wandered up and down through the waste places of the earth, for ever circling around the land where dwelt the fairest and falsest of her sex, as he so often styled her, yet never directly approaching her, until of a sudden the horrible Indian Mutiny broke forth, and all the civilized world shuddered at the atrocities by which a nation of slaves sought to avenge the cruelties of a century, and thus riveted their chains anew.

BY THE SEASIDE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 99.

Yerxa was in Persia when he heard the news, and by an impulse for which he did not try to account, he hurried at once into Hindoostan, meaning to make his way down toward Calcutta, and—— But at that "and" he always paused, for, if Taza was now the wife of an Indian, she was safe; if the wife of an American, amply protected, if indeed the tide of revolt swept down so far as the city. But still in the hill-country, traveling with his own servants, in whom he had implicit confidence, the traveler one evening heard some shots fired over his head, succeeded by a few desperate yells, and then felt his *palkee* rudely dropped, and heard the pattering feet of his bearers running down the road at desperate speed.

By this time he had torn aside the curtains and thrust out his head, nearly bringing it in contact with one just lowered to thrust in.

Both started back, and then stared silently into each other's eyes, the one reading murder, robbery, cruelty, in the fierce, bloodshotten, dark orbs fixed upon him; the other, a firm purpose of resistance, which made him turn slightly to look over his shoulder for assistance.

In that instant Julian sprang, and, clasping both his slender but sinewy hands about the neck of the marauder, threw himself out of the *palkee* upon his crouching figure, and bore it to the earth; but at the gurgling cry of the choking man a cloud of his companions, abandoning the luggage from which they had driven the porters, precipitated themselves upon the solitary white man, and, in spite of a valiant resistance, presently struck him to the earth, bleeding from a dozen wounds.

As his reeling senses left him, his last impression was of flying white figures, lights, a monotonous cry, and something filling and hiding the long white road as it approached. Then all was darkness; but the white figures, who were the *syces* or running footmen, always preceding the equipage of an Indian grandee; the lights which they carried; the monotonous cry with which they warned all common clay to avoid the road while the Begum passed; the richly decorated and curtained *palkee*—all came on, and, meeting the obstruction of Julian's broken *palkee* and disemboweled boxes, halted perforce.

"What is this?" exclaimed a woman's voice in the native dialect; and, slightly pulling aside the drapery, a beautiful, haughty face—a face which we all know—appeared, and looked inquiringly about.

THE LITTLE BEGUM.—"FALLING UPON HIS KNEES AT HER FEET, THE POOR BOY CLASPED THE FOLDS OF HER SHINING VAIL, AND WAS A LITTLE SCARED TO FIND IT YIELD TO HIS TOUCH, LEAVING BARE THE BOWED HEAD AND GLOWING FACE OF TAZA."

The grave, elderly man who appeared in charge of the cavalcade approached the *palkee* with a profound salaam.

"O mighty Begum, it is our brothers who deal justice upon a white man. They will remove themselves and him with all speed."

"But what white man? An English officer, or an inoffensive traveler?" demanded the Begum. "You know well, O Sooltan, that I have forbidden that any of my people should offend the Feringhees except to redress wrongs that they have suffered at the hands of him whom they attack. Go and ask who this may be, and order them to wait where they are until my further pleasure."

Sooltan went, and presently returned with a face of wonder, mingled with delight.

"O most powerful and illustrious of ladies, it is not our enemy, but yours, whom Siva has delivered into our hands this night!" said he, in the humbly confidential voice of a trusted slave. "It is he whom Aisha has bid me slay whenever and wherever I should meet him."

An instant of profound silence followed, and then, in a low and choking voice, the mistress gave her order:

"Carry him to the palace safely. Let not a hair of his head be injured. Let my own physician attend him. I reserve him for my own vengeance. On your head be it, Sooltan!"

"He shall be made strong to bear whatever vengeance your highness will permit your slaves to inflict before the sun sets and rises thrice, O my mistress!" replied Sooltan, with a sinister light in his glaring eyes; and, as the Begum disappeared behind her curtains, he went to tear the booty from the hands of the robbers, who were all subjects of the Little Begum, as Tazá, heiress of her father's vast possessions, was now called.

The third day, Yerxa, still languid and weak, but with his wounds fast healing under the wonderful leechcraft of the East, received his daily morning visit from Sooltan, and impatiently demanded:

"Well, sirrah, are you ready yet to tell me where I am, and to bring me to your master or your mistress, that I may make my acknowledgments and my adieux?"

"I have come to take the Sahib to my mistress. The Little Begum will tell him her name for herself, if she chooses."

And Sooltan gravely led the way, a subtle smile overspreading his dark face as he glanced at two horrible-looking mutes, standing in a side passage opening into the lofty hall which formed the first of the suite of private apartments devoted to the Begum.

Drawing aside a curtain, stiff with golden embroidery, at the upper end of this hall, the slave motioned his captive to enter, and, following him in, stood with folded arms and bowed head, an image of patient endurance, close to the entrance, while Julian, after a moment's pause, advanced boldly toward a female figure, seated upon a pile of cushions in the Oriental fashion.

Her dress was that of the country, and a vail of close, silver-threaded gauze hid her head and face effectually, but the hand with which she signed a welcome was white and delicate, and the *pose* of the reclining figure was youthful and full of grace.

Bowing profoundly, and throwing himself upon the cushions pointed out to him by that little hand, Julian began his little speech, said all that the utmost courtesy could suggest, and paused.

"You are welcome, sir, to all the hospitality I can offer," replied a low, sweet voice, but so broken and choked that the listening Sooltan failed to recognize it for that of his mistress. "But you must remain here till the country is quiet. Where were you trying to go?"

"To Calcutta, madam. I have friends there for whose safety I am anxious, and I fear that I must hasten on in spite of your kind invitation, for I am very doubtful of their security."

"In Calcutta? Who are they, if I may ask? I live there myself, except now, in the hot season, when I come to the hills. Perhaps I know your friends."

"It is the Baboo Raj Moctal and—and those of his household, for whom I would inquire," demanded Julian, eagerly.

A brief pause ensued, and then the low voice sadly answered:

"The good Baboo died more than a year ago."

"And Taza, his daughter? She is married, is she not?"

"No. She inherited his estates, and will never marry. But, Englishman, how could you know the daughter of Raj Moctal?"

"She was in my country. I am not English, but American, and—oh, lady, you are kind, you are young and fair. I cannot doubt you have power, and you can help me if you will. Taza is not married, you tell me, and I—ah, madam! may you be loved as fondly, as truly as I love Taza—have ever loved her!"

And, falling upon his knees at the feet of the Little Begum, the poor boy clasped the folds of her shining vail, and was a little scared to find it yield to his touch, and glide gently to the floor, leaving bare the bowed head, the glowing face, the loving, luminous, down-drooped eyes, the face, the form of Taza, more beautiful than he had ever beheld her; and while Sooltan, thinking the crisis had arrived, awaited, with one sinewy leg bent, the signal to spring upon the blinded victim, what was his astonishment at seeing the Begum's stately head sink upon her enemy's shoulder, and her arm go creeping about the neck doomed, as the slave had hoped, to a bowstring.

The explanations of the lovers were brief and satisfactory. They were far too happy to be rancorous, and even Mrs. Blake was forgiven, or, at least, forgotten.

The chaplain of a neighboring station was summoned to consecrate their union, and, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," Julian Yerxa spent his honeymoon in a dream of bliss, upon the estates of his Little Begum, and later returned with her to Calcutta, to assume the fortune and the position of the Baboo Raj Moctal, deceased; and two people, at least, are happy in that hothouse of crime and woe called India.

THE way they start a railway train in Germany is thus described: When all is ready, a bell rings. Then another bell rings. Then the engine whistles, or rather she toot-toot-toots generally. Then the conductor tells the station-master that all is ready. Then the station-master looks placidly around and says, "So?" Then the conductor shouts "Fertig?" interrogatively. Then the station-master shouts "Fertig!" positively. The conductor blows a horn; the engine whistles, the bell rings, the other bell rings, the station-master says "So?"—the passengers swear in various tongues—and the train starts. That is, unless a belated fat man comes, then they do it all over again.

HUSBAND and wife should no more struggle to get the last word than they should struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell. Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look after the weak points of the ice, in order to keep off them. By attention to this apparently small matter, the course of wedded life would run more smoothly, and thus insure happiness.

STANZAS BY THE SEASIDE.

BEAUTIFUL Ocean, how I loved thy face
When mine was fresh and sparkling as thine own—
When my bold footstep took its toppling place,
To see thee rise upon thy rock-piled throne.

Oh! how I loved thee, when I bent mine ear
To listen to the rosy sea-shell's hum,
And stood in ecstasy of joyous fear,
Daring thy broad and bursting wave to come.

When my wild breast beat high to see thee leap
In stormy wrath around the beacon light,
And my eye danced to see thee swell and sweep,
Like a blind lion, wasting all thy might.

I loved thee when, upon the shingle stones,
I heard thy glassy ripples steal and drip,
With the soft gush and gently murmur'd tones
That dwell upon an infant's gurgling lip.

I loved thee with a childish, dreaming zeal,
That gazed in rapture and adored with soul;
And my proud heart, that stood like temper'd steel
Before harsh words, melted beneath thy roll.

Thou wert a part of God; and I could find
Almighty tidings in thy mystic speech:
Thou couldst subdue my strangely wayward mind,
And tune the string no other hand could reach.

Eloquent Ocean, how I worshiped thee,
Ere my young breath knew what it was to sigh;
Ere I had proved one cherish'd flower to be
A thing of brightness, nurtured but to die.

Years have gone by since those light-footed days,
And done their work, as years will ever do;
Setting their thorny barriers in life's maze,
And burying hope's gems of rarest hue.

THE ISLANDS OF THE BAY STATE.

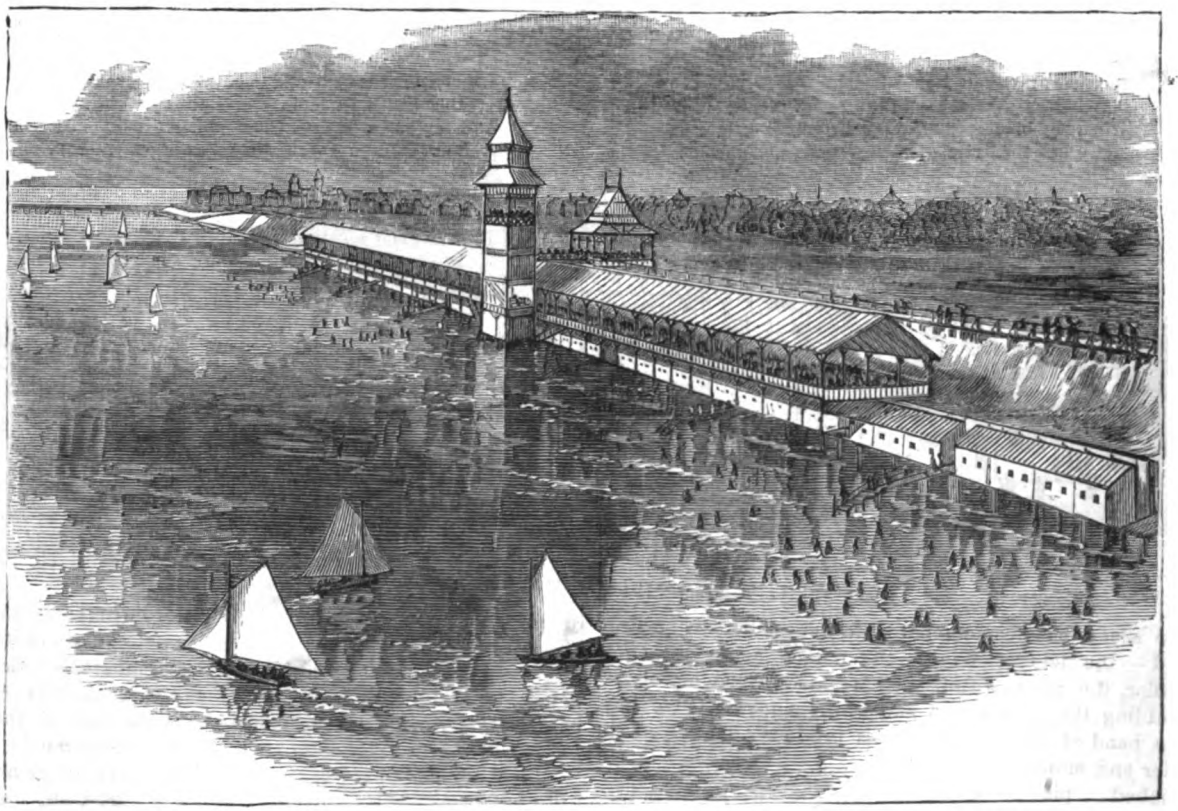
BY N. ROBINSON.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD! the very name possesses a quaint fascination all its own—a coquettish Puritanism—a ring of the *Mayflower* that could only attach itself to some bright little isle where the treetops glisten white in the glory of the dayshine, and the birds paint the skies with their songs. Passing Fall River, dashing by dimpled hills and drowsy dells, skirting cunning inlets with glittering green water flecked with purple shadows as the fleecy clouds roll onward; past hooded homesteads and sleepy little towns that wink in the glowing sunlight—we finally, after a journey of three hours, reach Hood's Hole; and opposite, a little to the left, across the Vineyard Sound, lies the Mecca of our pilgrimage, hidden behind the shoulder of a sandy bluff, as innocent of vegetation as a newly turned billiard-ball.

A throbbing steamer awaits us and our *impedimenta*—and what a display of modern model baggage! Saratoga trunks, buffalo boxes, valises, their scarlet morocco swathed in closely fitting wraps—regular canvas-back ducks; Russia leather portmanteaus mounted in nickel; solid black cases beneath the weight of which brawny porters quiver as if ague-stricken; perky hand-bags of curious design; and dressing-cases respectable in their grim antiquity. Coignes of vantage having been dexterously secured, we prepare for our view of the Vineyard, taking our seats very much as we would at a theatre, and anxiously awaiting the ringing up of the curtain.

The village of Hood's Hole, or Holl, is muchly frequented by the cultured citizens of the Hub, one of whom, Hon. Joseph Story Fay, boldly asserts, in a lucubration entitled "The Track of the Norsemen," that the name should be written "Hood's Holl," as derived from the Norsemen, who nine hundred years ago are said to have visited this coast. The Holl—we bow to the Norse tradition—is charmingly situated, commanding superb glimpses of Vineyard Sound, as thickly crowded with craft as the English Channel, 60,000 passing the "cottage city" annually, and "an uninterrupted view of over the way." Right opposite, on Naushon Island, stands the residence of Hon. J. M. Forbes, beneath the red tiles of which President Grant, in 1874, spent a long and lovely Summer's day. In the Sound the view is perfectly entrancing, and all that the most ardent lover of the poetry of sea, sky and land could exact. The Vineyard hills form the background, sloping gently to the shore, and stretching away to the west the rainbow-tinted cliffs of Gay Head, while the vista discloses an endless billowy plain of the deep and dark blue ocean, speckled with sails as white as the driven snow. On our left stands the old town of Falmouth, east of which lie the Falmouth Heights, and, more east still, the mushroom watering-place, as yet scarce four seasons old, of Menauhant; while away in the dim distance, "the heel" of Cape Cod can be distinctly traced against the sky line. A man-of-war lies at anchor opposite the bluffs, like a great dozing watch-dog, ready at a second's notice to wake into an alarming vitality. A few isolated cottages, bearing a close resemblance to bathing-boxes, stand upon the edge of the bluff—and, while still engaged in speculating upon the occupation, habits, and several characteristics of their inhabitants, we round the cliff of the Highlands, and Martha's Vineyard steals into view.

An elevated background of stunted foliage, very thick, very green, interspersed with cardboard-looking houses, white as snowflakes. A tiny lake in the immediate foreground—a sort of mirror for this strange little city to gaze into and admire her own peculiar style of beauty. On the extreme left, Sea View House and Oak Bluff Dock. On the extreme right, the Highland pier. In the semicircle, hundreds of cottages, minarets, pagodas, an enormous gospel-tent, hotels with bunting floating gayly everywhere, and everything basking in the dazzling sheen of the brightest and whitest of sunlight. Was it a toy? Was it a picture painted in those vivid colors with which the younger school of French art loves to illuminate the walls of the Salon? We had visited Pessages, that quaintest of all quaint old Spanish towns; we had inspected more than one Moorish "schaykah"; we had seen the booths in Donnybrook Fair—but anything like this we had never beheld, and we gazed from the deck of the slowing steamer, amused, fascinated, incredulous. Everything looked so small, everything looked so strange, everything looked so bright. Where did the inhabitants reside? Not in those sentry-boxes, those card-houses, those Lilliputian edifices—was this the island of Lilliput, and was Gulliver not drawing upon his imagination, after all? Where do the 4,000 people dwell?—and where, oh, where, do the 25,000 who sometimes swarm upon the island contrive to pitch their tents?

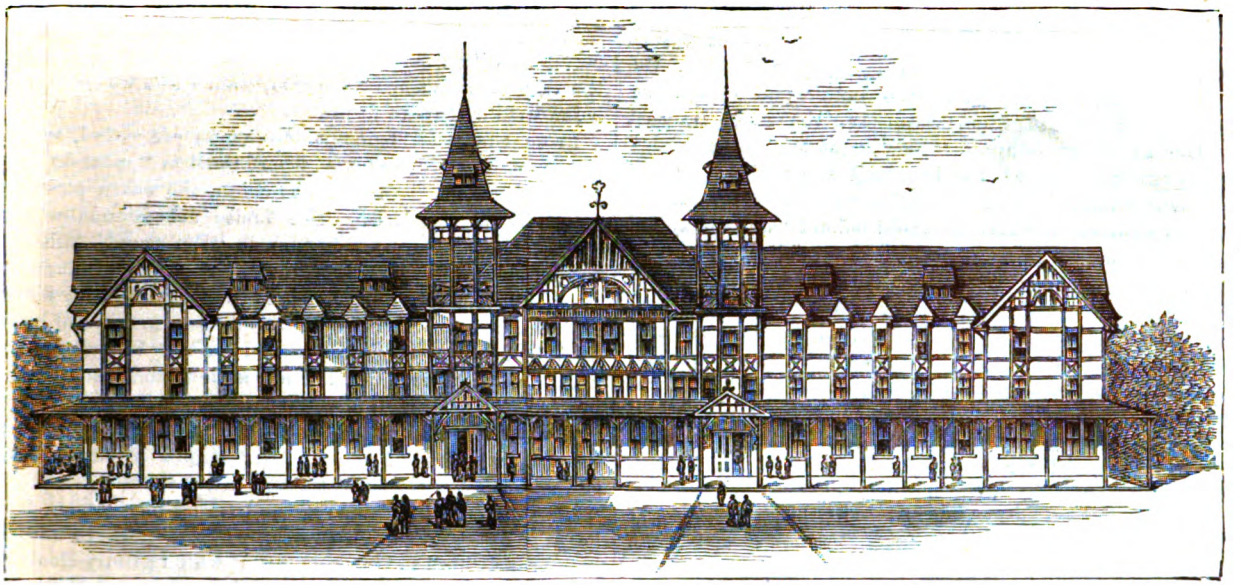


THE BATHING PAVILION, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Martha's Vineyard is the largest island in New England, its extreme length being twenty miles, its average width five miles, while at one point it is ten miles wide. It boasts a range of hills, the highest of which is two hundred and ninety-eight feet in height. From this point the view fills the mind to a brimming satisfaction. Around and beneath stretch plains clad in green that vies with the fern for hue and freshness; white farmhouses peep from behind luxuriant foliage, and gray granite boulders break this ocean of emerald-like islands. Lakes glitter as mirrors, and on the south a great fringe of golden sand is flecked by the ever-pulsating surf. The woods in the Vineyard are miniature—algæ, little mimic trees of exquisite variety, with leaves of a deep rich hue, and possessing a polished gloss rarely to be met with elsewhere.

THE PAGODA, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

STYLE OF VINEYARD COTTAGES.



SUMMER INSTITUTE, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

The island has been compared to the garden-isle of England — the Isle of Wight—the details being strangely similar, the rainbow-tinted cliffs of Gay Head closely resembling the yellow, red and white sands at Olive Bay. The hand of time will doubtless produce a replica of the older and more finished picture. There are four towns upon the island —Edgarton, Tisbury, Chilmark and Gay Head. Edgarton is the metropolis of the island. Within its bailiwick we have the camp-ground and the Summer resorts of Oak Bluffs, Katerna and the Vineyard Highland; we have three churches, a bank, Masonic lodge, custom house, court house and jail. It publishes the *Vineyard Gazette*, which has reached Vol. XXXI. Hotels and boarding-houses flourish beneath its fostering care, and in 1875 a population of 1,707 souls lived in marine rural felicity within the circumference of its invisible walls. Tisbury is famous for its woodland rambles, Chilmark for its rocking-stone, and Gay Head for its superb sea-views. Gosnold, which was incorporated as a town in 1874, consists of thirteen islands, Naushon being one of them, celebrated for its gigantic beeches, and its annual deer-hunt.

OLD CHURCH, ORANGE STREET, NANTUCKET.

Martha's Vineyard was discovered in 1602 by one Bartholomew Gosnold, "a right sturdie" mariner, who might have served in the destruction of the Armada under good Queen Bess. To him is due the name, fame and distinction of building the first house and commencing the first settlement in New England. Captain Gosnold's good ship *Concord* sailed from England on Friday, March 26th, 1602, with him thirty-two persons, eight of whom were versed in the mysteries of

reefing and steering. He had sailed with Sir Walter Raleigh, and resolved upon essaying a straight course across the Atlantic. He made land upon Friday, the 10th of May, having saved "the better part of a thousand leagues," and upon Saturday, the 11th, he cast anchor in fifteen fathoms, "took great store of codfish," and gratefully named the headland Cape Cod, a name which it retains unto the present hour of writing. Again upon a Friday, May 21st, Gosnold beheld "a disinhabited island," which he named Martha's Vineyard—a name subsequently applied to the larger island. Upon Friday—always Friday—May 28th, he took up his "abode and plantation" upon "a rocky islet containing near an acre of ground full of wood," where "we built our house and covered it with sedge, in building which we spent three weeks and more." On Friday—evidently the intrepid navigator's lucky day—June 18th, he, with his entire company, set sail for England, where he arrived on Friday, July 23d, 1602, with a cargo of sassafras, cedars, furs, skins and other kindred commodities. Sassafras at that date in England was estimated as being worth £336, or $1,680, a ton, but, as Gosnold quaintly says, "we were informed before our going forth that a ton was sufficient to cloy England." The rocky islet upon which Gosnold built his house was "the first spot in New England occupied by Europeans, and the only one inhabited by them in the glorious days of Queen Bess."

In 1797 the Rev. Dr. Belknap visited the islet, and writes: "We had the supreme satisfaction to find the cellar of Gosnold's storehouse." In 1817 Hon. Francis Gray, Judge Davis and five others spent some time in exploring the remains of the house and fort; and in 1848 another party "examined the locality described with minute exactness in the journal of Gosnold's voyage, and the outlines of their works were distinctly visible." The *North American Review* for September, 1817, says, in recording the doings of the expedition: "Every feature of the scene reminded us of the narrative of its discoverers. The trees, indeed, have fallen and left no trace of their existence except the term "Copicut" (shady)—the appellation of a lofty promontory extending from the centre of the island toward the north—but the soil is still fertile; the beach, the lake, the islet, are unaltered, and are rendered by their natural beauties, no less than by the recollections with which they are associated, well worthy of the attention of a poet. The gigantic rocks near the western coast of the island, against which the waves dash with the foam and the fury and the deafening noise of a cataract, would form as grand a picture, in an epic poem, as Acroceraunia or Charybdis.

In 1641, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands were purchased by Thomas Mayhew, whose son was the first who undertook to evangelize the natives. In 1664 the Merrie Monarch, Charles II., who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one, by charter caused these islands to become a part of New York, and thus they remained until William and Mary enrolled them, in 1692, within the limits of the Province of Massachusetts Bay.

Passing the Highland Landing, the steamer reaches that of Oak Bluffs, about a mile further on, where we disembarked upon a dock as lively with fashionably attired daughters of Eve, lounging mankind and howling hotel touts as the quay at Calais or the pier at Pera. The imposing and picturesque-looking Sea View House stands right over the wharf, its piazzas thronged with tourists, to whom the arrival of a boat from anywhere is a subject fraught with the deepest importance and interest; and even the tiny steam-cars that run to Katama would seem to have stopped suddenly for the purpose of gazing at us from out their own open windows. Sea View House receives us with a smile of welcome and a "thrilling" *menu*, the very reminiscences of which, even while we write, are laden with epicurean flavor.

From the hotel balconies the views are varied, extensive, matchless. Its piazza, where tourists "most do congregate," hangs right over the ocean, the waves plashing musically at its base. The house accommodates 300 guests, containing, in addition to "the usual" billiard-rooms, an elevator; gas, too, may be enumerated amongst its manifold comforts. A plank walk, lined with seats, extends south of the hotel along the bluff for several hundred feet. This is *the* promenade of the Vineyard, and here the "Bluffers," *i.e.*, the less serious and more showy portion of the community, disport themselves, especially at dewy eve. Edwin and Angelina gaze out to sea at the silvery reflection of the scimetar-shaped young moon, and—— But why repeat the old, old story?

Beneath this promenade is the bathing-place, some few boxes being erected on the sands, while the larger number are perched high in air, from out of which grimly cloaked females mysteriously and stealthily emerge, as if to do some deed of dreadful note. In justice to the fair sex at the Vineyard, we must declare that, when divested of the assassin-shaped cloak, their bathing-costume is much more sightly than that which is the *mode* upon our surf-beaten shores. Colors are introduced, dainty little hats and bonnets—ay, and ribbons, to suit the complexion of the wearer—are worn, and the shape, while still protecting "shrinking modesty," is much more graceful than anything we have hitherto beheld. We hail this innovation with sincere pleasure, and bear our humble testimony in favor of a dress becoming, appropriate, which, devoid of puritanism, is equally free from fastness or vulgarity. The waters of Vineyard Sound are considerably warmer than those of Massachusetts Bay, the temperature north of Cape Cod varying from 47 to 62 degrees, while south it varies from 72 to 79 degrees.

Those remarkable specimens of architectural skill called cottages may be rented for the season at from $150 to $500, according to size and situation. They are mostly uniform as to shape—a gaping entrance, wide as a church-door and Gothic in form, a railed balcony and a pointed window over the door. Upon the stoop or piazza dwell the inhabitants. It is no figure of speech to say that they keep open house in the Vineyard. The door yawns, exhibiting the interior in its entirety; the whole front opens like a doll's house. The cottages are nothing better than wooden booths; privacy is unknown. Everybody can tell what everybody else is doing. The economy of space is as carefully studied as on board a twenty-ton yacht. We were intensely amused at reading "Rooms to Let," pasted upon edifices apparently consisting of but one apartment already more than fully occupied. Beds, bedding, and all the accessories are visible to the naked eye. The occupants while enjoying their meals might as well be in Madison Square as far as privacy is concerned. There is a calm indifference as to public scrutiny that mounts to the sublime. The single room is gayly decorated with cheap oleographs, flimsy *bric-à-brac*, gaudy worsted-work and many-colored flowers. A lace curtain drapes a second yawning door after the fashion of a set scene in a comedy. This curtain is adorned with cunning and elaborate devices, constructed out of the sad-colored leaves of last Autumn.

At night dramatic effect is studied, and the ladies *pose* in the dimly lighted interiors. Lamps are placed with due regard to effect, sometimes behind banks of flowers, sometimes artfully concealed so as to throw the light full

on the occupants. Young ladies read in languid positions. Men recline on sofas to the display of gorgeous slippers. Upon the stoops families are placed as if sitting for their photographs. Grouping seems thoroughly well understood, and attitude is everything. Visitors stare into the cottages as they would into cages at zoological gardens—approaching as closely as the bars will permit—while the inhabitants return the stare with stoic indifference. "Here we are! Come and look at us. We have nothing to conceal," is written over every portal. Some elderly, sour, grim-visaged females met our wondering gaze with a puritanical frown, as much as to say, "Man, go thy ways; this wanton prying but ill beseemeth thee!"

There are a few conventionally constructed villas fronting the ocean, but, as a rule, the cottages look as if set in the grove for the purpose of growing big and of being transplanted when arrived at maturity to Newport or Cape May. The first cottage was erected in 1859.

We wandered up through Clinton Avenue and got entangled amongst the trees. This avenue is inhabited almost solely by New Englanders, New York claiming six handsome villas only. We turned, and found ourselves lost again. Asking the way, we followed the directions given us, with the attention we would have bestowed upon an experiment in dynamite, only to find ourself hopelessly wandering like an overgrown babe in an undergrown wood. We appealed to a lamplighter, whose lamp does not reach much higher than his waist, and who sits upon what is vulgarly termed his "hunkers" for the purpose of trimming it. The illuminating power of his directions but served to light us into a maze as intricate as that at Hampton Court. What a chance for a modern Henry to establish a Rosamond in this oaken bower! He could defy a dozen Eleanors! The furniture in the cottages must have been introduced piecemeal, as no ordinary article could pass the trunks of the oaks, so close, so defiant, and so aggressive. Narrow paths neatly asphalted indicate the existence of a roadway. A wheelbarrow is a dangerous object to meet in one of them, and the nearest cottage must be invaded in order to clear the road. Mr. Barnum should hire this quaint little city and exhibit it in the Central Park, New York.

The illumination of Clinton Avenue is the sensation of the Cottage City. The Sunday preceding the "great revival" is termed "Big Sunday," from the enormous number of excursionists who come to the Vineyard to witness the spectacle. Hotels ruthlessly turn away innumerable panic-stricken applicants. The rooms in cottages are rented at Centennial figures; tents are crammed, bathing-houses utilized, even the harmless necessary umbrella is taken into confidence and compelled a double debt to pay. Itinerant musicians are to be found at every corner, but jugglers—forbid it, heaven! All Sunday the city is literally blocked; all Monday the crush increases, and when the hour comes for the signal-match to be struck, the sight-seers are wedged together like sardines in a box. Ten years ago Clinton Avenue was illuminated for the first time. The effect was so striking, so like the revival of an "Arabian Nights Entertainment," that it has since continued to be repeated, with an increasing attractiveness and *élan*.

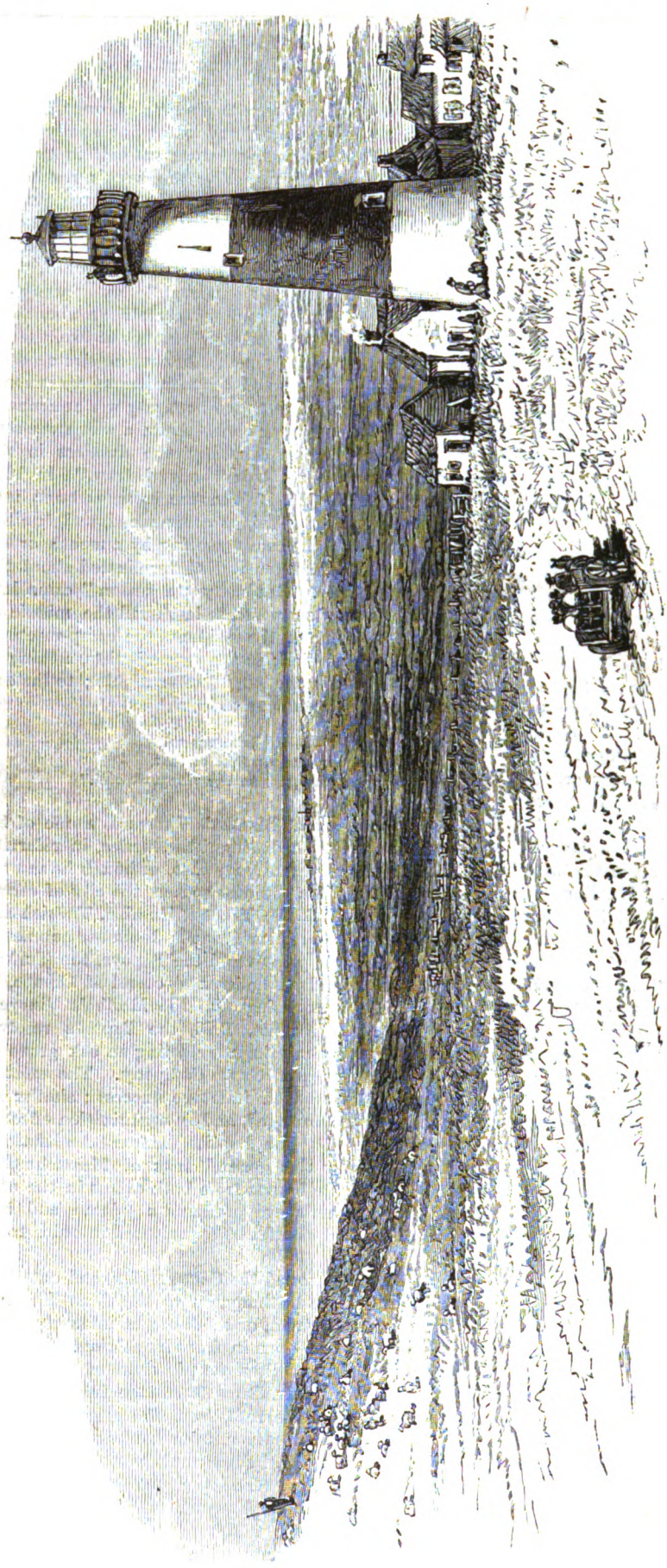
Each succeeding season the cottagers decide to make their feast of lanterns one that for tasteful conception and brilliancy of effect will surpass any attempts of previous years. And they usually succeed beyond their most daring expectations. The *mise-en-scène* has been compared to a succession of gigantic Christmas-trees. Every cottage hangs out its transparencies in kaleidoscopic colors. Every branch of every oak is alive with fiery birds. Chinese lanterns are suspended from every available twig, while flags and bunting reflect back their gayest colors. Such the sight that met the gaze of Aladdin as he entered the geni's cave—a handsome vista of glowing rubies and sapphires and emeralds.

Martha's Vineyard has been termed "a pleasant, healthful Christian watering-place," and one "not wholly fallen from grace." The first camp-meeting was held in August, 1835, nine tents only representing the week's residences in the woods of the followers, and, with the exception of the year 1845, meetings have been annually held ever since. "The occupation being temporary," says the admirable *brochure* of Messrs. Rockwell and Churchill, "the comforts of home were not expected." Straw was provided in large quantities, and thickly strewn about the tents. On this, with a coverlet or blanket or two, the occupants took their nightly rest. A curtain stretched at night across the tent formed it into separate apartments for men and women. The hour of retiring was announced by the blast of a trumpet or conch-shell; a watch was set; and then, after "family worship," the dwellers in the woods sought repose on their "beds of straw." In 1857 the tents numbered 320. When the cottages burst into existence a new order of things commenced, and families began to anticipate the camp-meeting by a month or six weeks, and to remain after it had terminated about the same length of time. Gradually "a season" came into being, which is now supposed to last until the middle of September. To some of the residents the camp-meetings are but religious picnics; to the excursionists, a thing to see, and talk about in the long Winter nights; to the earnest, a source of refreshment and light, as

> "——day laborers all,
> Early or late, or first or last,
> At the gate in the vineyard wall."

The camp-meeting at Martha's Vineyard is one of the sights of the world. A distinguished writer, in referring to his having attended one, says that, although he saw the hanging gardens of a Chinese prince, the city of canvas at Melbourne in 1853, the French, Russian, Turkish and Sardinian camps in the Crimea, the Bedouin encampments, those of the Ladrone pirates and the Sepoys, the Turkish villages of tents, and an emigrants' corral at Omaha, he has never beheld anything like the Martha's Vineyard camp-meeting. In August, 1875, the Baptists resolved upon holding camp-meetings, selecting an oak grove on the lands of the Vineland Grove Company. The meeting was advertised, proved an immense success; similar annual meetings were arranged, and an organization effected, under the name of "The Baptist Vineyard Association," incorporated under the general laws of Massachusetts. The mingling of the hymns from both camps in the stillness of the Summer's eve produces a solemn and harmonious effect that should be experienced in order to be realized.

A horse-car runs around the Cottage City, and out along the glassy little Lake Anthony, on to Highland Landing. A walk through the street, or *cul-de-sac*, is intensely amusing. The stores are open in front like Oriental bazaars, as are the restaurants. Stereoscopic views of the city are for sale on all sides. Mr. Brown's cottage from the front, from the rear, from the roof, from the street, from the corner, from the other corner, from next door, from over the way, from the top of the telegraph-post, from the main sewer, confronts you wheresoever you turn; also, Mr. Jones's pump, the handle lowered, raised, at an angle of forty-five, water flowing, dry; and Mr. Robinson's clothes-line—stretched, limp, adorned with the household

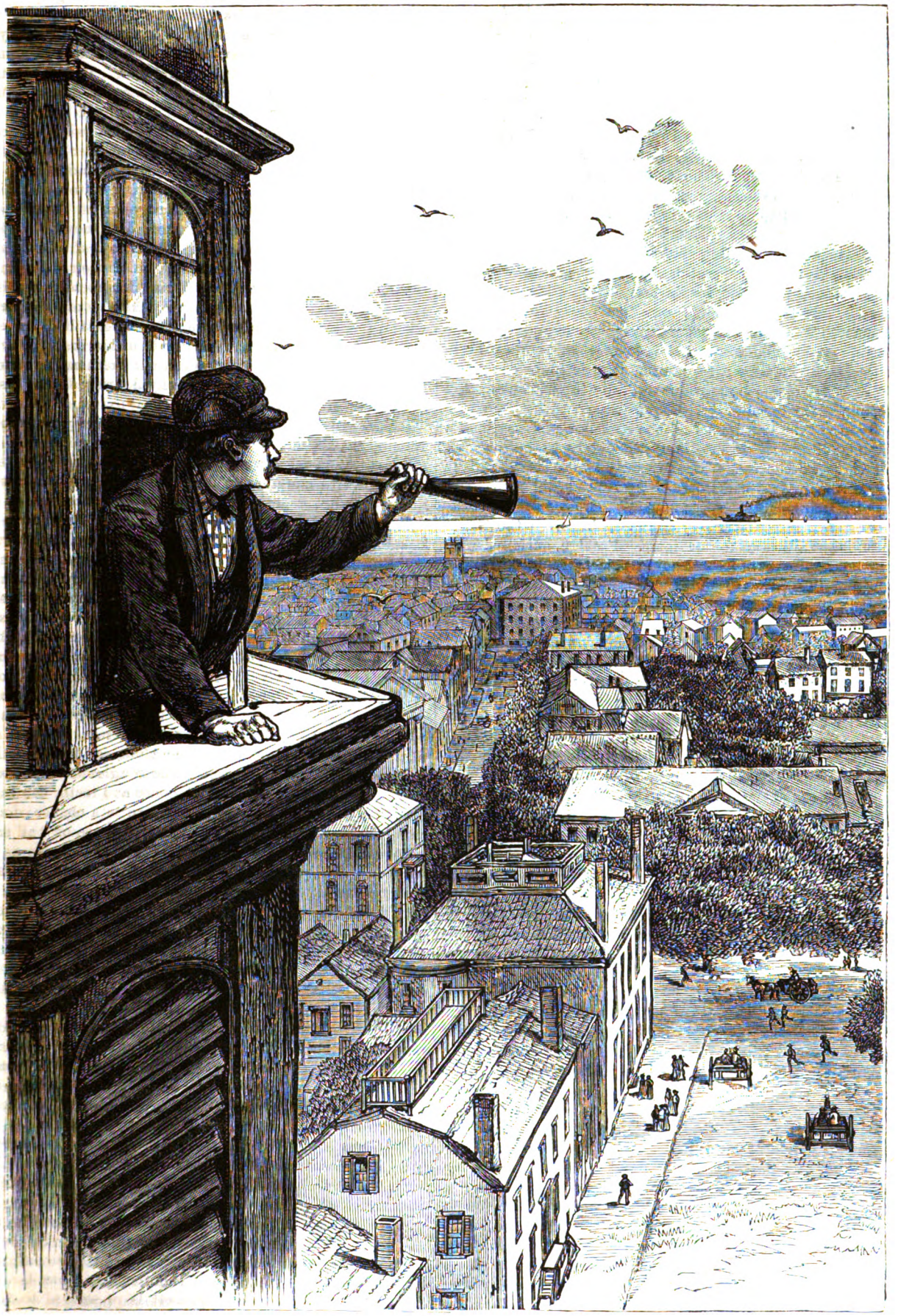


SANCOTA HEAD LIGHTHOUSE, NANTUCKET.

underwear, or bare as a telegraph-wire. The likeness of a hideous-looking old crone, clasping a numerous progeny of hens and ducks in her lean and skinny arms, is also popular. This interesting old person is known as Nancy Luce, who resides in the upper part of the island, a semi-idiotic hen-wife, who celebrates the deaths of her poultry in affecting lines "In Memoriam." For want of better to do, visitors ride eight miles for the purpose of interviewing Nancy in her ill-favored hovel. *Chacun à son goût!* Tourists *will* buy photographs—it is part of their amusement—and *will* insist in spending whole hours in dreary little stores, pouring over stereoscopic slides till their eyes ache. The guests of Martha's Vineyard are afflicted as their brethern elsewhere, and photography flourishes here as at the foot of the great pyramid of Cheops. Hiring a buggy attached to a horse—evidently a regular attendant at the camp-meetings, inasmuch as he endeavored to drop upon his knees at every turn of the road—we proceeded to explore the island.

The promontory of Gay Head is well worthy a visit, the drive being simply "immense." To the lovers of natural scenery the views are grand, majestic, imposing; to geologists an excursion means a thing to remember, in the best sense of the term. "A section across Gay Head," says Professor Hitchcock, "four-fifths of a mile long, displays twenty-three bright-colored bands of clay, sand, conglomerate, lignite and iron ore. The sands are white, yellow and green. The conglomerates contain fragments of bones and teeth, cemented with stones." Here is a chance not to be thrown away—a chance of "all sorts of fossils, from petrified quabags as big as your thumb-nail to the skeletons of monsters that might have swallowed the whale that swallowed Jonah." One of the finest, if not the finest, of lighthouses on our coasts adorns Gay Head. It is forty-five feet high, built upon a cliff one hundred and thirty feet in height.

Vineyard Haven should be visited, the drive over the hill to the harbor being very fine. Katama can best be reached by rail. This budding seaplant promises well. It is but seven years old, and already commences "to square up" to localities along the coast of twice its age, size and weight. Cape Cod can be reached by the morning boats of the Old Colony line. The quaint old town of Falmouth is well worthy a dreamy, indolent visit, while a sail in the steam-yacht that communicates with Menauhant is in itself a sensation. Quissett is prescribed to those who yearn for absolute quiet, and the



THE STEAMER'S COMING! A NANTUCKET SIGNAL.

seductions of barb and bait—its harbor, situated on Buzzard's Bay, being completely land-locked. A charming trip, too, is the sail around the Elizabeth Islands to New Bedford, Hood's Hole and Falmouth Heights; and a day trip to Nantucket, leaving Oak Bluffs at nine o'clock and returning at four, should on no account be missed. There is no better "outing," as the Yorkshire folks say, than a trip to Martha's Vineyard. Leaving New York by a floating palace at five P.M., the Vineyard can be reached at nine o'clock upon the following morning. Intense variety, exquisite scenery and a new sensation can be obtained by a trip to this very peculiar and thoroughly charming "bit of an island."

Nantucket, the whaling station of fifty years ago, with its world-famed fleet of cruisers, is slowly giving way to a transformation at the inspiration of that adventuresome, erratic, leisure-loving and purse-free being known as the American tourist; and places that year after year attract, during their idle season, the wealthy workers in large cities, attain in time a reputation that is quite congenial to that vast class who are able not only to visit but to stay at one place for months. Let fashion and beauty pause over night in the tracks of the bachelor pioneers, and a popular Summer resort is quite likely to spring up. Then, as in the case of Coney Island with its beach-side cities, the masses will wonder why capital did not create the charming caravansaries long ago.

Distance is conveniently annihilated. Even the White Mountains are close to our doors. Fashion, surfeited with the bewilderments of the leading resorts, seeks new fields and waters, and when the fancy is pleased, Fashion rests.

It is difficult for one who has not mingled with the remnants of the old fishing families at 'Sconset and Polpis—who has not conversed with the oracles of Tuckenuck, Muskejet and Gravel—to understand the alarm which the proposition to construct a narrow-gauge railway along the south shore, from Surfside to 'Sconset, excited.

Such changes the old families believe will destroy the character of the island; they certainly will change it vastly, yet the crowds of Summer pleasure-seekers demand the accommodations; and are there not many bags of shekels behind the demand? So, in truth, Nantucket changes daily, and is destined to be the subject of change for years. The old landmarks are passing away; but few are now preserved. The people point with pride to the North Church, which was built in 1711, and is still in use, and the small house on Centre Street which was built as long ago as 1682; and then, reverting to the new order of things, show the visitor the monument erected as a memorial of the war, and bearing the inscription, "Eternal honor to the sons of Nantucket who, by land and sea, gave their lives to preserve a United Country, 1861–1865." The Sancota Head lighthouse, a little more than a mile from 'Sconset, the southeastern extremity of the island, is a local attraction very dear to the fishermen, and well it may be, as it has one of the finest Fresnal lights on the entire eastern coast.

From Sancota Head the traveler's attention will be directed to Sesacacha Pond, of pure, sweet water, abounding with fish, and he will be dolefully told how a village was built on the site of the pond in 1676, how it was peopled for one hundred and forty years, and why the last house was razed in 1820. The traveler is captivated with the Nantucket of to-day; the native lives still in the whaling excitement of two generations ago. The old and the new are brought together at every turn. The bustle of fashionable life has overmatched the bustle of a deplored business. Fishing, once followed as a profitable industry alone, is now to a great extent pursued for pleasure; or, at least, the places of the professional fishermen are being gradually taken by the amateur and city sportsmen. But with all the mutations of time, life hangs easy, the lengthening hours of the day are enjoyed by native and visitor alike to their fullest extent, and the Nantucket of marvelous whaling fame is on the inevitable drift toward the full-fledged Summer watering-place, with all the belongings that wealth, fashion and beauty bring.

We have contrasted the Nantucket of the old whaling days with the Nantucket on which fashion has set her imprint. While the island is overflowing with attractions, it may be that the contrasts of a few years really form the most delightful feature of a sojourn. With a few steps the tourist passes from the Summer hotels to little clusters of ancient-looking, weather-beaten buildings, where the typical fisherman passes to and fro. Though he will tell you sadly that he never expects a return of the grand whaling enterprises of 1844, he still indulges in little fishing speculations. Save a certain sharpness in bargaining with the pleasure-seeker in search of facilities for fishing, he appears to take little interest in the steady development of the new order of things.

At the village of Siasconset—if village it may be called, which consists merely of a dozen or more quaint and ancient cottages, set down hap-hazard on the very edge of a steep cliff overhanging a narrow, sandy beach—the native quickens into considerable excitement when the mail-deliverer makes his periodical appearance. But once satisfied with the market success of his last venture, he relaxes into the apparently listless creature, caring naught for the toyings and glitter and extravagance of fashionable life. A little hotel brings yearly a few visitors to this sleepiest and most ancient hamlet, which lies about seven miles from Nantucket, at the southeast extremity of the island; and very delightful to lovers of antiquity are the queer cottages, with their one or two "low-studded" rooms, their little grassy dooryards, and the old figure-heads—relics of whaling ships long since gone down—which stand conspicuously before nearly every door. If a stronger contrast of the past and present of Nantucket life is desired, let the visitor betake himself to the old mill, and witness the original method of getting the huge fans into the current of the wind. Everything here looks ancient, even to the horse which slowly drags the long pole until the wind begins to attain a purchase on the fans, and slowly sets the venerable mechanism in motion.

From such spectacles relief may be obtained in the fine bathing-places on the western shore, under what is called the Cliff; or on the south shore, where the dangers of the surf and the tremendous undertow forbid bathing even to the most daring. Then, too, the Squantum should receive attention—that curious picnic on the level prairie-like plain, near the shore, with suitable provisions from the hotels and stores, but also with fish just out of the pond or sea, and with clams dug from the clean, gravelly sand. In the Athenæum, besides a worthy library, will be found a large number of curiosities deposited by the owners or masters of whaling vessels, and relics associated with the past history of the island.

Whether in exploring the crooked, narrow streets of the town, or in straying over the pathless downs that lie beyond it, the days in Nantucket are only too quickly passed. Relic-hunters are made happy by such a surplus of old china and antique furniture as seldom meets the eye of dwellers on the mainland. Every shop has a corner of its window given up to "willow-pattern" wedgwood, and heaven knows what besides of the perishable, yet so lasting, ware; whilst almost every private house is open to callers with an eye to trade in brass candlesticks, old

clocks, and the like. Unfortunately the owners of these treasures are only too well "up" in their market value, and the delicious, trembling excitement of bagging a veritable bargain is not to be had. For the last four or five years this brisk yearly trade has been going on, yet the stock of china appears to suffer no diminution, and Summer visitors are still made happy with marvelous teapots, lovely cracked sugar-bowls, and meat-dishes of gigantic size, which, in the strange revolution of things, may come from furnishing a Nantucket dinner-table to adorning the wall of a New York drawing-room.

No description of Nantucket, such as we have given during the Summer season, would be complete without a mention of the best-known person on the island. He is a man of vast importance, who does all sorts of public duties, and has greater responsibilities resting upon him than any other resident. The steeple of the old church on Orange Street is his favorite rendezvous when not engaged in his many vocations on the ground. If a fire breaks out, he rushes to the lookout and sounds an alarm; whenever a mail-steamer with tourists from New Bedford, touching at Martha's Vineyard, appears in sight, he ascends to his post and announces the intelligence by lusty blasts on a huge horn. In the Winter, when communication is had with the island only once in two days, his signal of the arrival of the mail is eagerly listened for, and produces for a time quite an excitement.

The old houses at Nantucket are built in a quaint style, with platforms on the roofs, whence, in her days of whaling prosperity, the approach of the fleets could be watched by the families of the whalers. Old residents, deploring the decay and almost total abandonment of this industry, still cling to their long-observed habit, and the housetops generally present a curious scene about the time the excursion steamboats are expected.

AILSIE'S SHILLING.

A PATCH of wild heath, dotted with gorse and furze, where the fox and the moor-hen had their cover, and a few goats pastured; a chilly landscape, marked by ranges of bleak Irish hills, and wastes of quaking bog, where the bittern boomed, and the snipe and heron moped together over the black peat-water.

The sun had set. Daylight was fast fading from the sky, and earth and heaven wore the same gray tint of desolation, unrelieved except by one single flash of color high up among the gorse and furze, and which, in its flutterings and flauntings, might have been a scarlet banner or a lost sunset-cloud, but was only the colleen who sat there on a druid's stone watching the goats.

This heath was but a bit of west-country near the borders of Connaught—that Connaught of which, as a last earthly refuge, the Orangemen had a lively appreciation when they wrote their fatal warning on the doors of the Armagh weavers:

"To hell! Connaught will not receive you—fire and fagot!"

If Connaught would not receive them, their case was hopeless. The dry thatch, a flame beneath the midnight sky, and the foul ditch-water reddened by midnight in the lonely gullies, told the rest.

Fresh from the loughs and hillsides of Galway the winds came swooping down through the skeleton thorn-bushes, wailing like a banshee. Even the little colleen was fain to huddle closer under her red cloak, shivering as she sat with her face turned toward the darkening west.

A lovely face it was, tinted like the dawn. The eyes were true Milesian, large, almond-shaped and gray in color, with thick black lashes, curling at the tips. The hair that matched these eyes streamed far below the girl's waist, blue-black and fine as floss, and tangled into massive braids, coquettishly tied with a bit of scarlet ribbon.

There was a yellow shepherd-dog lying in the furze a few yards distant. As the last cloud settled down the tallest crow's peak to westward, the girl started up, half frightened at the darkness, and called to him loudly:

"Wolf! Wolf!'

The dog came, passing her with a rough caress, and snarling at the goats as he drove them pell-mell down the path. Directly the snarl deepened into a growl. The girl, hurrying after him with bare feet through the heather, dashed the wind-blown cloak from her eyes and looked up.

Close at her side, weird and uncanny in the gathering dusk, she saw a horseman.

He had dismounted, and was standing in the zigzag path, with his bridle flung across his arm. A tall, careless figure, not without a trifle of soldierly dash, and a fair, patrician face, with eyes like flax-flowers. The gauntlet was drawn from his right hand; the hand itself lay, white as snow, on the mane of his jaded and drooping horse, and on the little finger sparkled one fiery jewel, like a drop of blood.

"Halloo!" sharply called out this apparition.

The girl recoiled a step, holding her growling dog with both hands.

"And who be ye?" she answered.

He stared at her—a bold, bright admiration leaping into his blue eyes.

"*Ma foi!* a belated babe of the woods! And here is a genuine Irish fairy! Can you tell me the way to the Reeks, my pretty lass? I have lost my way among these cursed moors and bogs."

"The Reeks!" repeated the girl, scanning him closely. "Sure, thin, ye're one o' the gintle folks goin' to dance there at the ball this night?"

"Maybe," he answered, smiling.

She turned her beautiful face westward.

"Whist! whist!" she cried, patting the still rebellious dog. "Look yonder, your honor—a good bit beyond the mill. Ye can see the clump of black towers over the thorn-trees."

He peered after the slender brown hand pointing away through the gloom.

"I see nothing," he said.

"Shure it's there, and the post-road winds just outside the lodge-gates."

He shrugged his handsome shoulders.

"Bah! I was fool enough to set out at noon from Hogarth, without a guide, and have been wandering ever since upon these heaths. What if I get stuck fast in one of your black bog-pits? There'll be no ball at the Reeks this night."

She looked at him gravely.

"I can go wid ye as far as the lodge-gates. Ye must lead the horse through these brakes o' furze. See! the night's fast settling down."

"Are you not afraid?" he asked, carelessly.

She fastened her scarlet cloak under her chin.

"An' what should make me afraid, your honor?"

"The night—the bogs—myself, perhaps," he laughed.

"Nay, nay," answered the girl, curtly.

"Then, lead on, my dear, by all means. I will follow."

Outlined for a moment against the lurid twilight, he watched her—this wild Irish girl—sending off the dog in full retreat on the track of the goats, already lost to view in the windings of the path. Captain Arthur Beaumont, with all the elegant languor of a London drawing-room still clinging about him, could scarcely repress a whistle of astonishment as he followed his new guide adown the long, heathery, darkening hillside.

"Jove! what a face! She's a thousand times handsomer than Lady Flora! Do they raise many such girls in Connaught, I wonder?"

"Mind ye now!" called the clear, vibrant voice of his guide, a yard or two in advance; "the beast will stumble here. Look to him till ye come to the boreen."

Then she was off again. Mockingly that scarlet rag of a cloak flaunted out in the stiff west wind. Beaumont, striving in vain to keep pace with the bare, dancing feet, fell to watching her, at last, in a sort of fascination. It was like following some will-o'-wisp in its native bog. Presently he called aloud:

"Here, there!—that is, if it's all the same to you—I'd be glad to have you stop a moment. So there's to be a ball to-night at the old rookery yonder?"

She was far ahead then, but she heard him and stopped.

"Ay," she answered; "the new master has come. It's many a year since the Reeks had a master, yer honor."

"Indeed! and all the great O's and Mac's for miles around are coming, I dare say, to dance a reel with him?"

"That they be," said the girl, heaving a little sigh. "An' the ladies in satin gowns an' necklaces, an' illegent shoes, like the snow. Holy Virgin! what a fine sight it will be!"

Beaumont laughed.

"And the new master—who is he?"

"Troth, it's little I know, yer honor. He's an English lord from o'er the water. The last master was a Rossmore, an' the Orangemen murdered him by night in the great round tower—rest his sowl!"

"Ugh!" shivered Beaumont, struck by the cold wind from the hills.

"But that was years ago, yer honor. Nobody will think o' it this night."

Captain Beaumont twirled his blonde mustache, smiling.

"I dare say, my dear, you would like to come across to the Reeks an hour or two hence, and see the grand gathering?"

The blood ran into her soft brown cheeks, red as the dawn. She

THE ISLANDS OF THE BAY STATE.—THE OLD MILL, NANTUCKET.—SEE PAGE 99.

SPRING WORK, NANTUCKET.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, NANTUCKET.

lifted her black lashes in a startled way. "Ah, indeed I wud, yer honor."

"And dance at the ball, too?"

"Do ye mane it?" wistfully.

"Yes."

"What wud I do among the gintlefolks? Who o' thim wud dance wid me?"

"Who?" he laughed; "why, I will, to be sure."

"I'll come," said the girl.

Perhaps her earnestness startled him a little. He opened his cold blue eyes to their utmost. Nevertheless, the words were not recalled. Just then an arrowy beam of red, like a little bale-fire, flared out through the trees not a dozen yards distant, straight across their way. His guide stopped short at sight of it.

"Look!" she said; "yon light is from the keeper's lodge. There's the black tower beyond. I'll be afther turning back now."

"Wait, my lass," said Beaumont, carelessly. "What is your name?"

She flushed faintly under his quizzical blue eyes.

"Ailsie," she faltered—"Ailsie O'Shane, yer honor."

"Well, Ailsie, there's a shilling for you," he said.

She dropped him a courtesy in the grass.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN NANTUCKET.

"Thank ye," she murmured, turning the next moment and flitting off like a spirit.

Half-way back across the bog, touched here and there by the glint of a young moon just rising in the west, the girl paused to look at the coin reposing, round and bright, upon her palm. Instinctively those great, almond-shaped eyes of hers wandered back toward the Reeks. Dropping on the wet earth like some devotee, Ailsie drew from her neck a cord, with a tiny wooden cross attached, and slipping the shilling upon it, side by side with the holy symbol, thrust both back into her bosom, and ran breathlessly on again. Surely Captain Beaumont's blue eyes had served him a good turn this night.

Past the little patch of oats growing under the hill almost at the door of Mistress O'Shane's cabin, the girl stumbled over some one lying in wait—a sturdy, long-legged fellow, in frieze and small-clothes, with a well-seasoned black-thorn stick at his side.

"Ailsie!" he called, eagerly scrambling up; "Ailsie, is it ye, avourneen?"

The girl gave a little, scornful cry.

"It's yerself should know me, Larry O'Shane, whin ye sees me."

"Thrue for ye," sighed Larry, "for there's not your

likes in all the parish, asthore." She only gave her flossy, blue-black tresses a toss.

"Be aisy wid yer swate words. Are the goats come home?"

"Faix they have," blubbered the great, hulking fellow. "How can I be aisy, me darlint, when ye charm the heart from me body wid the blinking o' yer eyes?"

"Whisht! whisht!" cried Ailsie.

He edged toward the door she was trying to reach.

"Bide a bit, avourneen," he entreated; "it's crazy I'm getting wid the thought o' ye. Jist hear me spake me mind."

But Ailsie only shook her lovely head.

"I'll not hear ye, and I'll not have ye!" she flouted, over the cabin threshold.

Within, on the earthen hearth, a peat fire burned with a quick, white flame. The potatoes in their iron pot above were sizzling merrily, and a wooden bowl of new goat's milk waited on the dresser in the corner. Mistress O'Shane herself, wrinkled and leathery, and with a flapping white cap-border, sat knitting by the light of the burning peat, as the girl entered.

"So ye are come at last," she said, sharply; "where have ye been trampin' all this while?"

Ailsie advanced, flushed and shy.

"A bit across the bog, grandmither, to show some gintlefolks the way to the Reeks."

"The Reeks, oho! an' the new master's there! Well, it's not long that he'll stay. Ye silly lass, must ye be forever quarrelin' wid that love-sick Larry?"

Ailsie answered nothing, but went to the oaken dresser and ate her frugal supper in silence.

Directly Larry came stalking in, and sat sullenly down by the fire, opposite the withered grand-dame.

"Ah, worra, worra!" began the old woman; "Ailsie, ye foolish hussy, is not a likely lad like this good enough for ye? Are ye not brothers' children? What lark's flight have yer silly wits taken now?"

Ailsie, in no way disturbed, munched her potatoes.

"I'll not have Larry, grandmither," she answered, stoutly. The old woman's cap-border set up a flapping.

"Lass, lass, the lad's weak heart is set on ye!—ye'll niver find a betther—ye niver will—it's God's truth!"

"Thin, sure, I'll have none," said Ailsie.

Mistress O'Shane, in a sudden paroxysm, flung her kerchief above her head and rocked back and forth upon the settle.

"Mother o' God!" she murmured, bitterly, "the heart o' me will break!"

"Faith, an' I'm thinkin' it's the same wid me," muttered Larry.

The wicked author of this mischief stood leaning with downcast eyes against the dresser, sorrowful, but unbending.

"How can I wed Larry, grandmither, whin I've no likin' for him? There be finer lasses in the parish that'll come at his biddin'."

"It's yerself I want," groaned Larry.

Mistress O'Shane shook her kerchief suddenly from her face.

"Whisht!" she cried; "spake no more, lad. It's the will o' God. There's a master at the Reeks to-night—think o' that, now! An English lord in the place o' the Rossmores."

Ailsie, seeing that the storm was passing, drew a stool to the cabin door, and in the shade of its moldy thatch, sat down, looking westward toward the towers of the Reeks, and the ghastly young moon already slipping away behind the hills.

"Ailsie, ye idle lass, git yer knitting," said the grandmother, sharply.

The girl obeyed, but returned at once to her former position. All that Larry could see of her now was the long, braided hair, tied with ribbon, and a little pink ear like a sea-shell. One thing, however, was plain—she was not knitting.

"'Tis fifteen years ago this very night," cried the old woman, shaking in her seat with sudden palsy—"fifteen years since the bloody Orangemen murdered Rossmore in the round tower. It's meself as remembers it well, for I was sarving at the Reeks thin."

The peat fire, deepening slowly to a blinding crimson glow, cast a vague shadow along the cabin rafters and the door where that still figure sat, half wild to don her Sunday bodice and steal off across the bog. Mistress O'Shane, happily unconscious of the girl's thoughts, went breathlessly, bitterly on:

"Rossmore had been in Dublin a good bit, an' he'd lost his sweet young wife there—rest her soul!—an' a hard and wicked man he'd grown to be, an' a cruel landlord; but he was e'er a kind master to me. Ah, many's the time he'd been warned o' throuble! Three times the gray banshee in the blue cloak had wailed under the round tower—three times, when the wind was blowin' an' the moon behind a cloud—three times, and yet he'd not be warned!"

She was talking to herself now—not to either of her auditors.

"God kape me heart from thinking o' that night! They broke the great door wid their pikes and axes, an' they rushed upon him at the head o' the stair. Holy Virgin! how he fought for his life! An' they cut and hacked him—e'en his own butler an' the footman he brought from Dublin—till he fell, an' the blood dripped from his dead heart, down, down, into the hall below. It were the cries an' curses that roused me in me bed. Dead wid fear I was, for I could hear the bloody villains smashin' the great doors, and staling the plate and arms and red gould, an' I knew the thaving butler would be like to kill me, too. But I ran to the room where the master's child lay, all asleep in its bed o' lace an' silk an' finest linen, an' I caught it in me arms—the pretty darlint! an' fled for its life an' mine out into the bog, under a midnight sky that had niver a blink o' moon nor star."

Larry stretched his long, loutish legs to the blaze of the fire, quite undisturbed, but the quick, impatient sigh of the girl behind him in the doorway could not be repressed. Would the old woman never have done? Would she never take herself off to rest? Surely, surely, the dance in the great hall had already begun!

"Wid the child in me arms," went on Mistress O'Shane, faintly, "I hid me up yonder on the hillside, among the heather, till the gray day dawned. An' the Orangemen wud fain have fired the ould towers, only the sojers from the barracks were on the tramp, an' thimselves dared stay no longer. So, for all these years the squall-crow and the starling have had the Reeks, an' now, for the first time, the foot o' a stranger treads thim this night."

"Faix, now," said Larry, "who may the new master be?"

"But a far distant English kin o' the great house. May the divil fly away wid him!" cried Mistress O'Shane, fiercely. "Does the thaving upstart think to have the Reeks? I'll see! None but a Rossmore can rule in the round tower!"

"Whisht, now!" cried Larry, in amaze, "ye're turned light-headed intirely."

With that, Mistress O'Shane bristled.

"Away wid ye, Larry O'Shane! get ye home now. I'll not have ye listening longer to an old woman's tales. An', Ailsie, avourneen, come in from the doorway. Ye're but an idle lass—ye've not touched the knitting!"

Docile but reluctant, Larry arose.

"Ye might say good-night, asthore," he murmured in the girl's pink ears.

"Good-night, and good luck to ye!" said Ailsie, tossing her head.

So, shillalah in hand, he went out into the moonlight.

With her lean jaw dropped, and her hands clasped about her knees, for a long time after Larry's departure, Mistress O'Shane sat huddled in a corner of the settle. Presently she clutched Ailsie's dress, and drawing the girl toward her, kissed the folds of coarse homespun as reverently as if they had been a crucifix.

"So, so! ye'll not have my Larry? An' I've fed ye, an' housed ye, an' loved ye like me own, an' all the time me heart's been set on Larry and ye! Wud ye but wed my lad, Ailsie, I'd make ye a fine lady. Well, well! God's will be done."

Whereupon Mistress O'Shane rose, feebly, as if a weight of years had all at once fallen upon her, and betook herself to bed.

The cabin-door was wide open, and the path beyond stretched clear toward the Reeks.

Noiselessly and with deft fingers Ailsie laced her Sunday bodice. To this she had nothing to add in the way of finery but the scarlet stockings her own hands had knitted, her Sunday shoes, and a ribbon Larry O'Shane had bought her at Ballynabrog fair. But that flossy hair of hers had somehow got free from its braids, and now all about her shoulders it clung in a feathery torrent of rings and curls, through the mazes of which Larry's ribbon flared out, scarlet and bright, like a tongue of fire.

Suddenly the old woman, sleeping near by, turned uneasily, and muttered, as in a dream:

"Rossmore! Rossmore!"

Turning from the bit of cracked looking-glass, stuck in a corner of the dresser, Ailsie caught up her tattered cloak and stole out—out from under the moldy thatch into the night. She ran swiftly through the patch of whispering oats and across the bog, straight toward the Reeks. The heart within her was all aflame now.

"Ailsie! Ailsie!" called out a sudden voice.

There was a clatter of brogues behind her, where a streak of waning moonlight still lay upon the path.

"Ailsie! Ailsie!" cried Larry O'Shane.

He had been lurking about the cabin, then, instead of going home—poor, silly, love-sick Larry! The girl was fairly caught.

"Ailsie, avourneen, come back!"

Instead of obeying this injunction, she dropped her cloak and ran—away, away, like a wild thing, over the black, quaking bog, fear lending her wings. Her heart was in her throat, her breath came in gasps. Behind her, on the wet earth, like some cast-off fairy mantle, lay the cloak—a patch of ragged scarlet to frighten the strutting magpies and the moping herons.

Ailsie had seen the last of it; and, though he little knew it, Larry O'Shane, in that far, flying figure, had seen, too, the last of his pretty sweetheart.

At the lodge-gates she ventured to look back. He had not followed—all was quite still. Still quaking, she went up the broad drive among the thorn-trees and laurels to the hall-door, standing wide open beyond.

What with the lights, and the carriages, and the bustle, the servants in livery running about, and the bursts of music, Ailsie stood for a moment quite dazed.

The ball had begun, sure enough. She walked straight up to the hall-door, and peered in.

"God! what is that?" said a man in white stockings and a coat all green and scarlet, advancing hastily toward Ailsie.

The girl stood now on the threshold, plain and uncovered to all eyes.

"Who are you?" said the man, sharply, "and what do you want here?"

"Please, sir," answered Ailsie, dropping a courtesy. "I've come to dance at the ball."

The man was dumb for a moment, then he laughed, scornfully.

"Oho! It's Molly O'Shane's pretty granddaughter. She's dazed. Go home, my lass; this is a party of quality. You can't come in here."

"Nay," answered Ailsie; "it's one o' yer fine gintlefolks that axed me, sir. I'll not go home for the like o' ye."

"Barney," grimly called he of the green coat to one of the footmen, "just speak to the master."

A quick step crossed the great hall, with a loud burst of music following after through an open door.

Ailsie, held at bay by the green coat, flashed a frightened glance upward, and met the blue eyes of Captain Arthur Beaumont.

"I've come," she said, her cheeks flushing like the dawn.

He might have been annoyed, provoked, perhaps, only the amazing beauty of the girl, as she stood there in the light of the lustres, was such as to disarm all feeling save that of blank and unreasoning admiration.

"I've come to dance wid yer honor," she repeated, timidly.

"And dance you shall, by all the gods!" muttered Beaumont, through his teeth. "Miss Ailsie, come with me."

The group of servants stared at each other in mute amaze, and the butler in the green coat shivered with rage and scorn.

"Is it *ye* that's master o' the Reeks?" said the girl, wondering. "Shure, ye didn't tell me that."

For an answer, he took her slender brown hand and led her straight into the ballroom.

Ah, what a sight was there! From far and near the gentry had flocked to the young heir's ball. Flowers, and lights, and music; satins rustling and fans waving everywhere! There were the grand ladies from Hogarth, with enormous trains and feathers, and jewels without number on their skinny arms and bosoms; there were young beauties in lace and pearls, and old dowagers, hideous exceedingly, in lace and pearls likewise; and there, into the very midst of the light, and the crowd, and the dancers, the heir of the Reeks led that wild Irish girl, in her homespun dress and scarlet stockings, and placed her at the head of the set just forming in the centre of the room.

Had a thunderbolt burst suddenly over the round tower where Rossmore was murdered, the consternation succeeding could scarcely have excelled that which followed this extraordinary turn of affairs.

First there was an ominous hush. Everybody looked at everybody—everybody stared hard at Ailsie. Instantly a wicked buzz filled the room.

"What is it?"

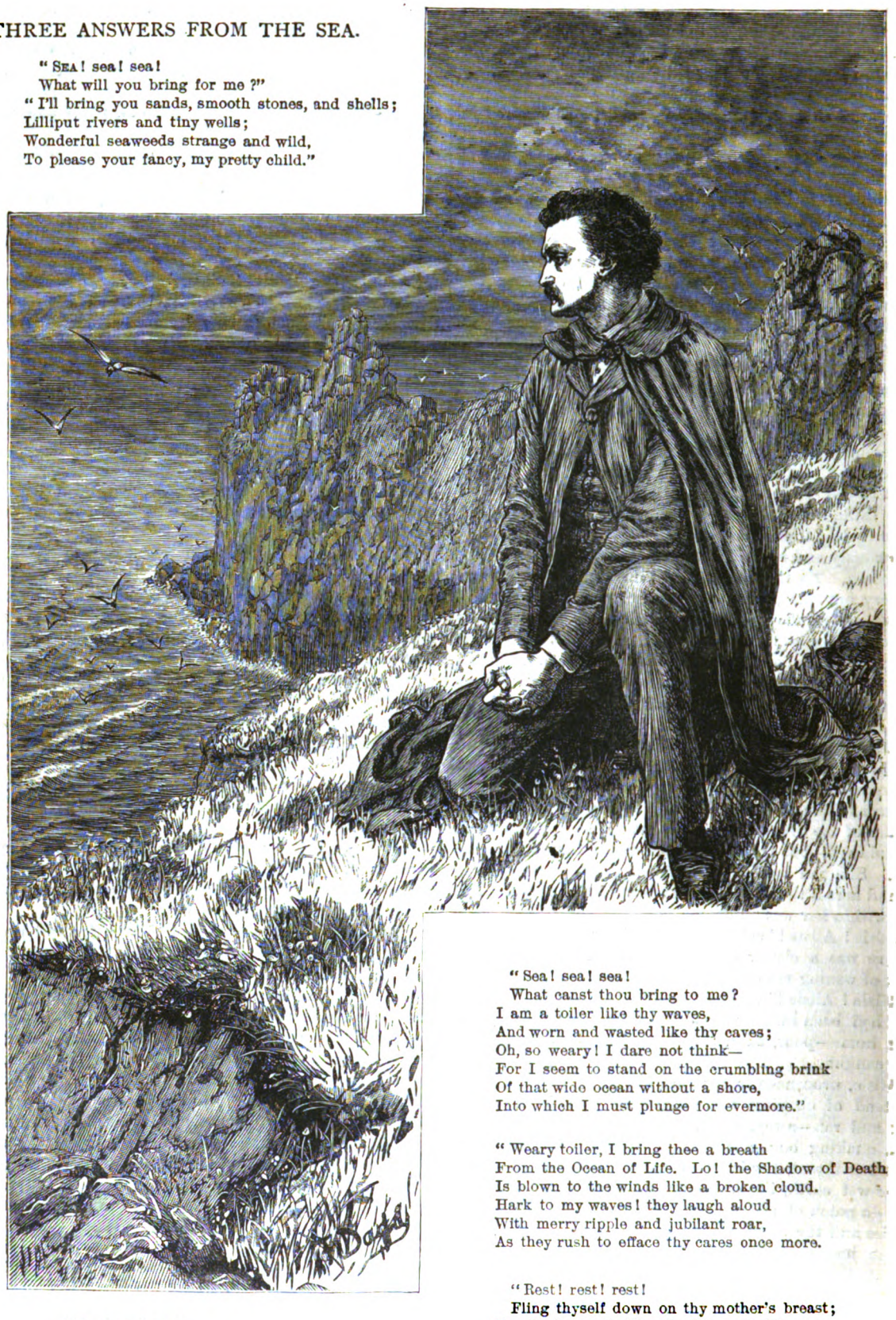
"Where did it come from?"

"He is really going to dance with her!"

The while the heir of the Reeks, delightfully cool and serene, had got his arm about that lithe little figure, and was already moving with her down the room.

THREE ANSWERS FROM THE SEA.

"SEA! sea! sea!
What will you bring for me?"
"I'll bring you sands, smooth stones, and shells;
Lilliput rivers and tiny wells;
Wonderful seaweeds strange and wild,
To please your fancy, my pretty child."



"Sea! sea! sea!
What will you bring to me?"
"Star-lighted glances by moonlit waters;
Dreams of Eden for Eve's fair daughters;
Morning sunshine, sweet evening's shade,
To bless and gladden thee, gentle maid."

"Sea! sea! sea!
What canst thou bring to me?
I am a toiler like thy waves,
And worn and wasted like thy caves;
Oh, so weary! I dare not think—
For I seem to stand on the crumbling brink
Of that wide ocean without a shore,
Into which I must plunge for evermore."

"Weary toiler, I bring thee a breath
From the Ocean of Life. Lo! the Shadow of Death
Is blown to the winds like a broken cloud.
Hark to my waves! they laugh aloud
With merry ripple and jubilant roar,
As they rush to efface thy cares once more.

"Rest! rest! rest!
Fling thyself down on thy mother's breast;
Touch the earth, like the Titan of old,
And arise with strength renewed and bold;
Draw a deep breath of my pure sweet air,
And thy heart shall expand to do and dare—
Yes—to do and dare thy highest and best,
Till the calmer ocean brings perfect rest."

AILSIE'S SHILLING.—"LIKE A TIGER-CAT, MOLLY O'SHANE SPRANG UPON AILSIE, AND TORE HER VIOLENTLY FROM THE MASTER OF THE REEKS."— SEE PAGE 107.

"Don't look about you," he whispered, "or you'll be turned to stone by evil eyes. Look at me instead."

She tried to obey, but the black lashes drooped. He could feel her heart fluttering affrighted against his side. The grand Hogarth ladies were standing stock still in the set, with feathers bristling and eyeglasses raised.

"Maybe," faltered the girl, faintly, "one o' thim be your honor's sweetheart ?"

"No, thank you ! I have no sweetheart, Miss Ailsie."

In a twinkling, the whole set was falling apart. It did not matter. All the scorn and amaze of the goodly company seemed lost upon the master of the Reeks. He only smiled, and signed to the musicians, and the next moment was leading off his lovely partner to the scattering measures of an Irish reel.

It was time for the old dowagers to fling up their eyes to the ceiling, and hold their indignant breath. Such a reel as that was never before danced in the hall of the dead Rossmore. The girl was uncanny. They could swear her feet did not touch the floor. Nevertheless, the high heels of the Sunday shoes kept up a tapping, faint and fine, like the *cluricaun's* hammer on the sunny side of a peat-stack.

What with the face of the girl, her wild grace and flashing black tresses, and the way the heir of the Reeks gazed at her in their giddy, tantalizing whirls, that crowd of gentry stood upon either side looking on, as dumb and motionless as if they were each and all under the influence of a spell.

Suddenly a great uproar was heard at the door of entrance. The music was pealing its maddest and merriest, and nobody had time to turn and look—not until a wild, gray, disheveled figure came flying into the midst, hurling the great folks right and left from the way. Then, like a tiger-cat, Molly O'Shane sprang upon Ailsie, and clutching her bony hand in the girl's black tresses, tore her violently from the arms of the master of the Reeks.

"So ye thought to stale away, an' I not know !" she cried, her hand on the terrified girl, her glaring eyes on Beaumont. "Faix ! ye've come to a fine gatherin' ! Does yon yellow-haired upstart think to dance wid such as ye ? 'Tis time for my lass to have her own."

She pushed the pale, shrinking Ailsie into the open space cleared for the dancers, laughing bitterly.

"Look," she cried, "look well at her, all ye gintlefolks that knew the house o' Rossmore ! Good blood, ye say, will show. Who but a Rossmore ever had such hair as this ? Who but a Rossmore ever looked at ye wid that blinking o' the eye ? MacSillian, o' the Cross-post, ye knew her father well. Spake ! is she not like him ?"

Not waiting for any answer, Molly O'Shane went on, wildly :

"It were these two arms, yer honors, that carried her into the bog, the night Rossmore was murdered at the head o' the stair—whin yer honors, ivery soul o' ye, thought her murdered, too. Safe and sound I meant to kape her from her father's inimies—shure, an' I've done that same ; an' had she but wed wid Larry—oh, had she but wed my lad, I'd have made her lady o' the Reeks long ago !"

The old woman turned furiously on Beaumont.

"An' ye!" she cried, "git ye out o' this place ! its hers now. Do ye think ye've heard but an idle tale ? Hearken, thin, to his riverence—he'll tell ye o' the oath I swore to him, that when the stranger entered here, my lass should have her own."

Through the uproar and confusion abounding now on every side, Beaumont, like one in a dream, saw the grave figure of a parish priest advancing toward the spot where the old woman stood, hostile and implacable, betwixt him and the daughter of the Rossmores.

"My friends," said the reverend father, lifting his calm voice above the noise of the crowd, "the story you have heard is no idle tale—it is a solemn and singular truth. This young girl is not the grandchild of Mary O'Shane, but the daughter of Dermot Rossmore, killed, as you all know, in this house, fifteen years ago."

For one little moment Beaumont's gaze fell upon Ailsie. Their eyes met—his softening into something like tenderness, hers wild and dilated, and darkening to utter midnight with the terror that filled her.

"Yer honor," she cried, turning to him, grasping wildly at his arm, "spake, spake ! Is it thrue ?"

"My child, I think—I am sure that it is."

She gasped for breath.

"And ye—God o' heaven !—what will ye do ?"

"I shall depart at once."

She flung up her hands. Then the slender figure, all limp and lifeless, slipped away from his arm—away from Molly O'Shane's outstretched hands—away from the astonished eyes all bent upon her, and fell, a silent and senseless thing, to the floor.

* * * * * *

There was a grand ball at Dublin Castle one night late in the Autumn.

The lord-lieutenant was about to depart for England, and this was his farewell reception. In point of crowds and magnificence, and all those things which go to make up the sum total of a grand ball, the occasion had seldom or never been surpassed.

His excellency, blonde, rotund and good-humored, was moving among his guests, dispensing hospitality with a right good will. Rich dresses and fair faces abounded ; so did the uniforms. In one group near a window a half-score were gathered together, deep in ballroom gossip.

"Of all the lovely women I ever saw," Captain Rutherford was saying, pensively, "this west-country heiress is the loveliest. It is impossible that a woman with such a pair of eyes *can* be heartless."

"Faith," answered O'Rourke of the dragoons, "you can't but own, my lad, that's she's deaf, blind and dumb to-night to the whole handsome lot of us."

"That's because Lord Villiers's mother monopolizes her," grumbled Colonel Arundel. "She has just brought her back from Paris, you see, and the old dame is an inveterate match-maker. Jove ! she intends Miss Rossmore, with her Irish bogs and foreign securities, for her precious son."

"Bah ! Villiers will never carry off a girl like that," sneered Rutherford. "Have you seen her, Beaumont ?"

Captain Arthur Beaumont, standing near by, quite pale and *distrait*, answered by a negative gesture.

"She's handsomer to-night than ever — not a jewel about her, either, but that curious bracelet which she always wears."

"Hist !" whispered Arundel, under his breath ; "here she comes with his excellency himself."

Beaumont, stepping quickly forward, looked at the advancing couple.

There she was, just as he had expected to see her, a regal, self-possessed woman, with the air of a duchess—her slender figure draped in point lace and satin—taller, older, a thousand times lovelier, yet Ailsie still. As she came sweeping toward him, he saw that, as Rutherford had said, she wore no jewels, save an odd bracelet of golden coin, clasped with a heart of fiery topaz, on one rounded, snow-white arm.

He held his breath. Would she see him—would she

know him after five long, changeful years? She drew nearer—she looked up—looked straight in his face. Over her own swept something that was not a blush, but a white lightning-heat, dying out as quickly as it came. Then her dark eyes dropped. She went on a few paces, and disengaging her arm from the lord-lieutenant's, sank into a seat near Lady Villiers.

A few moments afterward Lady Villiers was beckoning graciously to Beaumont with her Spanish fan. He crossed to her side.

"My dear Arthur," she said, not without a touch of malice, "is it possible you do not recognize Miss Rossmore? One would think you two had cause to remember each other."

Miss Rossmore gave him her hand.

"Remember!" he murmured in her ear; "as if I could ever forget!"

She answered nothing. She was pale and cold as a snow-wreath. Only the nervous manner in which she plucked at the bracelet of coin on her wrist betrayed her agitation.

"My love," said Lady Villiers, beginning to frown, "here is your fan. Lord John is coming to dance with you."

Beaumont's eyes looked full into Miss Rossmore's.

"Ailsie!" he murmured, daringly.

With a sudden snap the heart of topaz clasping Miss Rossmore's bracelet parted under her nervous fingers. Something concealed therein rolled out and fell to the floor.

The young heiress started up.

"Pray—pray help me to find it!" she said to Lady Villiers.

"My love, what have you lost?"

"What have you lost?" repeated Beaumont.

"Something that is very, very precious to me," she faltered.

Beaumont was down on the floor in a twinkling. When he arose, his face was luminous. He was holding in his hand a silver shilling, one end perforated as if for a cord.

"My dear," cried Lady Villiers, aghast, "*that* is not what you hide so closely in your bracelet?"

"A friend gave it to me long ago," murmured Miss Rossmore.

"And you have kept it all this time!" Arthur Beaumont said, in an impassioned whisper. "Ailsie, Ailsie, you will not dance with Lord John Villiers—you will dance with me?"

"Give me back my shilling," she faltered, smiling. Something in his eyes made her own fall before them.

"Give me back that which you have had in keeping ever since the night you won your shilling. Ailsie, Ailsie, give me back my heart!"

In the very face and eyes of Lady Villiers he caught her slender white hand in his own. For a moment it fluttered like a frightened bird, then lay quite still.

It was but fair, perhaps, that Arthur Beaumont entered the round tower of the Reeks a second time as master.

ANECDOTE OF LONGFELLOW.

Prof. Luigi Monti tells a pleasant story of Henry W. Longfellow. For many years this gentleman had been in the habit of dining with the poet every Saturday. One Christmas day, as he was walking briskly toward the old historic house, he was accosted by a little girl about twelve years old, who inquired the way to Longfellow's home. He told her it was some distance down the street, but if she would walk along with him he would show her. When they reached the gate, she said:

"Do you think I can go in the yard?"

"Oh, yes," said Signor Monti. "Do you see the room on the left? That is where Martha Washington held her receptions one hundred years ago. If you look at the window on the right, you will probably see a white-haired gentleman reading a paper. Well, that will be Mr. Longfellow."

She looked gratified and happy at the unexpected pleasure of really seeing the man whose poems she said she loved. As Signor Monti drew near the house, he saw Mr. Longfellow standing with his back against the window, his head of course out of sight. When he went in, the kind-hearted Italian said:

"Do look out of the window and bow to that little girl, who wants to see you very much."

"A little girl wants to see me very much—where is she?"

He hastened to the door, and beckoning with his hand, called out:

"Come here, little girl, come here, if you want to see me!"

She needed no second invitation; and, after shaking her hand and asking her name, he kindly took her into the house, showed her the "old clock on the stairs," the chair made from the village smithy's chestnut-tree, presented to him by the Cambridge children, and the beautiful pictures and souvenirs gathered in the many years of foreign residence. I am sure that child will carry all her life delightful memories of her Christmas call at Mr. Longfellow's.

THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES.

The title of "Prince of Wales" has entirely changed its character. Originally, it was applied to a native sovereign. In the ninth century, when the Danes and Saxons had completely broken the power of the Britons in England, Wales was still in the hands of the *Cymri*, a branch of the same stock as the Britons; and it was governed by three brothers, with the dignity of princes—the Prince of North Wales having precedence of the others in rank.

It was, however, a very stormy and unsettled rule; for we find that, during the next three centuries, the princes of Wales were often obliged to pay tribute to the Saxon, Danish and Norman rulers of England; and, moreover, the princes were frequently quarreling among themselves, overstepping each other's landmarks, and breaking agreements without much scruple. At length one prince, Llewellyn, rose superior to the rest, and was chosen by the general voice of the people sovereign of Wales, in 1246.

The border district between the two countries, known as the Marches, was the scene of almost incessant conflicts between the English and Welsh, let who might be king in the one country, or prince in the other. There is a passage in Fuller, illustrative of the hardships endured by the English soldiers during a raid across the Marches nearly to the western part of the Principality: "I am much affected with the ingenuity [ingenuousness] of an English nobleman, who, following the camp of King Henry III. in these parts (Caernarvonshire), wrote home to his friends, about the end of September, 1245, the naked truth, indeed, as followeth: 'We lie in our tents, watching, fasting, praying and freezing. We watch, for fear of the Welshmen, who are wont to invade us in the night; we fast, for want of meat, for the half-penny loaf is worth

five pence; we pray to God to send us home speedily; and we freeze for want of Winter garments, having nothing but thin linen between us and the wind.' "

On the other hand, the Welsh were always ready to take advantage of any commotions across the border.

In 1268, Llewellyn was compelled to accept terms which Henry III. imposed upon him, and which rendered him little else than a feudal vassal to the King of England. When Henry died, and Edward I. became King, Llewellyn was summoned to London, to render homage to the new monarch. The angry blood of the Welshman chafed at this humiliation; but he yielded—more especially as Edward held in his power the daughter of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, to whom Llewellyn was betrothed, and he could only obtain her by coming to London. In 1278, Llewellyn and the lady were married, the king himself giving away the bride.

The Prince and Princess of Wales went to their future home in the principality. Their happiness, however, was short-lived: the princess died in giving birth to a daughter, who afterward ended her days as a nun in a Lincolnshire convent. Peace did not long endure between Edward and Llewellyn. A desolating war broke out, marked by much barbarity on both sides. Llewellyn's friends fell away one by one, and made terms with the powerful King of England. The year 1282 saw the close of the scene. While some of his adherents were combating the Earl of Gloucester and Sir Edmund Mortimer in South Wales, Llewellyn himself was fighting in the north. Leaving the bulk of his soldiers, and coming almost unattended to Builth, he fell into an ambush, which cost him his life.

YOUNG AMERICA.

HOPEFUL JUNIOR—"*Guess I shall have to shave to-day. Miss Lavender said my beard scratched her last night when I kissed her at forfeits.*"

[Paterfamilias is thunderstruck.]

Dr. Powel, in 1584, translated into English an account of the scene written by Caradoc of Llanfargan: "The prince departed from his men, and went to the valley with his squire alone, to talk with certain lords of the country, who had promised to meet him there. Then some of his men, seeing his enemies come down from the hill, kept the bridge called Pont Orewyn, and defended the passage manfully, till one declared to the Englishmen where a ford was, a little beneath, through the which they sent a number of their men with Elias Walwyn, who suddenly fell upon them that defended the bridge, in their backs, and put them to flight. The prince's squire told the prince, as he stood secretly abiding the coming of such as promised to meet him in a little grove, that he heard a great noise and cry at the bridge; and the prince asked whether his men had taken the bridge, and he said, 'Yes.'

"'Then,' said the prince, 'I pass not if all the power of England were on the other side.'

"But suddenly, behold the horsemen about the grove; and as he would have escaped to his men, they pursued him so hard that one Adam Francton ran him through with a staff, being unarmed, and knew him not. And his men, being but a few, stood and fought boldly, looking for their prince, till the Englishmen, by force of archers, mixed with the horsemen, won the hill, and put them to flight. And as they returned, Francton went to despoil him whom he had slain; and when he saw his face, he knew him very well, and stroke off his head, and sent it to the King at the Abbey of Conway, who received it with great joy, and caused it to be set upon one of the highest turrets of the Tower of London."

Thus closed the career of Llewellyn, the last native sovereign of Wales. Edward I. speedily brought the whole principality under his sway, and Wales has ever since been closely allied to England. Edward's queen gave birth to a son in Caernarvon Castle, and this son, while yet a child, was formally instituted Prince of Wales.

It thenceforward became a custom, departed from in only a few instances, to give this dignity to the eldest son, or heir-apparent of the English King or Queen. The title is not actually inherited; it is conferred by special creation and investiture, generally soon after the birth of the prince to whom it relates. It is said, by an old tradition, that Edward I., to gratify the national feelings of the Welsh people, promised to give them a prince without blemish on his honor, Welsh by birth, and one who could not speak a word of English. He then, in order to fulfill his

THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES.

promise literally, sent Queen Eleanor to be confined at Caernarvon Castle, and the infant born there had, of course, all the three characteristics. Be this tradition true or false, the later sovereigns cared very little whether the Princes of Wales were acceptable or not to the people of the Principality.

In the mutations of various dynasties, the Prince of Wales was not, in every case, the eldest son and heir-apparent; and in two instances there was a princess without a prince. Henry VIII. gave this title to his two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, in succession; but the general rule has been as above stated.

It may be useful here to state, in chronological order, the eighteen Princes of Wales, from the time of Edward I. to that of Victoria. We shall construct the list from details given in Dr. Doran's "Book of the Princes of Wales." Each prince has a kind of surname, according to the place where he was born. (1) *Edward of Caernarvon*, son of Edward I., born 1284; died, 1327, as Edward II. (2) *Edward of Windsor*, son of Edward II., born 1312; died, 1377, as Edward III. (3) *Edward of Woodstock*, son of Edward III., born 1330; known as Edward the Black Prince, and died 1376. (4) *Richard of Bordeaux*, son of Edward the Black Prince, born 1367; died 1399, as Richard II. (5) *Henry of Monmouth*, son of Henry IV., born 1387; died, 1422, as Henry V. (6) *Edward of Westminster*, son of Henry VI., born 1453; died 1471. (7) *Edward of the Sanctuary*, son of Edward

IV., born 1470; died, 1483, as Edward V. (8) *Edward of Middleham*, son of Richard III., born 1474; died 1484. (9) *Arthur of Winchester*, eldest son of Henry VII., born 1486; died 1502. (10) *Henry of Greenwich*, second son of Henry VII., born 1491; died, 1547, as Henry VIII. (11) *Henry of Stirling*, eldest son of James I., born 1594; died 1612. (12) *Charles of Dunfermline*, second son of James I., born 1600; died, 1649, as Charles I. (13) *Charles of St. James's*, son of Charles I., born 1630; died, 1685, as Charles II. (14) *George Augustus of Hanover*, son of George I., born 1683; died, 1760, as George II. (15) *Frederick Louis of Hanover*, son of George II., born 1707; died 1751. (16) *George William Frederick of Norfolk House*, son of the last named, born 1738; died, 1820, as George III. (17) *George Augustus Frederick of St. James's*, son of George III., born 1762; died, 1830, as George IV. (18) *Albert Edward*, son of Queen Victoria, born 1841; and came of age, 1862.

Besides the above, there were two wanderers, who were regarded in many parts of Europe as Princes of Wales, and certainly were so in right of birth. These were the son and grandson of the fugitive James II.—*James Francis Edward*, born 1688, and known afterward as the "Old Pretender," died 1765; and his son, *Charles Edward*, born 1720, and for a long period known as the "Young Pretender," died 1788.

ECHOES.

Echoes are produced by the reflected waves of sound. When a sufficient interval exists between a direct and a reflected sound, we hear the latter in an echo. But, as Prof. Tyndall has shown us, sound, like light, "may be reflected several times in succession, and as the refracted light under these circumstances becomes gradually feebler to the eye, so the successive echoes become feebler to the ear. The reflection of echoes is also in part due to the fact that the reflecting surfaces are at different distances from the hearer."

Not only is sound in all respects reflected and refracted like light, but it may, like light, be condensed by suitable lenses. For instance, a bell placed on an eminence in Heligoland failed, on account of its distance, to be heard in the town. A parabolic reflector, placed behind the bell, so as to reflect the sound-waves in the direction of the long, sloping street, caused the strokes of the bell to be distinctly heard at all times. It is found, too, that curved roofs and ceilings act as mirrors upon sound, a fact of interest to the architect. In some apartments the singing of a kettle seems, in certain positions, to come, not from the fire on which it is placed, but from the ceiling; and so with the ticking of a clock. A rather remarkable instance of the same thing is cited by Sir John Herschel. In one of the cathedrals in Sicily, the confessional was so placed that the whispers of the penitents were reflected by the curved roof, and brought to a focus at a distant part of the edifice. The focus was discovered by accident, and for some time the person who discovered it took pleasure in hearing, and bringing his friends to hear, utterances intended for the priest alone.

The whispering gallery of St. Paul's, London, is another well-known instance. Here the faintest sound is conveyed from one side to the other of the dome, but it is not heard at any intermediate point. In Gloucester Cathedral, a gallery of an octagonal form conveys a whisper seventy-five feet across the nave, while the ticks of a watch may be heard from one end of the abbey church of St. Albans to the other.

While echoes whisper secrets in the areas of antique halls, in the windings of long corridors, in the melancholy aisles of arched cathedrals and ruined abbeys, they are no less partial to caverns and grottoes, and reverberate with loudest voice among mountains. There are single and compound echoes. Some repeat only one syllable, and sounds of a certain pitch; others, known as tautological echoes, repeat the same words many times in varied tones. The reason of this is, that the echoing body is far off, and there is time for one reflection to pass away before another reaches the ear.

Misson, in his description of Italy, mentions an echo in the vineyard of Simonetta, about two miles from Milan, which reflects a word twenty times over. Gasendi tells of another, near the tomb of Cecilia Metella at Rome, which repeated the first verse of the Æneid eight times; and a third near Coblentz repeats seventeen times. There is a deep *cul-de-sac*, called the "Ochsenthal," formed of the great cliffs of the Engelhorner, near Rosenlaui, in Switzerland, where the echoes warble in a wonderful manner. The sound of the Alpine horn, also, rebounding the rocks of the Wetterhorn or the Jungfrau, is in the first instance heard roughly. But by successive reflections, the notes are rendered more soft and flute-like, the general diminution of intensity giving the impression that the source of sound is retreating further and further into the solitudes of ice and snow.

A very famous echo is that at Lurlei. It is thus described by the author of the "Rhine and its Picturesque Scenery": "An old soldier blows an old tantivy on his huge French hunting-horn. No sooner have the fine brassy notes ceased, than you hear them repeated on the opposite shores, so distinctly, too, that, though you know it is but an echo, you can scarcely persuade yourself that there is not some one concealed on the top of Lurlei, imitating the sounds. The next portion of the entertainment is with the musket; and for this the old guard waits till the air is perfectly still. Then, directly a lull ensues in the breeze, click goes the trigger, and the report rattles against the wall of the opposite rock as if the crags were tumbling down in a shower; and no sooner has it burst upon the ear than you hear a second explosion, almost as loud as the first, clattering behind the summit of Lurlei. This time, however, the echo does not end here, for the moment after, the sound seems to be ascending the river in a kind of small thunder-peal, mustering along the opposite cliffs; then comes a pause as it leaps across the stream, after which you catch it again on the same side of the Rhine as yourself, ascending along the rocks in fainter and faster peals, till it reaches the vineyard adjoining the Falsenbank, by St. Goar; and the next instant, after another pause, the ear detects it across the river once more, where it ultimately expires, with a faint puff, just above the ruins of Katz."

Visitors to Killarney will remember the fine echo in the Gap of Dunloe. When a trumpet is sounded in a certain place in the Gap, the sonorous waves reach the ear in succession after one, two, three, or more reflections from the adjacent cliffs, and thus die away in the sweetest cadence.

One at Woodstock Park, near Oxford, repeats seventeen syllables by day, and twenty by night; another, at Shipley Church, in Sussex, does no fewer than twenty-one syllables.

We get a more astonishing effect still at Ulleswater, lying between the Counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. There used to be, and may be now, a small vessel on the lake, mounted with brass cannon, for the purpose of exciting the echoes. A gunshot was distinctly reverberated seven or eight times. It first rose overhead in one vast

peal; then subduing a few seconds, it rose again in a grand interrupted burst on the right. Presently it rose on the left, and thus thrown from rock to rock, in a sort of aerial perspective, it was caught again, perhaps, by some nearer promontory, and returning full on the ear, surprised you, after all was over, with as loud a peal as at first.

The grandest effect, however, was produced by a successive discharge of cannon, at the interval of a few seconds between each. The effect of the first was not over when the echoes of the second, the third, or perhaps the fourth began. Such a variety of awful sounds, mingling and commingling, and at the same moment heard from all sides, made one imagine that the very foundations of every rock on the lake were giving way, and the whole scene, from some strange convulsion of nature, was falling into general ruin.

Though the natives of Scotland are generally supposed to be extremely reticent of speech themselves, their country, as it happens, is very loquacious in the matter of echoes. This is accounted for by the rugged and mountainous character of the northern kingdom. Roseneath, near Glasgow; Cartlane Craigs, Lanarkshire; Lock Dockart, Perthshire; Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh; Loch Kinellan, Cromarty; the castles of Achindüin and Kingerloch, in Argylshire, are all noted for what Dr. Tyndall calls wave motions, and tourists linger at these places and listen with delight at the curious effects produced. At Roseneath, if a trumpet be played, the echo will begin the tune, and repeat it accurately; as soon as this echo has ceased, another will give the tune in a lower note, and after the second has ceased a third will succeed with equal fidelity, though in a much feebler tone. But the most beautiful echo in Scotland—one of the finest, indeed, in the world—occurs in the ancient and ruined abbey church of Paisley. When the door of the chapel is shut the reverberations are equal to the sound of thunder. Breathe a single note in music, and the tone ascends gradually, till it dies away in soft and most bewitching murmurs. If a good voice sing, or a musical instrument be well played, the effect is indescribably agreeable.

A JAPANESE CAT STORY.

Cats have always been associated in the minds of the Japanese with vampires, ghouls and other monsters of the "horresco referens" genus. Indeed, feline animals tolerably well justify this ill report, for while we have tales innumerable of old women murdered, stout warriors possessed, and gentle maidens bewitched by cats, we have only one authentic record of good service done by a member of the nine-lived race, and that was when the Princess Mesan employed her cat to carry the love-letters no other messenger could have transmitted. The Province of Iga has always been celebrated for the ferocious exploits of its wild cats, which are said to be of enormous size and particularly savage nature; but an exploit just reported from Gifu in Mino shows that tame cats are sometimes quite as dangerous as their undomesticated brethren.

A farmer, by name Onda Sahei, residing in the village of Yasukuta, possessed a cat which had lived in his house for so many years that it was known throughout the district as "Onda's old cat." Good fare and comfortable circumstances had produced their usual effect, and each year Tom developed a fresh increment of bulk, and strengthened instincts of domesticity. A few months ago the farmer's young wife bore a child, and at the fall of the year preparations for unwonted festivity were made in consequence. Stout pines and massive straw plaits were hung at the portal, coral lobsters and obese oranges nestled in luxuriant bunches of greenery over the lintels and alcove, and all the neighbors were invited to join in the pounding of a colossal rice-cake. The cat alone held aloof from the general jollity, but since he had long passed the time of life when gambols cease to be entertaining, no special notice was taken of his moroseness. A little after sunrise on New Year's Day the family assembled to partake of the rice-cake, but just as the farmer was raising his chop-sticks to his mouth, an unearthly miauling and piteous cries were heard in the adjoining chamber, where the baby had been left asleep. The farmer's wife was the first to reach her child's bed—and with what speed we can well imagine—where she found the cat tearing fiercely with tooth and claw at the throat of the helpless baby, accompanying his bloody work with sounds that resembled the growling of an infuriated tiger. It is needless to say that "Onda's old cat" slept that night in the bottom of the village stream, but as for the child, succor had come too late. It died the same evening, and the feast that should have celebrated its well-being, was offered to Jizo, the guardian god of baby spirits.

AN ANCIENT TURQUOISE MINE.

The Shah of Persia appears to be threatened not only by the Kurds, but by the Mexicans. The latter, it is true, do not present quite so troublesome and serious an aspect as the wild mountain warriors, but they may, nevertheless, make their influence felt in Teheran. The Shah has long been accredited with the possession of all the finest turquoises in existence. The mine—indeed, we believe, the only source of the finest stones—has hitherto lain within his dominions. Nishapur, in Khorasan, has yielded all the best stones of the kind, and the pick of these have, it is said, been systematically retained by the Shah, who has permitted only the poorer specimens to go into the market. There have been, and are now, other sources of less valuable turquoises. Saxony and Silesia both present localities where these gems are to be found, and Arabia was reported at one time to afford gems far superior even to the Persian. But the color, which at first was remarkably fine, proved to be not permanent.

A more formidable, because an ancient and well-tried, source of supply is now about to be re-established after a lapse of over two hundred years. This is the once famous turquoise mine of that part of Mexico which some thirty years ago first became a territory of the United States. This remote region lies in the heart of the American continent, but appears to participate largely in that mineral wealth which is so prominent a feature of Mexico generally. It is mountainous, and is traversed by the Rio Grande River throughout its entire length from north to south. Almost all kinds of metals are found here, and a good many precious stones; but the turquoise was obtained only in one mine, or group of mines. The workings, however, were very productive; but something over two hundred years ago a sudden inundation broke in upon the unfortunate Indians engaged in the extensive subterranean galleries, and drowned one hundred of them.

So overwhelming was the catastrophe, that the whole enterprise was abandoned, and ever since about the time of the fire in London none of the beautiful light-blue stones, small specimens of which are so popular with the ladies for "engage" rings, have been derived from America. The genuine turquoise is described by chemists as a phosphate of alumina, but there is a mineral product found in Languedoc easily mistaken for the stone, but said to be

really nothing but a bone colored with phosphate of iron. The Mexican turquoises are said to be very fine and abundant, and the Shah may therefore by-and-by find his nice little monopoly seriously reduced in value. He would scarcely be a Shah of Persia if he had not managed to make a rather good thing out of this mountain mine of Khorasan.

EMERALDS AND BERYLS.

By F. W. Rudler.

It is related by the elder Pliny, who wrote his famous "Natural History" eighteen centuries ago, that in olden times, when the Isle of Cyprus was not only "a place of arms," but a place of trade, there stood on the shore of the island, overlooking the tunny-fishery, a noble figure of a lion keeping watch and ward over the tomb of King Hermias. This figure was sculptured in white marble, and the eyes of the creature were represented by two huge *emeralds*. But the lion had not long been mounted upon its pedestal before the fishermen who dwelt on the coast complained that the brilliant rays shed forth from this green-eyed monster penetrated the neighboring waters, and scared the fish from their accustomed haunts. On this plea, the cunning fellows plucked the gems from their marble sockets, and thereupon the fish returned to their wonted waters, and the fishermen resumed their lawful craft.

This story of Pliny's is worth repeating at the present day, because it teaches us one or other of two things. Either the emerald must have been a much more abundant stone with the ancients than it is with us, or, what is far more probable, the ancients must have applied the term to stones of a very different kind from those which are recognized as such at the present day. The truth is that, before mineralogy became a science, men were forced, when they attempted to name a stone, to rely upon the most superficial and trivial of characters. Color is, of all physical characteristics, the most striking; and it was color, consequently, that guided the older mineralogists in most of their feeble gropings after a rational system of classification.

In the case of the emerald—the *Smaragdos* of the Greeks—it is almost certain, from the accounts of ancient writers, that a number of minerals must have been confounded together, having little or nothing in common except a green color. Some of the ancient emeralds may, indeed, have been the true emerald of the modern mineralogist, but others were nothing but comparatively worthless copper ores. The emerald of Cyprus, for example, was probably unlike our modern emerald in every respect save color. Carefully as the island has been searched, no true emerald has been found there in modern times. Copper ores, on the contrary, are known to occur in the island, and were worked at so early a period that the Latin word for copper, *cuprum*, is said to have been derived from the Greek name of the island, *Kupros*. Now, in connection with copper deposits, we not infrequently find a number of greenish minerals, such as the well-known malachite, which is a carbonate of that metal. It is therefore highly probable that the famous Cyprian emerald—the stone that got into such ill repute with the tunny-fishermen—was nothing but a copper-bearing mineral of bright-green hue. Other so-called emeralds may have been green jasper, while others again were, in all likelihood, simply pieces of green glass, turned out, it may well have been, from the ancient glass-houses of Alexandria.

THE LITTLE BATHERS.— FROM A PAINTING BY ANKER.

Whatever elasticity may formerly have been permitted in the use of the term emerald, or its classical equivalents, it has acquired among modern mineralogists a very definite and scientific meaning. The term is, in fact, restricted to the green varieties of a particular species of matter, which possesses a well-determined chemical constitution and a fixed set of physical properties. To ascertain its composition, a gem has occasionally been sacrificed in the interest of science. The chemist, after ruthlessly destroying the beautiful stone, has reported that it contains a large proportion of *silica*, a substance which occurs in its purest form as rock-crystal, and which takes

its name from the fact that it constitutes the material of flint or *silex*. The emerald is, in fact, a compound containing silica, and is known in the language of chemistry as *silicate*. But since the silica forms less than seventy per cent. of the entire gem, it remains to determine what are its other constituents.

On exposing the emerald to further tortures in the laboratory, the chemist has been able to obtain from it a certain portion of *aluminium*. We may infer that, since the emerald contains silica and aluminium, it is therefore a *silicate of aluminium*. It is this; but it is much more than

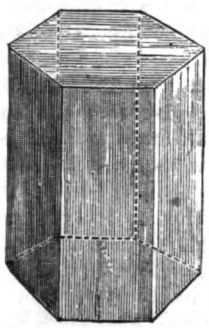


FIG. 1.—TYPICAL CRYSTAL OF EMERALD.

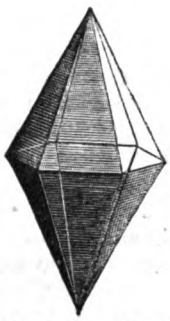


FIG. 2.—TYPICAL CRYSTAL OF SAPPHIRE.

this. The chemist, by increasing the subtlety of his researches, has been able to extract from the emerald another metal, far more rare than aluminium, known as *glucinum*.

This metal is found only in some half-dozen other minerals, and is not often extracted even from them. In fact, the raw materials from which glucinum may be procured are so expensive, while the process of extraction is so tedious and delicate, that many a chemist who spends his days in the laboratory has never yet set eyes upon a specmen of the metal.

The name glucinum has been given to this rare metal because it yields a series of salts, which are characterized by possessing a *sweetish* taste. We may remind the reader that from the Greek word *glukus*, meaning "sweet," we obtain, nct only the name of this metal *glucinum*, but also the name of the better-known body, glycerine; while the same word, in a disguised form, appears in the familiar licorice, which is merely a corruption of *glycyrrhiza*, or the "sweet root."

FIG. 3.—COMPLEX CRYSTAL OF EMERALD, RICH IN FACES.

Since the emerald contains two metals, or bases, combined with silica, it is, in chemical language, a "double" silicate—a silicate of aluminium and glucinum. When the diamond is examined, it is found to consist of carbon only, and it is therefore a chemical *element*. When the ruby and sapphire are studied, they are found to consist of alumina, and they are therefore chemically *oxides;* but the emerald, being a double silicate of aluminium and glucinum, is technically placed in the group of *salts*. The diamond contains but *one* element, carbon; the ruby contains *two* elements, aluminium and oxygen; while the emerald contains no fewer than *four* elements—aluminium and glucinum, silicon and oxygen; for silica itself is the oxide of a body called *silicon*.

By some chemists, especially in Germany, the metal glucinum is termed *beryllium*, a name which it has acquired from the fact that it exists not only in the emerald, but also in the beryl. Indeed, the beryl, when pure, has exactly the same composition as the emerald, and the two stones are therefore classed together by mineralogists as one and the same species. The term emerald is restricted to the bright green transparent crystals, while the term beryl is reserved for those forms which are coarser in structure and paler in tint. But just as the ruby and sapphire, however different to the eye, belong really to a single species, so the emerald and the beryl, notwithstanding their differences, are united in a single mineralogical species.

Since emerald and beyrl form but one mineral species, it may fairly be supposed, according to principles already laid down, that they possess the same characters of crystallization. And such a supposition is perfectly correct. Both minerals, in fact, crystallize in forms which possess a six-sided symmetry; and they are, therefore, akin in crystallization to the ruby and sapphire. But while ruby

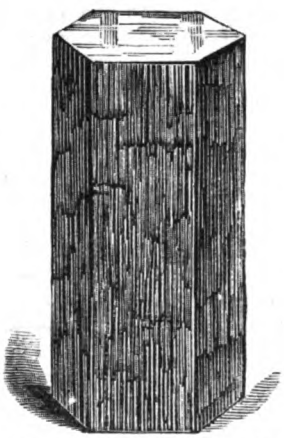


FIG. 4.—CRYSTAL OF BERYL, SHOWING LONGITUDINAL STRIATIONS.

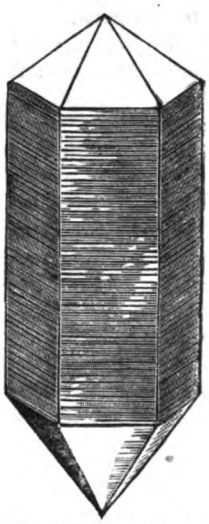


FIG. 5.—CRYSTAL OF QUARTZ, SHOWING TRANSVERSE STRIATIONS.

and sapphire crystallize in double six-sided pyramids, the emerald and beryl crystallize in six-sided prisms. Figures 1 and 2 serve to show at once the similarity and the difference in the two cases; the similarity is seen in the six-sidedness, common to the two cystals; while the difference is visible in the fact that the emerald crystal has six side-faces, and is flat at top and bottom, whereas the sapphire-crystal has a dozen triangular faces, and tapers to a point at each extremity.

It must not be supposed that the emerald invariably assumes so simple a form as that indicated in Fig 1. Frequently the crystal becomes complicated by a multitude of additional faces, which run round its edges and cluster round its corners, as represented, for example, in Fig. 3. But however complex the crystal, and whatever may be the number of faces which it carries, it never swerves from its proper symmetry. Notwithstanding the complexity of its modifications, it still remains true to the crystallographic group of which it is a member, and all its vagaries are kept within the limits of the laws which rule in the hexagonal system.

In crystals of beryl, it often happens that the six sides of the prism, instead of being perfectly smooth, are roughened by a number of channels or furrows running

lengthwise down the crystal. These irregularities of surface are called *striations*, and are represented in Fig. 4. Such grooves are, in some cases, so deep and so numerous as to obliterate the edges, and thus to transform the prism almost into a cylinder. It should be noted that such striations occasionally aid the mineralogist in separating one mineral from another. Quartz, for example, is a substance which, like beryl, assumes six-sided prismatic forms, and moreover these prisms are also striated, but then the striations in this case run *across* the prism, as represented in Fig. 5. If a mineralogist were blindfolded, and had a crystal of beryl in one hand, and a crystal of quartz in the other, he could easily distinguish between them, solely by the sense of touch—he would feel at once that the striations on the prism of beryl were longitudinal, while those on the rock-crystal were transverse. Compare Fig. 4. with Fig. 5. It will thus be seen that apparently the most trivial character, if constant, is not to be despised as a means of mineralogical discrimination.

Again, if a crystal of beryl and a crystal of quartz be broken by a fall on to the floor, or by a blow with a hammer, a marked difference in the nature of the fracture will be observed. The beryl or emerald breaks with ease *across* the prism, yielding fragments which have smooth and brilliant faces: they are, in fact, cleavage-planes; but the quartz commonly breaks without the slightest trace of cleavage—that is to say, the fracture is irregular, and the fragments do not present flat faces. It breaks, in fact, just as a piece of common glass would break. Many emeralds belonging to Oriental potentates are mounted in the form of cleaved slices, which are nothing but broad, flat pieces split from the stone, and having faces so smooth as to need no touch of the lapidary to heighten their lustre.

Another useful characteristic of beryl or emerald, serving to distinguish it not only from quartz, but from several other substances with which it might be confounded, is to be found in the specific gravity of the stone. The specific gravity of the beryl is about 2·7; in other words, it is rather more than two and a half times as heavy as an equal bulk of water. There is a method of determining the specific gravity of a gem which is at once simple and rapid, and can be used with advantage in examining certain precious stones, such as the emerald. Before describing this method, it is necessary to explain the principle upon which it is based.

When a country housewife wishes to know when a tub of brine is strong enough for pickling, she sometimes places an egg in the liquid, and observes whether it floats or sinks. Let an egg be dropped into a glass of common water, and it immediately sinks; but place it in concentrated brine, and it readily floats. There is an amusing experiment, which is sometimes introduced into popular lectures to illustrate this difference. A tall glass cylinder is half filled with brine, and then very gently filled up with ordinary water. The water floats upon the dense brine, and since both liquids are colorless, the junction is not detected by the eye. When the lecturer drops an egg into the cylinder, it immediately falls through the water; but on reaching the surface of the brine it stops, as if by magic, and remains suspended in the middle of the vessel, just as Mohammed's coffin is said to be poised in mid-air. The experiment is illustrated by Fig. 6.

When a body is immersed in a liquid, it of course displaces, or pushes aside, its own bulk of the liquid. If the weight of this displaced liquid be greater than the weight of the body, the latter floats; but if the weight of liquid be less than the weight of the body, the latter sinks; while if the weight of the liquid be equal to that of the body, the latter will neither sink nor swim, but will remain suspended indifferently in any part of the liquid. In the experiment just described, the egg sinks through the layer of water, because the weight of the egg is greater than the weight of a volume of water exactly the size of the egg; but it floats on the brine, because its weight is less than the weight of an equal bulk of brine. In other words, a solid body floats or sinks in a liquid according as its "specific gravity" is less or greater than that of the liquid; while if the solid and the liquid be of equal density, there is no tendency either to sink or to float.

If, now, an emerald be dropped into a glass of water, it will of course immediately sink, for the specific gravity of the stone is 2·7, while the specific gravity of the water itself is only 1, pure water being the standard of density, and therefore represented by unity. But it is evident that if we could obtain a liquid having a specific gravity higher than 2·7, then the emerald would float upon this liquid just as an iceberg floats in sea-water, or as a leaden bullet floats upon quicksilver, or as the egg floats upon the brine in the experiment cited above. It is by no means easy, however, to obtain suitable liquids of sufficiently high density; but some years ago, Mr. E. Sonstadt drew attention to a liquid which admirably fufills the necessary conditions.

There is a poisonous compound known as *mercuric iodide*, which presents so beautiful a color that it has occasionally been used as a scarlet pigment. This body is not soluble in water, but it dissolves freely in a solution of iodide of potassium, and the resulting solution when concentrated has a specific gravity as high as 3, or even a trifle higher; in other words, a wine-glass of this solution weighs three times as much as the same glass of water. Professor Church, who has made the subject of precious stones a specialty, suggested some years ago that this solution might be used with advantage by the mineralogist in his examination of gems. For example, an emerald having a specific gravity of 2·7 would float on "Sonstadt's solution," as Professor Church has conveniently termed it; but a green sapphire—the stone which is known to mineralogists as *Oriental emerald*—will sink, since its specific gravity is about 4.

Here, then, is a simple method of discriminating between the two gems. No balance is needed; all that is necessary is to have a small bottle or glass of this dense liquid, and, on dropping the suspected stone into the vessel, we tell in a moment whether it is a green sapphire or a true emerald. In like manner, we could distinguish an emerald from a green garnet, the latter sinking while the former floats. This method of testing a suspected gem almost reminds one of the old rough-and-ready way of determining whether a suspected individual were a witch or not, by throwing her into a horse-pond, and observing if the unfortunate creature swam or sank.

Sonstadt's solution may also be used with advantage, as Professor Church has well pointed out, to distinguish a colorless beryl from a piece of rock-crystal. Some beryls are so pale as to look like crystal; but if Sonstadt's solution be diluted to a specific gravity of 2·67, it affords a ready means of sorting beryls from crystal. Beryl has a specific gravity of about 2·7, and therefore sinks in this diluted liquid; while the crystal, having a density which never exceeds 2·65, must needs float. Here it is interesting to note the extraordinary delicacy of Church's test, for the difference in the density of the two stones does not exceed ·05, and yet the solution is available for detecting this trifling difference.

It should be noted that if an emerald, instead of a beryl, be dropped into a solution having a density of 2·68, the

observer cannot be certain that the stone will sink; for the emerald is almost invariably flawed, and is sometimes so full of cracks that the inclosed air lessens the density of the stone to such an extent that it becomes as low as that of rock-crystal. There is little fear, however, of the brilliantly-colored gem, emerald, ever being confounded with rock-crystal. It is worth noting, however, that the presence of flaws in this stone is so general that the expression, "An emerald without a flaw," has passed into a proverb. When this gem is imitated in paste, the artificer frequently introduces the characteristic flaws to entrap the purchaser. If a counterfeit emerald, entirely free from flaws, were presented to a purchaser, it would really be too good to be real, and its very perfection would immediately arouse suspicion.

Next to specific gravity, the *hardness* of a mineral generally demands attention. Hardness is a character which is naturally prized in precious stones, inasmuch as it enables them to resist the effect of wear, and preserves their lustre of face and sharpness of edge. The emerald, however, is far inferior in hardness to the gems which have previously been mentioned. Thus, while the hardness of the diamond is indicated by 10, and that of the ruby by 9, the emerald scarcely reaches the eighth degree of this scale. It is scratched by a topaz, but is slightly harder than rock-crystal. When Pliny says that certain emeralds are too hard to be engraved on, it is clear that he cannot be referring to the stone which we call emerald. What he really meant was, in all probability, the green sapphire, which is still known to mineralogists as *Oriental emerald.*

Those physical characters which we have already discussed—crystallization, density and hardness—are utterly unimportant in the emerald, when compared with the *color* of the gem. It is its peculiarly vivid green hue that has rendered the stone in all ages a popular favorite, and which compensates for such imperfections as inferior hardness and the presence of flaws. Every one knows that the fatigued eye rests with relief upon any green object, and hence old writers like Theophrastus and Pliny extol the virtues of the emerald as a cure for weak eyesight. Dr. Holland, in his quaint translation of Pliny, published in 1601, tells us that "if the sight hath beene wearied and dimmed by intentive poring upon anything else, the beholding of this stone doth refresh and restore it againe."

Occasionally the emerald was cut with a curved face, and used by the ancients as a lens, or, as Pliny says, "shaped hollow, thereby to gather, unite and fortifie the spirits that maintaine our eyesight." Nero is said to have used an emerald lens, through which he viewed the gladiatorial combats in the circus. As the Emperor was short-sighted, he found the benefit of a concave lens, while the color of the emerald would give ease to the tyrant's eyes when wearied with the brutal sight. The value of green media led to the use of green spectacles in modern times; and every one must remember how Moses, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," made a sorry bargain when he bought them by the gross. Not only the vivid emerald, but the paler beryl, has been used to assist the sight, and it is likely that the German word for spectacles, *Brille*, is connected with *beryl.* The Rev. C. W. King, a high authority on gems, has pointed out that the low Latin word *beryllus* signifies a magnifying glass.

When the color of an emerald is not bright but only a pale green, the stone is termed an *aquamarine*, since the tint is compared to that of clear sea-water. An aquamarine of pale color may easily be mistaken for a topaz, some varieties of this gem having a very similar tint; but an appeal to Sonstadt's test-solution at once sets any doubt at rest. If the solution have a density of 3, an aquamarine will float upon it, while a topaz will sink, since its specific gravity rises to about 3·5.

The aquamarine is sometimes cut and polished for the purposes of the jeweler, but the stone is not highly valued. It has also been used, especially in the East, for the handles of swords and daggers. Figure 7 represents a matchless aquamarine in the collection of Mr. Beresford-Hope, now exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, London. This aquamarine, which was at one time in the handle of King Joachim Murat's sword, measures four inches in length, and weighs three and a half ounces.

In color, a typical aquamarine is singularly like the greenish glass used for soda-water bottles, and many a seaside lapidary could tell curious tales arising from this resemblance. It has not infrequently happened that a lady in quest of pebbles on the beach has had the good luck to find what she regards as a fine specimen of aquamarine, and has spared no expense in having it cut, polished, and elegantly mounted for personal decoration. Of course, no lapidary could have the heart to tell the good lady that her treasure was nothing but a water-worn fragment of the thick bottom of a soda-water bottle cast away by some excursionist of the previous season.

It often happens that the natural crystals of the double silicate of alumina and glucina possess neither the vivid green of the true emerald nor the delicate hue of the aquamarine, and it is then that they pass under the name of *beryl.* The beryl may vary considerably in color, presenting any shade of blue or green, yellow or brown, or it may even be colorless. Again, it may be either perfectly clear or perfectly opaque, or it may present any intermediate degree of translucency. But whatever its color, and whatever its translucency, the stone is still the same thing to the mineralogist. In crystalline form, and in chemical composition, the emerald, the aquamarine and the beryl are one and the same stone; they are, in short, but so many varieties of a single species of matter. There are wide differences, however, in their respective values, for while the true emeralds are highly prized, and even the aquamarine is held in some esteem, the coarser forms of dull-tinted beryl are utterly valueless to the jeweler.

Since the emerald is prized mainly on account of its vivid green color, it becomes interesting to inquire into the origin of this tint. In many cases it is extremely difficult to determine the precise nature of the coloring matter present in a gem, for the tinctorial power of some mineral-pigments is so intense that the veriest trace may suffice to produce a decided tint, and this trace may elude detection by the chemist, unless his methods are extremely searching. The old mineralogist, Klaproth, supposed that the green color of emerald was due to some compound of iron, and although he was wrong in this supposition, it is yet certain that the dull colors of some beryls are traceable to the iron which they contain as an impurity. When the French chemist, Vauquelin, first determined the composition of emerald, in 1797, he found that the mineral contained chromic oxide. Now, it is well known to chemists that this oxide is capable of imparting a fine green color to glass; it is used, indeed, as a green pigment in painting on pottery and in enameling. What, then, more natural than to assume that the color-giving property of this oxide comes into play in the emerald, and that this gem owes its beauty of hue to the chromic oxide which it contains?

Such an assumption had taken firm root among mineralogists for many years, when a blow was leveled at it by M. Lewy, who, in 1848, visited the great emerald mine of Muzo, in Colombia. On his return to France he examined the composition of some of the specimens which he

had brought home, and found in them only such minute traces of chromium, that he believed the quantity to be utterly insufficient to produce the intense greenness of the emerald. More than this; he affirmed that when the emerald is strongly heated it loses its color. Now, chromic oxide, the reputed coloring matter of the emerald, is a very stable pigment, and ought not to be materially affected by heat. It is, in fact, used in potteries as one of the few "under-glaze colors"; that is to say, colors which can be painted on the "biscuit" before glazing, since it is not affected by the heat to which the ware is afterward exposed in the gloss-kiln.

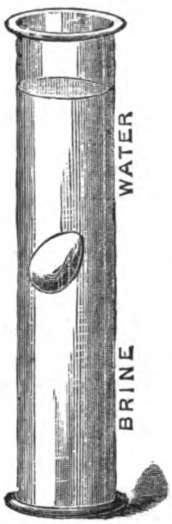


FIG. 6.—EXPERIMENT TO ILLUSTRATE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DENSITY OF BRINE AND OF WATER.

Admitting that the color of the emerald is fugitive, and is therefore not due to the presence of chromium, we have a right to ask M. Lewy how he explains the origin of the green tint. On igniting an emerald in oxygen, he found that carbonic acid gas was produced, just as is the case when a diamond is burnt under similar conditions. This experiment shows, therefore, that the emerald must contain carbon. Moreover, M. Lewy found that the emerald, when ignited, lost weight, and that while part of this loss was due to the escape of water, he inferred that part also was due to the expulsion of some hydrocarbon, or compound of carbon and hydrogen of organic origin. The emeralds of Muzo are found in a black bituminous limestone containing ammonites and other fossils, which appear to indicate that the rock belongs to that set of

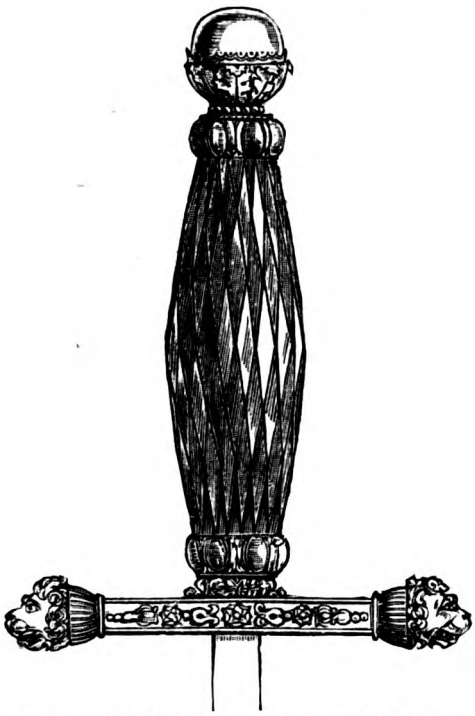


FIG. 7.—AQUAMARINE, MOUNTED AS SWORD-HANDLE.

strata which geologists call the *Neocomian* beds. It would, therefore, not be unreasonable to conjecture that the decomposition of the animal matter which these fossils represent might readily yield the hydrocarbon which Lewy is said to have obtained, and to which he attributed the color of the emerald.

There is no difficulty in believing that an organic hydrocarbon may act as an intense green pigment. Indeed, Lewy compared the coloring matter of the emerald to the green coloring matter which is so abundantly distributed

FIG. 8.—THE DICHROISCOPE.

through the vegetable world. Every green leaf owes its tint to the presence of the organic substance called *chlorophyll*. If the coloring matter of the emerald be akin to chlorophyll, as M. Lewy suggested, what an unexpected relation is established between the mineral and the vegetable kingdoms! Gems have often been fancifully called the flowers of the mineral world; but if the green emerald and the green leaf be tinted by similar substances, there may, after all, be more truth in this conceit than was ever dreamt of by the poet.

Interesting as M. Lewy's inquiries unquestionably were, it must be admitted that his conclusions have not stood the test

FIG. 9.—INTERNAL CONSTRUCTION OF DICHROISCOPE.

of time. Dr. Greville Williams in England, and Hofmeister, Wöhler, Gustav Rose, and Boussingault, on the Continent, have all given attention to this difficult question, and in no case have Lewy's conclusions been corroborated. Thus, Dr. Williams finds that the Muzo emerald does not become bleached when exposed for several hours to a red heat, and it is only after prolonged heating in a fused state that it begins to grow pale. Surely no organic coloring matter could maintain its integrity after some hours' exposure to a glowing heat, and nothing related to chlorophyll could possibly stand such severe treatment. Nevertheless, it is placed beyond doubt that the emerald does contain small quantities of carbon, as stated by Lewy. Dr. Williams, however, has found just as much carbon in a colorless beryl as in the richest-tinted emerald; and it is therefore impossible to connect the presence of this element with the color of the gem, as M. Lewy had attempted. In fact, Dr. Williams rather inclines to the notion that the carbon exists in a free state, perhaps as microscopic particles of diamond disseminated through the substance of the emerald. On the whole, it seems clear that no organic coloring matter is present in this gem, and that the balance of evidence on this vexed question tends to show that chromic oxide is the true green pigment. Vauquelin, the discoverer of chromium, was therefore, after all, correct in the speculations which he put forth eighty years ago, when he first detected the presence of his new metal in the emerald.

FIG. 10.—DOUBLE IMAGE OF APERTURE SEEN THROUGH THE DICHROISCOPE.

While referring to the color of the emerald, it will be instructive to explain a phenomenon which is exhibited by this mineral, in common with several other colored gems. This is the phenomenon of *Pleochroism*, or many

coloredness. Certain minerals are found to display differences of tint according to the direction in which they are viewed. There is one mineral which so conspicuously exhibits two colors that it has earned for itself the name of *Dichroite*, or the double-colored stone. In like manner the emerald is dichroic, or double-tinted, but its dichroism is not in general sufficiently strong to be observed without the aid of a special instrument. Such an instrument was devised many years ago by Professor Haidinger, of Vienna, and is known as the *Dichroiscope*. It is a neat little instrument, which, as ordinarily constructed, shows externally nothing more than a brass tube about six inches in length, carrying at one end an eye-piece, and at the other end a perforated disk. Its form is shown in Fig. 8.

FIG. 11.—PRISM OF EMERALD, SHOWING THE DIRECTION OF OPTIC AXIS.

In order to explain the construction of this instrument, we may suppose the outer case split open lengthwise so as to display its interior, as in Fig. 9. We then see that the body of the tube is chiefly occupied by a long piece of Iceland spar (A). This is, in fact, a cleaved rhombohedral fragment of spar, which has had its two ends ground flat, at right angles to the axis of the tube. In some instruments the ends are not ground in this way, but two little wedges of glass are cemented on to the ends. Close to the round hole (B) through which the eye looks into the instrument, is a convex lens (C), while at the other end (D) the instrument is closed by a metal plate having a small square aperture pierced in the centre. Suppose for a moment that the calc-spar (A) is taken out; then, on looking through the eye-piece, we see, by means of the lens, a magnified image of the square aperture; but when the spar is inserted we see, not one image, but two images side by side (Fig. 10). When a ray of light enters a piece of this spar in any direction, save one, the ray becomes forked, or split up into two rays—one called the *ordinary* and the other the *extraordinary* ray. In the dichroiscope we have, therefore, two images of the square aperture, and the piece of calc-spar is cut of such a length that these

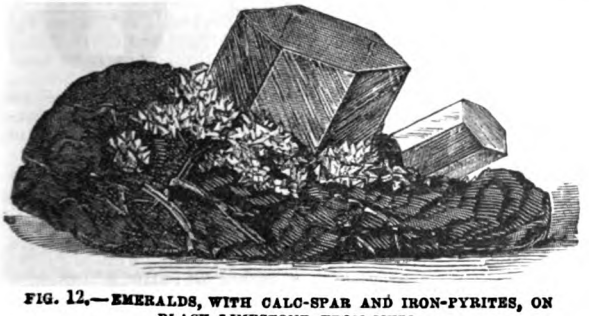
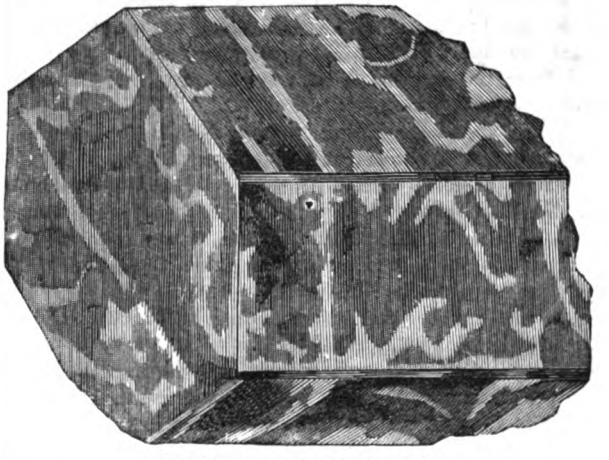


FIG. 12.—EMERALDS, WITH CALC-SPAR AND IRON-PYRITES, ON BLACK LIMESTONE, FROM MUZO.

images just touch, but do not overlap. With this instrument we are enabled to examine the feeble dichroism of such minerals as the emerald.

If a piece of green glass, or any non-crystallized substance, be held behind the square aperture, the two images seen on looking through the instrument will be identical in hue. Again, if a mineral crystallizing in the cubical system, such as a colored diamond or a green garnet, be similarly examined, it will in like manner yield two images of one and the same tint. In other words, all uncrystallized bodies, and all crystallized bodies which belong to the cubic or regular system, are *not* dichroic; but, on the contrary, all other minerals—all substances, in fact, which crystallize in any of the other five systems recognized by crystallographers—do exhibit dichroism or pleochroism to a greater or less extent. In the case of the emerald, the pleochroism is sufficiently marked to be serviceable to the observer in distinguishing this gem from other green stones.

To understand this phenomenon, it is necessary to refer again to the crystallization of the emerald. The line A B, which runs lengthwise down the middle of the six-sided prism (Fig. 11) perpendicular to the two ends, indicates the direction of what is called the *principal axis* of the crystal; this is also its *optic axis*. It has been explained elsewhere that along the optic axis there is no double refraction; and, in like manner, there is in this direction no dichroism. If, therefore, the emerald be viewed through the dichroiscope, along the axis A B, the two green images



THE LARGEST KNOWN EMERALD.

of the aperture present exactly the same tint and the same intensity of tint. The effect is the same as though we were examining a bit of green glass (which is not a crystallized body), or a green garnet or a green diamond—two gems which are related to the cube in the character of their crystallization.

Applying the dichroiscope, however, to one of the side faces, at right angles to the surface, we observe, if not at first, at least on rotating the instrument, that the two images are of decidedly different tints. In the case of the emerald, one image is of greenish-yellow color, while the other is of a greenish-blue hue. It is therefore possible, by means of the dichroiscope, to resolve the color of the emerald into two tints, one containing more yellow, and the other more blue, than the normal green color of this mineral; the former is the image due to the ordinary rays, the latter to the extraordinary rays.

It has been mentioned in the course of this article that the finest emeralds are obtained in South America. Prior to the Spanish conquest of Peru, the number of these gems which found their way into Europe was probably very limited. According to the old Spanish chronicler, Garcilasso de la Vega, the ancient Peruvians worshiped in the Valley of Manta a huge emerald, to which the multitude of worshipers, instigated by the priests, presented offerings of the choicest gems. Most of these emeralds were captured by the Spaniards, but it appears that the

conquerors did not find the original locality. At the present day nearly all the emeralds that come into the market are obtained from the famous mines of Muzo, in the Colombian Province of Boyaca. These workings are situated on the eastern slope of the Andes, about seventy-five miles to the N.N.W. of the town of Santa Fé de Bogotà. There is another mine called Lasquez, two days' journey from Muzo.

The Muzo mines, after having been worked for untold generations, were stopped in the middle of the last century, nobody seems to know why. Rumors had got abroad that fires had broken out in the mine, and that it would be dangerous to resume the workings; but, as the immediate neighborhood was not volcanic, such rumors were probably baseless. About the year 1844, a Colombian named Paris, bolder than his fellow-countrymen, visited the mine, and having obtained quantities of the gems, took them to Europe and to the United States, where they realized large sums. The mine was afterward worked by a French company, and all the fine stones found their way to Paris, where under the late Empire they were extremely fashionable, since green was the Imperial color.

When the emeralds are first broken from the rock they are exceedingly fragile, and readily crack spontaneously, whence the profusion of flaws in most specimens. To prevent the stones from splitting, they are sometimes protected from the sun's rays on removal from the matrix, and allowed to dry very gradually.

At Muzo, the emerald occurs in a dark-colored fossil-bearing limestone, associated with calc-spar, iron pyrites, and a rare mineral called *Parisite*, which borrows its name from the enterprising Colombian previously mentioned. Two crystals of emerald, seated on the characteristic black rock of Muzo, and accompanied by calcite and pyrites, are represented in Fig. 12.

From what source were emeralds derived before the discovery of America? It is certain, whatever may be the doubts as to the gem having been known in the East before the discovery of Peru, that emeralds occur in a few localities in the Old World, though nowhere in such quantity or in such beauty as in South America.

Some years ago M. Caillaud, a French traveler, discovered the remains of ancient workings for emeralds at Jebel Zabara, in Upper Egypt. Probably this locality supplied the early Eastern nations with most of their emeralds. Pliny, for example, speaks of the Coptic and Ethiopic varieties. These workings were re-opened by Mohamed Ali, in the hope of unearthing some fine stones. When Belzoni, searching for the ruins of ancient Berenice, visited the locality, he found fifty miners at work; but the expectations of sanguine explorers not being realized, the workings were eventually abandoned.

In 1830, some emeralds were discovered in the earth beneath the roots of a tree at Takowaja, near Ekaterinburg, in Siberia. This locality has since been diligently explored, and has yielded some very fine crystals. Probably the Scythian emerald of Pliny was obtained, as Mr. King has suggested, from the Ural and Altai mountains, by the gold-seeking barbarians known as Arimaspi, by whom they may have been brought down to the Greek colonies on the Euxine or to the Persians on the Caspian Sea.

The emerald is also found in the Heubachtal in Salzburg, where it occurs, as in Siberia, imbedded in mica-schist, while the coarser form known as beryl occurs sparingly in granitic rocks in Great Britain, and, among numerous other localities, is found in huge masses in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and other parts of the United States.

From this enumeration of the principal localities for emerald and beryl, it will be seen that the true emerald is of excessively local occurrence. It is worth mentioning, however, that there are no known laws regulating the geographical distribution of minerals similar to those which rule the distribution of animals and plants. Climate has no influence upon the development of minerals, although some people, more fanciful than scientific, have held that the richest-tinted gems are found only in tropical climes.

In consequence of the rarity of the true emerald, it always commands a high price in the market, and, speaking generally, it may be said to rank next in value to the ruby and sapphire. True, it is not equal in hardness or in lustre to these stones, much less to the diamond, but its surpassing beauty of color confers upon it a high value. It is, moreover, a stone which is seen to equal advantage by daylight or by artificial illumination.

In ancient times, the emerald was valued not only for the magnificence of its color, but also for the subtle virtues which it was reputed to possess. As a medicine, its value stood so high that it was almost as much prized by the apothecary as by the jeweler. A dose of powdered emerald, varying from four to ten grains, was accounted a certain remedy against the effect of fever or plague, and was even an antidote to the most virulent of poisons. But the internal administration of the gem was only a gross way of exhibiting its virtues. Worn as an amulet, it was reputed to ward off evil spirits and to preserve the chastity of the wearer, to divert bad dreams, and impart courage to its possessor.

Most stones of a green color have at various times been the object of superstitious regard, and the emerald has especially been venerated. In these latter days, the gem has lost much of its ancient prestige, but it still holds a very high place as a popular favorite. The preceding article, however, has shown that while the mists of superstition which formerly surrounded the gem have been dissipated by the rays of science, the stone is still possessed of physical and chemical properties which surround it with a brilliant halo of scientific interest.

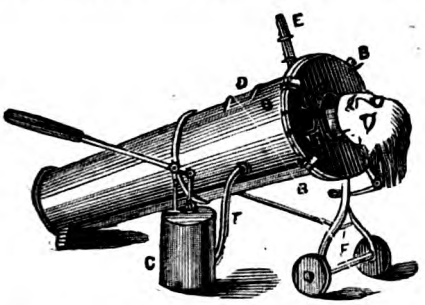
RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Fresh-water Spring in the Atlantic.—One of the most remarkable displays of nature may be seen on the Atlantic coast, eighteen miles south of St. Augustine. Off Matanzas Inlet, and three miles from shore, a mammoth fresh-water spring gurgles up from the depth of the ocean with such force and volume as to attract the attention of all who come in its immediate vicinity. This fountain is large, bold and turbulent. It is noticeable to fishermen and others passing in small boats along near the shore. For many years this wonderful and mysterious freak of nature has been known to the people of St. Augustine and those living along the shore; and some of the superstitious ones have been taught to regard it with a kind of reverential awe, or holy horror, as the abode of supernatural influences. When the waters of the ocean in its vicinity are otherwise calm and tranquil, the upheaving and troubled appearance of the water shows unmistakable evidences of internal commotions. An area of about half an acre shows this troubled appearance—something similar to the boiling of a washerwoman's kettle. Six or eight years ago Commodore Hitchcock, of the United States Coast Survey, was passing this place, and his attention was directed to the spring by the restless upheavings of the water, which threw their ship from her course as she entered the spring. His curiosity becoming excited by the circumstance, he set to work to examine its surroundings, and found six fathoms of water everywhere in the vicinity, while the spring was almost fathomless.

Iron Floating on Iron.—For more than a century, says W. M. Williams, the iron-founders have succeeded in puzzling the philosophers by showing them an experiment quite familiar in the foundry, but questioned and even denied in the lecture-room and learned society. This experiment is the throwing of a lump of cold iron into a pot of melted iron. The solid iron, instead of sinking, as it should if it behaved according to laboratory determinations of its specific gravity, contradicts them flatly by rising to the surface and floating upon the melted metal of lower specific

gravity than itself. An account of the controversies and attempts at explanation that have been connected with this experiment would fill a whole number of this magazine; but one has been lately offered which really seems to solve the mystery. Prof. Chandler Roberts and Mr. Wrightson have invented an instrument for measuring the specific gravity of heated metals, and find that, although cold iron, or completely solidified iron, is unquestionably more dense than melted iron, it becomes abnormally expanded just before melting, or at the temperature at which it assumes that plastic condition which renders welding possible; and thus it floats when it reaches this temperature. Having repeated the popular foundry experiment, I am prepared to support this theory. I noticed that in every case the metal sank, then presently it rose and floated, but I attributed the sinking to the force of projection. Now the idea is suggested, I remember that the uprising was slower than it should have been as a mere result of immediate buoyancy, and that the time which elapsed was sufficient for the heating of the lump to the temperature named by Messrs. Roberts and Wrightson. Besides this, there is a peculiar porosity in iron at this temperature—so great, that under the hammer it appears like a sponge; and I suspect that a frothing then occurs, due to the loosening of some of the gases which are occluded or solidified within the cooler metal. If this is the case, the increase of volume or porosity due to this increase of gas explains the special diminution of specific gravity at this temperature. Graham extracted hydrogen and other gases that were occluded or solidified within various samples of iron by merely heating them, and then pumping out the gases from the pores which their evolution had created.

An Instrument for Producing Artificial Respiration.—The Spirophore is the name of an apparatus invented by a M. Woillez, in France, for restoring asphyxiated persons, especially such as have been in danger of drowning, and new-born infants. It consists of a cylinder of sheet-iron closed at one end and open at the other. The case is large enough to receive the body to be treated, which is let down into it as far as the head, which remains outside. A tightly-fitting diaphragm closes the aperture about the neck. A strong air-pump, C, containing more than four and a half gallons of air, is situated outside of the case, and communicates with it by a thick tube, T. It is worked by means of a lever, the ascent of which produces aspiration of the air confined about the body. The raising of the lever again restores the abstracted air to the case. A transparent piece of glass, D, on the upper part of the cylinder enables one to see the chest and abdomen of the patient, and a movable rod, E, sliding in a vertical tube, is made to rest on the sternum. M. Woillez states that he has made several experiments with the apparatus, the general results of which are as follows: When a human body is inclosed as described, and the lever quickly lowered, a vacuum is produced around the body, and immediately the external air penetrates into the chest, the walls of which are seen to rise as in normal life. The ribs separate, the sternum is pushed up 0.393 inch at least (indicated by the movable rod which rests on it). Further, the epigastrum, and even the abdomen below, present an inspiratory projection, which shows that the enlargment of the chest is effected, during this artificial inspiration, not mearly by the raising of the ribs and the sternum, but also by the descent of the diaphragm. All returns to the former position when the lever is raised again. These complete respiratory movements may be repeated fifteen to eighteen times in a minute, as in a living man. M. Woillez has measured the quantity of air which thus penetrates into the chest at each pressure of the lever. He finds that this is, on an average, one and three-quarter pints; whereas the physiological average is only seven-tenths of a pint. More than twenty-two gallons of air can be made to traverse the lungs of the asphyxiated person in ten minutes. It is easy, then, to see the advantages presented by this apparatus for treatment of the asphyxiated, especially drowning persons and new-born infants. In all cases of asphyxia by vitiated or insufficient air, or by certain poisonings, in paralysis of the respiratory muscles, in most dysphoric affections, in asphyxia by bronchial mucosities, and that due to inhalations of chloroform, and lastly, in determining some cases of apparent death, the spirophore may be used to produce an efficacious artificial respiration, and without danger to the lungs, which are not liable to rupture, however strong the action of the lever, from the fact that the force of penetration of air into the lungs is never superior in this case (as in the case of normal life) to the weight of the atmosphere.



As the result of his personal observations, M. Carlet states that the walking of insects may be represented by that of three men in Indian file, the foremost and hindmost of whom keep step with each other, while the middle one walks in the alternate step. The walking of arachnids can be represented by four men in file, the even numbered ones walking in one step, while the odd numbered ones walk in the alternate step.

A Nuremberg chemist has devised a new method of decorating silks and other fabrics, which is expected to supersede embroidery. The art is called "eidographie," and the operator uses hollow pencils which are charged with a fluid metallic compound. On exposure to air the compound instantly hardens. Every color can be produced, and the designs traced with the pencil are exceedingly durable, lasting as long as the materials on which they are traced. Glass can be stained, and woodenware and pottery decorated, by the same process. The manufacture of the pencils has already become a considerable industry in Germany.

M. Bonnaud, the successor of the celebrated photographic firm of Numa Blanc, in Paris, has invented a mode of reproducing photographs in colors on baked china at a hundredth part of the cost of the old faiences. By it a common dinner-plate can be converted into a veritable work of art, which under the old system would cost at least fifty dollars, and can be produced at a twentieth of that sum, and even then at an enormous profit. The coloring and tints are finer and purer and more clearly defined than anything on hand-painted china, and a revolution in the prices of such *bric-à-brac* is at hand.

A curious fact has been noted by Prof. Von Tieghem. The cells in the root of an apple-tree underwent alcoholic fermentation when the soil was very damp. The tree then presented a very sickly appearance.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Ghosts must come from gnome man's land.

A disagreeable man is one whose idea of fun differs from yours.

Why is the earth like a blackboard? Because the children of men multiply on the face of it.

Why is it impossible that there should be one best horse on a course? Because you will always find a better there.

Why is the money you are in the habit of giving to the poor like a newly-born babe? Because it's precious little.

"Ah, yes," soliloquized a toothless old man—"ah, yes. In infancy we cut our teeth, and in old age our teeth cut us! Such is life!"

"Bridget, I cannot allow you to receive your lover in the kitchen any longer." "It's very kind of you, ma'am, but he's almost too bashful to come into the parlor."

Encouragement.—*Jones* (who has just added the last finishing touch to his picture): "Well?" *Smith*: "Well, you have just got it into a capital state to begin working upon."

She had sued for breach of promise, and the verdict of the jury was against her. "Want to poll the jury?" she was asked. "Yes, I do. Jes' gimme the pole for two minutes."

A Galveston widow is about to marry her fifth husband. Her pastor rebuked her for contemplating matrimony so soon again. "Well, I just want you to understand if the Lord keeps on taking them, I will, too," was the spirited reply.

REFLECTIONS.

Oh, she wears a sealskin sacque
When it snows;
And her stunning suit is black
As a crow's;
Short—and thinks it is a pity,
Charming, jolly, wise and witty;
Has a *retroussé*—so pretty—
Little nose.

In her basket phaeton,
When it blows,
With her striking glasses on,
Out she goes;
And she's just as sweet as stately,
As she sits there so sedately,
With her cheeks and lips so greatly
Like a rose.

She plays Chopin, Liszt, and Spohr
For her beaux,
And she speaks of "Pinafore,"
Heaven knows!
With a naughty "D" and "Never!"
But she's awful nice and clever;
If she liked me, I'd endeavor
To propose.

"What is your name?" asked a teacher of a boy. "My name's Jule," was the reply. Whereupon the teacher impressively said: 'You should have said 'Julius, sir.' And now, my lad," turning to another boy, "what is your name?" "Bilious, sir."

A lady with a fatal squint came once to a fashionable artist for her portrait. He looked at her and she looked at him, and both were embarrassed. He spoke first: "Would your ladyship permit me," he said, "to take the profile? There is a certain shyness about your ladyship's eyes which is as difficult in art as it is fascinating in nature."

ON THE SANDS AT QUEENSCLIFF, AUSTRALIA.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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OUR IMMIGRANTS.— ITALIAN FISHERMEN AT SAN FRANCISCO.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

OUR IMMIGRANTS.

By H. W. Domett.

Every day during the past six months there has been an unusual amount of interest and excitement among the families of the laboring classes in many countries of Europe, with regard to the United States. The relatives or friends who have already crossed the ocean, and perhaps made their way to the Far West, have sent home encouraging reports of the new life upon which they have entered, and great numbers of those who, being left behind, only needed a little encouragement to decide them, now make ready to join the throng of emigrants to the New World. So each morning finds all over Germany and Sweden and Italy and Ireland and England, and, indeed, every country of Europe, thousands of families just about starting on the long journey whose destination is the City of New York, or the State of Texas, or the fertile fields of the great Northwest.

Let us go with one of these families for a little while on their way. The simple preparations have been made. The earthly possessions which it is not desirable to transport so far have been turned into money; the chests and boxes have been packed; the children fitted with new clothes; the tickets bought; and bidding friends and neighbors farewell, the emigrants, father, mother and children, by one form of conveyance or another, make their way to the seacoast, where the steamships are ready for them.

What a novel experience all this is to the European peasant or day laborer and his family! The American is used to change. But the Old World inhabitant seldom moves from his dwelling-place, and it must be with a strange sensation that he finds himself, with wife and children, in a crowd of emigrants on board of an ocean steamer. Everything around them is so different from what they have been accustomed to in their inland home, that parents and children are alike surprised at the new life upon which they have entered, and the novel scenes which are constantly around them.

The journey from their native village has had its curious experiences for young and old. The noise and bustle of the seaport to which they have come, the partings between emigrants and kindred and friends left behind, the wistful faces and weeping eyes and last adieus, that show how warm are the affections that abide in humble life, the numberless scenes that are so unfamiliar—all these have given them cause for surprise. But when they are at last on shipboard, and take possession of the narrow quarters allotted them, they have more occasion than ever for wonder at what they see and hear.

The great steamer gets under way, the land is left behind, and for ten days or more the emigrants find what comfort and pleasure they may in their floating home. Slowly, as the days pass by, the novel scene around them becomes a familiar one; friends, perhaps, are made among their fellow-countrymen bound on the same errand as themselves; and storm and sunshine, and, it may be, sickness, having been experienced, at last the voyage is over, and the steamer anchors in the Harbor of New York. Then come still stranger scenes; and along with a thousand or more fellow-passengers the immigrants are taken to Castle Garden, and their life in the New World begins.

One of the most interesting sights of New York, seen by few residents, and seldom seen by visitors to the city, is the interior of Castle Garden. The great building, which for twenty-five years past has been used by the Commissioners of Emigration, is well adapted for the purposes to which it is devoted. The lofty circular hall is approached from the land side through waiting-rooms, and is shut off by a high railing from visitors. These have access to a small balcony, from which one may look upon the busy scene beneath. The immigrants are brought from the ocean steamers in barges and tugs, and on entering the building from the side toward the water, find themselves in what must be, in every way, a new world to them. On a day when several steamers have arrived, some thousands of men, women and children of various nationalities will be gathered in the rotunda, to pass through the necessary formalities before taking passage for the West, or joining their friends, who may be waiting for them outside the walls of the garden.

To a visitor for the first time, Castle Garden under these circumstances is a novel and interesting one. The great circular hall, lighted from above, is filled with a motley throng of odd-looking people. Some are moving around slowly, some are seated on the benches along the sides. There is a group at the ticket-office, another at the money-changer's counter, and another at the registration desk. Here and there a little company have gathered around the meagre household effects brought from the forsaken home across the Atlantic; the men smoking their pipes, the women, perhaps, hushing their babes to rest, the children gazing at the strange sights around them or stretched out on the floor asleep. All are in quaint Old World costume. If a German or a White Star steamer has arrived, the men one sees will be dressed in queer, short-waisted coats, with caps on their heads, and will have a somewhat stolid look; the women sometimes bareheaded, or with a shawl in place of a bonnet, and wearing coarse, plain dresses; the children chubby, hearty little urchins, evidently well fitted for the life before them in the Far Northwest. Sometimes in a group of Scandinavians we see a woman with a gay headdress and quaint earrings, but for the most part they wear a sober garb.

The Italians are the most picturesque in appearance of any of the new-comers. When a thousand or more of these have landed the floor of the rotunda looks like the stage of the opera-house while the gypsies in "Il Trovatore" are making ready for the anvil chorus. The women are decked in their little finery, some holding poor little drowsy babes like sleepy black moths in their arms.

Every day there is the same routine; the crowd of strange-looking people, so comparatively helpless in their ignorance of what to do and where to go, so docile and patient. It is a very pathetic scene. This is the land of hope for all these myriads. The chief end of man is to dig; and doubtless this is the country for all who will get to the soil; not for most of those who linger in the cities. And the kindly and hospitable reception which awaits them is their first experience of the New World, to which they have looked forward with longing and hope.

The system which has been devised for the protection of the immigrants begins its supervision of them as soon as the steamer reaches the Quarantine ground, six miles below New York. Here an officer of the "boarding" department, stationed there, takes account of the number of passengers, the amount and character of sickness among them, the deaths, if any, during the voyage; examines the vessel as respects cleanliness, and receives any complaints that may be made, and reports them to the superintendent at Castle Garden. He also examines the passengers, to ascertain if any of them are subject to special

bonds, as blind persons, cripples, or lunatics, or are in any other way likely in the future to become a public charge. He remains on board the ship during its passage up the harbor, to prevent any communication between the outside world and the vessel. On casting anchor in the stream, the steerage passengers are transferred to barges and landed at Castle Garden pier. They then enter the rotunda—a circular space in the centre of the building containing about 50,000 square feet, with a dome 75 feet high—and their names, nationality, former place of residence, and intended destination, are recorded. An officer calls out the names of such persons as may have letters, money, or friends awaiting them, and the newcomers are made glad by the receipt of their property, or are permitted to join their friends—whose credentials have first been rigidly scrutinized.

Every facility is afforded to those who wish to communicate with persons at a distance, to leave the city for other points, or to find some suitable place of sojourn here. Clerks are at hand to write letters in any European language, and a telegraph operator to forward telegrams. All the main trunk-lines of railway have offices, at which the immigrant can buy tickets at the regular rates, and have his baggage checked. There is an exchange office, at which American money is given for foreign paper or coin; and, when the outward-bound immigrants have completed their arrangements, they are sent without charge to the railway or steamboat, to begin their journey.

Those who remain are also well cared for. There is a restaurant where, at small cost, the immigrant can comfort himself with *roggen brod, käse* and *kuchen*, or begin his dietetic education in the New World by eating the omnipresent American pie. For the sick, a physician is always in attendance, and a temporary hospital provided where they can remain until they are conveyed to the larger establishment on Ward's Island. Such of the immigrants as desire immediate employment can obtain it, if they are eligible, at the labor bureau within the walls of the Garden. The bureau undertakes to supply all sorts of mechanical and agricultural laborers to employers throughout the United States who furnish satisfactory guarantees of their fitness to be trusted with the care of the newcomers. If it be necessary, the immigrants may remain over night in the building, or they can obtain board with the regularly licensed boarding-house keepers, who are permitted to enter the rotunda, and whose establishments are under the constant supervision of the commissioners.

All these services, the expense of which for the present year is estimated at $150,000 for Castle Garden and $85,000 for Ward's Island, are given to those who receive them without any charge whatever. In fact, the immigrants are protected and assisted, without any cost to themselves, from the time they come into the harbor until they join their friends, or leave for their destination. If they are destitute, they are furnished with food and lodging until they can find employment. During the past year, the Bureau of Information enabled 25,162 immigrants to communicate with or discover their relatives, without expense or trouble to themselves; and at the reception hospital in Castle Garden, 1,543 patients were treated. The Free Labor Bureau, which, since 1875, has been maintained by the German and Irish Emigrant Societies—the commissioners not having any funds available for the purpose—provided employment for 39,311 persons. Of these, 28,896 were males, and 10,905 females. The demand for labor was such from all parts of the country, that the bureau could give situations to all who needed them up to November last. There was a special demand for families with children, all to work in mills; and to the close of the year, the bureau had unfilled orders for that class of labor. The demand for miners, furnace hands, and skilled workers in iron, as well as for farm-hands in the earlier months of the year, was in excess of the supply. There was also a constant inquiry for house-servants; and all who were competent found immediate employment and good wages, as well as a great many, doubtless, who were not.

The contrast between such paternal care and the treatment to which the immigrants were subjected before the creation of the Board of Commissioners of Emigration, is striking in the extreme. The cruel wrongs which it was formerly the lot of the immigrants to undergo, from the time they set foot on board the sailing vessel until, after landing, they got beyond the reach of the scoundrels at sea and on shore who deceived and plundered them, seem almost incredible. Yet the sworn statements of witnesses before the Legislative Committee, in 1847, show a system of trickery, brutality and imposition which was a disgrace to civilization.

At that time the accommodations on shipboard were entirely insufficient for the number of passengers taken. By an ingenious evasion of the law an emigrant ship which legally could carry but two hundred emigrants, would take four hundred. These were sometimes stowed in a steerage five feet high, which was considered sufficient to accommodate two rows of berths; and the hole beneath this hole was called the orlop deck, and was also made a lodging-place for passengers. The hatches, which afforded the only means of ventilation, were generally closed during the night, and in times of bad weather. One may imagine the condition of such a place, crowded with passengers, the greater part of whom were strangers to the virtue of cleanliness, and many of them helpless from sea-sickness or some form of disease.

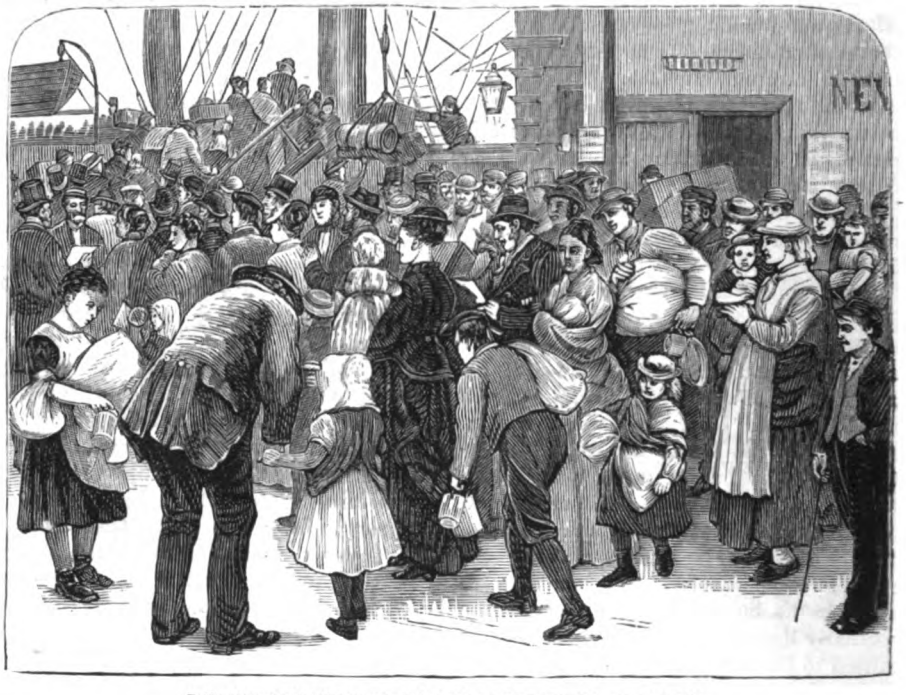
The emigrants on board many of the ships were expected to supply their own food, and to cook it as they might find opportunity at the steerage galley. The consequence of this arrangement was not only a deficiency of wholesome food, but also the impossibility of properly preparing the little that was available. The passengers were illy fitted to withstand the pestiferous influences which surrounded them. The result was inevitable. From the miasma of the hold, the excretions and exhalations from the bodies of the persons confined in the scanty quarters provided for them, and the imperfect ventilation, a foul atmosphere was created that engendered ship fever in a greater or less degree. At times this would be developed with frightful and fatal rapidity. In 1851 the deaths at sea between Liverpool and New York rose to the astounding number of 1,879, almost wholly the result of ship fever. Those who escaped from these floating pest-houses often carried the seeds of the disease, if not the disease itself, with them. Thus, there were treated in the Marine Hospital, at Staten Island, in 1852, 3,040 cases of ship fever, 520 of which proved fatal.

When the emigrant ship reached the harbor the passengers were surrounded by new enemies. The runners for the boarding-house keepers, at that time free from any supervision or responsibility, enticed them by specious promises to their dens, where they were subjected to the most flagrant overcharges and abuses. Then the forwarding agents had their turn. They sold at exorbitant rates to such of the immigrants as wished to go West, through tickets, which often proved not to be good beyond a point midway on the journey; and thus the victims were again plundered. They cheated them by means of false scales in the weighing of their luggage, and charged them exorbitant rates for its transportation; and the passenger would

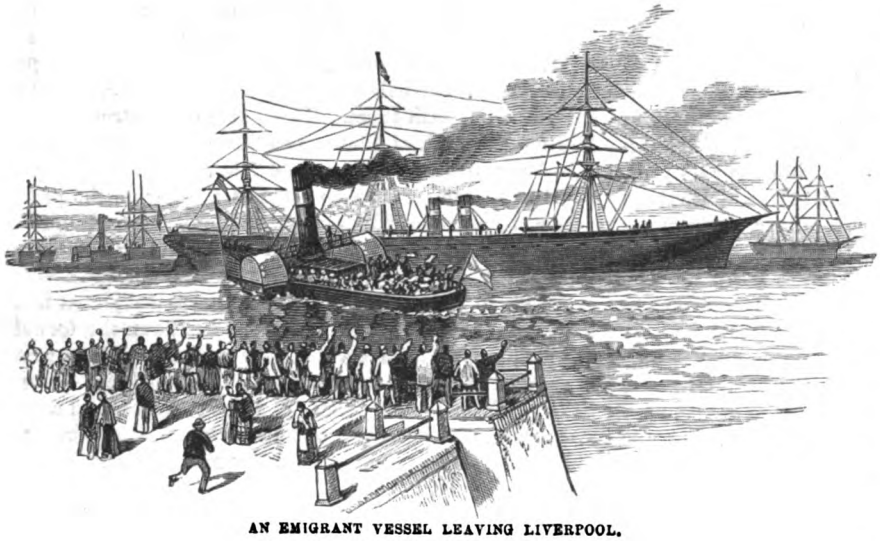
EMIGRANTS LEAVING HOME IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

often be subjected to a repetition of the imposition at some station on his way to the far West. Remonstrance or complaint in such cases was useless, and the poor emigrant was forced to submit. Sometimes he would be met at Albany with the pretense that there was a balance due on his passage-ticket, which must be paid on pain of its forfeiture, or an expensive and inconvenient detention.

All these nefarious operations were committed with unblushing audacity. The helpless immigrants were passed from the grip of one swindler to that of another, who cheated them in turn. But the shipping houses, steamboats and railroads shared in the profits accruing from the business, and their representatives were indifferent to the iniquities connected with it. Everybody knew that the runners for the transportation companies were cheating the unfortunate immigrants. The newspapers almost daily reported some villainous transaction, but the public authorities took no notice of them. Occasionally a complaint would be made by one of the victims, but, unacquainted as he was with the language and the laws of the country, it was difficult for him to obtain redress. If necessary, the matter would be hushed up, the immigrant satisfied and sent on his way. Such was the influence at Albany of the



ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL EMIGRANTS EMBARKING AT LONDON.



AN EMIGRANT VESSEL LEAVING LIVERPOOL.

ring of emigrant runners and those connected with them, that the bill providing for the creation of the Board of Commissioners of Emigration was passed only after persistent and for a long time successful opposition.

But in 1847 the Bill became a law, and a better state of affairs began. There was a prospect that the extortions and frauds which, in all the forms that rapacity could invent or suggest, had been practiced, and which had assumed such fearful proportions, would no longer disgrace the land to which the emigrant looked as a place of refuge. Yet the opposition of the

parties interested still continued. They were loath to relinquish their prey. Owing to the inability of the commissioners to obtain a pier where all the immigrants might be landed, and where no outside parties could enter without proper permission, they were for some time unable to protect the immigrant against the forwarding agents and the boarding-house keepers and their runners; and it took eight years to accomplish that result. But in 1855 the commissioners took possession of Castle Garden, and on the 1st of August of that year the place was formally opened as the Emigrant Landing Depot.

Since that time the beneficent results of the system adopted by the commissioners have been evident to any one who has given the slightest attention to the subject. Not only is the immigrant cared for while under the immediate charge of the commissioners, but those who have passed out of the State of New York to other States, and who may fall sick and become destitute, will be taken in charge at the hospital on Ward's Island. During the year 1880 the number of patients at this establishment amounted to 3,933, of whom 657 remained on the last day of the year.

A serious difficulty has arisen with regard to the fund heretofore relied upon for meeting the expenses connected with the establishments at Castle Garden and Ward's Island. By an Act of the Legislature passed in 1847, the captain, owner or consignee of every vessel arriving at the port of New York was obliged to give a bond, in the sum of $300, to indemnify the State against any expense arising from such passengers. The privilege of commuting this bond by paying to the commissioners a fixed sum, varying from $1.50 to $2.50 for each passenger, was given by the law, and the receipts from this source have, until within a few years past, defrayed the expenses of taking charge of the immigrants. But since 1877, when the Supreme Court of the United States pronounced the statutes which

ITALIANS AT NAPLES STARTING FOR THE UNITED STATES.

THE SHIP'S HOSPITAL.

THE MORNING BATH.

required the bond and permitted the commutation of it to be unconstitutional and void, the steamship companies have refused to give any bonds or pay any commutation money to the commissioners. The Legislature of the State, however, has made provision for the expenses of the establishments under the charge of the commissioners, and doubtless will continue to do so until satisfactory national legislation is obtained.

During the last session of Congress a bill was introduced, appropriating the sum of $250,000 per annum for the benefit of the immigrants, but it failed to become a law. While the fund created by the tax on each immigrant was in existence, it was, under one pretext or another, devoted to other objects than that to which it belonged. On one occasion $75,000 was appropriated from it to the "Colored Home," an institution which had not the slightest claim to a dollar of the money. Under these circumstances it is not unjust that the State should for a time defray the expenses of the Commission. During the past Spring a law was enacted at Albany, levying a tax of one dollar on each immigrant passenger arriving at this port. But the steamship companies are yet in doubt as to what action should be taken as to resisting or conforming to this new law.

About sixty per cent of all the immigrants that reach our shores from Europe are landed in New York. They are brought by twelve different lines of steamers, the proportion of those coming by sailing vessels not amounting to one-half of one per cent of the total number of arrivals. Those brought by the White Star Line are usually in the proportion of two-thirds Scandinavians, English and Welsh, and one-third Irish. The Cunard steamers bring mostly Irish, with some English and Scotch; the Inman one-half Irish, and the other half Scandinavian and English; the Guion about the same proportion of those nationalities; the Anchor, from Glasgow and London, mostly Scotch and Irish; the State, from Glasgow, Scotch and Irish; the French steamers from Havre, Frenchmen, Germans and Italians; the North German Lloyd from Bremen, almost exclusively Germans; the Hamburg from Hamburg, Germans, Russians, Poles and Danes; the Red Star, from Antwerp, Germans and Italians; and the Rotterdam from Rotterdam, Germans and Dutch. It is stated at Castle Garden that three-quarters of the new-comers who are Germans or Scandinavians go to the Western or Northwestern States, the Scandinavians mostly preferring the Northwestern. In former years a large proportion of the Irish immigrants remained in the East; but latterly a much greater number have gone to the West and Northwest. The immigrants during the present year have generally been of a better class than in preceding years.

The fields of employment which have been occupied by our immigrants present striking results to the eyes of those who come suddenly upon them. Incomers from Portugal and Madeira throng the fishing towns of New England; Canadians fill the factory towns; Swiss and Italians bask under vines and live in the warmer States, and the Bay of San Francisco is enlivened by fishing-boats of the Mediterranean, with the lateen sails of striped stuff so familiar to us in paintings; and the docks near the fish-market resound with the musical chant of the songs of sunny Italy.

The prosperity of the United States has naturally attracted the attention of European nations, and the stream of immigration during the past year attained an unprecedented volume. It has been approached in our history only by the remarkable influx of immigrants in 1873, which has not been equaled until 1880. In no other year except 1880 has the aggregate of immigrants ever exceeded 400,000. But the report just prepared by the Bureau of Statistics, shows the total number of immigrants arriving in the United States during 1880 to have been 586,068. This is more than the total of the three preceding years, there having been but 250,565 arrivals in 1879, 153,207 in 1878, and 130,525 in 1877. As many as 5,000 immigrants have reached the port of New York in a single day during the past year, and on one occasion, several years ago, the arrivals during twenty-four hours were upward of 8,000.

The total immigration during the present year promises to greatly exceed in numbers even that of 1880, and the arrivals thus far have been largely in excess of those during the corresponding period last year. The proportions of the different nationalities among the immigrants who have helped to people the United States during the last thirty years, will be seen by the following figures. Of the total number of immigrants registered at Castle Garden from 1847 to 1880, there were from—

Germany	2,195,398	Belgium	10,866
Ireland	2,042,046	Spain	9,694
England	761,751	Poland	11,201
Scotland	167,180	Russia	30,966
France	112,910	Bohemia	17,239
Sweden	136,920	Austria	13,470
Switzerland	89,827	China	1,602
Denmark	39,728	Mexico	1,359
Norway	51,050	South America	3,509
Holland	41,100	Hungary	4,338
Wales	32,383	Portugal	1,846
Italy	57,028		

But of late years the proportion of immigrants arriving at New York from Ireland as compared with those from Germany has been decreasing. Thus, the nationalities of the 327,371 aliens who arrived at this port in 1880 were as follows:

Germany	104,264	Denmark	5,577
Ireland	65,399	Austria	4,461
England	33,768	France	4,087
Sweden	35,217	Wales	3,588
Italy	11,190	Netherlands	3,259
Norway	9,937	Belgium	1,309
Switzerland	8,223	West Indies	1,298
Russia	7,693	Spain	931
Bohemia	7,606	Scotland	9,625
Hungary	6,672		

This list is a suggestive one. To the immigration from Great Britain must be added a large part of the migration from Canada, which amounted during the past year to 134,789. This doubtless was mostly of persons who crossed the Atlantic in vessels to Canadian ports, and by that route made their way to their new homes in the far West, and of those who, originally intending to settle in Canada, changed their purpose after a residence there. The small number of immigrants from France, as compared with that of other nationalities, is remarkable. It shows how averse the French are, as a people, to emigration. They are content with their own land, and have no longing for a change of scene.

The increase of arrivals at Castle Garden in 1880 over those of 1879 was 186,611. Of the immigrants, 112,119 went to the Western States, and 63,368 to the Eastern States, while 137,561 remained in the State of New York. But 6,497 went to the Southern States, and to Canada 1,627. To other States the number was as follows: Illinois, 32,641; Wisconsin, 9,847; Ohio, 13,869; Iowa, 7,649; Minnesota, 12,640; Nebraska, 4,237; Michigan, 11,303; Kansas, 3,546.

The importance to the United States of the immigration from Europe since the beginning of the present century

is not fully appreciated by the public. Few persons realize how much the progress and prosperity of our country during that time are due, directly and indirectly, to this cause. What would be the population at the present time if all immigration had been prevented since the century began, and the growth of the country numbers had been limited to the natural increase of its population? In that event, of course, the annual increase would be simply the excess of births over deaths. This increase is given by Mr. Friedrich Kapp, in his valuable work on Immigration, as at the rate of 1.38 per cent. Mr. Kapp's estimate cannot be far out of the way, as trustworthy authorities give the yearly rate of increase in England to be 1.25; in France, 0.44; in Prussia, 1.17; in Holland, 1.23; and in Saxony, 1.08. This increase of 1.38, added last year to the aggregate of the preceding years from 1800, would give us the present population of the United States under these conditions at 11,096,280. Immigration, therefore, has made a difference to this country of nearly forty millions, since the beginning of the century, in the number of its inhabitants. And the increase of wealth in every branch of industrial pursuit has been in the exact ratio of this increase of population.

The average amount of means brought by each immigrant, and the economic value which he or she represents, are subjects of great interest and importance. Some attempts have been made to obtain trustworthy statistics respecting the money in the possession of each person on his arrival. The matter, however, is attended with a good many difficulties, and the results obtained are not conclusive. In 1856, the Commissioners of Emigration inquired of every immigrant the extent of his means, and found the average amount of cash in the possession of each of the 142,342 who arrived during that year to be $68.08. But it was ascertained that the rule among those questioned was to understate the amount in their possession, and subsequent investigation showed that the real average was at least double the amount given. In addition to the money brought by them, there is the value of their tools, wearing apparel, watches and jewelry. Mr. Kapp estimates the property to average $50, and the cash $100, for each immigrant; and inquiry at the offices of the steamship companies, and of those who are well calculated to form an accurate judgment in the matter, seems to confirm this estimate. The addition to the national wealth in this way from the 586,068 arrivals during the last fiscal year was, therefore, $87,910,200.

The greater part of the benefit arising from this source accrues to other States than New York; for it is the industrious, enterprising, well-to-do immigrant that takes his capital and his labor to swell the increasing wealth of the growing West. The lazy and the needy are apt to remain at the East.

But the addition to the nation's wealth from this source is trifling, in comparison with the result of the labor of immigrants. What is the economic value of each immigrant to this country? This is a question of great importance, and on this point there is a difference of opinion. It must be remembered that a very small percentage of the immigrants to the United States are helpless and incapable. Apart from the law which prohibits the landing of cripples, and blind, deaf and aged persons, it is evident that it is mostly the strong, the most enterprising and courageous men and women who emigrate to a foreign land; but of the entire number of immigrants to this country from 1819 to 1880, more than 60 per cent. were from fifteen to thirty-five, and nearly 90 per cent. less than forty years old. So that it is a vigorous element that is thus added to the producing power of our population.

Mr. Kapp estimates the average value of each male and female immigrant to be $1,500 and $750 respectively, for every person of either sex, making an average for both of $1,125.

The London *Economist* believes the average value of each immigrant to be $940, and that $35,000,000 in specie was brought here by immigrants during the past year. This would make an actual or potential addition to the wealth of the country of $585,840,000. Other writers place the valuation at a still higher figure, arguing that if, in slave-holding times, an able-bodied man adult was worth from $1,000 to $1,500, the free laborers who now come to us from foreign lands with their enterprise, thrift and economy, add to the net product of this country more than the interest on $2,000 each.

The New York *Tribune* sets the amount of gold brought by the new-comers in 1880 at $30,000,000, and their value as producers at $1,200,000,000, making the country $1,230,000,000 the richer by the year's immigration. On the basis of Mr. Kapp's estimate, which is probably not far out of the way, the increase of national wealth from this source would be nearly $700,000,000.

The facts and figures given in this article afford some index to the value, in many ways, of the immigration from Europe to the United States, and the reader may find in them ample material for speculation as to the future influence of the causes that have already been so potent in developing and enriching this rapidly growing and prosperous country. There is every reason to believe that the tide of immigration will continue to flow with increasing volume through the portal which the City of New York supplies, and to spread itself over the vast and fertile West. It is important, therefore, that whatever national legislation can furnish toward its proper encouragement and regulation should not be wanting.

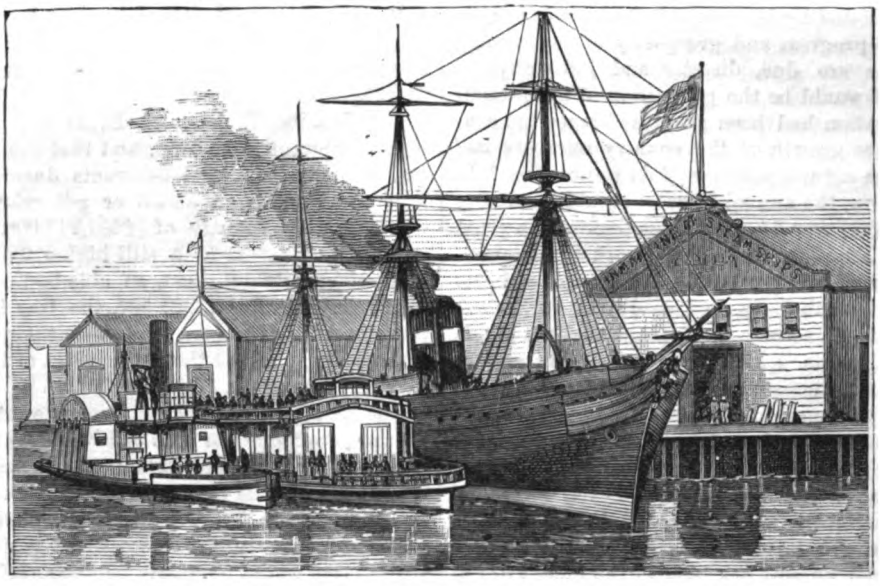
Thus much for the statistics of immigration. Let us now follow the family, whose departure from an inland village in the Old World we fancied we could see, and whose kindly reception at Castle Garden, in common with the great body of immigrants, has been described. A few days and nights of railway travel bring the strangers to the great West, of whose attractions they heard so much in their distant home, tempting them to leave kindred and friends and seek their fortune in a far-off, unknown land. Their experience on the road is very different from that of those who took a similar journey under the condition of affairs already described. If the trip is not an especially luxurious one, it is at least tolerably comfortable; and the immigrants are no longer imposed upon and defrauded. And when the fertile fields, whose future harvests of waving grain await the labor of the immigrant to call them into existence, are reached, there is no lack of opportunity for immediate and profitable occupation. If the new-comer has the means to buy for himself a piece of land, and build a house upon it, he can soon have a comfortable home in a forest-clearing or on the broad prairie. And then he can see his little ones grow up, while all around him the new country, in whose prosperity he takes a pride, is increasing in wealth and population. Or, if he cannot be a landowner, and has only his labor to depend upon, there is no lack of demand for it. Farmers or manufacturers will be glad to give him employment. Neither old nor young have reason to be idle. The girls, as well as the boys, can find plenty to do in one way or another.

In many cases large parties of the same nation come together and form settlements, where, for a time, their own language is preserved, as is the case with the Mennonites from Russia. In others, as in Minnesota, Irish

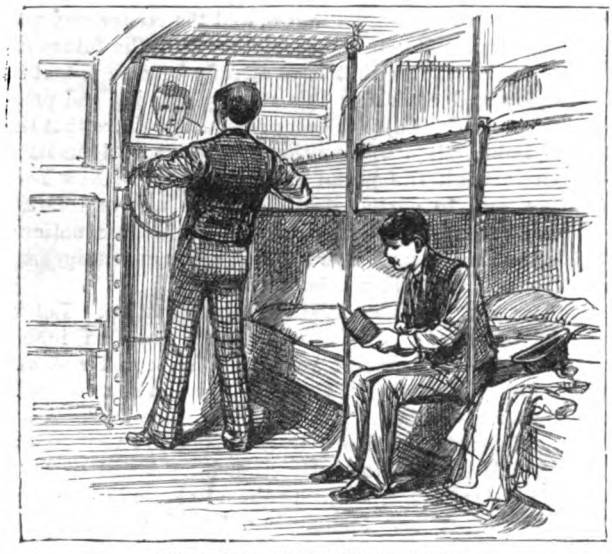
settlements are formed, to give the immigrants the religious advantages and educational facilities they desire.

And so, having journeyed in imagination with the European emigrant, from his native village to the seacoast, then in the great steamship across the ocean, and thousands of miles overland, to where in the Far West he has made his home, we will leave him to make a future for himself.

And what possibilities lie within the reach of the immigrant who becomes an American citizen, and still more within the reach of his children! For his children, with the educational advantages within their reach, the opportunities for fame and fortune are such as never could have been given them amidst their parents' old surroundings. It may be that the highest office within the gift of the American people will one day be the reward of the services of some statesman whose parents have, during this pleasant Summertime, just landed upon our shores.

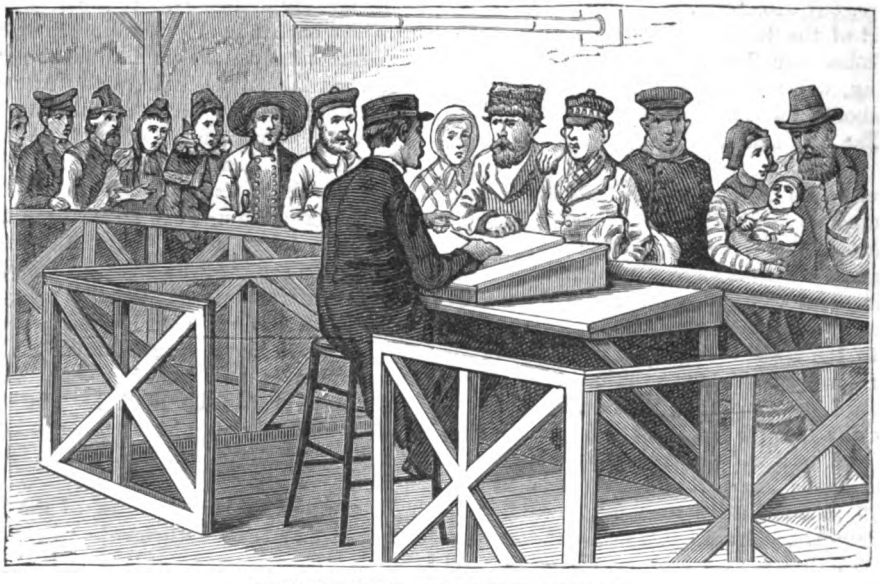


TRANSFERRING IMMIGRANTS FROM A STEAMER TO THE CASTLE GARDEN BARGE.



UNMARRIED MEN'S SLEEPING-BERTH.

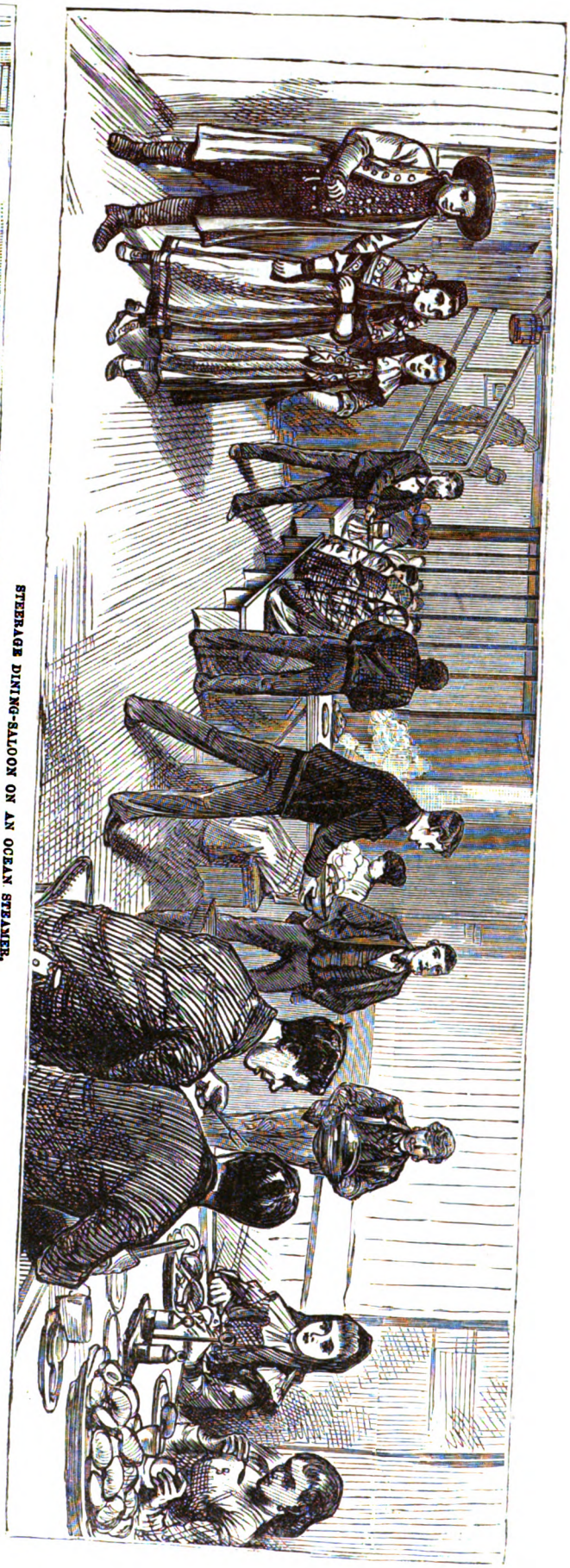
EMIGRANTS ON DECK.



EXAMINING IMMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN.

THE mind is nourished at a cheap rate. Neither cold, heat, nor age itself can interrupt this exercise. Give, then, all you can to a possession which ameliorates even in its old age.

REGISTERING EMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN.



STEERAGE DINING-SALOON ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.

RAILROAD TICKET-OFFICE IN THE GARDEN.

THE SONG OF A SUMMER STREAM.

By Frances R. Havergal.

A few months ago
I was singing through the snow,
Though the dead, brown boughs gave no hope of Summer shoots;
And my persevering fall
Seemed to be no use at all,
For the hard, hard frost would not let me reach the roots.

Then the mists hung chill
All along the wooded hill,
And the cold, sad fog through my lonely dingles crept;
I was glad I had no power
To awake one tender flower
To a sure, swift doom! I would rather that it slept.

Still I sang all alone,
In the sweet old Summer tone,
For the strong, white ice could not hush me for a day;
Though no other voice was heard,
Save the bitter breeze that whirred
Past the gaunt, gray trunks on its wild and angry way.

So the dim days sped,
While everything seemed dead,
And my own poor flow seemed the only living sign;
And the keen stars shone,
When the freezing night came on,
From the far, far heights, all so cold and crystalline.

* * * * * * *

A few months ago,
I was singing through the snow!
But now the blessed sunshine is filling all the land!
And the memories are lost
Of the Winter fog and frost
In the presence of the Summer with her full and glowing hand.

Now the woodlark comes to drink
At my cool and pearly brink,
And the lady-fern is bending to kiss my rainbow foam;
And the wild-rose buds entwine
With the dark-leaved bramble vine,
And the centuried oak is green around the bright-eyed squirrel's home.

Oh, the full and glad content
That my little song is blent
With the all-melodious mingling of the choristers around!
I no longer sing alone,
Through a chill, pervading moan,
For the very air is trembling with its wealth of Summer sound.

Though the hope seemed long deferred
Ere the south wind's whisper heard,
Gave a promise of the passing of the weary Winter days;
Yet the blessing was secure,
For the Summer-time was sure,
When the lonely songs are gathered in a mighty choir of praise.

THE PANIC IN THE DESERT.

A Tale of Seven Years Since.

"I am afraid, sir, it is true."

"Upon my word, Mr. Marston, I am very sorry to hear it."

The second speaker was, like myself, an Englishman—a tall, dignified old man, who, as he spoke, cast a quick, anxious glance toward a bright-eyed, slender girl of nineteen, who stood at the tent door watching the picturesque process of saddling and loading the kneeling camels for the start.

Mr. Wynne was a widower, with an entailed estate, a large income, and but two children, one of whom was the son in England, heir to the property, and M. P. for some borough; and the other his young daughter, Ethel, with whom, after traveling in the Holy Land, the father had ventured so far as Bagdad. As for myself, I was simply a young English civil engineer, lately employed by Midhat Pasha in some of his magnificent projects for irrigating neglected Mesopotamia, and now homeward-bound. There were rumors of war and disturbance among the Anayze Bedouins, and consequently both the Wynne family and myself had been glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity of joining the Bagdad and Damascus caravan, which was under the protection of a Turkish military guard.

Caravan-travel is tedious, but full of interest to those whose curiosity as to Eastern manners and Eastern costumes is not yet dulled by custom; and Miss Wynne never seemed tired of sketching some group of pilgrims in flowing robes and turbans of the sacred green, some knot of the irregular soldiery as they cooked their pilaff or groomed their horses; or a party of solemn Arabs shrouded in their white haicks. All went on prosperously until, on the evening of the fourth day, ugly rumors began to circulate through the camp; and the inquiries which Mr. Wynne, more anxious on his daughter's account than on his own, requested me to make, had but served to prove their truth. The plague was among us, and two members of our migratory community—one a Kurdish horse-dealer, the other a Syrian Christian—had died in the night. To return, however, was impossible; not merely on account of the desert robbers who dogged our course, but because Bagdad itself was already a hotbed of disease, to which fatalistic apathy might render Mohammedans indifferent, but from which Europeans were glad to escape.

I knew but too well—for I had spent three years already in the East—that when once sickness breaks out in a caravan, it is a grisly companion, very difficult to shake off. And so, in this instance, it proved itself to be. Never a day passed without fresh victims being claimed by the Destroyer that shared our march and bivouac; never a halting-place but was marked, when we left it, by mounds of sand heaped hastily over the shallow graves scooped in the yellow soil, and in some cases protected by thorn-bushes and loose stones from the jackals that prowled in the rear of our motley multitude, and the vultures that hovered high aloft in the sunny sky, and which followed us as sharks pursue some water-logged ship in the tropic seas. Familiar faces were constantly missed from the circles that formed at evening around the camp-fires. Now it was some gallant soldier, whose gay Albanian garb and bronzed features Miss Wynne had transferred to her sketch-book; now a venerable Hadji, with silver beard and flowing robes; and anon a fat Parsee merchant from Bombay, or a shrewd, supple young Greek, who was left behind in the wilderness. None seemed exempt save the brown-skinned, scantily-clad camel-drivers, who plodded on—true children of the sun—unconcernedly, under the sultry glare.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that my casual acquaintance with my fellow-travelers of my own speech and race should have rapidly ripened into a close

intimacy. Mr. Wynne was a proud man, and, like most old-fashioned Englishman, reluctant to make new friends without the formality of an introduction; but it so happened that he had, at Bagdad, dismissed his roguish dragoman for peculation beyond the traditional percentage which such interpreters are allowed to levy, and was therefore glad to avail himself of the smattering of Arabic and Turkish which I had picked up. Ever since the outbreak of the plague I had observed the old man to be thoughtful and anxious; and at times he would glance apprehensively at his daughter, as if he feared to see the first signs of the deadly blight dim her girlish beauty. Miss Ethel's own high spirits began to decline—not from fear, but from sympathy with the distress that reigned around us. There were bereaved fathers and orphaned children in the caravan; and sadder still, perhaps, were the last hours of those who were journeying alone, and to whom care and burial had to be rendered by the hands of strangers.

"Poor people, I wish I could help them!" said the English girl, more than once, to me as I reined up my horse beside the camel on whose high saddle, trapped with embroidered cloth, she was mounted.

"Indeed, Miss Wynne, it would be useless," I replied. "These poor creatures have an almost superstitious faith in European medical skill, but we have neither doctor nor medicine-chest; and from the moment of the seizure there is little hope of recovery. All we can do is to struggle on."

The Wynnes were rich, and traveled, as people of means and station usually do, comfortably. Their tent—with its gilded ball towering aloft, and its compartments walled in with snowy canvas carefully pegged down—was large and handsome; whereas the black little covering under which I slept, with my good horse, which had for years been the comrade of my rambles, tethered outside, was just such a shelter as a Kurd or an Arab requires. They had servants, too, such as they were—a set of rascally Levantines—half of whom, more scared by the hardships of the desert than by the plague, absconded, and went off with anything salable and portable toward the fleshpots of Bagdad. On the evening of the seventh day, as I was picqueting my horse, I received an urgent message from Miss Wynne, begging me to come at once. I did not lose a moment in obeying the summons.

My worst fears were confirmed. Mr. Wynne, who had on that day repeatedly complained of headache and lassitude, was very ill, and there could be no doubt as to his symptoms being those of the fell disorder to which so many of our company had already succumbed. All that care and loving kindness could do was to alleviate the pains of impending death—for, from the first, it was evident that the case was hopeless. Before Mr. Wynne died he took my hand.

"You are our friend," he said, in his weak voice, "and our countryman. I am obliged to leave my girl alone here. Promise me, Harold Marston, on the word of a Christian gentleman, that you will—see her safe—home."

He ceased to speak, and said no other articulate word; but I gave the pledge he asked of me, and performed it faithfully.

Those were sad and toilsome days that succeeded. Ethel's grief was deep and bitter, and it had needed all the arguments and entreaties which I could conjure up to induce her to accompany the inexorable onward movement of the caravan, leaving her father in the hurriedly-made grave beneath a cairn of loose stones, in which my hands had helped to lay him. In the long, slow march I was now always by her side, doing my best to rouse her flagging spirits by speaking of England, of her old home, her absent brother, and the friends who loved her. She seemed grateful for my kindness, and reposed full confidence in me; and, indeed, I had enough to do in keeping her father's remaining servants to their duty, and in providing for her comfort at the halting-places, as with diminished numbers we staggered on—the jackal's doleful howl our lullaby, the vultures ever hovering over our doomed heads.

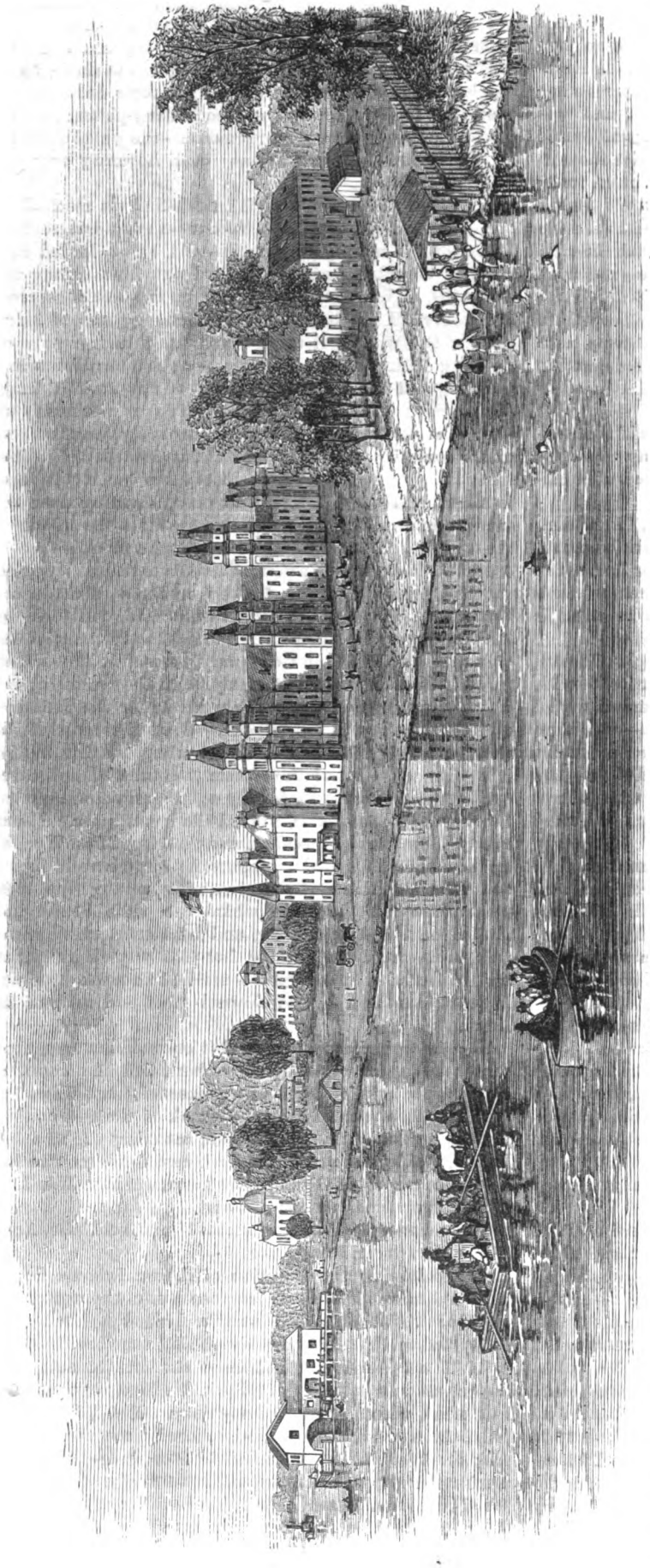
It was on the twelfth day's march that we reached, in straggling order, the River Khabour—a swift but shallow feeder of the mighty Euphrates—and, as we forded it, a party of mounted Bedouins dashed out from among the sand-hills, and made a swoop upon us, in quest of captives and booty. I see the scene yet—the long lines of laden camels, the wild horsemen brandishing their spears or pointing their guns, the panic among the merchants and pilgrims, and the spurring forward of the Turkish irregular cavalry to clear the way. The marauders were balked of their prey. They had probably heard rumors of our condition, and had over-estimated our helplessness, for a volley from the Hyta Bashis of the escort put them to flight, and they dispersed at once, scouring over the sands, and mocking with derisive gestures the efforts of the heavily-accoutred troopers to overtake them.

All the Bedouins, however, did not take their disappointment as a jesting matter, for two or three of those who had gained the opposite bank dismounted, and took deliberate shots with their long guns at the foremost of us. One matchlock ball, and one only, seemed to take effect, for Ethel's camel reared suddenly, with the screaming cry which these huge beasts utter when under the influence of rage or pain, and fell, crushing down the camel-driver who held it by the halter, and hurling his fair burden into the rocky bed of the stream that brawled and raved as it made its way past, fed by a late rain-storm among the Kurdish Mountains, toward the great river. Fortunately I was within earshot, and hearing Miss Wynne's cry of alarm, I dashed my spurs into my horse's flanks, and half swimming, half stumbling among the loose stones, reached the place where the girl's bright hair floated on the turbid water, and by a great exertion was able to rescue her from the fate that seemed imminent, and to bear her, pale and insensible, like some drooping lily that has been beaten down by hail and rain, to the shore.

The firing had ceased, save that our soldiers sometimes sent a bullet after the flying robbers, and all danger was over, so far as the attack was concerned; but Ethel had been partially stunned by the shock of the fall, and she lay helpless, with half-closed eyes, moaning slightly. As I tried, assisted by one of the Arab camel-drivers who had just come up, to raise and revive her, an exclamation from my rude companion made me start.

"She, too—the Frangi princess!" muttered the Arab. "Well, it was written."

And, following the direction of the man's gaze, I saw, with a horror that words are too weak to express, on Ethel Wynne's bare white wrist a dark, discolored spot, somewhat swelled, and of a bluish tint, edged with angry red. The camel-driver had been the first to note this. There was a strange sort of pity in his hardy eyes as they met mine, which confirmed my fears. Yes, I had saved Ethel from one death only to lose her by one more dreadful; for the plague—I knew it but too well—had set its mark upon her, and she was, all unwittingly, sickening of the direful pestilence that had deprived her of her father. Then, too, for the first time I learned to read my own heart, and to know how very, very dear the sweet girl



OUR IMMIGRANTS.—EMIGRANT BUILDINGS, WARD'S ISLAND, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 130.

had become to me. I had protected and served her loyally as a brother might have done; but now I felt that I loved her, at the very instant when it was certain that nothing short of a miracle could save her from an early grave.

"There is a Hakhim at Der, if we could carry her so far," said the good-natured but somewhat apathetic Sheikh of the caravan as he rode up; "but, Effendi, medicine and doctors can do nothing if it is one's kismet to die."

However, by bribes and entreaties I managed to get a litter constructed of spears and palm-branches, and persuaded four of the sturdy camel-men to take turns in carrying Ethel's still inanimate form over the weary leagues that yet lay between us and the frontier town.

It was black night when we saw before us, looming over the dead flat of the desert — never so level as where it trenches on cultivated lands—the crumbling bastions, the slim minarets, and the green gardens of Der. It was like the scene of a perturbed dream, when the tired bearers of the litter stumbled up the narrow street, lit with a red and smoky glare from the torches of the townspeople, Moslem and Christian, who came forth from their dwellings, in Oriental fashion, shouting out their comments, advice, and ejaculations of wonder and pity, as we passed by.

It was easy to find the Great Doctor's door. Fifty volunteer guides undertook to guide us to it.

"The Hakhim," said one tall old crone, whose black vail was heedfully drawn across her wrinkled face, "can call the dead to life. See the cure he wrought of my grandchild Fatima!"

"He patched me up," said a sturdy fellow, whose arm was yet in a sling and his head bandaged, "when the Turkish tax-gatherer's men cut me down with their sabres, just because——"

I did not hear the rest, for already we had reached the Hakhim's house, and the bearers were conveying the litter through the huge wooden gate, clamped with iron and studded with nails, which gave admittance to the courtyard. I stood still as if my feet were rooted to the pavement, not daring to advance—waiting, like a criminal who waits to hear his sentence.

"He is her husband," said a bystander, compassionately.

"No, no; her brother," said a second.

"Fools! he is a lover," exclaimed the shriller voice of a woman; "and my heart bleeds for him, poor lad!"

Presently I heard myself addressed in English, spoken with a German accent, and, looking up, saw the famous Hakhim himself—a kind, thoughtful-eyed, elderly professor, whose colored spectacles and bald forehead consorted strangely with

his flowing Oriental robes and long, gray beard.

"I bear good news, sir," said the Hakhim. "My patient, now under my wife's care, will recover. It is not the plague that has seized her."

"Not the plague?" repeated I, half stupidly.

"No, mein Herr," said the doctor, in his gentle, weighty voice. "The Fräulein has been bitten by a venomous fly, and will have a fever, from which, with God's help, I can venture to say——"

But here everything seemed to swim around me, and I remember nothing more until, supported by the Hakhim's arm, I entered his spacious house, to find his kind wife ministering, with all a woman's instinctive tenderness, to the comfort of her guest.

The mark which I and others more experienced had believed to be the dreaded plague-spot, really turned out to be produced by the bite of one of those poisonous flies which in Syria are often found in proximity to water; while from the fever which resulted, Miss Wynne, well nursed and cared for, speedily recovered, and, under my escort, reached Damascus first and Beyrout afterward in safety. At the seaport I was fortunate enough to find a respectable old Scotchwoman from Aberdeen, widow of a sergeant who had died in India, and who, in consideration of a passage home to Southampton by the P. and O. packet, then due, gladly undertook the charge of Miss Wynne on the homeward voyage.

We reached England in due course, where Ethel's brother was ready to receive us on the landing-stage. Ethel's brother has been my brother-in-law these six years now, and darling Ethel my wife.

OUR EMIGRANTS.—EMBARKING AT THE RAILROAD STATION IN NEW YORK FOR THEIR NEW HOMES IN THE WEST.

"I feel, Mr. Marston, as if you were the oldest friend I had in the world, and the best," was Wilfred Wynne's hearty greeting to me at our first meeting at Southampton.

And, thanks to his persevering friendship, I obtained four years ago the comfortable Government appointment in my own line, which will suffice to keep my unworthy self and those who are dearer far—my wife and little ones—free from the pinch of want.

THE DARKEST DAY OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

PAGE OF TURKISH HISTORY.

By David Ker.

There are few prettier excursions in the whole of Roumelia, picturesque as it is, than a jaunt by steamer from Constantinople to the adjacent islets of Maltepé, Halki, and Prinkipos (collectively known as the Prince's Islands), which are to the Turkish capital what Brighton is to London, Tsarokoë-Selo to St. Petersburg, Ramleh to Alexandria, the Hudson to New York, or Petropolis to Rio de Janeiro.

The place of embarkation at the famous bridge over the Golden Horn is a picture in itself, with the narrow, crooked lanes of Galata massed along the water's edge, and the steep terraces of Pera rising rank on rank above them; while on the right, the great slope of Stamboul stands up against the bright Southern sky, one vast concourse of tall minarets, and round, shining domes, and white-walled palaces, from base to summit. And as the trim little steamer threads her way deftly through the maze of shipping that fills the mouth of the harbor, the endless windings of the Anatolian shore define themselves beyond the blue waters of the bay, with Kadikoi and Scutari lying like patches of snow upon the green, sunny hillside, and, nearer on the view, the vast, many-windowed frontage of the famous barrack where Florence Nightingale tended the heroes of Alma and Inkermann, twenty-three years ago.

Nor are the motley groups on the deck of the steamer itself one whit less picturesque than their marvelous background. Portly English merchants, with the fatness of many a good dinner on their jolly red faces; dapper Frenchmen, in faultless toilet, shooting killing glances at the ladies on the side benches; big, yellow-mustached Germans puffing huge pipes; supple Dalmatians, and keen-eyed, aquiline Jews; stalwart Turkish officers, with the stubborn courage of their race in every line of their hard, stolid, unyielding faces; lithe, handsome, rakish-looking Greeks, whose restless black eyes seem ever on the watch for a stray piastre; tall, sombre Armenians, looking quite spectral in their high black caps and long, dark, shroud-like robes; and gaunt, swarthy *caffedjis*, in white linen jackets, winding in and out of the throng with their little trays, covered with tiny, handleless cups of steaming Mocha, guiltless of either milk or sugar.

The dainty Italian beauty of the three islands themselves might well inspire either poet or painter—more especially Prinkipos, with its trim little jetty, its tiny white villas peeping shyly through the clustering foliage along the sunny slopes above, and, on the highest point of its steep, wooded ridge, the Monastery of St. George, no unworthy miniature of its famous namesake on the southern shore of the Crimea. Little could any one guess that upon this charming spot, the very embodiment of peaceful beauty, was concentrated, within the memory of many men still living, the deadliest peril that ever threatened the Turkish capital—a peril which it is worth while to look back upon and appreciate.

The sun is just rising on a fine breezy morning in the Spring of 1806, when the few peasants who are astir on the heights of Prinkipos Island see with amazement and terror a large vessel of foreign build gliding out from behind the adjacent headland, followed by another and another, till seven stately line-of-battle ships stand out in the morning sunshine. A nearer view shows the flutter of the dreaded Union-Jack, telling that the hated English have actually passed the "impregnable" Dardanelles, and are now within easy reach of the sacred capital itself. What does all this mean?

It means that England's vengeance is at hand for the support given by Turkey to her arch enemy Napoleon, and the successful intrigues of the latter's confidential agent, General Sebastiani. If Constantinople harbors the enemies of King George, Constantinople must be bombarded—a theory which Admiral Duckworth has come with seven men-of-war to carry out, aided by the same Sir Sidney Smith who baffled Napoleon himself, eight years ago, before the walls of Acre.

Before the sun is high in the sky the formidable squadron is anchored off Prinkipos, and the launch of the flagship has carried to Constantinople the stern message which demands the instant surrender of the whole Turkish fleet, the dismissal of General Sebastiani, and the accession of Turkey to the anti-French alliance formed by Russia and Great Britain, with the alternative of instant bombardment in the event of a refusal.

In a moment the whole city is one roaring turmoil of mingled rage and terror. Thousands of furious men, livid with fear or black with rage, rush frantically up and down the streets, clamoring for the heads of the ministers who have brought them into this strait, and of the hated Frenchman who has been its chief cause. And well may they be enraged; for in this supreme crisis there are not ten guns mounted on the seaward batteries, and the once impregnable fortifications have crumbled into shapeless masses of ruin, which a single broadside would suffice to bring down altogether.

Then, in her sorest need, there comes to Turkey the reinforcement which she requires—a reinforcement of one man. Into the circle of trembling ministers gathered around their helpless Sultan, there steps suddenly a slim, sallow, keen-eyed man of middle age, with a calm, inscrutable face, as firm and composed amid the bloodthirsty yells of twenty thousand fanatics as it will be six years hence amid the roar of the five hundred cannon of Borodino. For a mission requiring matchless coolness, and a courage that can look unflinchingly in the face of death, Napoleon has chosen well in choosing General Sebastiani.

The great Envoy sweeps the dismayed group with one flashing glance, and utters, in his clear, unfaltering tones, the memorable words which now live for ever in history:

"My personal danger cannot for an instant occupy my attention when the maintenance of the French alliance and the independence of the Ottoman Empire are at stake. I will not quit Constantinople; and I tell your sovereign that he should not think for one moment of descending from the high rank in which the glorious deeds of his ancestors have placed him, by surrendering to a few English vessels a city well provided with arms and ammunition. Your ramparts are not yet armed, but that can be soon done. Let us set the whole population to work at once. Remember that you fight in defense of your capital, your country, your holy religion; use your arms bravely, and victory is secure."

Like the rush of a mountain breeze through the tainted air of some plague-stricken town, the manly words revive the fainting spirit of the Divan, sweeping away in one

moment all thought of surrender. Coolly and promptly Sebastiani unfolds his plan of defense,* and the Sultan himself, side by side with the august Sheik-ul-Islam, the spiritual head of Mohammedan Turkey, goes forth to carry it out.

The distracted population are calmed by a confident assurance from the mouth of their own sovereign that all will yet be well; the Sultan's guard turn out, the soldiers gather from every part of the city; proclamation is made that every soul who can handle spade and barrow, whether man, woman or child, shall fall instantly to the work of arming the batteries; while Sebastiani himself dictates to the obedient ministers an answer of studied humility, which sends the British envoy rejoicing back to his master, and fills the latter and all his officers with a glow of delusive triumph.

Short-sighted man! Little does he dream, as he stands triumphant on the deck of his flagship, sternly reiterating the hard terms which he means to exact from the helpless capital, of the terrible activity which is making all Constantinople one hive of busy labor—a match against time such as the world has never seen, with the very existence of the Ottoman Empire for its stake.

From Topkhaneh Arsenal to Seraglio Point men by hundreds and by thousands are scooping trenches, piling up earthworks, filling breaches, planting artillery; children and gray-headed elders are carting and shoveling the loose earth; women, whose faces no stranger's eye has seen till to-day, are tugging with their delicate hands at the drag-ropes of rumbling cannon; rich merchants in silken caftans toil side by side with grimy beggars in tattered cloaks of camel's hair; and the sacred Moollahs themselves come forth among the crowd to bless the great work. No thought of party feud or deadlier difference of sect to-day; there is but one thought in every heart—to save their country. Forty-eight years hence the people of Sebastopol, threatened by a similar peril, will do a deed equally heroic; and when a nation thus arises as one man, like America in 1776, or France in 1792, or Spain in 1809, or Germany in 1813, that nation is not easily conquered.

And so, day and night, the work goes fiercely on, guided by the subtle brain and iron will of a man in whose eyes human labor and human life are as nothing, compared with the attainment of his object. The laborers snatch their food as they stand, grasping mattock or shovel in one hand while they hold their rations with the other. Many of the weaker sort, worn out by the superhuman struggle, fall to rise no more, and their comrades push them aside and fall to with renewed vigor. No time to think of dead men now! Work, servants of the Prophet! though your limbs stiffen and your fingers bleed, and your mouths are parched with thirst, work still! If the enemy's ships move in before the work is done, nothing remains but for us and our city to perish together in one roaring blaze of ruin. Work, one and all!

In the frenzy of such supreme efforts a whole lifetime seems compressed into a few fevered hours, and it is only by the progress of their labors that the indomitable men can judge how long this delirium of life and death hazard has lasted. See how, already, trenches and redoubts, and batteries and forts have sprung from the earth, as if by magic, along the whole line of the threatened shore. Scores upon scores of heavy guns look grimly seaward through the narrow, cruel eyes of the embrasures, and the streets echo with the rumble of fresh pieces constantly coming up. Nor are the overwrought workers left without encouragement. The weak Sultan, roused by the crisis to an energy beyond his nature, shows himself amid his people in the gorgeous insignia of Eastern royalty, bidding them remember that they labor for the true faith, and that the blessing of Heaven is upon them. And side by side with their sovereign, calm and impassible as ever, but with a gleam of stern triumph in his dark Italian eyes, appears the mysterious man at whose bidding this superhuman enterprise has sprung into being—walking fearlessly amid the savages who lately clamored for his blood, the fiercest of whom now bend their heads in superstitious awe as the inscrutable face passes by.

But all this time, what is passing on board the English fleet? Hour after hour, in the heat of that unparalleled struggle, have the panting laborers on the batteries raised their bloodshot eyes to the terraced slope of Seraglio Point, fearing to see the stately war-ships of the unbeliever come sweeping around it with flags flying and sails spread, to pour upon the doomed city the thunder of their cannon.

Three days have passed, and still there is no sign of the dreaded attack. Has Allah indeed heard the cry of his distressed people, and confounded the devices of the infidels? or has the wonder-working Franki Aga (French general), with whom all things seem to prosper, found means to hold the Giaours at bay till the storm of ruin which he is preparing for them has gathered all its strength?

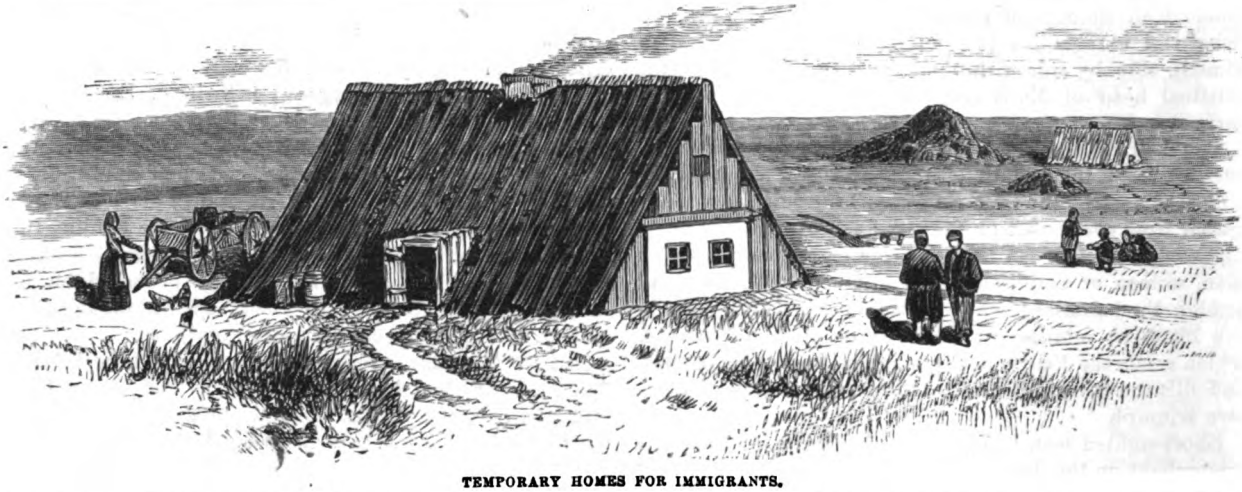
He has, indeed—else were his cup of triumph but half full; for with the Italian's keenness and subtlety, Sebastiani has likewise an ample measure of the Italian's vindictiveness. In *his* eyes the baffling of the threatened assault is but a tithe of the work which he has to do; his task is not complete till the hostile squadron shall be absolutely destroyed, or at least so utterly disabled as to render a second attack impossible.

Nothing can be more hopelessly submissive than the demeanor of the envoy whom he has sent (carefully tutored by himself) to the English Admiral. The harsh conditions—one of which is the ignominious expulsion of Sebastiani himself—are accepted without a murmur; all that remains to be settled is certain minor points of time and place and manner of fulfillment, the adjustment of which may occupy, at most, three days more. But in those three days lies the fate of the whole expedition.

For now the full significance of Sebastiani's terrible stratagem begins to develop itself apace. The same hour that witnesses the departure from Constantinople of the feigned embassy which is to blind the English to their approaching ruin, sees other messengers hurrying off on a far different errand. The invaders have passed *in* through the Dardanelles unscathed, but how will it be when they *return?* Little do the stout-hearted sailors, as they watch the shining ripples playing around the shores of Prinkipos Island, and bandy rough-hewn English jests against "them lubberly Turks," dream of the fierce activity which is running like wildfire from Gallipoli to the Gates of Xerxes, along either shore of their only avenue of escape. At every available point red-capped soldiers are heaping up earthworks, planting cannon, clearing rubbish-blocked casemates, storing powder and ball for the coming day of vengeance. Yet a few days, and Constantinople is impregnable; and *then* the unbelievers shall pay for all!

So pass three days more—the torpor of careless security on one side, and the fever of vengeful activity on the other. But when the seventh morning comes, General Sebastiani, looking down from the terraced front of the palace upon miles of bristling batteries and thousand

* Sebastiani's former mission to the East, in 1802, had impressed the Turks with a very high opinion of his abilities—an impression which stood him in good stead during the terrible crisis above described.



TEMPORARY HOMES FOR IMMIGRANTS.

armed men, sees that the time is come at last, and answers the imperious summons of the English envoys with a defiance which, like the crash of unexpected thunder, arouses the deluded admiral from his dream of victory—too late!

Too late, indeed! That one week of unslackening toil has converted the helpless city into an impregnable fortress. Along every foot of the shores of Galata and Stamboul—even upon the heights of distant Scutari and far-off Kadikoi, ranked masses of infantry flash their bayonets in the morning sunshine, and the black muzzles of twelve hundred cannon look grimly over the blue, sparkling sea. Within that fatal circle, nothing mortal can live; the golden opportunity is gone by for ever, and the baffled assailants, burning with impotent rage, turn their prows southward to commence a tardy retreat.

But, alas for them! the seven days of respite have been fatally improved, and the once harmless strait is now one great avenue of hungry cannon. Better ships or braver men there are none on the seas this day; but neither skill nor strength can avail aught against the hot blast of fire and cannon-shot that envelops them throughout the entire passage. Every rock, every ridge, spouts flames upon them as they pass; and the old, poetic mountains echo with a louder uproar than the fabled thunders of Olympus. Down go fluttering pennon and jaunty Union-Jack; down go tall masts, and tapering spars, and snow-white canvas; man on man fall the gallant crew, struck by a death that comes blindly through rolling smoke, no one knows whence or how. And when, at length, the shattered vessels creep wearily out of that fatal Balaklava, into the free, bright sea beyond, the stately squadron that was so recently the terror of Stamboul is but the wreck of its former self.* The darkest hour of Constantinople is past; and when next an English fleet enters the Turkish waters, it will come not as an enemy, but as an ally, to avenge Sinope by chasing the Russian flag from the Black Sea.

An Italian in Reno, Nevada, boasts that he is the strongest man in the world. His spinal column seems to be double, and his bones and joints are all very large. He has repeatedly lifted with the third finger of his right hand men weighing from 150 to 200 pounds, by placing his finger under the hollow of one of their feet, and thus carrying them round a room. He can strike with his fist a blow with a power of 500 pounds, as measured on a register; and when a couple of big Irishmen attacked him recently, he seized one in each hand and knocked them together until they were insensible and half dead.

* Several of the ships were struck by 300lb. shot; and the total loss was fully 250 men.

OUR IMMIGRANTS.—A MENNONITE MILL AND SETTLEMENT.—SEE PAGE 130.

SAVED BY A DREAM.—"HE BORE HER OUT OF THE SUFFOCATING ATMOSPHERE INTO THE FRESH EVENING AIR."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

RETROSPECT.

CLING close, my child!
For thou and I are one together,
In Winter's cold, or Summer weather,
Or when the sheaves are piled.

Or in bright Spring;
As yet of care thou nothing knoweet—
Naught of the ill that, as thou growest,
The years may bring.

Enough for thee
To bask in sunlight, and to wander
Amongst the flowers, whilst I ponder
On vanished glee.

Yet care must come,
And thou too mayst be sad and lonely,
With memories for thy solace only
Of loved lips dumb.

Pulse of my soul!
Yet, having thee, still lack I him
Who waits me in the twilight dim
At that far goal.

Mayst thou ne'er tell
The ache of living here bereft
Of life's chief bliss! Yet thou art left,
And so 'tis well!

SAVED BY A DREAM.

"LIFT me up, Harry, that I may see the sunset for the last time."

Harry Kensett lifted the girlish form to a sitting posture, and pillowed the golden head, damp with the dews of death, against his shoulder. The window was open, and the breath of Summer, freighted with the odors of clustering roses and pale, drooping lilies from the garden below, floated like an incense into the death-chamber.

Behind the tops of the distant mountains the sun was sinking to rest, and streaks of fiery flame shot upward toward the zenith, while gorgeous piles of clouds, purple and amber and gold, drifted slowly across the crimson west.

Dora Kensett's eyes gazed for a few moments with a look of unutterable longing upon the magnificent picture, then closed wearily as she whispered, with a shuddering sigh:

"How beautiful earth is, Harry! As I sit and look at the clouds we have watched together so many times, and feel that it is for the last time, a horrible fear of the dark and loathsome grave comes over me. We have been so happy, dear, so very happy together, and now I must leave you to go down into the Valley of Shadows, alone. Oh, it seems so cruel, Harry."

The manly form against which she leaned shook with suppressed agony, but he said, with a steady voice:

"But the glories of heaven, Dora. The music of the golden harps, the pleasant fields through which the shining rivers run, the gates of jasper, and the streets of gold—think of that. No more care, no more sorrow, only one long day of perpetual brightness and bloom, and such a little while till we shall share it together, darling."

"Yes, Harry, I know; but what were all the glory and beauty of heaven even, without you? I suppose it is wicked. I have always heard that good people don't feel so, but I *cannot* be reconciled. They always said that when death became inevitable we grew resigned; but, oh, Harry, it is not so! I can't die, Harry—don't let me die!"

The piteous young face, so beautiful, so dearly loved, nestled closer to his breast, and the thin hands, white and soft as snowflakes, moved softly over his bearded cheeks in a mute, childish caress.

It was too much for Harry. His voice was broken with the passionate sob that shook his strong frame from head to foot, and he clasped her closer, uttering, brokenly:

"My darling—my wife—how can I give you up?"

"Don't, Harry. Don't let my selfish repinings grieve you. But sometimes, when the daisies blossom above the face you have kissed so many times, and the sweet-pine roses blow, you'll come and sit beside me, dear, and think of your little Dora, who loved you so. And, perhaps, you'll fancy that my voice whispers to you in the Summer winds that sweep the long grasses at your feet, or see a shadowy hand beckon to you from the white, fleecy clouds overhead, and poor Dora will not be entirely forgotten. Something will remind you of her who felt the keenest pang of death to be the separation from you. How dark the room is growing. Call them to bring the lights. I would gaze upon your face till the last moment."

Alas, the moment was drawing very near. The dying sunlight flung its blood-red banner on the wall, but she did not see it.

The hand that wandered slowly over his cheek was icy cold, and around the sweet mouth the unmistakable grayish hue began to gather.

"Hark!" she said, "some one called my name; and listen, there are voices singing afar off."

He bent and pressed his lips to hers, already icy cold, and when he raised his head he saw that the great change which comes but once had passed over her face, and the joy and sunshine of Harry Kensett's life had gone out for ever.

THE funeral rites were over. Theodora Kensett's sweet face, wreathed with syringas and rosebuds, was hid from sight beneath a coffin-lid, and laid in the gloomy old family vault of the Kensetts.

Pitying faces and tearful eyes had bent above the shrouded form, and sympathetic whispers had said a score of times that it seemed cruel for one so young and fair to lay down earth's choicest treasures at the very outset of life.

Up and down beneath the tall larches that shaded his now desolate home, Harry Kensett paced restlessly, his very heart wrung with the anguish of his bereavement.

The June evening, tremulous with the throbbing life of the golden stars, and fragrant with the breath of roses, held no charm for him.

Far in the distance the lofty spire of the old church pierced the sky, the church where they had that day lain his darling, with white hands folded close over a pulseless heart.

Oh, what a desolate place earth would be without her!

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the old housekeeper, "but the air is damp to-night, and tea is ready in the library. I thought you might prefer it served there."

"Thank you, Mrs. Milwood, but I do not wish any."

"Oh, sir, grieving never yet did any good in this world, either to the living or the dead, and we must submit to the will of God."

"They talk of submission," he said, bitterly. "What can they know of such sorrow as mine?"

But to escape further importunities and hackneyed phrases meant for consolation, he entered the house, and proceeding to the library, partook slightly of the refreshment prepared for him.

Sitting by the window afterward, he fell into a slumber, from which he did not waken till roused by the clock striking two.

He awoke with a perfectly distinct recollection of every thought and feeling experienced during the time he had slept.

He seemed to stand where the faint light of the Summer stars came through a small, arched window. On each side of him were rows of coffins bearing the name and age of the moldering forms, some of whom had been dust these many years.

Before one of these he stood, and even in the dim light, which scarcely revealed the outlines of different objects, the letters on the plate seemed perfectly distinct:

THEODORA,
WELL-BELOVED WIFE
OF
HARRY KENSETT.
ÆT. 20.

Upon these words his eyes were riveted. As he gazed, the coffin-lid turned backward on its hinges, and the face of Dora appeared, no longer pale and marble-like in death, but arch and dimpled, with a radiant smile wreathing the sweet lips.

And as he stood, overcome with wonder at seeing her in such a place, she reached out her hands, saying:

"Come, Harry."

With the words yet ringing in his ears, he suddenly awoke.

And, as he sat upright in the easy-chair in which he had been reclining, and looked out into the starlit night, he heard the words again, further off this time, but clear and distinct:

"Come, Harry."

A sudden impulse which he could neither explain nor resist, seemed to urge him out into the garden in the direction from which the voice had seemed to proceed.

A moment later, and he found himself walking hurriedly along in the direction of the church, half inclined to resist the impulse which urged him onward, and yet walking on at a rapid pace, which he never slackened till he paused a moment in front of the little church, whose outlines looked weird and ghostlike in the faint starlight.

As he stood irresolute a moment, a faint cry from the vault underneath the church caused his heart to throb with terror.

Scarcely knowing why he did it, or, in fact, what he was doing, he burst open the locked door, which resisted his first efforts to open it, and descended the short flight of steps which led to the subterranean room used as a vault.

Suddenly, like an inspiration, it flashed upon him that this was the scene of which he had dreamed.

There was the dim outline of coffins ranged on either side, the white tablets gleaming in the semi-darkness around him.

At this moment the moon, hitherto obscured by clouds, shone forth in silvery glory for one moment only—the next the clouds swept over it again.

But in that one brief moment he saw—merciful God!—what was it?

Was it a spectre, or was it Theodora?

Theodora, sitting upright in her coffin, no longer rigid and ghastly in the pallor of death, but with the tints of life glowing on lip and cheek, and a look of wonder and fear in her childish blue eyes.

He darted forward, caught her in his arms, and bore her out of the damp, suffocating atmosphere into the fresh evening air, fragrant with the odor of clover-blossoms and flowery meadows.

The suddenness of the shock on finding herself in that horrible place had for a moment overcome her strength, and she lay in his arms in a death-like swoon, which lasted till he laid her on her own bed in the chamber from whence they had borne her robed for the tomb.

Dora Kensett lived many years after this, happy in the love of her faithful husband and the dutiful respect and affection of noble sons and blooming daughters, who grew up to call her blessed; and when at last she heard the inevitable summons, she obeyed the call as one who had proven the vanities of earth, and would gladly seek the glories of that land whose "splendor passeth not away."

THE CHAUDIERE BY PADDLE AND PORTAGE.

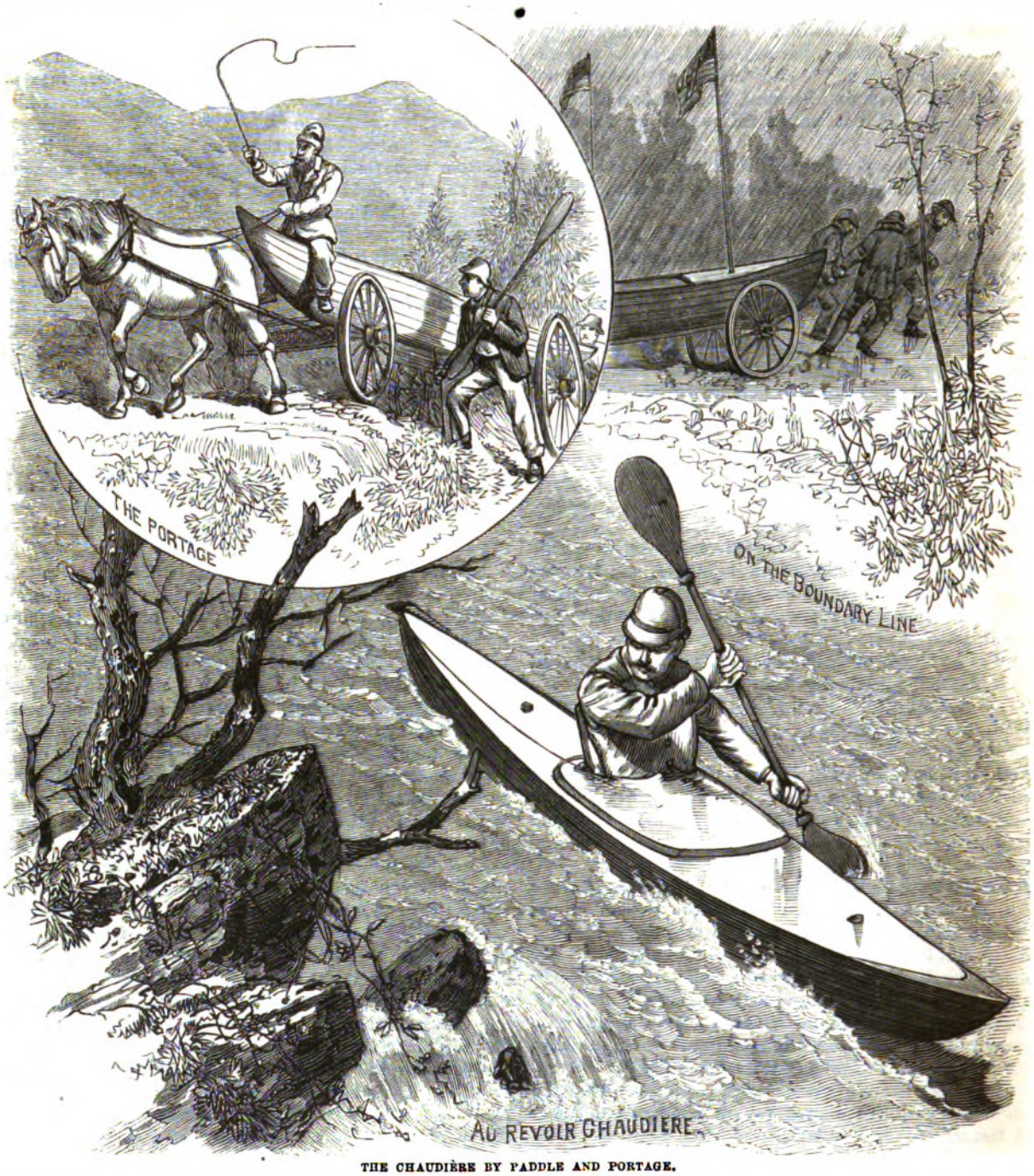
BY CHARLES E. CHASE.

THE view from the summit of the bluffs that seem to be trying to crowd the little, unattractive town of Point Levis into the St. Lawrence, is one of rare loveliness. Across the river, that is here something over two miles wide, is the grand old City of Quebec—the Gibraltar of America. It is a city built upon a rock, and has been well described as an ancient Norman fortress, that, incased in amber, had been transported to Canada by magic. Along the water-front there are warehouses, and on the high bluffs beyond, the shops, residences, churches and fortifications. Overlooking the city, from the westward, is the citadel, a fortalice that stands on Cape Diamond—an abrupt rock battlement that rises from the water's edge—three hundred and forty-five feet above the river.

The river presents a scene of restless activity. Little puffing tugs are hurrying hither and thither, scurrying across the bows of antiquated, wheezing ferryboats, and leaving on the waves a zigzag line of white foam. Ocean ships and steamers are at anchor in the stream, and sailing craft, from lively open boats with main jib and dandy to ship-shape schooner yachts, are dashing along merrily. In the bays or coves under the bluffs there are great rafts, that have been floated down-stream from the forests in the interior. Along both banks of the river there is a methodical tangle of masts and rigging, enlivened by the flags of many nations, and here and there by a gorgeous display of nautical holiday attire. To the eastward is the Isle of Orleans, that once was known as Bacchus Island, because of its production of grapes.

Quebec is a unique city—a rich, populous town in the midst of a wilderness. A day's tramp to the northward the country is as wild as when Caron, Le Jeune and Madeleine de Chauvigny first landed. The country to the southward, I found, after diligent inquiry, was not a subject of local information. Local information, every cruising canoeist knows, is generally scanty and unreliable. In Quebec everybody knows everything relating to the city—its history, commerce, industries and geography—but nothing of the country outside. One said that there was a river, another that he believed there was a new railroad from Point Levis, and all the rest frankly declared that they knew nothing about it.

The canoe *Bubble*, with her crew of one, had accomplished the first half of her voyage. She left the City of



THE CHAUDIÈRE BY PADDLE AND PORTAGE.

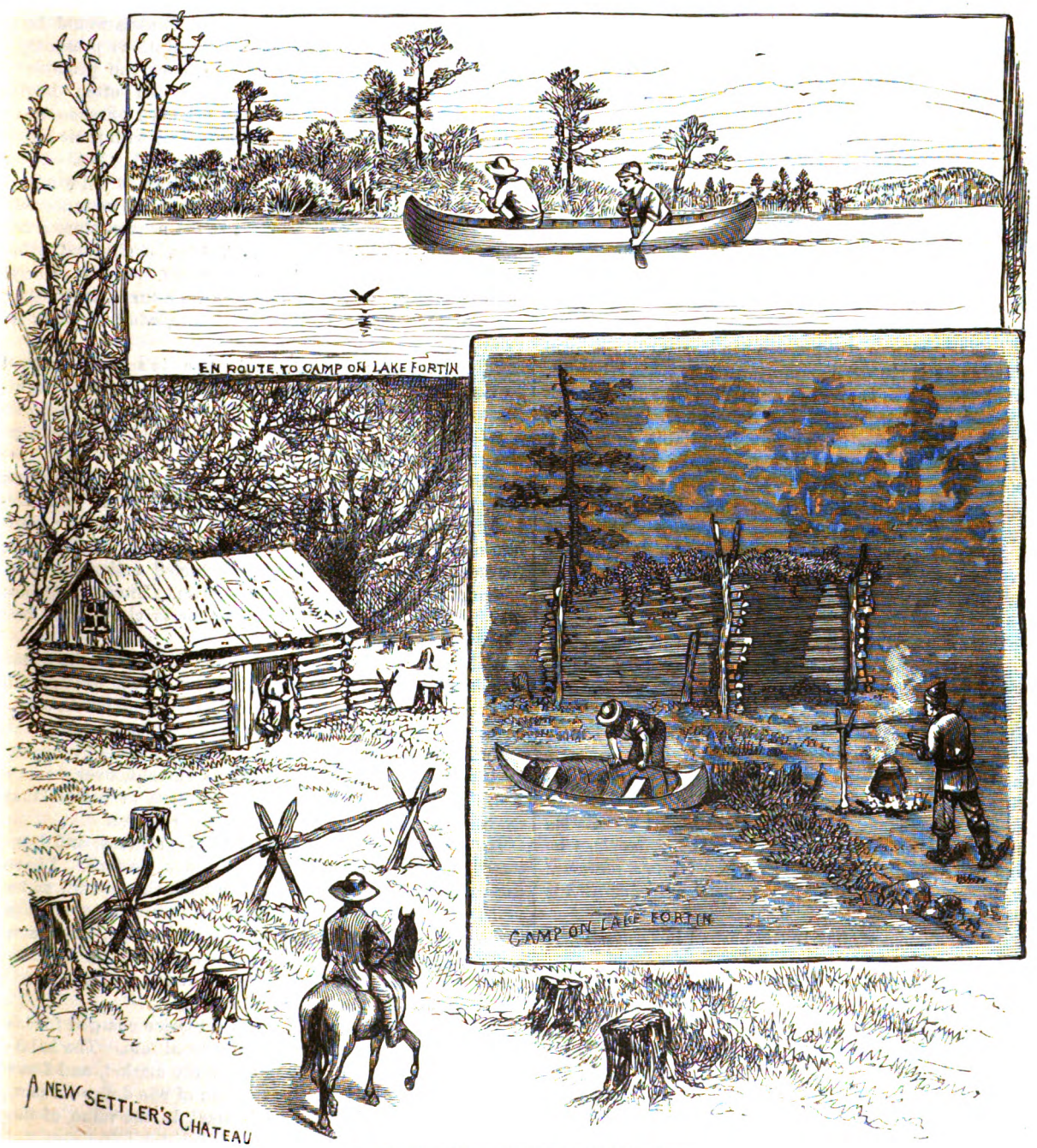
New York in May, 1878, sailed and paddled up the Hudson River to Waterford, N. Y., thence *via* the Champlain Canal, Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River to the St. Lawrence, at Sorel, and thence down the St. Lawrence to Quebec. The remaining half of the voyage was from Quebec to the headwaters of and down the Connecticut River, to and through Long Island Sound to New York. From Quebec to the headwaters of the Connecticut River the route was to be, as far as possible, through the valley of the Chaudière.

The name Chaudière—meaning *cauldron*—indicates the character of the river. It is the outlet of Lake Megantic, a picturesque sheet of water, on the north slope of the range of mountains that divides Western Maine from the Province of Quebec. Lake Megantic affords excellent fishing and hunting, and is the favorite resort of the Scotch-Canadian farmers. The Chaudière flows north about one hundred and twenty miles, and empties into the St. Lawrence seven miles above Quebec. Its average width is about four hundred yards. Its entire course is through a rocky, hilly and wooded country. Its current is rapid. Here and there it is forced through narrow gorges, forming picturesque falls and miniature cataracts. At rare intervals the water is smooth and deep, but the rips, rapids and falls give the river its distinctive character. About two and a half miles from its mouth it contracts somewhat, and plunges over a precipice one hundred feet high—a torrent that is first broken by projecting rocks, and then, sweeping everything before it, rushes over to the quiet water beneath. The Upper Chaudière Falls are at St. George, about seventy miles above, in a wild gorge. They have a sheer descent of about twelve feet, over irregular salient rocks, and are very picturesque. Below Scott's Junction the river is nearly an unbroken chain of rapids

and falls, ranging from a few inches to ten feet in height. The Chaudière was discovered about three centuries ago, and, however little is known of it in Quebec, it was, a century ago, a thoroughfare from that city to the seaboard. An account of a journey from Quebec to the coast of Maine, made by Père Druillettes in 1646, by the Chaudière and Kennebec Rivers, is extant. It was through the valleys of these rivers that Benedict Arnold made his march, to join Montgomery, in 1775. The present commercial importance of the river is due to its lumber resources, and the cheap transportation for log-drives that it affords.

The Levis and Kennebec Railroad, now completed from Point Levis to St. Joseph—a distance of forty-five miles—it is proposed shall follow the old thoroughfare, and thus form a link between the Maine coast and the chief city of the Province.

The *Bubble* was ensconced in a car specially provided for her use, and at about four o'clock in the afternoon the train started for St. Joseph. It was a day in midsummer, but there was none of that oppressive sultriness that stifles one further south. The sun shone brightly, and lighted up everything, bringing out the fresh, warm colors of Summer in rare beauty. If a leaf, here and there, had been tinged with brown or yellow, it might have seemed a day in early Autumn. Nobody was in a hurry, and the train moved along contentedly at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, stops not included. It was just the country and just the day to enjoy in indolent content. It is not grand, but the rolling hills, covered with forest or carpeted with rich green grass, and the long reaches of valley and intervale, possess in a high degree the charms of the picturesque. Climate, the fertility of the soil, and the scenery, all combine to render it an attractive



THE CHAUDIÈRE BY PADDLE AND PORTAGE.

country. The Summers are delightful, and the Winters healthful, even if they are rugged.

The wars between England and France for Canada have been contemptuously alluded to as contests for a few acres of snow. The very name Canada signifies "nothingness." La Potherie says that, on the arrival of Jacques Cartier, the Indians frequently pronounced the words, "*Acanata*," that mean "Nothing here." Others maintain that it is derived from *kanata*, a collection of huts. All this is mere misnomer, and might, no less warrantably, have been applied to either of the Eastern States. Canada is rich in all the material elements of great national prosperity, except a progressive population. The aggressive energy and intelligence that has made the prosperity of the United States may yet give to Canada a first place among nations.

The Chaudière is one of the smaller rivers of the Dominion, but it affords a water-power that is in no degree inferior to that of the Merrimac.

At St. Joseph, the voyage under paddle was resumed, and, after two miles of work against the current, I landed before the house of a *habitant*—a veritable type of an important class of the population of Canada. Short in stature; a wrinkled, stolid, but good-natured face; a guttural voice, that seemed to have been attuned for an abominable *patois* that bears about the same relation to language that the croaking of a frog bears to the warblings of a nightingale; clad in coarse, home-made stuff—for the Canadian peasant produces nearly everything he requires, even tea and tobacco; adorned with the *bonnet-rouge*, a knit red woolen fool's-cap; and shod with the *bottes sauvages*, moccasins with boot-tops—he presents an artistic study. He is stubborn to the last degree, as conservative as he is stubborn, simply because he is ignorant. Personal cleanliness is one of the virtues that he has not assiduously cultivated. He is as honest as mankind generally, and, above all, thoroughly hospitable—a quality that is especially commendable because he is poor in purse. He is rigidly devoted to his religious faith.

In the rural districts the churches are far apart, often fifteen miles, thus giving to each an extent of country equal in area to a county. Each church is like the others—large and often expensively adorned, but chiefly noticeable for its glaring tin-covered roof and spire, that in the day-time is a beacon that can be seen for miles around. The church at St. François, shown in the sketch, was reached after vigorous dragging and paddling against the stream, that was broken by rocks and snags. On Sunday, the people for miles around congregate at the church. Notices of auctions and other noticeable events are given by the parish clerk, after service, from a sort of pulpit-box that stands near the church. The curé exercises an almost absolute authority. He is the mutual friend, the arbiter and adviser of the peasant class. He is more powerful than the Dominion officers, because he governs the consciences of his people. He is a powerful friend, but woe to the luckless peasant who incurs his displeasure.

The feudal system was early established in Canada, and the lands along the Chaudière are now to a large extent held of "seigneurs." The seigneur receives a nominal rent, beyond which he has little or no interest in the land. In 1854, the seigneuries in certain districts were abolished, compensation being made to the persons beneficially interested.

At the foot of Devil's Rapids, about two miles above St. François and fifty-seven from Point Levis, the *Bubble* was landed, and her crew, hungry from hard work, speedily made comfortable by a hospitable English family—the only English-speaking family within a circle of twelve miles.

There are days that, even in the rush and hurry of an everyday busy life, are remembered gratefully—days that bring no care, but come freighted with pleasure. Such days are too short; and such were my ten days at the English home on the Chaudière. The fishing; the dinners on the rocks at the foot of the rapids; the excursions to the gorge and the upper falls; the camping parties, and the delightful evenings, are treasured memories that are freshened without the aid of the *Bubble's* log.

The Chaudière and the lakes in its vicinity afford the angler rare sport. Lake Fortin nestles among the hills, and was reached by a buckboard journey—more tramping than riding—of ten miles, over a rough and often very hilly road. At rare intervals we passed peasant houses. There were forests in all directions, and now and then a rough clearing, made by a new settler.

The life of the pioneer settler of Canada would be to any other than a stolid, sturdy and ambitious peasantry a life of hardships and privations, without the promise of adequate rewards. The Canadian settler often begins with nothing save his land, that has been purchased at a nominal price. His neighbors help him, with their labor, in making a clearing and building a small log hut. From one he borrows a few boards, from another an old window-sash, perhaps. All lend him something, and upon a credit of six months or a year he buys at the nearest store a few nails and household utensils. Tables, chairs and other such articles of household use he makes, borrows or buys on long credit. What he borrows he returns, and unlike some of his more luxurious neighbors, what he buys he pays for.

The out-of-door recreations in Canada are not confined to Summer. Tobogganing, snowshoeing, fishing, hunting and camping are popular Winter pastimes. *Cabanes* are built by camping parties of logs, and beds made on the ground of fresh *sapan* boughs.

The section of country drained by the Upper Chaudière is rich in mineral resources. This is true of its tributaries, the Gilbert, Famine and Du Loup. Extensive gold-mining operations have been in progress near St. François for several years, and are now conducted under the management of William P. Lockwood, Esq. Those mines are now yielding paying returns. Labor is cheap, and fuel and water abundant.

At St. François it was determined to portage the canoe on a buckboard to Wheeler's Mills, on Hall's Stream, one of the upper tributaries of the Connecticut River, a distance of one hundred and six miles. The ascent of the river above St. François must largely be made by towing against a strong and often shallow current, over a rocky bed, and involves a number of portages or carries that cannot be easily made by the solitary voyager.

It therefore became necessary to hire a horse, and I entered into negotiations with a Kanuck peasant. I have the most profound respect for the Kanuck peasant, and a vivid remembrance of my obligations to him for courtesies that added much to the pleasure of my voyage. I admire him for his abundant good humor, and more for his hospitality; but candor compels the admission that he is terribly prone to drive a profitable bargain.

Seventy-five cents per day was the price charged for his nag—just fifty per cent. above the usual rate. The habitant, however, had a monopoly of the market, and I was compelled to submit to an extortion of one dollar—a sum, I have since concluded, about equal to the value of the horse.

The Kanuck horse, like his owner, has a distinctive

character—a character even more stubborn and perverse. It may have been because he had no knowledge of the English language; but when I addressed to that nag a *whoa!* respectful or otherwise, he resolutely turned out of the road, with the evident purpose of dragging buckboard, canoe and driver over the rocks, and finally throwing them over the fence. One evening we erred in judgment and treated our nag to oats, and next morning it was with difficulty that we prevented his killing himself and demolishing wagon and canoe in his wild antics.

I was accompanied on this portage by Mr. Arthur Lockwood and Mr. James Drummond. Our route was through a hilly country, and often over rough roads. We passed through the towns of Tring, Adstock, Forsyth, Winslow, Lingwick, Bury, Newport, Eaton, Clifton, and Hereford. Some of the villages are attractive, others nothing more than collections of huts. At Lampton, we caught a glimpse of Lake St. Francis. It was about ten miles to the southward of Lake St. Francis that we encountered a party of frontiersmen returning from a fishing excursion. There are—charitable liberality dictates the admission—two classes of dwellers upon the frontier: the one not differing essentially from the good people of the interior, the other so far different to them that its existence anywhere, save on the boundary line between two countries that are chary of extradition, would be hazardous and uncongenial. It may be that the great criminals do not live near the boundary line between the United States and Canada; but some of the dwellers thereabouts number among their blessings the fact that transit from the United States is a matter of minutes and brisk running only. The judgment passed by a traveler, that these frontier people "are neither one thing nor the other," may express the political tendencies, but it fails to describe the moral character. It may be that there can be no condition of total moral depravity, but it is approached by the class of frontier dwellers to which I allude. Thoroughly selfish and unprincipled, with the modicum of intelligence and cunning, they are naturally petty smugglers and thieves. They are inhospitable to the last degree—indeed, the canoeist may congratulate himself if a sharp watch enables him to keep his outfit intact. The fishing party embraced certain types of this class. One of them—a fugitive from justice, with a circumlocution that was as characteristic as it was distrustful—broached to the navigator of the *Bubble* a coöperative counterfeit-money scheme, that, as I was informed, had been evolved only by a year's planning.

It should not be assumed that all, or even the greater part, of the people along the border line are of this order. There is a large and thrifty class, but it is undoubtedly true that near the boundary line the traveler meets fewer genial, hospitable people than in the interior. A Vermont farmer will graciously provide the canoeist with supper, lodging and breakfast for about fifty cents—often without charge if permitted to do so—while the average border dweller will sullenly refuse to sell him a loaf of bread, a measure of potatoes, or a quart of milk.

There were brisk showers every day, and we were drenched by each of them. It is not enough to say that the country is picturesque. From the summits of many of the hills over which we passed we commanded a view fifty miles in extent—a view of grand hills and mountains clothed with forests primeval.

At about forty miles north of Wheeler's Mills the tourist parts with the French-Canadian peasant and meets the thrifty Scotch farmer. The line between the two classes is sharply drawn, and is indicated by the difference in the appearance of their farms. The former class is inert and conservative, the latter aggressive, enterprising, and frugal.

The last ten miles of the portage was through dense forest, the trees of which formed an unbroken arch over our heads. We stabled our jaded nag, and drew the canoe over to a cheery farmhouse on the New Hampshire side of Hall's Stream, delighted by the happy ending of the long portage, and our sonorous rendering of "Yankee Doodle" as we crossed the boundary line. It was raining vigorously, but our ardor was not dampened, if our jackets were.

Next morning the *Bubble* was re-stowed, launched on Hall's Stream, and under paddle began her voyage down the Connecticut River—a voyage of about eight hundred miles. From Quebec she had been railroaded forty-five miles, paddled fourteen, and carted one hundred and six. The fifteen days had been exceptionally pleasant, and it was regretfully that we dipped the paddle into the rapid stream, and said, "Au revoir, Chaudière."

MORGAN, "THE THUNDERBOLT"

SOME TRACES OF THE MAN.

By J. Esten Cooke.

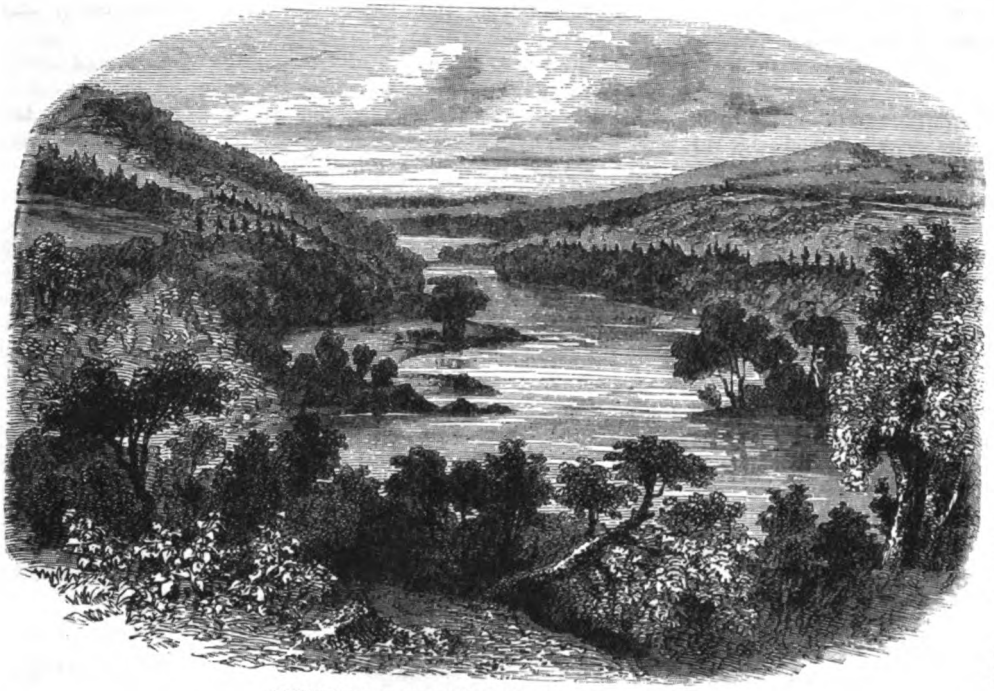
Morgan was one of the men who made the American Republic a possibility. He has his statue at last, and the centennial celebration of his victory at the Cowpens. He was a great man in his trade of war, and a remarkable man personally. Some anecdotes of him are here collected, gathered from the traditions of the neighborhood in which he lived. In an age of political tricks, Star Route scandals and tempests in a teapot, it is good to recall the men who figured in the real tempest of the Revolution.

Morgan spent most of his life in the Valley of the Shenandoah—and the country is full of personal recollections of him. He was tall, athletic, and famous in his youth for pugilism and rough-and-tumble encounters. The town of Berryville is still called *Battletown*, from the fist fights at court sessions there, in which Morgan was the leader. He afterward became a very different man, but his fighting blood cropped out first in this manner.

He was a native of New Jersey, and of plain origin, it is stated. He moved to the Shenandoah Valley in his youth, and began life as a wagoner, an important business before the advent of railroads, when the ample produce of the valley was transported to the seaboard in large "road wagons," drawn by six horses. Thus the youth of the famous general passed, until the times of Braddock. Then the valley region was in a flame. Hard-swearing General Braddock, red of face and testy of temper, came to intimidate the French at Duquesne. Morgan drove one of his wagons on that fatal march through the "Great Woods," toward what is now Pittsburg: and here we come upon the first historic incident of his career. Some accident happened to the wagon-train. Morgan's wagon blocked the road, and a British officer drew his sword, it is said, and struck the young driver with the flat of it. Thereupon the hot blood of the Battletown pugilist flamed out. He used the most convenient instrument of defense, his heavy wagon-whip, "thrashed" the Britisher, and was, in consequence, court-martialed, and sentenced to receive five hundred lashes.

The punishment was inflicted, but Morgan, with his grim humor, always added that they kept bad count. He received, he said, "only four hundred and ninety-nine, and still owed the British one." For these cuts with a whip Burgoyne and Tarleton afterward paid.

When the Revolution came, Washington had gone to



SCENE ON THE CHAUDIÈRE RIVER.—SEE PAGE 147.

Boston, and the Virginians of the valley thought they ought to go and help him. Morgan sounded the slogan, and the men of the border around Winchester flocked at his summons. A battalion was soon ready, stout frontiersmen in fringed hunting-shirts, with Patrick Henry's words, "Liberty or Death!" on their breasts in white letters. They set out at the word, traversed the seaboard, and came in sight of the American lines at Boston, one evening, at the moment when Washington was riding out. At sight of the hunters in their familiar Virginia costume, the General suddenly halted. Morgan advanced quickly, saluted, and said, briefly: "From the right bank of the Potomac, General."

Washington dismounted quickly, and met the men with flushed face and tears in his eyes. Without speaking, he went along the line, shaking hands in turn with every hunter, after which he mounted his horse again and rode on.

Morgan was thenceforward a hard fighter in the Northern and Southern battles to the end. His martial figure looms up on many occasions, conspicuously at Quebec, where he led the assault on the St. Roche bastion, on the east side of the old city, near the gate in the ramparts which pleasure-seekers, arriving by steamer, pass through to-day. Montgomery, at *Près de ville*, on the cliff side, fell mortally wounded; Morgan was captured. He had led the assault with reckless courage, and the British commander, struck with his nerve, offered him a commission if he would join them. The reply of the young ex-wagoner showed the spirit of the man.

It came to the point at once.

"I hope," he said, "that you will never again insult me in my distressed and unfortunate situation, by making me offers which plainly imply that you think me a rascal!"

That was the not uncertain sound of the good old times, when men could not be bought. Now, we have changed all that.

In due time, the moment came for Morgan to give people on his own side a touch of his quality. The battle of Saratoga was fought; Burgoyne surrendered, and the star of Gates rose to its zenith. That unenterprising and second-rate commander, General Washington, was doing nothing in the Jerseys, the Gates men said: therefore, a new commander-in-chief—the victorious Gates! Morgan, among others, was sounded—would he join the cabal? If so, his fortune was made. His reply was once more to the point, his voice stern, as he made it:

"I have one favor to ask of you," he said—"which is, never to mention that detestable subject to me again; for under no other man but Washington as commander-in-chief will I ever serve!"

In fact, the ex-wagoner had the perverse obstinacy to

DEVIL'S RAPIDS AT ST. FRANÇOIS, CHAUDIÈRE RIVER.

refuse on all occasions to sell himself. He was a poor man, but would not be bought by British enemies or American conspirators. After his succinct responses, he was no doubt let alone, as a cross-grained stickler for abstractions.

After a while, Morgan came to the South, and made a great name in history by overthrowing Tarleton at the Cowpens. It was a very great blow to the enemy, and struck them in their hour of pride, when they were flushed with success. Tarleton was a good soldier, but a vainglorious young fellow, as well as mercilessly cruel. "Tarleton's quarter" was proverbial—it meant the edge of the sabre. When he was not killing, he was burning; and he pursued Morgan, thirsting for blood—his only fear that the Americans would get away from him At the Cowpens, he came up with Morgan, and the result was comic. Toward sunset, Tarleton was driven in rout from the field, with Morgan's cavalry on his rear, cutting at him with the sabre. It was an important affair, and Morgan deserved his victory. He went into action like one of the old Ironsides of Cromwell, which was not a bad way. When his line was formed, he left his men, rode into the woods, and dismounting, knelt down and prayed in the bulky top of a fallen tree. He said he felt that he required help, and looked for it where he thought he could find it. Colonel Tarleton would no doubt have laughed at the figure of the kneeling soldier, if he had seen it; but then, by sunset, the laugh was on the side of Morgan.

THE CHAUDIÈRE BY PADDLE AND PORTAGE.—THE CHURCH AT ST. FRANÇOIS.—SEE PAGE 147.

When the war ended, Morgan was a famous man, and sat in Congress, which had given him a medal for the Cowpens. He came to live in his old neighborhood, in the Shenandoah Valley here; and, curiously enough, a little lower down, near the banks of the Opequon, lived—or rusted away—his old tempter, General Gates, overthrown at Camden, within cannon-sound of the Cowpens; and near Gates, General Charles Lee, whose star went down at Monmouth. People had quite forgotten these two famous Britons, but remembered the wagoner.

In the pleasant Millwood region, through which he had driven his six strong wagon-horses, with jingling bells above their necks, Daniel Morgan now purchased real estate, and set up his nest. His tall figure often passed on horseback to the old stone mill below the village, which took its name from it; or going to Berryville, in country parlance "Battletown"—lingering reminiscences of his fist-fighting propensities in the days of his youth. The home which he proceeded to build, near a superb spring, on a hill, ringed round with mountains, he called "Saratoga." The name is said to have been his grim protest against the claim of Gates that *he* had won that battle. It was *his* victory (Morgan's), and he thus put facts on record. Either this was his motive, or he named the place Saratoga from the fact that it was built by Hessian prisoners captured at the battle. A number of these were in cantonment at Winchester, some miles distant, and the American general utilized them to build his house. Of what followed tradition keeps the record. The Hessians, for whom the Americans had an especial hatred, were compelled to carry the huge stones, it is said, on their shoulders, from the Opequon quarries. Beside the burly toilers, perspiring, and no doubt muttering guttural anathemas, rode the stern old *militaire* on horseback, who consoled them with the notification that, "If they did not work they should not eat; the country could not afford to feed idlers." Thus the work proceeded.

Having built his Saratoga home, the general became a good planter. It is standing still, and I visited it yesterday—a solid edifice, of pure stones, admirably joined together, with a dining-room about thirty feet in length, thick walls, old-fashioned wood-work, and confronting the blue range of the Ridge, seen through brilliant foliage across emerald fields. Here Morgan lived during his latter years, but he finally died in Winchester, where he either resided or was on a visit.

It was an august end he made. The last scenes of his life, and the man's utterances, give a clear indication of the controlling traits of character which had gone to make up his strong career.

The term *strong* forces itself upon the pen, in fact, in writing of Morgan. But under the strength, the sternness, and what seemed the rough fibre, of the soldier, was something much more engaging. He was a devoutly pious

man. The zest of life was still powerful in him, and on his very death-bed he murmured :

"To be twenty again I would be willing to be stripped naked and *hunted through the Blue Ridge with wild dogs!*"

But in spite of this exclamation (which I have on the best authority as actually made by him), he did not cling to life from any doubt of another existence. The strong men of that day seem to have had either no time or no desire to become agnostics or moral nihilists. They believed as they fought—vigorously. "Old Morgan," as he called himself, stated his views distinctly on religious subjects, and as to his own courage, or want of it. Probably no one then living would have brought the charge of timidity against a man known as the "Thunderbolt of the Revolution," but he brought it himself.

"People thought that Daniel Morgan never prayed," he said, in his old age ; "they said that Old Morgan never was afraid. They did not know. Old Morgan was often *miserably afraid!*

"On the night of the storming of Quebec, in the deep darkness," he went on, "he felt his heart sink, and going aside, knelt down by one of the cannon, and prayed that the Lord God Almighty would be his shield and defense."

When he had thus made his prayer he took the front, and led the St. Roche bastion assault—the most reckless of all. At the Cowpens, as stated above, he repeated the same ceremony, and this, also, he often alluded to.

He died at sixty-seven, in the year 1802. In this three-quarters of a century we have got so far off from the Revolution that reading of the times and the men is like an excursion into antiquity. But, after all, such excursions are not a waste of time. The antique faith and devotion to principle in the men of that age are wholesome to contemplate. It is the fashion to denounce it as an era of class, and to rejoice that we have got rid of all that vanity. Was it? This man was a poor farm-laborer and wagoner, and he made a fame which many English nobles would be glad to enjoy. His honesty and his courage were his glory in the generation he belonged to, and are his greater glory now ; for history and men's memories forget the exterior to look to what is beneath—to the brave heart, not the gold lace ; to the pure gold, that is to say, not to the tinsel.

HANNAH WETHERELL'S CHICKENS.

Hannah Wetherell was a tailoress ; and here, with my hand upon the key that shall unlock this quaint old story of a bygone generation, permit me to pause and marvel once again at the singular and incongruous dispensation that so constantly links, or linked (for the tailoress *pure et simple* is fast joining the dodo, the mastodon, the child, and other extinct races)—linked with this most ungraceful of feminine occupations a destiny of the most romantic, the most sentimental, poetic and picturesque. Proof! Will you have it? In this little village where I write to-day has lately died an ancient tailoress, deaf, purblind, lame, and most unlovely of appearance, who, ages ago, as tradition saith, was a fresh and fair young maiden, full of delicious hopes and anticipations—for was she not betrothed to the lover of her choice, with consent and approbation of all parties concerned, the little new home prepared, and the pretty outfit ready ?

Sitting and singing at her needle one bright Summer afternoon, putting the last delightful, lingering stitches in her wedding-dress, she heard hasty footsteps, looked up to meet the white, scared face of a breathless messenger, who panted out the news that her lover, bathing in the river, had been seized with sudden cramp, and drowned before help could reach him. Even as he spoke, the footsteps of those who carried the dead boy to his home paused upon the threshold, that his betrothed might, if she chose, bid him Godspeed upon his journey.

Rising, without a tear or a word, the girl carefully secured her needle to the spot where she had just set one of those last stitches, folded the garment, and laid it by. Then she went out, and kissed her lover's cold lips, and at last fell in a merciful swoon beside his body.

Somehow, she never quite emerged from that swoon, but moved all her days in a dreamy, absent, and far-off atmosphere of her own—an air that common folk called odd, and cracked, and queer, but in which others saw and revered the seal of a great calamity and an unbroken tie. The needle remained thrust into the muslin as she had placed it while her lover waited at the door; and, as the years went on, the muslin yellowed and the needle rusted, and the girl, toiling at her ungraceful task, grew yellow and rusty, too ; but none the less was an excellent workwoman, and a welcome guest in the lonely farm-houses, or scattered village dwellings, where she wrought and gossiped in a quaint, absent manner all her own.

Born and lived and died, also, in this little town of ours was another tailoress, who shaped and made garments for more than one patron to whom Fame has since fitted more enduring, and, it may be, more graceful robes, but who do not, therefore, cease to hold their ancient Sartora in smiling and gracious remembrance. Very poor in this world's goods were she and hers, but rich in traditions, for her ancestor, cadet of a titled English house, came to America, purchased and held all this country-side, and rode his imported horses, and pursued his imported field-sports, over more territory than his patient descendant traversed in all her yearly rounds of ill-paid toil.

Another tailoress is reported, who went to work for the little son of a wealthy and aristocratic widower, who, before her week's engagement was over, found himself so charmed by her quiet and capable manner, not to mention a pretty face and form, that he offered her his hand with a heart in it, was accepted, and married, all between the two Sundays.

But without pausing to pick up precedent, let us return to Hannah Wetherell, who, as has been said, was also a tailoress, aged twenty-two, handsome as Judith—the Judith of Holofernes—quick, emphatic ; in brief, to adopt the vernacular, "smart as a steel-trap," quite alone in the world, except her needle and the silver shield she wore upon her little finger (the middle one was garnished with an iron thimble, open at the top—badge of the tailoress), and asking no better sword or buckler to fight the battle of life.

Besides these, and an admirable business circle, Hannah Wetherell possessed two gifts of heaven, in the shape of a female friend and a lover, to whom she expected to be married so soon as he should reach the rank of captain in the Levantine merchant service, where he now served as mate. His name was Mark Endicott, his stature six generous feet, his face as darkly handsome as Hannah's own, his muscles strong as iron, and his heart weak as—well, as weak as those of other men under temptation.

As for the friend, Molly Jocelyn by name, she was an undeniably pretty girl of the pure blonde type, yellow hair, skin of milk and roses, thin lips, a little pale, especially when contrasted with Hannah Wetherell's gorgeous flower of a mouth ; and shallow, shifty blue eyes, set a little too near together for artistic beauty. In person she was little, but shaped with that soft, appealing grace that men love better than pure symmetry, and her hands and arms were fit for the model of a Hebe.

Only daughter and petted darling of her parents—rich farmer-people in the outskirts of the town—Molly had never been allowed, much less desired, to soil those pretty hands at work; and education not being one of the absolute needs of that time and place, she spent most of her time in fashioning adornments for her own dear person, or in flitting to and from the town, and in and out of nearly all the houses in it. Following some unconscious law of counterparts, this bright little butterfly had elected Hannah Wetherell—stern, strong, brave, and outspoken Hannah Wetherell—as her chosen friend and constant companion, when such companionship was possible; and to make it more so, often induced her mother to send for the tailoress to rip and turn and repair garments declared by the thrifty housewife to be not really worth the outlay. "But then, if you want her, Molly, lawful sakes, do go and get her," was the usual end of the argument, and Molly gleefully obeyed.

And now Mark Endicott was at home, after an absence of near a year and a half, and with such good hopes touching the captaincy, that he bade Hannah look out her wedding-gear, and be ready for the parson at an hour's notice, for the choice lay between himself and another, and he knew well enough which the owners favored. So Hannah, still pursuing her toil by day, at night worked furiously at turning her earnings into the outfit her ambitious love determined to carry to her new home, until outraged nature began to protest against the double burden, and the hollow cheeks, dim eyes, and slight frown contracting the heavy brows, showed that even the magnificent health on which the girl had relied to carry her safely through, was beginning to fail her.

Her beauty, too, was sadly withered, and, strong as her nature was, the bride-expectant was woman enough to fret a little over this loss; consoling herself, however, with the thought that, "when all was settled," she should soon recover the vanished bloom and roundness, and that, meantime, "Mark wouldn't mind"; and I suppose there may be men who would not have minded, but Mark was not one of these.

"Two weeks out at the Jocelyn farm, and then all my engagements are over," said Hannah to her lover, as he waited upon her home from Deacon Brewster's, when she had, as the good deaconess said, "done up those poor boys for the last time."

"All but your engagement to me, Hannah—that won't be over this some time yet," replied Mark. And then she bade him come to see her every evening at the Jocelyns', and he playfully inquired if she dared trust him so near pretty Molly before they two were fast wed; and she, with sudden gravity, answered:

"Better before than after, Mark, if there was any danger." And then, smiling grandly, "But I won't insult you with such talk, or such thoughts, either, dear."

Now, this one word "dear" was as much from Hannah Wetherell as another woman's passionate embrace, and so her lover knew it, and went away with a thrill of triumph and delight at his heart, that turned the Winter night, with all its frosty stars, into a grand illuminated jubilee in honor of his love.

The next day Molly, bright and pretty as a snowbird, drove in the old horse and sleigh, and brought home Hannah, with all the clumsy paraphernalia of her trade, insisting, also, upon including what remained undone of the bridal preparations.

"For you know," said she, "there will be ever so many odd minutes, when mother is deciding whether Tom's jacket, or Billy's trousers, or Jacky's waistcoat is to be turned, or cut over, or what not, that you can work for yourself; and then, too, I can give you some notions that never entered your grave old head, nor never would, Miss Sobersides."

"If your mother pays for my time I sha'n't use it in working for myself; and as for your notions, Miss Pert, maybe I'd be all the better without them," replied Hannah, gayly; and so the two girls drove down the sunny village street, the sleigh creaking and jingling, the old horse nodding his clumsy head, and Molly Jocelyn's silvery laughter ringing sweet and clear upon the frosty morning air.

The two weeks passed, and the third began, yet Hannah Wetherell still lingered at the Jocelyn farm; for, the tailoring work over, Molly had insisted upon her friend's remaining with her to finish the wedding outfit, and Hannah consented, not that she cared much now to work at the clothes that had been so precious to her while she stole hours from necessary sleep to devote to them, or that she enjoyed the gay hospitality of the farmhouse, as she used to do, but because — well, you know, she said once, "Better before than after, if there was any danger"; and although she had not yet confessed to herself that the danger was upon her, she would not shrink from probing the possibility to the very depths.

So she remained, and day by day, and evening by evening, Mark Endicott found reason for presenting himself at the farm, sometimes in a sleigh, upon whose one seat he declared there was ample room for three; sometimes with an invitation for the two girls to attend a dance, a "sing," a quilting, or a husking, anywhere within ten miles; sometimes to propose a "candy scrape" in the great, clean kitchen, which buxom Mrs. Jocelyn abandoned to their use, with only the petition:

"Then have it all your own way, only don't gorm up *everything* in the house."

But at last came a morning when Hannah Wetherell could not rise from her bed, after a night of feverish restlessness and snatches of dream-haunted sleep. A headache was the feminine abridgment of a story she would not have told in its fullness for anything that good, prying Mrs. Jocelyn could have offered; and as for Molly, she accepted the headache without a question, and lightly promised to tell Mark that he mustn't plague her with too much courting that afternoon, for quiet was the best medicine in the world for a headache. To this the patient made no answer, nor even opened the dark-ringed eyes, closed so tightly against the light, and Molly went softly away, a little frown upon her brow, and a smile that had no mirth in it upon her pale rose lips.

And here I must explain a point of domestic economy, out of date now, but which, as your grandmother, if she came from the country, will tell you was in full force when she was a girl. The square room, sometimes called the fore room, of a farmhouse at that day was also the guest-chamber, and held in one corner a huge, four-posted bedstead, piled with feather-beds, and covered with a quilt, elaborately pieced, of red and blue broadcloth; the blue being generally a piece fulled and dyed for the express purpose, and the red being the remnant of the housewife's grandmother's scarlet cloak; for even our grandmothers had grandmothers also, and then grandmothers wore scarlet broadcloth cloaks, and gave a pretty penny for them, too, the reign of shoddy and cotton wraps not having then commenced.

Such a room, such a bed and such a quilt were part of the Jocelyn belongings, and Hannah, after the first week, when she shared Molly's room and bed, had elected to occupy this stately lodging by herself. And so it came about that Mark Endicott, who had been at the farm all

the afternoon, and spoken softly several times to Hannah without receiving any reply, sat himself down beside the fire in her room after tea, to spend the evening with Molly for his companion.

The conversation began, as was natural, with comments upon the invalid, and Molly absently remarked that Hannah was so ambitious she'd work herself to death rather than not be earning something. This view of the case grated a little upon the lover's feelings, and rising, he went to the bedside, and stood looking down at the rigid and pallid features of the sleeping girl. Molly came presently and stood beside him, and, stooping, smoothed the loose black hair, whispering:

"Hannah! Hannah! Are you awake?"

No reply; and Mark softly removed the white hand from among the tangled hair, whispering in turn:

"She's asleep—don't wake her!"

But why should he hold that little hand in his?

"Did you ever see any one change so as she has?" began Molly again. "Just see how sunken her cheeks are, and how dry and black her lips have grown; and those great hollows round her eyes! Wrinkled, too! Why, she's growing an old woman before her time!"

"Come, let's go and sit down by the fire, Molly. Sleep is her best medicine—poor Hannah!" and still holding those clinging fingers, Mark Endicott led his companion back, and seated her close beside the fire. An hour later, Hannah awoke without noise or movement, and opening her weary eyes, fixed them, at first unconsciously, upon those two beside the blazing hearth. At first unconsciously, but presently with an agony of comprehension that seemed to set their dark depths on fire; for Mark Endicott, her lover, her betrothed husband, sat there, with both his arms around her false friend's yielding form, and the golden curled hair he had so openly admired streamed down across his chest, and those pale lips, upturned to his, neither shrank nor trembled as he pressed kiss after kiss upon them.

STATUE OF GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN, THE HERO OF THE BATTLE OF COWPENS.— SEE PAGE 151.

So much she saw, and then she heard:

"Oh, Mark, if only you wasn't engaged to her!"

And the reply:

"If I'd known you loved me, Molly—— But my word must be kept, though both our hearts break."

A low moan from the bed startled the traitors, and, springing to their feet in guilty haste, they ran to the bedside, and found their patient dead, as they at first thought, but, as was soon discovered, only in a deep, deep swoon, from which she revived in the morning, stern, silent, and resolved.

Sending for Mrs. Jocelyn, she briefly announced:

"It is settled that, with your consent, Mark Endicott will marry your daughter, or, at any rate, that he will never marry me. Now, if ever I did your pleasure, or if you have the heart of a woman for another woman, send me home as soon as may be, and ask no questions, for the love of God!"

To such an appeal the most commonplace and sluggish of souls must answer with something of the same ardor, and Dame Jocelyn allowed herself no further delay than to kiss the throbbing forehead of her guest, and mutter: "Poor girl! dear child!" before she went to order Ephraim, her hired man, to "gear up the sleigh, and be quick about it, for Hannah Wetherell was called home sudden, and he'd got to drive her in."

In half an hour everything was ready, and as the good farmeress tied the strings of her own warm hood under Hannah's chin, she asked, somewhat timidly:

"Like enough you don't care about seeing Molly before you go. She feels proper bad, I tell you."

"I don't want to see anybody but you, mother," whispered Hannah, leaning her sick head against the broad bosom that yearned toward her, and yet, after all, must love its own nursling the best, and could not cherish any great resentment against the man who had proved faithless in her behoof.

So Hannah Wetherell went home to the relatives with whom she lodged, scrupulously paying them for what she had, but never feeling that she had a home. A long illness seized her upon the threshold, and held her prostrate for weeks, and when she arose, it was as another woman. All the youth, all the gayety, and most of the beauty had died out of her face. If she was still Judith, it was Judith yoked for ever with the ghost of Holofernes, and devoured by vain remorse and hatred.

Not yet strong enough to work, she sat one Spring morning at the window, listlessly watching the birds building in the great elm that swept the roof, when voices of the gossips in the street met her ear:

"Yes, it was a very quiet wedding, and they say her mother cried all the time. I guess she felt bad about Hannah Wetherell, for she set by her most as much as she did by Molly."

"I heard she wouldn't have let 'em be married if it wasn't that he's got to sail for Smyrny this morning, and

HANNAH WETHERELL'S CHICKENS.—"HE RAISED MOLLY FROM THE GROUND, WHERE SHE HAD FALLEN IN A DEAD SWOON."
SEE PAGE 154.

Molly vowed and declared she'd go with him, wife or no wife!"

"Like enough. She was always a high-strung piece, was Molly Jocelyn."

"Molly Endicott now. And there they come. I knew the *Dispatch* was to sail at ten o'clock, and I was bound to have a look at the bride before she went. That's what I was waiting here at the corner for."

"Why, so was I! Ain't that kind o' curious? And I shouldn't wonder a mite if Miss Ryder was out on the same errand; now, wa'n't you, Miss Ryder?"

"Well, to tell the truth and shame the devil, it wa'n't nothing else. But, here they come, sure enough."

And moving a little back to allow the bridal group to pass, the gossips suddenly became aware that the door of the house behind them had opened, and a wild-looking, gaunt, tottering figure stood upon the threshold.

"Why, Hannah! I didn't know you was able to be out of bed! There, go right in and——"

"Has that man married that woman, and are they two going to sail in the *Dispatch* this morning?" asked Hannah Wetherell, hoarsely, with her glowing eyes fixed upon the handsome pair moving forward, and seeing none but each other.

"Yes, dear child, yes; they were married last night. But you hadn't ought to be out here. Come along with me into the house——"

But, unheeding and unhearing the well-meaning gossip, Hannah Wetherell pushed her abruptly aside, and gliding like a spectre through the little yard, suddenly confronted the bridal pair, who stood aghast; thus, in a breath, set face to face with the remorse they had so sedulously hidden beneath successful love.

The man was the first to speak, and, with a poor assumption of friendly ease, he was beginning some question concerning the health of his former love, when she, without noticing his broken phrase, spoke in a slow, stern voice, such as he had known she might use, but had never heard:

"So, Mark Endicott, you are married, and your wife is to sail with you this morning in the *Dispatch!* Do you remember promising me that I should be the first woman to enter that cabin, and that I should enter it as the captain's wife? Do you remember that, and other promises, and the way they have been fulfilled?"

"I have much to say to you, Hannah," began Captain Endicott, his dark face flushing with shame, "but not now."

"Not now, or ever, Mark Endicott! Never dare to speak to me again; or you, either, fair-faced Judas, who kissed your friend, and in the same hour betrayed her. Just this once will I speak, to warn you both that the misery and desolation you have brought upon me will as surely return upon your heads, and into your own hearts, as God lives and hears me——"

"Oh, do not curse us, Hannah Wetherell! For God's sake do not curse us with that bitter tongue of yours!" shrieked the bride, dropping upon her knees and lifting her shaking hands in piteous appeal.

"Not curse you," repeated the other, slowly. "It is not I, but the very God on whom you call, that curses you, and with curses that will cling as mine never could. Yes, false lover and false friend, the curse has fallen, and you cannot flee from it. It shall follow you in the air you breathe, in the water that floats you, in the daylight and in the darkness; it shall follow you in your goings out and comings in, in your pleasure and in your toil, in your loving and in your hating; it shall follow you in your children, for your daughters shall be the mock and scorn of men, as you have made me, and your sons will prove themselves the traitors and cowards that should spring from such parents!"

"Peace, woman! Do not you see that you have frightened her out of her senses already?" broke in Mark Endicott, sternly; and, stooping, he raised Molly from the ground, where she had fallen in a dead swoon.

"And, Hannah Wetherell," eagerly chimed in one of the gossips, still lingering near, "remember you, that 'chickens and curses come home to roost,' and nothing ever was written or spoken truer since the world began."

But Hannah had already glided back into the house, and closed the door, and Mark Endicott carried his lifeless bride into a neighbor's dwelling, where she was soon revived, but only recovered consciousness to fall into violent hysterics, in the midst of which came a peremptory message from the owners of the *Dispatch*, to the effect that the tide was going, and the wind likely to ebb with it, and that their captain should present himself at the office without further delay.

"Then go your ways, Mark Endicott," exclaimed the bride's mother, hearing this, "and leave my child with me. Do you think I will let her go out from me with a curse upon her head? No; go you your ways, and if you come home alive, as I do not look to see you, you shall find her safe with me."

And Mark Endicott, perplexed, hurried and conscience-stricken, dared not exert his new authority, and tear his wife from the strong maternal arms that held her close; but with a few eager, remorseful kisses, hurried away, got on board, and by the time Molly Endicott was fully conscious of what passed around her, the *Dispatch* was off the outer light, and not the strongest glass in the whole town could make out the restless figure pacing her quarter-deck, and gazing distractedly toward the glimmering white town fast fading into the outline of the shore.

"One little day a wife, and now a widow. The curse has begun to fall," moaned Molly, as she watched the last gleam of sunshine in the sails just dipping below the horizon.

"Come home with me, child, and live it down. No curse shall overtake you while I live, unless you bring it under your father's roof yourself," said the mother, and Molly hung her head with scarlet cheeks.

In something less than a year Captain Endicott came back, and found his wife well and pretty as ever, and with a baby girl in her arms, whose name was already decided to be Mary, as a refinement upon the Molly just becoming old-fashioned in those days, and so new-fashioned in these.

"No curse upon us so far, little wife," said he, proudly and tenderly, as he sat with his two pets one day. But Molly shuddered.

"It kept me from going to sea with you, and—and I am afraid little Mary is not very strong."

"Pho! she is a splendid baby, and you shall both go to sea with me this voyage," said the captain, in his jovial way, and straightway arranged matters to that end.

But the voyage ended disastrously, in heavy gales, a mutinous crew, and at last shipwreck, and three days' tossing in an open boat, until a passing vessel picked up the survivors, and brought them so near home, that one evening a gaunt, ragged man and woman, and a pining baby, were set down by the stage-coach at the gate of the Jocelyn farmhouse, and were welcomed in as heartily as if they had come clothed in purple and fine linen, and rolling in a golden chariot.

Hannah Wetherell, working again at tailoressing, heard the news that flew through town, but said nothing, until a stern old woman demanded of her:

"Do you call this the working of your curse, Hannah?"

Then she raised her great burning eyes and replied:

"It is not my work, but God's, and the curse was His, not mine, and the end has not come yet."

After that, people looked askance at Hannah, and some called her crazed, and some called her wicked, and professed to be afraid of her; but because she was an uncommonly skillful workwoman, and also because of the popular taste for what borders upon the horrible, her round of custom rather increased than diminished, and she was always busy. Never very gay in her most hopeful days, she had now grown sombre and shadowy, with an absent manner and a peculiar hush about her, best explained by the question of a little girl in one of the houses where she abode for the first time.

"Mother, what is Miss Wetherell harking for all the time? She seems just as if she was waiting and listening for something always."

And as the years went on, Captain Endicott sailed away, and sailed home; and to little Mary were added Eunice, and Mark, the only son—and then three more little girls, Susan, and Hepsey, and Beth, the baby who never saw her father's face, for, as he went down the side of his ship to come ashore from his last voyage, a spar, clumsily handled by the men aloft, fell, struck him upon the head, and beat him down into the bottom of the boat. The frightened sailors raised him, but he was already dead—dead without a word or a groan, within sight of home, within hearing of his wife and children, who stood upon the wharf to welcome him.

As they and the men who carried him climbed slowly up the hilly street from the water-side, they met Hannah Wetherell going home from her day's work, and stopped, although why they could not have told. She, with a hazy glance at the covered, rigid burden between them, would have passed on; but the wife, breaking from those who led her, darted forward, and tearing down the covering from the face they both knew so well, shrieked:

"Look, look, you vile witch! It is you who have done it! You, you!—your work! Look at it, and be content at last!"

"Mark dead!" And Hannah Wetherell, looking with eyes of gathering horror upon the gray, cold face, bent slowly, and kissed its lips, whispering: "Not my work, but God's work, Mark, and He knows I never wished you harm, and how gladly I would lie there, instead of you!"

Then the screaming, clamoring wife broke in with wild vociferation, and the crowd pressed up; and Hannah, still with that frozen look of horror upon her face, passed on, muttering to herself, "Not my work, O God—not mine, but Thine!"

And again the slow years went on, bringing gray hairs to replace the magnificent crown of dark braids that had given this village tailoress the look of a queen in her diadem, bringing wrinkles and tarnish and decay to the Widow Endicott's fragile beauty; but, by way of compensation, endowing her two oldest daughters with a wealth of loveliness such as their mother never boasted. Loveliness? Yes, it is just the word to describe Mary Endicott's soft blue eyes, and golden hair, and pearly skin, and look of almost angelic purity and sweetness—a look giving, too, no more than a feeble indication of the nature it revealed. But Eunice—stately, flashing, haughty Eunice—loveliness was no term to apply to her. Her father's own child in form and feature, but with a pride and a will more like Hannah Wetherell's than like either of her parents, she was at once the admiration and the awe of her feeble mother, and the idol of her gentle sister.

Both girls had lovers, and both of them higher in rank and position than Mrs. Endicott would have dared hope they should obtain, for in these days she was very poor, and she and her girls were glad to do such plain sewing, knitting, spinning, or weaving, as they could obtain. Some little help came from the Jocelyn family, too; but the good mother was dead, and the farmer, marrying again, had now a houseful of little children, whose constant demands rather drowned the plaintive sighs of his married and widowed daughter.

But still the girls found lovers, and Mary bloomed into almost startling loveliness, and Eunice glowed like an Eastern queen, as they appeared before their attentive neighbors one pleasant Sunday morning, each escorted to church by her betrothed.

"And so Will Bradford is really going to marry Mary Endicott!" exclaimed one old woman to another, as they stood gossiping at the street corner.

"Yes, and Cyrus Heywood is courting Eunice," replied her companion. "But I don't believe it'll ever come to anything."

"Do tell! Now, what makes you think that way? I'm sure Mary is a proper nice girl—ain't she?"

"Yes; and I never heard no harm of Eunice, except that she's rather topping for one that has to work for her living; but that ain't it. Don't you remember the morning you and me and Sally Ryder—dead now, poor soul!—stood on this very corner, and heard Hannah Wetherell curse Mark Endicott and Molly Jocelyn? and didn't she say their daughters should get served as bad, or worse, as he had served her, and their sons—well, we all know what poor Mark is. It is a mercy they didn't have but one."

"And they do say his humped back and crooked legs aren't the worst of him, either. He's given to drink, and takes all the money he can lay hands on to get it, and them poor women slaving to earn their daily bread."

"The curse ag'in—it's all along of that curse. And now, you mark my words, neither one of them fellers will marry neither one of them girls; and you see if I don't come out right, Nancy Fuller."

"Like enough, Miss Merriam, like enough; but recollect, too, what I told Hannah Wetherell that morning—why, it's nigh on to twenty years, ain't it? but I recollect as if 'twas yesterday—'Hannah,' says I, 'have a care what you're saying, Hannah, for "chickens and curses come home to roost."' I told her that, I did."

"Yes, I remember you did. Well, we'll see."

"Yes, we'll see;" and the two croaking old ravens flapped and croaked away each to her own place.

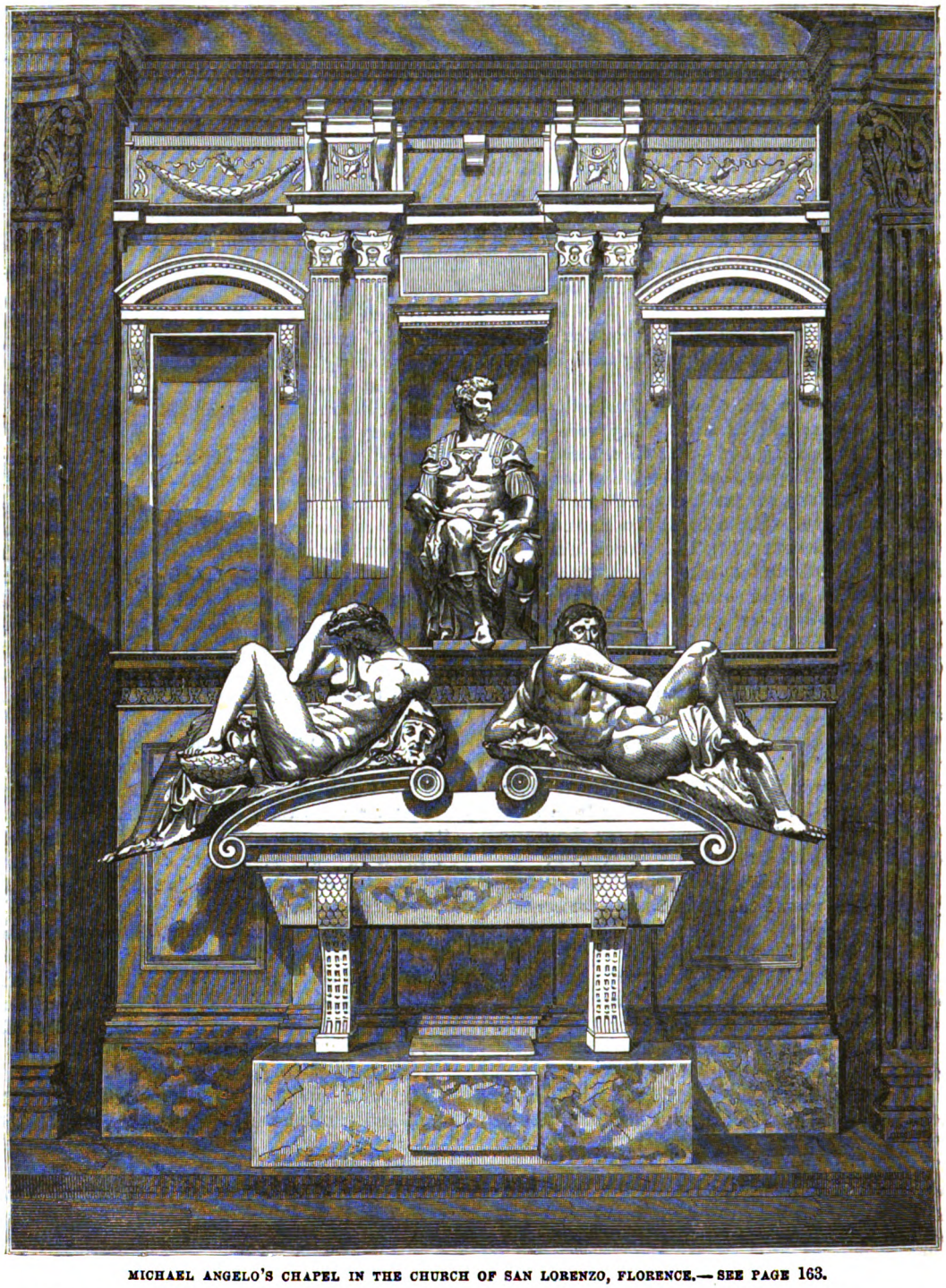
Cyrus Heywood was a student of medicine, and, having graduated, was called to attend the little child of a Southern lady spending the Summer in the seaside town of our story. The lady was young, lovely, and frightened, the baby delicate, and the young doctor very attentive to his first patient; so no one was surprised, when Mrs. Dupont's husband came to carry her home, that Dr. Heywood should conclude to accompany them to South Carolina, care for the baby on the passage, and perhaps settle near Bellair, their country estate.

"To make a home for my queenly Eunice," said he, in announcing his intention to his betrothed; and she, bending her stately head, said, calmly:

"Of course, Cyrus. There is no need to assure me of that."

And so he went, and Eunice began to prepare her wedding-clothes, just as Hannah Wetherell had done more than twenty years before her.

Besides Mrs. Dupont and her baby, there had been other guests at the mansion house beside the beach, among



MICHAEL ANGELO'S CHAPEL IN THE CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO, FLORENCE.— SEE PAGE 163.

the rest a dashing belle from Boston, Miss Henrietta Frothingham, and she, in some caprice, or because Fate chose thus to revenge the devastation hitherto permitted to this one of her chosen favorites, fixed her imperious eyes upon young Bradford, Mary Endicott's lover; and he, infatuated not so much by her beauty as by her wit, grace, and that nameless air of society which he had never encountered before, followed the false light, blind and deaf to all else, until, one dim and rainy September morning, he awoke to the realities of life, saw Miss Frothingham seat herself in the carriage, with a careless laugh and good-by to him, and went home to hear from his sister that Mary Endicott was dying in a swift decline.

He had not seen her for weeks, and now he dared not see her, until a message came that the dying girl longed to bid him good-by, and he must go.

The interview was a long and private one, and when Will Bradford left that room, even Eunice, who had waited in the hall below to speak "some certain truths" to him, shrank back silently from the look upon his face.

As for Mrs. Endicott, she was grieved and mortified, no doubt; but, more than all, she was angry.

"If Cyrus Heywood was here he would know how to stand up for my poor girl," said she. "*He* is a gentleman, and would never act like this, whatever came in his way."

But, alas! on the day of poor Mary's funeral, when Will

Bradford walked with her mother as chief mourner, came a letter from South Carolina to Eunice, who read it, crushed it slowly in her hand, set her white teeth like iron, and, in the very churchyard, said to Nathan Warren, a stupid farm-laborer of her grandfather's:

"Come to my house to-night, I have something to say to you."

"Be you going to give it to me agin for saying I'd like to spark you, Eunice? 'cause, if you be, I'd just as lief stay to home," replied the clod.

But she answered:

"Nothing of the sort, Nat. Come, and you won't be sorry."

Four days later they were married, and when the tardy news of Cyrus Heywood's faithlessness arrived, Eunice Warren said, composedly:

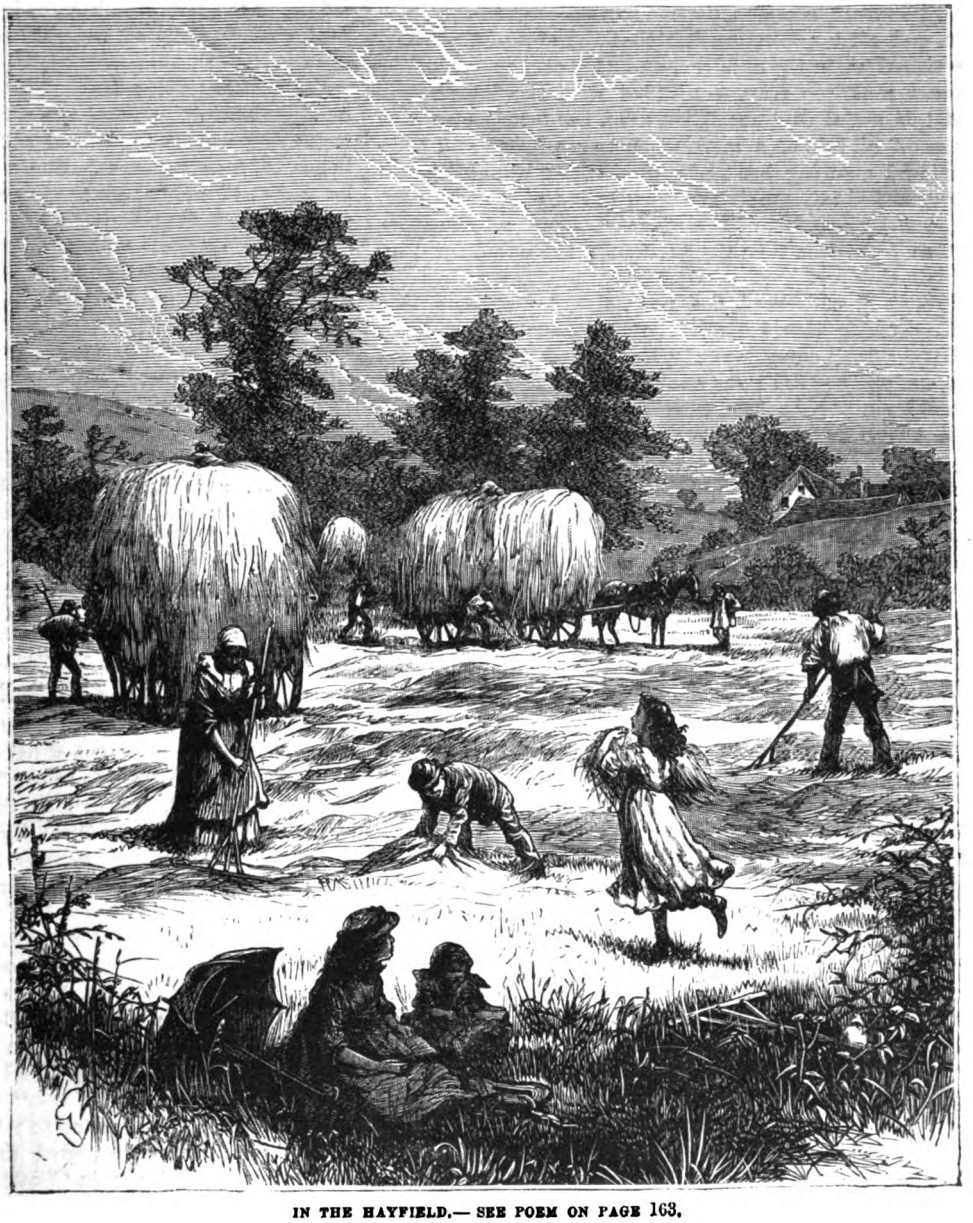
"He knew long ago that I had changed my mind."

But, as years went on, poor Eunice found the price at which she had sold her willow too heavy to be borne, and rumors were rife of a squalid, poverty-stricken home, a scolding wife, and a husband whose brutality did not always stop short of blows; so that when, in early middle-life, poor, proud, mistaken Eunice was carried to join her sister Mary on Burying Hill, those who knew the most of her and her sad story said, "Thank God that she is out of her trouble."

And the Widow Endicott, as people called her now, lived alone with her idiotic, crippled son, and the three little girls, Susan and Hepsey and Beth, just coming into womanhood, and although gifted with much of the beauty that had distinguished their elder sisters, far inferior to them in intellect, and that honorable self-respect often misnamed pride. Thus it came about that the "three Endicott girls" at last came to be a word of warning to such other pretty and lively lassies as showed a disposition to break out of bounds, and follow the dictates of fun rather than propriety; and more than one old friend of the family drew a sigh of relief when Hepsey, the prettiest and wildest of the three, was safely married, after a week's courtship, to old Jabez Wright, miser and almost dotard though he was.

"He's seventy and I'm seventeen; but 'better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave,'" laughed pretty Hepsey, and went away to her new home, promising all sorts of comforts and advantages from it to those remaining in the old one. But the promises were scantily fulfilled, for Jabez had committed his final extravagance in purchasing this useless, pretty toy, and kept so strict a hand over both her and his purse-strings, that poor Widow Endicott said that, except not having her to feed and clothe, she didn't see that there was a mite of advantage in having married her daughter to a rich man.

And now came a spruce young wooer to Susan, in shape of the village grocer's son, a somewhat foolish youth, whose devotion took the form of raisins and nuts, not to mention such trifles as a pocketful of sweet potatoes, when the coasters came in from South Carolina, or a sugar-cured ham, or string of fresh dried apples. Upon this wooing and these gifts, Deacon Simpson, the paternal grocer, looked somewhat askance, as became a man of his means and position, but consoled himself with the remark:



IN THE HAYFIELD.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 163.

"Well, Ephr'm needn't marry the family, any more than old Jabe Wright has, and when mother gets the girl under her thumb, I guess she'll fetch her to her bearings pretty quick."

Poor Susan! It would have been a dreary change, indeed, from the large liberty and reckless fun of home to the dark little back rooms behind the shop, and the relentless rule of the Simpson household, where Ephraim himself was counted as little more than a cipher; but it was not to be, and the blow that divided Susan and her lover fell with deathly force upon the poor mother's struggling life.

Beth, poor pretty Beth, with her winning baby face, and her equally baby intellect, kissed her mother one night, with a white, still look upon her face, strangely unlike its usual heedless mirth, and went out alone, as she had fallen into the habit of doing. The next morning her body was found in Great Pond, and borne home, entering the village at one end just as the stage-coach left it at the other, carrying among its passengers a gay city gentleman, who had been spending some weeks beside the sea.

The sad, sad story went about, with all its mournful details, and Deacon Simpson came to visit the Widow Endicott, and after reminding her that the sins of the father are visited upon the children, and that as we sow, in like manner must we reap, concluded with the information that this awful disgrace fallen upon her family of course broke off all talk of a marriage between Susan and Ephraim, and assuring her that should that misguided youth be persuaded into making such a girl his wife, neither he, she, nor any member of their family, should receive other portion from him than the curse that is reserved for disobedient children.

"Curse!" whispered the poor, dazed woman, sitting meekly under this hailstorm of virtuous indignation; "oh, no; don't curse anybody, don't curse us—we are accursed already—God's our curse," she said.

And then the strained nerves gave way, and the overtried women fell back in a nervous spasm, from which she only recovered to take to her bed, and lie there for some weeks, dying of what the doctors called debility, and pitiful women said was "just a broken heart, and nothing else."

Toward the last she sent for Hannah Wetherell, who came at once, and stood looking down at her with those sad, stern eyes of hers, that always seemed looking below the surface of life, and reading its deepest, darkest secrets. All the beauty was gone now out of those two faces, that in their girlhood had been such a marvel of contrasting charm; but, though the charm was gone, the contrast remained, and Hannah Wetherell's face had gathered strength and meaning from every woeful year that had stolen life and sparkle from that of her rival.

It was the weaker who first found words.

"You cursed us, Hannah Wetherell, and we have been cursed. I am dying now, disgraced, penniless and friendless. Are you satisfied, and will you spare these two poor children—all that remains of eight of us?"

"It has come home to me, too—has not my life been accursed as well as yours, poor Molly?" moaned the tailoress, her hands wandering to her tremulous lips, and her fathomless eyes dim with unshed tears.

"But the children; my poor Mark, worse than foolish as he is, and Susan—yes, deserted, as you said she would be. Oh, Hannah, take the curse off from them, for God's sake—if not for that, of the man we both loved."

"Take it off? How can I, woman? It was not I, but God Himself, who cursed you; and the words I spoke that day have darkened my whole life. The children—yes, I will care for them as if they had been mine; and his children ought, you know, to have been mine, if—Yes, Molly, I will care for them."

"That is something," murmured the dying woman; "and for that promise I'll forgive you, Hannah; and if I see Mark, I'll tell him to forgive you, too."

"You'll forgive me," repeated Hannah, in a low and bitter voice. "Well, let it stand so. Good-by."

"Good-by. Where's Sue?" and the dying woman turned with unconcealed aversion from her whom she had so bitterly wronged, and laid her tired hand upon her daughter's arm.

After the funeral, paid for by herself, Hannah Wetherell came to live in the little house, Mrs. Endicott's sole inheritance from her father, and assumed the new burden fallen upon her life, in the charge of the idiotic and drunken son of the man she had loved, and the woman who had helped that man to betray her love.

As for Susan, she at once announced that she "scorned to be beholden to her mother's enemy for bite, sup or rag," and she should go out to service in one of the neighboring towns, which intention she carried out, and at last drifted to the city, and became involved in its great whirlpool, ending, none of her old neighbors knew just where or how.

Eight weary years Hannah Wetherell toiled on, laboring, forbearing, struggling with man's strength and woman's patience to uphold and control the brutal idiot bequeathed to her care. She was rewarded sometimes by a sort of animal gratitude and affection; sometimes with violence, dangerous to life and limb; but still she persevered, refusing all offers from the town officials to take her charge off her hands, or of help from pitying friends.

At last merciful Providence released the poor maniac, as he had become, and on his deathbed he looked at his benefactress with almost the first gleam of intelligence he had ever shown, and called her mother. Then he died, and the curse was completed.

After that Hannah Wetherell lived out the days of her life alone, a silent, sombre, solitary woman; and the children whispered among themselves that "something haunted her." But old Nancy Fuller, hearing them one day, said:

"Pooh, children! it's only her chickens come home to roost."

REMARKABLE MEMORY.

One of the familiar stories illustrative of Macaulay's extraordinary memory is that of his assertion that he should be ashamed not to be able to say his Archbishops of Canterbury backward. A cap to this story occurs in the memoir of Madame de Staël, by Dr. Abel Stevens, just published, which vividly renews from all the authorities, some of them unpublished, the brilliant tale of that wonderful career in which the indomitable genius of a woman defied the conqueror of the world.

Among the circle of famous persons at Coppet in 1804, was the historian Müller, whose learning was "phenomenal." One day, Schlegel, Benjamin Constant and Müller fell into a discussion. Muller, says Sismondi, who was present, silenced Schlegel and Constant. They dared not open their mouths again. "The good Sismondi was quite stunned," said Bonstetten; "he has declared to me that they all seemed steeped in clownish ignorance." But Schlegel and Benjamin Constant were among the most erudite of European scholars.

Madame de Staël said that the six thousand years of the world's history known to us were perfectly arranged in Müller's memory. He knew every village in Switzerland, the history of every noble family. One day the company demanded of him the series of the sovereign Counts of Bugey. Müller named them instantly, except that he could not recall whether one of them had been regent or had reigned by title, and he seriously reproached himself for such a failure of memory.

IN THE HAY-FIELD.

By John Francis Waller.

'Tis noon-tide, Summer noon-tide, when the light
Rains down from heaven upon the landscape fair,
And the blue sky is dimpled with the white
Of thin clouds floating slowly through the air,
Touching the summits of the mountains bare;
While o'er the tree-tops sportive breezes stray,
Lifting their leafy hair in amorous play.

Out in the meadows there is work to-day
For toiling men and women, for the ground
Is carpeted with swarths of whitening hay,
Whose odorous sweetness fills the air around.
For every hand its labor-task is found;
There some are busy with the fork and rake,
Here merry children loaded armsful take.

And now the wains are filled, and from the field
The mountain-loads are moving to the yard,
To cheer the farmer with the plenteous yield;
But still the willing hands must labor hard
From risk of changeful skies the crop to guard;
For when the sun goes down, and comes the night,
The rick must finished be, secure and tight.

Repine not, man, at labor, 'tis your doom—
Hand-work, or brain-work, whichsoe'er it be;
Whether in bright fresh field or dark close room,
In cloistered study or on stormy sea,
None are exempt from work by God's decree.
They labor best that doom who cheeriest bear,
Making their life of work a life of prayer.

Craftsman and statesman, soldier, sailor, hind,
Penman and painter, men of art and lore,
All have their labor-missions: muscle, mind,
Spirit, and soul—to each one, less or more,
God metes the portion he must labor o'er
Of the world's mighty work; there's none too high,
Or none too low, in the "Taskmaster's" eye.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S CHAPEL IN THE CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO, FLORENCE.

Florence was ever dear to the heart of Michael Angelo, who once left Rome in disgust, and defiantly refused even Papal invitations to return. He rests among his own in his beloved city, and gave it in life the work on which his heart went out.

The Sagrestia Nuova or Capella dei Depositi in San Lorenzo was erected by him, and it has been truly said that it is unique in being a building planned for its monuments, with monuments planned for the building. These are not excrescences in an edifice designed for far different adornment, but blend in and harmonize with each other, and with all that the eye takes in.

The monuments are those of Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici. Giuliano was the third son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, younger brother consequently of Leo X., and father of Cardinal Ipolito: he was created Duc de Nemours by Francis I., and died in 1516, in his 37th year; the allegorical figures on his monument represent Day and Night. Lorenzo, the son of Pietro, and grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent, was created Duke of Urbino by his uncle, Leo X. In 1518 he married Madeleine de Boulogne, of the royal house of France; the sole fruit of this union was Catherine de Medici, afterward the queen of Henry II. He died in 1519, surviving the birth of his daughter only a few days. "The statue of Lorenzo is seated. He is represented absorbed in thought. He rests his face upon his hand, which partially covers the chin and mouth. The general action is one of perfect repose, and the expression that of deep meditation. It is impossible to look at this figure without being forcibly struck with the *mind* that pervades it. For deep and intense feeling it is one of the finest works in existence. It has been well observed of this statue that it has no resemblance to the antique, but it rivals the best excellences of the ancients in expression, combined with repose and dignity." The figures reclining at his feet are intended to represent Aurora and Twilight, or Morning and Evening.

The merit of these sculptures was fully appreciated when they first appeared. Flaxman says of them: "These recumbent statues are grand and mysterious; the characters and forms bespeak the same mighty mind and hand evident throughout the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and the Last Judgment."

They are praised in prose and in verse; and the *Notte*, in particular, suggested to Giovanni Battista Strozzi the elegant quatrain:

"La Notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
Dormire, fu da un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso, e perchè dorme, ha vita:
Destala, se nól credi, e parleratti."

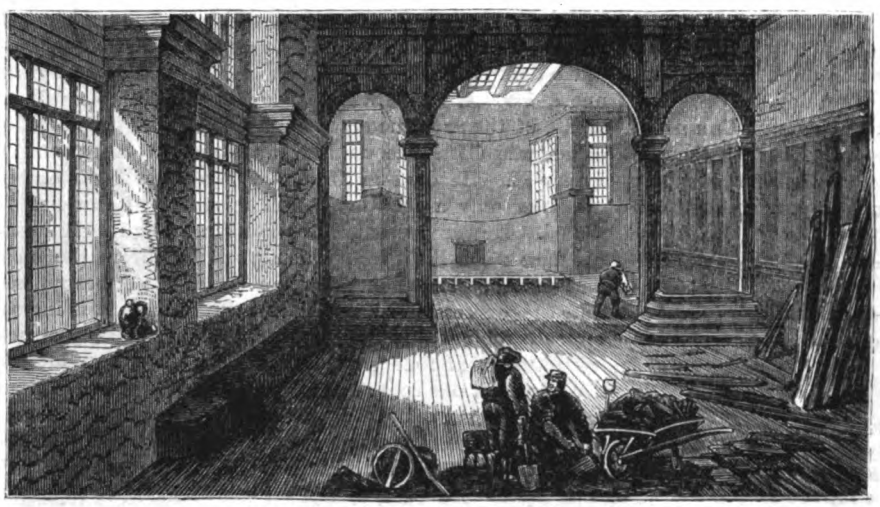
Michael Angelo replied with equal, perhaps superior, elegance:

"Grato m' è 'l sonno e più l' esser di sasso;
Mentre che il danno, e la vergogna dura
Non veder, non sentir m' è gran' ventura;
Però non mi destar; deh parla basso."

"Nor then forget that Chamber of the Dead,
Where the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,
Turned into stone, rest everlastingly;
Yet still are breathing, and shed around at noon
A twofold influence, only to be felt—
A light, a darkness, mingling each with each—
Both, and yet neither. Therefrom age to age
Two ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.
That is the Duke Lorenzo, mark him well!
He meditates, his head upon his hand.
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
'Tis lost in shade; yet, like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable.
His mien is noble, most majestical;
Then most so, when the distant choir is heard
At morn or eve . . ." —*Rogers.*

MARRIAGE FEES IN RUSSIA.

If we may judge from an anecdote in the *Smolensker Bote*, there are parts of the Russian Empire in which it is no easy matter to get married, owing to the autocratic willfulness of the Russian clergy. A schoolmaster in the district of Jucknow was engaged to wed the daughter of a landowner in the neighborhood, whose wealth was not at all proportionate to his acres. The bridegroom, bride, and the parents of the latter called on the priest of the lady's village, in order to settle the amount of the wedding fee. The clergyman fixed it at twenty-five roubles. Unhappily, the bride's father was determined to make a show more in accordance with his ancestral dignity than with



OLD ADMIRALTY COURT, LONDON, ENGLAND.

his impoverished condition, and invited all his kinsfolk and acquaintances from far and near to attend the ceremony. The result was that the procession to the church included no fewer than eleven carriages, all full of wedding-guests.

When the priest saw this magnificent preparation, he hurried to the bridegroom, and informed him that the fee for a marriage of such pretensions would not be twenty-five, but one hundred, roubles. When the man pleaded his poverty as a schoolmaster, the clergyman replied by pointing to the signs of his father-in-law's wealth. The wedding-party held a consultation, and, indignant at the priest's conduct, resolved that the whole procession should drive off to the next village.

The priest outwitted them, however. His messenger arrived at his brother cleric's door long before the lumbering coaches, so that when they reached the church, and asked the price of the sacerdotal function, the parish priest was ready with the reply, "One hundred roubles."

The procession started again for a further village, but the messenger had been there before them—the priest of the place could not marry them for less than one hundred roubles. They experienced a similar discomfiture, according to the reports, at no less than four village churches; and it was only after a long drive across the country that they succeeded in finding a "little father," who readily consented to bestow the sacramental benediction of matrimony for the fee the lady's own pastor had originally asked.

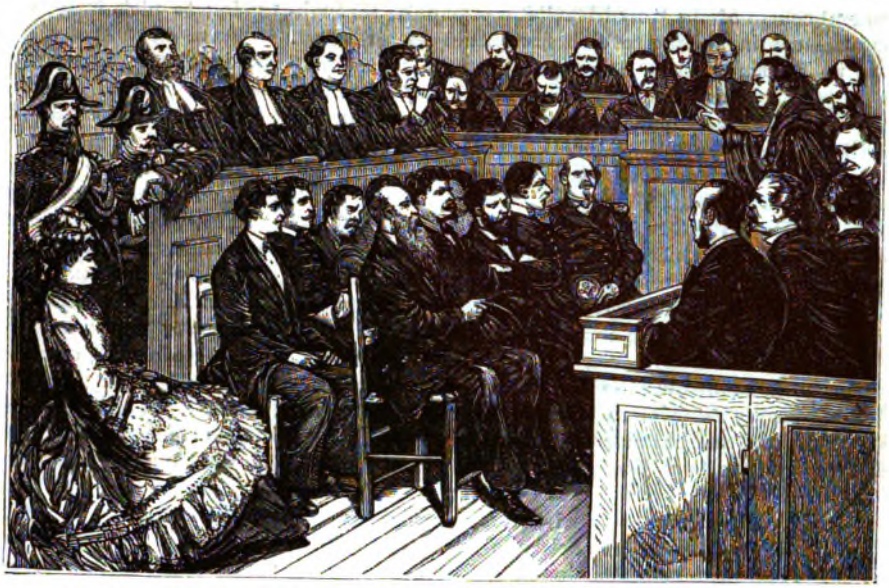
ENGLAND.—THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT IN LONDON DURING A MURDER TRIAL.

ENGLAND.—GREAT CITY FORGERIES—EXAMINATION OF BIDWELL AND NOYES AT THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON.

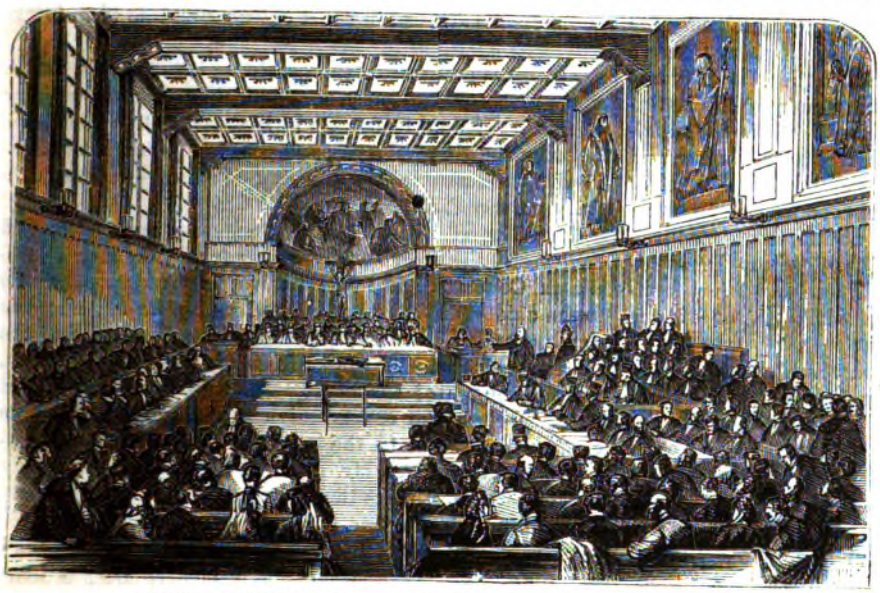
COURTS OF ALL COUNTRIES.

We commend "Courts of all Countries" to any author of genius and industry desiring a grand subject. The literature of every nation contains many books on its chosen system of trials, and countless reports of trials and "lives" of its great jurists and advocates.

Reformers in one country have often searched the jurisprudence of another to gain additional criticisms upon the ways of their own land. But, apparently, no writer has given a general, comparative view of the various modes adopted under different governments for deciding controversies, enforcing the laws, detecting criminals, and punishing offenses. One who should review the procedures of various ages and climes in an impartial spirit, bringing to view alike what is commendable and what deserves avoidance, would find that he had a fertile field. His studies would embrace history, jurisprudence, manners and customs, eloquence, ethics and State policy; and he would find ample opportunity for pictorial illustration.



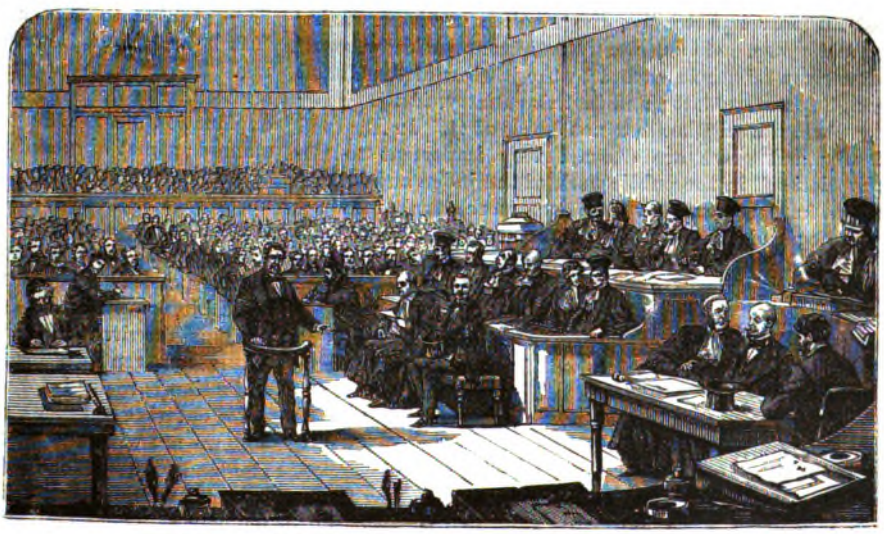
FRANCE.—TRIAL OF COLONEL VILLETTE AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.



FRANCE.—THE HIGH COURT IN SESSION DURING A TRIAL FOR MURDER.

The picture of the old Admiralty Court brings to mind at once the traditional history of English courts so long famous, and the sweeping changes, overwhelming organization as well as edifices, which have been accomplished within the past decade. In the infancy of modern commerce the decision of controversies arising at sea fell, naturally, under the superintendence of the admiral; just as, on the land, the foremost general of an army of conquest became the king of the conquered territory, and assumed, in the earliest times, to decide disputes among his subjects himself, in later periods to create courts and appoint judges.

As maritime commerce throve and the value of property risked at sea increased, courts more and more permanent were established in the seacoast cities of Italy, on the northern shores of the Mediterranean, and gradually in other ports of Europe, including, at length, England. "Admiralty" was the name given to these courts, and to the peculiar system of law dealing with such topics as ships, cargoes, seamen, collisions, salvage, prize, and punishment of crimes at sea. Because admiralty followed the



FRANCE.—A TRIAL BEFORE THE COURT OF ASSIZES OF THE SEINE.

general course of the "civil law," it was popular throughout the continent, where civil law principles prevailed. But in England, where Saxon and Norman "customs" were preferred as the groundwork of the law, admiralty was much opposed and restricted by the common law courts and lawyers. However, it maintained a continued existence, and about 1860 was liberally enlarged and strengthened by Parliament.

In the United States the early restricted view was followed until about 1845, when a sudden and important change was made, extending admiralty jurisdiction over all our navigable lakes and rivers. It is now an important branch of the law in both countries.

Our illustration was taken during the latter stages of the work of demolishing the old building of the Admiralty Court, after its removal to its new quarters. Not quite ten years ago a new building with much more commodious halls for the courts of Westminster Hall, as the superior courts of London are called, was erected; thus our illustrations of English court-rooms depict rather what has been famous in history than what exists to-day. And, just as the old rooms have been abandoned and new ones similar but more modern have been substituted, so the very courts themselves, so long famous, have been reconstructed. Under a series of recent Acts of Parliament, not only the Admiralty, but also the Chancery, the King's or Queen's Bench, the Common Pleas, the Exchequer, the Divorce Court and Court of Probate have been merged in one Supreme Court of Judicature in England. This grand tribunal has two departments, the High Court of Justice and the Court of Appeal. The sessions of the High Court of Justice were at first arranged in divisions bearing the same names and in other respects not unlike the old courts, such as the Queen's Bench Division, Common Pleas Division, Exchequer Division, etc. There has been, however, some consolidation of these divisions, or of the judgeships in them, during the past year.

The substantial identity of the court as a unit is seen in provisions that jurymen shall be summoned for the High Court, not for any one division; and that lawsuits are brought in the one court, and if one division becomes overburdened with causes, some may be transferred to a less busy one. The Court of Appeal reviews decisions of the High Court; and there is a still higher appellate authority in the House of Lords, and also in the judicial committee of the Privy Council. For lesser causes there are County Courts throughout the Kingdom.

Our view of the Central Criminal Court-room shows that most important personage, the English barrister, in his wig and gown. Gowns are not, so far as we know, worn in American tribunals, except by the justices of the United States Supreme Court; and in this country, if a judge or lawyer wears a wig he does not boast of it. In England the wig and gown are deemed very important to the "proprieties," in the public work of the judge and barrister. In former years they were even more sternly required than now; and many other details of costume, such as bags of various colors for the papers of lawyers of various grades of professional standing, bands, coifs and the like were imperative. A judge could not sit without a wig.

Once when Lord Ellenborough was starting to travel on circuit, Lady Ellenborough asked if she could accompany him. He said: "Yes, provided you carry no bandboxes." During the first day's journey the great jurist happened to strike his foot against something beneath the seat of the carriage; he discovered that it was a bandbox. Up went the window and out went the bandbox. The coach stopped, for the footman, thinking that the bandbox had fallen out by some extraordinary accident, was going to pick it up, when his lordship furiously shouted "Drive on!" Lady Ellenborough smiled inwardly, but said nothing, and the bandbox was left by the ditchside. Having reached the country town where he was to officiate, his lordship proceeded to array himself for appearing in the court-room. "Now," said he, "where's my wig—where *is* my wig?" "My lord," replied his attendant, "it was thrown out of the carriage window." Tableau.

The "barrister," in English courts, is the advocate, who examines witnesses, argues law points, and harangues the jury; the attorney, or, as he must be called by a recent law, "solicitor," being separately charged with preparing papers and conducting matters outside of the court-room. The distinction, which in America is almost nominal, is in England very important and sharply marked. A difference in gowns, again, marks the distinction of rank among barristers: the juniors wear "stuff" gowns, but when a barrister is called to the grade of "Queen's Counsel," he assumes a gown of silk. This equipment is regarded as essential, even in recent years. London journals of a very few years ago narrated that a "progressive" lawyer, on a very hot day, begged to be heard without the charmed dress; but the judge refused, affecting to be unable to see him judicially until he should come arrayed in court costume, and he was obliged to forego his cause for the time.

The same costume of the barristers is noticeable in the views given of the Queen's Bench, though somewhat less obvious. If any reader finds it difficult to distinguish between the lawyers' attire and that of the nuns, the fault is with the costume, and not with our artist—he has faithfully portrayed the characteristic dress.

The Central Criminal Court has superseded the Old Bailey and the Oyer and Terminer for London and Middlesex Counties. It holds twelve sessions per year, and is the chief criminal court of the locality, having about as much criminal business as the aggregate in any six of the interior counties. The Lord Mayor is, or until lately was, the first judge of the court. Its history may be traced back, through the courts which it has succeeded, to the earliest time, even to the reign of Henry I. It has immense business; but Mr. Pike, who has written carefully on the subject, thinks that its records show a great relative diminution of crime.

"Examinations" of accused persons are less formal and imposing. An examination—often mentioned, yet little understood—is probably peculiar to English and American law, as compared with continental systems. It is a privilege granted to an accused person who feels confident that he can show innocence, clearly, on a summary hearing. There is no jury; and no decision is made. An accused, who demands a hearing, states frankly whatever explanation he is able to give of the suspicious circumstances against him, and produces whatever proof he can of his innocence of the charge. If it is satisfactory, the magistrate may discharge him from custody. Practically, this often saves him the cost and trouble of a formal trial; yet it does not necessarily prevent a trial, if his accusers persist. If, after examination, his guilt seems probable, or seriously doubtful, he is "committed," or perhaps required to give bail, to await a regular trial. While apparently a formal and hostile proceeding, examination is really informal, and granted as a favor.

On entering a French court-room, we perceive at once that we are within a system quite different from that of England. Indications are numerous, though slight, of stronger ecclesiastical and military influences; while the popular element—embodied in the English court-rooms in the jury—is not seen. Jury trial is of English origin,

and for centuries was unknown in France and other continental countries following the civil law. The magistrates weighed the evidence, determined the facts, and applied the law, as is done in some courts even in this country—courts of chancery, trials by referees, court-martials, military commissions, etc.

Jury trial has steadily won its way over the continent; it is used in Scotland and Ireland very much as in England. It was introduced in France in 1791; Belgium, 1830; Greece, 1834; Portugal, by laws of 1832 and 1837; Geneva, 1844; Prussia, 1848 and 1849; Bavaria and Hesse, 1848; Wurtemburg and Baden, 1849; Russia, 1866; and it has been adopted in Sardinia, and instituted in Austria, but afterward abolished in the latter. Those who criticize the system in this country should consider whether its wide-spread adoption during this century throughout Europe is not strong evidence of its general usefulness and popularity.

Justice Stephen, an English jurist of exceptional learning and experience in criminal law, has lately expressed the following deliberate opinion:

"Trial by jury is the really popular and impressive part of the administration of justice. It is understood by everybody. Everybody is interested in it. It is from such trials that every one, except a very small number of lawyers, derives his conception of the administration of justice and the character of the law. No one can ever have witnessed such a proceeding without being impressed by it; nor is any part of our institutions more characteristic. It is surrounded with ceremonies which, I must confess, do not appear to me to be in any degree inappropriate to the occasion, or liable to the charge of exaggerating its essential solemnity. If properly conducted, it may convey an impression of fairness, of dignity and moderation calculated to give all who are present at it lessons not easily to be forgotten in many virtues. If improperly conducted, it may bring the most solemn institutions into contempt."

The attitude of the presiding judge in criminal causes in France seems strange to American views. He does not sit as an impartial jurist, charged to decide fairly between the Government and the accused, and to protect the latter against tyranny, but as a member of the Government, whose duty is to detect crime by almost any means of inquiry, and bring it to punishment. There is no rule that the prisoner need not criminate himself. The judge may ply him with questions of all kinds; may entrap him in inconsistencies; may send him back for another week's imprisonment, and summon him again; in short, a criminal trial seems inquisitorial.

The following, though a travesty, depicts this characteristic in briefer space than could be done by quoting from real trials.

SCENE—A French Court. *The Law*—"Prisoner, you are an awful scoundrel. Why don't you confess?" *Prisoner*—"Because I am innocent."

L.—"You say that with impudence, which proves you hardened. How came you to rob your master?" *P.*—"I never did."

L.—"This reiteration is disrespectful, and will aggravate your punishment. Are you fond of the theatre?" *P.*—"Yes."

L.—"That denotes a love of pleasure, frequently united with dishonesty. Do you smoke?" *P.*—"A good deal."

L.—"To stupefy conscience. Do you go to mass?" *P.*—"Regularly."

L.—"That shows you a hypocrite. Now, Witness, is he not guilty?" *Witness.*—"No."

L.—"How dare you say that? Did you commit the crime?" *W.*—"Certainly not."

L.—"Don't answer in that petulant way. What is your character? Are you fond of the theatre?" *W.*—"No."

L.—"Just so. A dark and gloomy nature cannot enjoy innocent recreation. Do you smoke?" *W.*—"A very little."

L.—"You fear to be traced by the smell of your clothes. Do you go to mass?" *W.*—"Seldom."

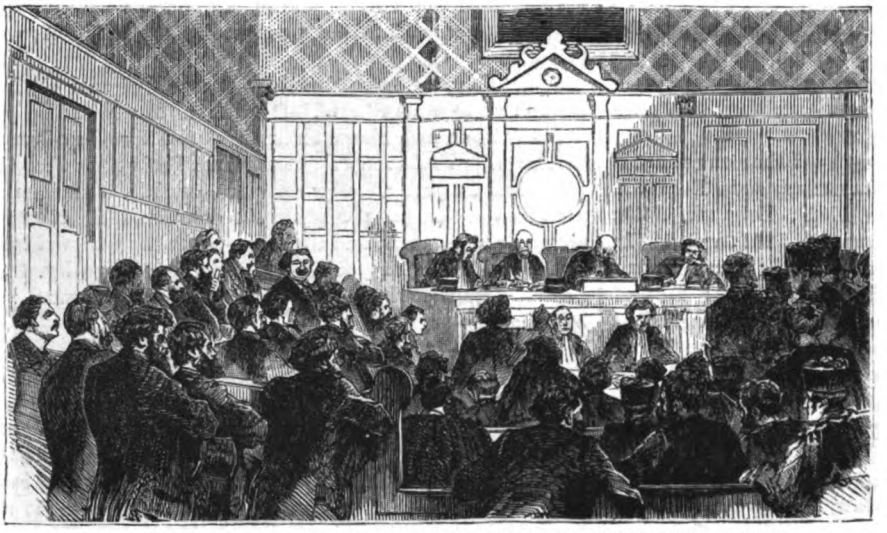
L.—"Your evil character unfits you for the church. Go down." *To the Jury:* "Gentlemen! it is clear that this scoundrel is guilty. His insolent denials, the class of witnesses—atheists, profligates, frequenters of theatres, gloomy conspirators, and the like—make his guilt evident; besides which I happen to know that he is guilty, for I knew his father, who was a vile assassin. Gentlemen, you have only to say Guilty."

The Jury.—"Not guilty."

According to very recent and trustworthy accounts, the present judicial organization in France comprises four classes of tribunals, exercising four distinct jurisdictions. Commercial disputes between individuals are heard in the Tribunals of Commerce, and non-commercial controversies in the Civil Tribunals. Suits against Government are brought in Administrative Tribunals. Misdemeanors are tried in the Correctional Tribunals; and the higher crimes in the Courts of Assize, juries being used in the latter only. Beneath these organizations are justices of the peace. Above the civil courts are twenty-five courts of appeal, each having a first president at its head, and being divided into "chambers," each under a vice-president. Superior to all is the Court of Cassation (breaking, *i.e.*, reversal), whose function is to insure uniform administration of the law throughout all the Departments; and whose appellate authority extends over all French tribunals. It consists of one "principal president," three "presidents," and forty-five "counselors," or judges. In these courts, *procureurs* of several grades exercise powers somewhat like those of an attorney-general or district attorney in this country, while *avocats* and *avoués* plead as counsel or act as attorneys for individuals.

The new Constitution of the German Empire authorized the Imperial Government to legislate upon the judicial system, and a reorganization was made, dating from 1879. Judges of the higher class are appointed for life, and must have fixed qualifications of learning. The ordinary courts are: 1. District Courts—these are held by a single judge, and try minor civil suits. 2. A class of Criminal Courts held by a district judge and two lay associates—these try minor offenses. 3. Circuit Courts—these are organized in civil and criminal chambers, each to try higher grades of suits or crimes. 4. Jury Courts—a form of the circuit court, organized to try criminal prosecutions by a jury. 5. Chambers for commercial causes—attached to circuit courts, when the volume of commercial business in a locality is such as to need their aid. 6. Supreme Courts—a higher grade than circuit courts, having both civil and criminal jurisdiction. 7. The Imperial Court—this has general and final appellate jurisdiction. It sits at Leipsic, and is composed of a president and such number of judges as may be fixed by the Chancellor of the Empire in organizing the supreme courts from time to time throughout the Empire.

Court-rooms in Belgium, Italy, Sicily and Greece, as to which we have only space for noting the indications of peculiar national character, and the gradual diminution observed, as one travels Eastward, of that reverence among the common people for law as a rule of conduct, on which English and American courts chiefly depend. Thus, in the court depicted in session in the heart of the military monarchies of the continent, for the trial of T'Kindt, a military aspect is noticeable, although the case is one of commercial fraud, like the Overend and

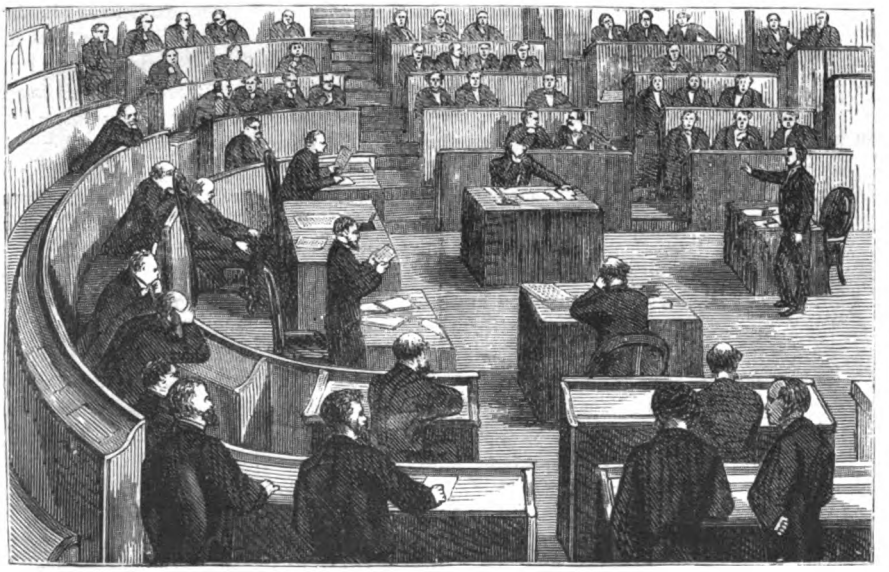


FRANCE.—A CRIMINAL TRIAL IN PARIS—MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY.

Gurney trial in England, or such as the well-remembered Schuyler frauds case in this country. In the Florence court-room a scholastic aspect prevails—the hall seems like an academic lecture-room. In the trial of the brigand, one can perceive from the armed guard or strong iron-barred cage that the tribunal has little trust in any support of its authority to be derived from public opinion in the community. Indeed, the more thoroughly the American reader studies the administration of justice in foreign lands, the better contented he will be with the system of law and the modes of administration under which he lives.

When we reach Constantinople we find that different modes from those cherished in this country are employed. Here are no jury, no array of lawyers, no books, paraphernalia of learning, or industrious scribes recording everything said or done for future review. For this is not a tribunal sitting to administer fixed laws which are prescribed in a spirit of equal justice, and may be ascertained by study. The will, discernment, and sense of justice of the magistrate are a chief guide in decision. Far more than Americans would easily realize, the judge decides upon the complaint according to his views of what is best to be ordered in the particular case. He is liable to be influenced by fear of his political superiors, but is very little controlled by written general laws, reports of former decisions, or apprehensions of an impartial review in a higher court. The method would be intolerable to a people like the Americans.

A TRIAL AT BRUSSELS FOR FRAUD ON A BANK.



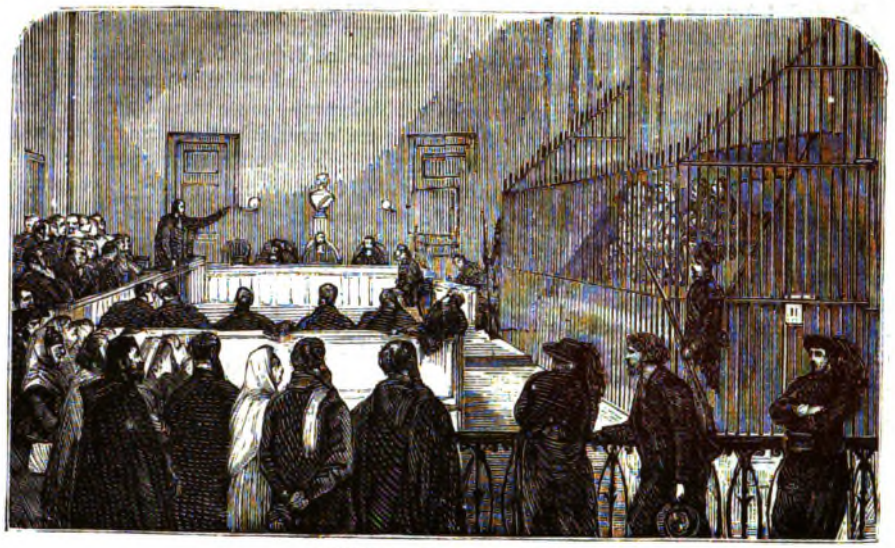
A LAW COURT AT FLORENCE, ITALY.

An English writer has very recently thus delineated it:

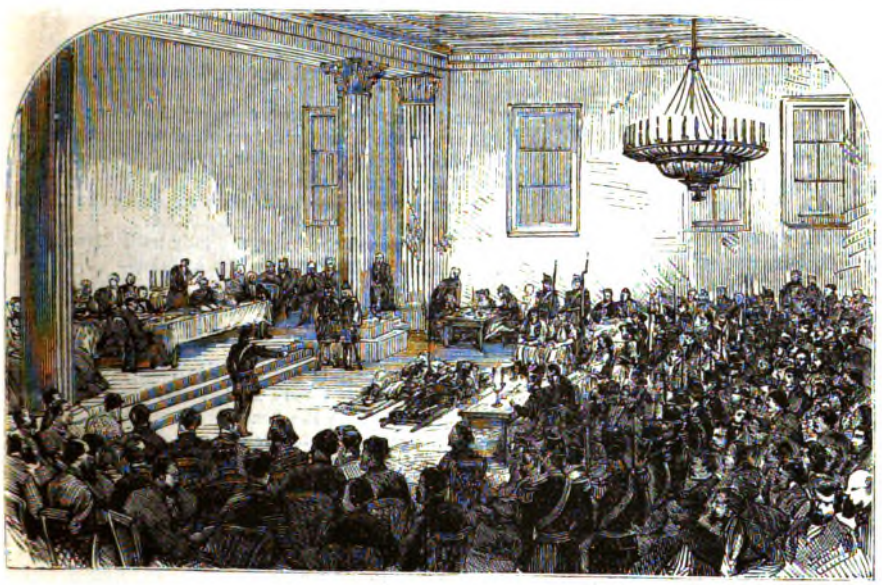
"In the courts of law (of Turkey) the weakness is worse than the corruption. The Turks possess some judges who are quite sufficiently well educated for their position — Greeks and Armenians, who have received their education in France or elsewhere, and with whom no fault is to be found for want of honesty; but their dread of responsibility, aris-

ing from the fact that they are always liable to be dismissed if they give a decision against a *protégé* of the Minister in power or a place-favorite, makes them despicably weak. The one thing which it is easy to obtain in a Turkish court, as in every other department of the Turkish Government, is delay."

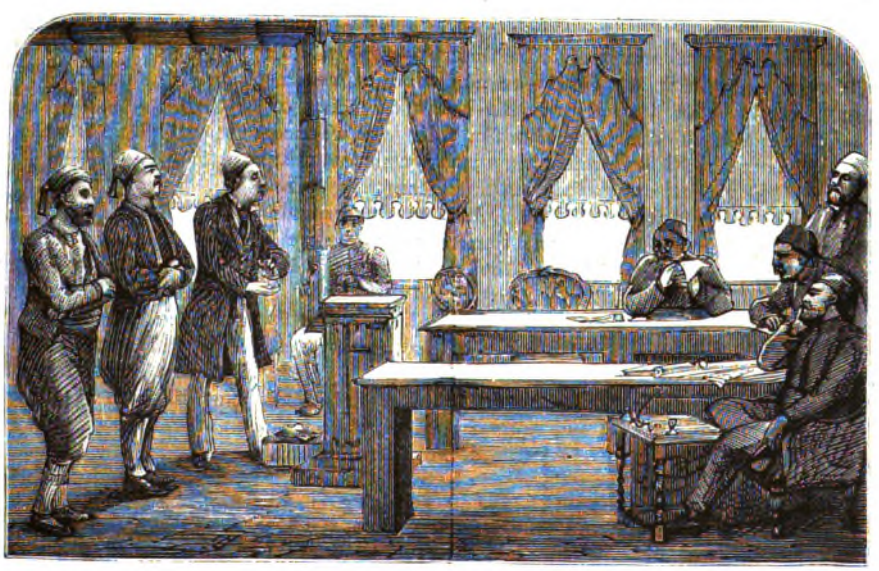
What may strike the reader forcibly is the reflection, "How should I fare, if I, visiting that foreign land, were seized on some false charge and hurried before so strange a court, to be tried in an unknown tongue?" It is an important improvement in comparative jurisprudence, and a valuable protection of American citizens abroad, that the United States Government has negotiated treaties with many of these semi-civilized powers, under which our countrymen have the right to be tried before a consular court, or to have the assistance of the American consul controlling the course of any judicial proceedings against them.



CRIMINAL ASSIZES IN PALERMO.



A TRIAL OF BRIGANDS AT ATHENS.



A CRIMINAL COURT, CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE USES OF LEMONS.

The lemon-tree is a native of Asia, although it is cultivated in Italy, Portugal, and in the south of France. In Europe, however, it seldom exceeds the dimensions of the smallest tree, while in its native state it grows to over sixty feet in height. Every part of this tree is valuable in medicine, though we rarely employ any of it but its fruit,—that is, the lemon itself. And every one knows how to employ this, as in lemonade: to squeeze the juice into cold water—this is the shortest way; or to cut it in slices and let it soak in cold water, or to cut it in slices and then boil it. Either way is good.

Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness—in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaints, inflammation of the bowels, and fevers. It is a specific against worm and skin complaints. The pippins, crushed, may also be used with water and

sugar, and taken as a drink. Lemon-juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It not only cures this disease, but prevents it. Sailors make a daily use of it for this purpose.

We advise every one to rub their gums daily with lemon-juice, to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon, instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemons are used in intermittent fever, mixed with strong, hot, black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. In fact, its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it internally the better we shall be ourselves.

GRIMME LODGE ON THE WEIR.

LOW, rambling, one-story house, with queer wings, that really seemed as if they were trying to crawl off, and set up for themselves, but somehow lacked the power of locomotion. An inky, stagnant weir behind. In front, thick ranks of maples, the leaves of which stir not.

The latter hedge in the house, like the ancient sentinels of Helheim in the Northern mythology, and say in their warning dreariness, plainly as words can, "Who passes here is damned!"

Beyond them, like a huge crab, with eyes all over it, peers out the ancient edifice — weird, bizarre, diabolic. Within, like a spider in his den, sits a brooding, misanthropic man, at a piano built to his whim, with strange resemblance to a dragon. His long, thin, claw-like fingers sweep the keys to a wild sort of *fantasia*, full of low, mourning unisons.

It is a strange room—an interior of almost unimaginable weirdness. At either corner Titanic semblances of coffins uphold a low concave ceiling, painted with grotesque masses of cloud, through which break, here and there, blisters of sky studded with stars, and from the exact centre of which looks down a full gilded moon. And within the huge coffins at either corner are clocks, the dials of which are half-face, half-dial—and vaguely suggest four human faces looking out from four upright sarcophagi.

Between these coffin-like clocks the interval of wall scrambles with grotesque painted creatures—some white, some orange, others blood-red—on a ground of ashen. And the ashen—for the spider in his den is something of an allegorist—stands for the blank nothingness whence all being comes; and the grotesque, scrambling creatures, they are being that comes from nothingness, only to be absorbed into nothingness again. And as the master thrums the piano the grotesque creatures on the wall seem to move, as if they felt the thrall, and answered by motion.

"Thus," muttered the master—"thus stirs creation to the music of God, and the music of God is the pulse of being."

It was a back room, not a front one, this den that Cecil Grimme called his study, and looked out over the weir behind the house, upon bare levels of woodland, skirted and bounded with impenetrable woods beyond.

For a moment Cecil Grimme stood at the window and gazed woodlandward; then, with a sigh and a muttered "Ah, yes, she went that way!" returned to the dragon-like piano, and began thrumming again, the grotesque instrument answering with a moan to every motion of his fingers, as if, somehow, its strings were nerves.

At last, with a low monotony of basso, Cecil Grimme broke into a song, obviously impromptu, but as obviously suggested by the weir and the woods beyond, and woven into the form of a medieval ballad, accompanying himself on the instrument:

"Out of the woods on the other side,
On a coal-black steed doth a rider ride;
And he scanneth the land
With his mailed band,
Just out of the woods on the other side.

"He leads no band, he hath no squire,
A stallion he rides that doth never tire;
He hath need of both,
Whose steed must rest—
Not he whose stallion doth never tire.

"Over the moat, nor bridge nor boat,
Like a rider of shadow doth he float—
Like a knight of shadow
On a horse of shadow,
Over the moat, nor bridge nor boat.

"Up to the house, with no track on the grass
And he seemeth only like a shadow to pass—
With a motion of knight
And a motion of horse,
That seemeth only like a shadow to pass.

"Into the house, without opening the door;
Through the house, with no shadow on the floor—
Like a knight of shadow,
With a step of shadow,
Through the house, with no shadow on the floor.

"He hath wooed the lady, the lady hath kissed,
And his lips are cold as lips of mist—
He hath wooed the lady,
Hath kissed the lady,
And his lips are cold as lips of mist.

"He is mounted—is gone! It is dusk of dawn,
And he beareth a lady wasted and wan;
But so light is the beat
Of his steed's quick feet,
That it stirs not the dewdrop it falls upon.

"Over the moat, nor bridge nor boat,
Like a rider of shadow doth he float—
Like a knight of shadow
On a horse of shadow,
Over the moat, nor bridge nor boat.

"The master's lips, they are white with ire;
But rode he a stallion hoofed with fire,
Yet faster, ah, faster
Than ever the blast
Rides he whose stallion doth never tire

"And into the woods on the other side,
On a coal-black stallion doth he ride;
And he bears with mailed hand
The queen of the land
Into the woods on the other side."

The room was filled with a troop of diabolic reverberations as Cecil Grimme went on with his ballad, now running his fingers madly over the keys, sounds trickling after, and anon stopping and bending his head, as if to listen to something. So even was the whole house; for the Grimmes were a strange race, and the edifice was so constructed as to multiply single sounds until they became hundreds, and trooped up and down, and to and fro, like voices from the invisible; and Cecil Grimme, of Grimme Lodge on the Weir, was not a whit less eccentric than his ancestors had been.

"An Orphic song, indeed, to its own music, etc.," laughed a voice in the ear of the musician, as the reverbe-

rations began to creep into their crannies, and curl themselves up for sleep again. "The sad Sir Galahad is grue to-day. See here, Cece, you must get out of this old dragon house; you're getting morbid."

"Why, Mortplain, how came you here?" cried Grimme, presenting his hand for a friendly shake. "I really took you for a spirit *au premier coup d'œil;* and you're nobody but the doctor, after all."

"Dr. Clement Mortplain, at your service, better known as Clem," rejoined the doctor, banteringly. "No connection with spirits, wholesale or retail, except in the way of a trifling consumption of the same. But what's the matter, Cece, old fellow? I came in just as you began drumming that ballad out of the dragon, and, from your manner, supposed I was to have my first case of catalepsy. You're not thinking of going a-suiciding, I hope, having just inherited Grimme Lodge on the Weir, and a splendid balance at the bank."

"No, not that exactly," rejoined Cecil Grimme. "I'm only just a trifle *distrait:* and I have the queerest fancies. Why, since I came to live at the lodge, I seem to remember things that must have happened to my grandfather. This cursed ballad I've just been humming, it came to me like something I once knew and had forgotten, and I'm trying to think where I heard it."

Now, Dr. Clement Mortplain remembered hearing his father, who had been the family physician at Grimme Lodge on the Weir, tell the story of old Cecil Grimme, the grandfather, and how, after the death of Mrs. Grimme, the old gentleman had taken the strange grasshopper into his head that she had been spirited off by an invisible horseman; and here was Cecil Grimme of the third generation, the old man over again, physically speaking, drumming from the piano the barbaric old story of the invisible horseman that had so tormented his grandfather. But Dr. Mortplain was wholly too sensible to discuss the legend, and, consequently, contented himself with:

"Pooh! pooh! Cece Grimme! you're in a mood. Liver bad. Blue pill No. 2. Mind now, three's the dose. And in less than three days you'll have forgotten all about—

"The knight of shadow
On a horse of shadow,"

and all that. Sovereign panacea for knights of shadow on horses of shadow is blue pill No. 2. Nothing like it, except, possibly, soothing-syrup, which I preserve for a second prescription."

Mentally, the doctor was saying something else of quite different tenor, while verbally he was running on with his medical rigmarole at 2:40 or faster. And the tenor of it was somewhat as follows:

"Where the deuce did Cece Grimme, who has been in Germany ever since he was a boy in roundabouts, hear the story of his grandfather? Or is there something in it, after all?"

Then, by way of assuring himself that there could be nothing in it, the doctor pooh-poohed again, which seemed to prove it quite to his satisfaction.

"What a pity that the whole essence of logic isn't included in pooh-pooh!—in which case you'd be the greatest logician of the age, my dear doctor," rejoined Grimme, placidly. "But the fact is, the ballad did come to me just like something I had known—say a century since—when I was the merest caterpillar of a boy, crawling about on all-fours."

Dr. Mortplain shook his head, and, as he shook it, appeared to shake therefrom a remonstrance which had obviously been mislaid, or shoved into the wrong pigeonhole, and required to be shaken out, if it was to come out at all.

"Stuff!" thus ran the remonstrance—"stuff, Grimme. You're getting vapory. Mere hypo—the whole of it. Runs in the family. Nothing for it but blue pill or soothing-syrup." Then, to me—I was Dr. Mortplain's incipient *medico* in those days: "Here, Stumpy"—you see, I was brief, as they say in Paris, and the doctor called me Stumpy by way of expressing that shortcoming in the shortest way—"Stumpy, you just run over to the office, and bring me the blue mass. Cece's liver must be attended to."

I had been in the office about ten minutes when Dr. Mortplain hurried in—just soon enough to prevent my returning to Grimme Lodge on the Weir, not more than a hundred rods off, with the blue pill. Consequently, making allowance for the fact that I am not rapid in my locomotion, and may have been on the road five minutes longer than he was, he could not have remained over fifteen or twenty minutes with Grimme after I started for home.

"Stumpy," said my employer, abruptly, after lighting a cabana, and sitting for at least ten minutes in profound rumination, "I really believe that there's something in that cursed Grimme Lodge that makes men mad. I can't account for it any other way. Gran'ther Grimme died mad. Cece's father died mad, and now Cece's in for it. There must be some cursed mephitic, insanity-inducing vapor about the house. Granny Grimme, I've heard father say, was the most sensible woman in the world till she married old Grimme—young Grimme he was then—and went to live in that house, and after that she began to have strange turns, and died mad. Just so it was with Mrs. Grimme, Cece's mother."

"Seems to me, doctor," I interrupted, thinking the opportunity excellent for a scientific disquisition—"seems to me it's a plain case of inherited idiosyncrasy."

Idiosyncrasy being a long word, and a Greek derivative besides, I generally preferred it to peculiarity, whim, oddity, and words of that sort, having an impression that it sounded scientific.

"To Davy Jones with your verbal sky-rocketing, Stumpy!" grumbled my principal, sententiously. "To inherit insanity is one thing, but I never heard of inheriting a poem before, and here is Cece mumbling over the same old ballad that his grandfather died of. And the oddest part of it all is, that I'm certain he never heard it. He was sent to Germany long enough before his father went mad in the same way," continued the doctor, musingly, "and there isn't a written copy of the thing in existence, except one my father wrote out from memory, which I have in my possession. By-the-way, Stumpy, my scientific lad, did you ever hear of a man inheriting a poem among his other hereditary idiosyncrasies?" demanded Dr. Mortplain, half sarcastically.

And I was forced, thus put upon my mettle, to admit that I never did, and that, so far as I knew, or the books went, there was no case of the kind on record.

"Very well, then," suggested the ancient and venerable *medico*, good-humoredly; "this is an instance, and I believe it is all in that cursed old house, particularly the study. I'd run mad in a week if I had to sit there with four coffins staring at me from the four corners of the room, and stare out over that inky weir into the woods for twelve hours out of every twenty-four. It's the study, Stumpy—the study old Gran'ther Grimme translated into a room. That's the logic of the whole matter."

"Curious old codger that Grandfather Grimme must have been," I said, by way of inducing the doctor to tell me the story, for Dr. Mortplain was perversity incarnate—Poe's imp in pantaloons—and if I had asked him directly

to recount the whole romance of Grimme the grandfather, he would have found fifty ostensible reasons for refusing outright, with only the one real reason—that it was part of his creed never, under any circumstances, to make himself agreeable.

"Well, yes," grunted Dr. Mortplain, scanning me nervously, by way of ascertaining whether I was anxious, in order to govern himself accordingly, and concluding from my bored and listless expression that I really was not what I really was—"well, yes; old Grimme had queer notions. Firstly, he didn't believe in the immortality of the soul. 'A man lives,' he used to say, 'in his posterity.

"THE SWEET BOUQUET HE LEFT ME."

GRIMME LODGE ON THE WEIR.—"PRESENTLY AUNT MILLBANK RETURNED, LEADING THE REAL KITTY, MORE OF A SUNBEAM THAN EVER FOR HER RESIDENCE IN THE CASTLE OF THE OGRESS."

In myself I am ephemeral; in those that follow me, eternal. I shall live over again, and outlive myself in Grimme, Jr., and Grimme, Jr., will perpetuate me in a third Grimme, and so on; and through all will run one and the same original Grimme in an endless series of transmigrations.' That was the first part of the old gentleman's creed. Secondly, he was a perfect pantheist, even before his head got turned. 'Tut, Mortplain!' I've heard him say to my father dozens of times after a metaphysical tussle—'tut, tut, Mortplain! I tell you the whole world is a great living body, and it'll wake up one of these days. It's God's body, Mortplain.' Well," continued the doctor, "after Granny Grimme died, Gran'ther Grimme took the grasshopper into his head that—

"'A knight of shadow
On a horse of shadow'

had come out of the woods beyond the weir, and carried her off, and began to talk about getting up an expedition to rescue her. And that was the way he came to compose that poem you heard Cece humming over this morning, though the Lord only knows how Cece ever found out anything about it, unless he did really inherit it from the old gentleman or his father, who took it up in the same way after poor Mrs. Grimme died."

"Seems to me the thing is hereditary, after all," said I, rather remonstrantly, and by way of trying to defend Grimme Lodge on the Weir from the imputation of willfully and maliciously producing insanity.

"Humph!" grunted the doctor, savagely, or, rather, porcinically. "Wisdom *à priori*. Stumpy begins to look into the deep things of the profession. Stumpy must take care, or he'll make himself sick. I've known students die of learning, particularly in its first stages."

Stumpy made no reply, though there was do doubt that the just-quoted remarks were intended as sarcastical, and that their sarcasticality was meant for him. And, Stumpy making no reply, the doctor went on:

"There is really no hereditary insanity in the case, Stumpy," said he, musingly. "At least, I know there

was no taint in the blood of either of the women, and I doubt whether there was in that of Gran'ther Grimme. The Grimmes are an eccentric stock—a race of silent, brooding, and awful subjectivity; but there's no hereditary insanity in the family. Great-gran'ther Grimme, who built the old house, died sane enough; and though Gran'ther Grimme had one or two grasshoppers in his head, they were rather whims that pertain to a powerful imagination than to approximate insanity. I remember the old man distinctly, though I was a mere boy then, and how, after a long discussion with my father, the old gentleman, by way of demonstrating his pet proposition, threw himself on the ground, or, rather, brought his ear close to the ground, and listened long and eagerly. 'I have it, Mortplain,' cried he, at last; 'the world *is* God's body—I hear the beating of its heart.' But that is neither here nor there," continued the doctor. "I staid and talked with Cece fifteen or twenty minutes after you went, and he's full of the old gentleman's ideas. He's going mad, too, and the question is—how to save him? Poor, poor Kitty!" sighed the old man, softly; "it would break her heart to hear of it, and yet she mustn't marry a madman."

Now, Kitty—that is, Kitty Mortplain—was Dr. Mortplain's niece, and engaged to be married to Cecil Grimme.

"However," said the old man, musingly, having obviously turned the whole matter over in his mind, "I'll never let *her* be taken to Grimme Lodge on the Weir, to run mad with the rest of them—never."

Kitty Mortplain was also known as Kitty Sunbeam—a sweet, lissom, gentle, sunshine-hearted little blonde, whose principal beauty was that, somehow or other, light radiated from her, somewhat as Phidias wanted the god to shine through his statues. And that she loved Cecil Grimme with all her heart and soul was just as obvious as that sunshine comes from the sun. Consequently, in saving Cecil Grimme, Dr. Mortplain would be saving Kitty, too.

And thus for weeks and weeks Dr. Mortplain and I noted the progress of Cecil Grimme's malady, the former doing what he could to keep up the patient's physical health. He was his old self always when he came to see Kitty, so that she never suspected; but the moment he entered that diabolical study another individuality seemed to possess him, and to throttle the real Cecil Grimme.

"Acts and talks just as his grandfather did," Dr. Mortplain would often say, after a visit to the lodge—"is the old man once again in everything. And yet I can't find any tangible reason for interfering and taking him in hand, and I can't tell Kitty yet, till there's no prospect of his ever coming out of it. He hasn't inherited any more insanity than everybody inherits; for, down deep in every human soul lies a latent lunacy, which a combination of circumstances may wake up. There is a substratum of madness in all humanity, which, once struck with the auger of experience, spouts up, and deluges the whole man with whims and phantasmagoria."

I, Stumpy, shook my head.

"Lunacy is merely comparative," said I, by way of agreeing as nearly as I could.

And Dr. Mortplain did not mention the matter again for several weeks, during which, though Mr. Grimme had improved in physical health, his malady had been making determinate progress, and now bordered upon that special form of insanity known as hallucination.

The doctor entered the office in a great hurry one afternoon, having passed the morning with Grimme.

"Stumpy," said he, "Cece Grimme has taken it into his head that my Kitty isn't the Kitty he's engaged to marry. I had a long discussion with him this morning. He declared that—

"'The knight of shadow
On a horse of shadow'

has carried off his Kitty, and hidden her somewhere in the woods beyond the weir, and he's talking about organizing an expedition to attempt her rescue. I pooh-poohed, but that was all the good it did. Pif! paf! pouf! No use wasting logic on a madman.

"'Your Kitty,' said he, gravely, 'is a phantasm, doctor. No doubt you think her real—but I tell you when the horseman carried off the Kitty Mortplain I am engaged to, he left a phantasm in the place of her, just to trick you and me, and imagining that neither would ever see through it. I've half suspected it all along, but didn't like to wound your feelings by mentioning the matter; and I'm going to get up a hunt and make an exploration of the whole woods.'

"What the deuce is to be done, Stumpy?" asked the old gentleman, gravely. "I shall have to tell Kitty, and then the thing is at an end."

"Not yet, sir," said I, by way of comforting him, and, I must confess, partly for Kitty's sake, who never called me Stumpy, and had, therefore, earned some title to my gratitude. "Hasn't Kitty an aunt living off in that direction somewhere, beyond or on the other edge of the woods?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "but what of it?"

"Why, send her on a visit to her aunt, of course. It'll take her out of the way, and give you an opportunity to work. Then humor the man's whim. Assist him to get up the expedition. Tell him you have information as to the exact location of the gorgon's castle. Take, eh?"

"I take," rejoined the puzzled representative of allopathy, gravely. "By Jove! the experiment's worth trying. There's no hereditary insanity in the family—only that young man is possessed by the whim of his grandfather; and there wouldn't be anything wrong in letting Kitty marry him. It's that cursedly fantastic old study that's responsible for it all. I'll take your advice, Stumpy."

And in less than a week Kitty had been duly packed off to her aunt's.

The very next day, who should call but Cecil Grimme, of Grimme Lodge on the Weir! And having been duly informed at the house that Miss Kitty was absent for a few days, Mr. Cecil appeared at the office, with a queer sort of triumph irradiating his face. Dr. Mortplain was in; and, the servants at the house having had their instructions, knew perfectly well that their replies had only served to mystify my Lord Whimsical quite to the top of his bent.

"Look here, Mortplain," was his first remark after the preliminary salutation, "what did I tell you, eh? So Miss Phantasm Kitty has left you, has she?"

"Yes," said the doctor, with a gravity quite commendable under the circumstances; "but I've traced out the real Kitty, and I'm going after her in force one of these days. She's been carried off, to be sure, as you say, and I've been prettily hoodwinked all these weeks by a counterfeit; but I'll have her back again in less than three weeks, or die in the attempt. She's incarcerated in a magic castle in the woods beyond the weir. But how the deuce I could have been fooled so all these weeks—that's what puzzles me!"

Grimme's eyes twinkled.

"Well, old fellow," he began, "I'm glad you've got to the bottom of the matter at last, and now I suppose you'll be ready to co-operate with me in the organization of the proposed expedition?"

"No need of that, my boy," rejoined Dr. Mortplain, seriously. "I've got hold of the secret of the spell that unlocks the magic castle and turns the ogress turnkey into stone, unless she gives up my niece. I'll compel her to come to terms easier than any armed expedition could. Mark that, Grimme. I'm practicing the spell daily, so that it shall not fail me when I come to try it."

And here Dr. Mortplain began to mumble some mumbo-jumbo, accompanied with strange antics and curious contortions, which he kept up until I began to think he had taken leave of his wits, as well as his patient, Mr. Cecil manifesting extraordinary symptoms of delight at the old gentleman's preternatural gymnastics.

"It isn't probable," remarked the doctor, having concluded his singular performance, "that I shall have to run through with the whole of it; very likely the magic words will be sufficient. But I have thought it proper to be able to repeat the whole spell, with its appropriate gesticulations, if necessary."

"And you're sure it will work?" half queried, half asserted Mr. Cecil, adding, "Of course it will work, and it's the very thing for the occasion."

"Sure!" answered Dr. Mortplain. "Certainly I am. The spell was communicated to me by a lady who had escaped from the castle of the ogress in the woods beyond the weir, who has the power of taking the form of an invisible knight on an invisible horse, and thus spirits away the most beautiful girls in the country."

Grimme was satisfied.

"Look here, Mortplain," laughed he, "you and I will take the journey together. When shall it be? And wasn't it funny that it should have been two or three weeks before I found out that I was paying court and making love to an apparition? That's the best of it! And I'd have married the apparition, too, if, somehow, the trick hadn't dawned on me one day when I was in my study."

Dr. Mortplain gave vent to an exclamation under his breath, that sounded suspiciously like an English derivative of the Latin *damnare*, followed by the word *study*, preceded by the usual article.

"And look here, Mortplain," continued Grimme, jubilantly. "By Jove! just to revenge myself on the ogress, I'll marry the real Kitty right before her eyes, and compel her to witness the ceremony. Wouldn't it be capital, eh?"

Dr. Mortplain agreed, after some deliberation, that it would be the most capital thing in the world, and, Cecil Grimme having taken leave, rode over to see Kitty at the castle of the ogress, and arrange for the wedding; also to let her aunt into the plot as far as might be necessary to render its workings effective.

The day came, but only Dr. Mortplain's repeated asseverations of unlimited confidence in the efficacy of his spell prevented Mr. Cecil from organizing a formidable band of retainers, armed and equipped after the manner of those of ancient knights-errant; though I have no doubt that the suggestion that weapons were useless in the magic world in which the campaign was to be conducted was also instrumental in convincing that whimsical gentleman that armed men would, probably, only serve to defeat his purpose, and to sentence the real Kitty to everlasting incarceration.

Be this as it may, the day came; and Mr. Cecil, Dr. Mortplain and myself (as assistant in the performance of the magic spell, which, unassisted, Dr. Mortplain did not feel equal to) started on the perilous mission of rescuing Miss Kitty from the dominion of the ogress; not in the panoply of honor, as would have been highly proper in a medieval expedition, but in full dress; and, having ridden a couple of hours, Dr. Mortplain acting as *cicerone*, the warlike trio, consisting of Dr. Mortplain, Stumpy and a lunatic, stopped in front of a neat, airy Italian villa, and proceeded to reconnoitre, finally coming to the decision to attack in front.

Grimme was half mad with nervousness, lest, observing the motions of the attacking party, and divining their intentions, the ogress should escape with her prey by way of the rear; while Dr. Mortplain and Stumpy—that's your humble servant—were half suffocated with laughter, not unmixed with a little apprehension lest some part of the programme should miscarry.

At the second bell-pull, the door was opened by a fantastically dressed and cronish old negress, when, with gesticulations that would have done honor to Burton as *Toodles*, Dr. Mortplain sternly demanded to see the lady of the house, who was waiting in the parlor, and whither the party was piloted with manifest trepidation on the part of the ancient negress.

Then began the drama. With a profound salaam, Dr. Mortplain saluted Aunt Millbank, who enacted the ogress to perfection by frowning savagely, and emitting some syllables of an unknown tongue.

"*Beraishith bava elohim*," began the doctor, solemnly, and in a basso an octave below Babcock's best in repeating Poe's "Raven," "*eth hashamagim ve-eth ha-avets*," indulging in pauses of contortion *ad libitum*, by way of enforcing the adjuration properly, while Grimme and I looked on, the former carefully noting the apparent effect of the spell on the ogress of the castle.

A spasm shook the frame of Aunt Millbank, which I have always suspected was laughter.

"*Ve ha-avets hayetha tohu va-vohu!*" groaned that lady, with a strange uprolling of the eyes. "*Ve hoshek al panai tehom!*"—with the utterance of the last, turning, with a despairing expression of countenance, to leave the room.

Dr. Mortplain nodded to Grimme at this moment, by way of assuring that gentleman it was all right, and that the spell had worked admirably, the latter returning the nod with another nod, in the manner of a vote of thanks; and presently Aunt Millbank returned, leading the real Kitty, red as a peony with blushes, and more of a sunbeam than ever for her residence in the castle of the ogress, *alias* Aunt Millbank.

A second spell—this less *outré* than the former—conjured a clergyman and sundry wedding-guests from the back parlor, the latter of whom Mr. Grimme, no doubt, took to be gorgons or dragons, or something of that sort, metamorphosed into men and women, in full dress, just for the occasion, and by virtue of the spell in question.

No matter. The play was played out without accident, and Cecil Grimme, with the real Kitty, started on their wedding-tour, with Dr. Mortplain and the ogress, to return to Grimme Lodge on the Weir in a few weeks.

"And mind you, Stumpy," was the doctor's last injunction to me, as he handed the ogress into his clarence—"mind you, Stumpy, and see that the Lodge is renovated from cellar to garret, and that the study isn't there when I get back, or I won't be answerable for the consequences to the patient."

And here ends the story of Grimme Lodge on the Weir—a new creation having taken its place in the interval of Mr. Cecil's absence. The maples thinned out a little; a bay window or two; the sunshine let in here and there; the weird allegories of Gran'ther Grimme expunged from the study; the addition of a little color here, the suppression of a little *fantesquerie* there—and Grimme Lodge was converted into one of the sweetest little rural gems

GRIMME LODGE ON THE WEIR.—"A LOW, RAMBLING, ONE-STORY HOUSE, WITH QUEER WINGS, THAT SEEMED AS IF THEY WERE TRYING TO CRAWL OFF AND SET UP FOR THEMSELVES."—SEE PAGE 170.

imaginable, with an utter exorcism of Gran'ther Grimme.

"I feel, doctor," said Mr. Cecil, a week after his return, "as if I had had a long and terrible dream, and I'm trying to remember parts of it. There was a strange old ballad in it, that I used to hum, day after day, in my dream at a dragon of a piano in the study; but I can't recollect a word of it. Only I have waked up with the dearest little sunbeam of a wife in the world, and I wasn't married when I went to sleep."

"And," said the doctor, commenting on Mr. Cecil's confession, to me, "I verily believe Cece was possessed by his grandfather. How else could he have known anything about the ballad of—

'The knight of shadow
On a horse of shadow,'

only to forget it again the very moment he came to himself? And how in the world should it have come to him like something he had once known (*when*, he couldn't tell), unless—— Well, science won't permit me to say what."

WOMAN AS A WARRIOR.—JOAN OF ARC.

It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it.

A weak mind is like a microscope. It magnifies small things, but cannot receive large ones.

WOMAN AS A WARRIOR.

By Janet E. Ruutz-Rees.

In discussing woman, we all, naturally, think of her from the feminine side of her character, and imagine her as displaying in various fields the sensitiveness and tenderness which are, as we suppose, her most appropriate qualities. We do not often pause to consider whether she may not have won laurels in fields more peculiarly adapted to the masculine qualities of physical courage and valor.

A glance at ancient history—some acquaintance with the records of earlier nations, oblige us to hesitate before we declare that no lasting honors have been won by woman as a soldier. Apart from isolated instances of heroic deeds, as in the instance of Joan of Arc, we shall find many feats of valor achieved by woman which merit a lasting place on the roll of fame.

Although we may scarcely feel inclined to give in our adherence to an old Chinese tradition, which affirms that, but for the wisdom of certain mandarins, the weaker sex would have gained the ascendency in the Celestial Empire, we may by inquiry ascertain that women on more than one occasion have proven formidable antagonists.

That the ancients believed in woman as a warrior is evident from the fact that so many of the tutelary deities of war were females. The Goddess of War had the supreme direction of military matters, and very often proved by her wisdom infinitely superior to the more ferocious God of Battles.

Every nation among the earlier peoples held a similar belief. The Egyptian Goddess Neith was supreme symbol of war, philosophy and wisdom, and was variously represented by the lioness or vulture. Minerva exercised a like sway over the Greeks and Romans, as did also Bellona, sister of Mars, the god of war. Victory, too, in the olden days was symbolized by the feminine goddess —in Egypt called Napthe, and represented by the eagle; in Greece and in Rome worshiped as Victoria, upon whom offerings of the richest kind were lavishly bestowed.

THE WOUNDED AMAZON, IN THE MUSEUM OF THE CAPITOL, ROME.

In the East, among the Brahmins, Durga or Katyayini presided over all warlike enterprises, and was fitly represented with ten arms and hands, in each of which she held a weapon of offense or defense; while the belief of the Western nations in a woman's power is shown by the fact that our British forefathers prayed to Andate, or Andraste, Goddess of Victory.

The Gothic race elevated to the rank of deities—

> "Those dread maids whose hideous yell
> Maddens the battle's bloody swell";

showing that they took a leading part in every battle

fought upon the earthly sphere, choosing heroes from the ranks and carrying them to Valhalla, the Paradise of the Brave.

Not in the Old World only is such belief fundamental in ancient religions. When the Spanish conquerors entered Mexico, they found, among other hideous monsters worshiped by the people, a frightful object, named Teoyamiqui, who was the presiding goddess of war, and wife of the equally hideous Huitzilopochi, the Mars of that country. It is a little amusing to learn that, although like the Gothic goddesses, she was supposed to snatch heroes from the bloody battlefields, she changed them, directly she had them in Elysium, into humming-birds.

A knowledge of such religious belief rather inclines us to accept the fact of the existence of Amazons in the past. Gibbon declares it to have been *almost* impossible; Plutarch considers the early accounts of women's martial feats as clearly resembling fable and fiction; while Herodotus, Deodorus, and others, believed in their existence and marvelous achievements.

It is interesting to consider the origin imputed to them by Justin. He narrates how a colony of many hundred men and women emigrated from Assyria to the shores of the Black Sea, and settling there, were in the course of time overwhelmed by the inhabitants of the neighboring districts, and every male among them slain. Then the women, in self-defense, took up arms, and expelled the foe from the country. Having succeeded in this, they henceforth repudiated matrimony, calling it slavery, and vowed never to speak to men, except upon certain seasons of the year. Upon these occasions they visited neighboring countries, entered into relations with men, and returned to their own dominions; when male children were born to them, they either strangled them or distorted their limbs, or, as Philastratus and other historians affirm, sent them back to their fathers; the girls they reared in warlike exercises, cutting off the right breast in early childhood, that they might better hold the bow and hurl the dart. This is supposed to have been the origin of the name "Amazon," which is derived from two Greek words signifying wanting a breast.

At one time (so history asserts), the Amazonian Kingdom extended over the whole of Asia Minor and India, besides a great part of Italy; and from the same source we learn that Cadmus, the founder of Thebes, was married to an Amazon named Sphynx, B.C. 1550.

Pliny ascribes the invention of the battle-ax to an Amazon queen, Myrene, known to us as the mother of the beautiful Penthesilea, who led the chosen body of Amazons to the assistance of Troy, and died by the hand of Achilles.

From this date till the reign of Alexander the Great, 330 B.C., we hear no more of the Amazons; but amongst the many who came to visit the great conqueror at Zadracata, the capital of Hyrcania, was Minithya, an Amazon queen, who expressed her disappointment at finding him "such a little man."

And here all record of the Amazons as a people ends; but according to Herodotus, the Sarmatians in Scythia were their descendants. The women of this warlike race dressed as men, and fought with their husbands in the field. No maiden could marry until she had killed a man, and Herodotus quaintly says: "It sometimes happened, therefore, that many women died single at an advanced age."

A new reason for remaining a spinster, at least!

Deodorus writes of Amazonian tribes in Africa, and modern historians mention a warlike and vindictive tribe of female warriors in the Caucasian mountains in the seventeenth century, instancing the travels of Lamberti, a Neapolitan monk, who inspected the suits of armor worn by these women.

During the reign of Charles II. of England, Chevalier Chardin, a Huguenot refugee traveler in Persia, brought home reports of a tribe of Amazons who held many of the kingdoms of the Caucasus in awe, but admitted that he never met any of them.

All these records are necessarily mixtures of fact and fable. Probably Semiramis is the earliest female warrior whose positive existence can be well authenticated, and comparatively little is known of her. As to the date of her existence, there are eight distinct statements about it, the earliest making her live 2,177 years B.C., and the latest placing the date of her exploits 713 years before the Christian era.

Authentic history seems to have decided that she first distinguished herself at the siege of Bactria, where she accompanied her husband, Menon, one of the officers of the Assyrian armies, and that King Ninus, smitten with the bravery and the energy with which she herself carried on the assault of the city, demanded her of her husband, and when Menon refused, exercised his kingly power, cast him into prison, and had his eyes put out; death soon releasing the unfortunate man from his sufferings, the King at once married the widow, and Semiramis became Consort of Assyria. Once installed in this position, her ambition knew no bounds. She induced the King to yield the supreme power into her hands, and as a reward had him thrown into prison and put to death. Then she carried on a victorious career, extending her conquests far beyond the Indus; and, emboldened by successive victories, penetrated into the heart of India, where, however, she was wounded, and finally defeated by the native King. Returning to Assyria, she abdicated in favor of her son, and some historians say that she was murdered at his instigation. The Athenians deified her, and worshiped her under the form of a dove!

Cyrus, the greatest conqueror the world has ever seen, received his first and last defeat from a female general, Queen Tomyris, who, being the widowed sovereign of the warlike Massagetæ, who were attacked by Cyrus, collected her forces and led the Persians into such a narrow pass, that they found it impossible to escape her furious attack, and were all slain, with their King.

Roman conquest was resisted by more than one female warrior: Cleopatra of Egypt, Candace of Ethiopia, and, most formidable of all, Boadicea, the British warrior-queen, who defied them by her intrepid spirit. The description of the Queen of Britain, as she led her forces against Suetonius, has been given by an early historian. He speaks of her as a woman of lofty stature, with a noble if severe expression, and complexion of dazzling fairness, her long, yellow hair floating to her feet; and as clothed in a tunic of various colors, confined at the waist with a zone of gold. Defeated by the overwhelming force of the Roman invaders, Boadicea put an end to her existence by poison. More than five thousand women enlisted under her banner—many of them old and decrepit, but all inspired with their belief in her, and all trained to the use of arms.

The women of Scotland were equally warlike. An edition of old prints published in the last century in England, giving the dresses of ancient nations, contains three plates—one representing a Caledonian woman dressed in short petticoats and fully armed, and two others which show the wife and daughter of a Pict; they are naked, and tattooed, and hold in either hand weapons of war—a lance and darts.

In their enterprises the warlike tribes of Germany were always accompanied by their wives and daughters.

During the glorious days of the Roman Empire, matrons entered the lists in the amphitheatre, and afforded intense delight to the satirists of the day, who were never weary of holding the matrons up to ridicule. Juvenal suggests an auction of his wife's martial equipment. "Who'll give most," he cries, "for her corset, helmet and gauntlets?" But, in spite of satire, the females of Rome were more than once banded into corps of warriors, in imitation of the Amazons. Nero insisted on equiping all the women of his seraglio with battle-axes and bucklers.

During the Crusades, women of all ranks distinguished themselves. "Squadrons of females" followed King Louis of France to the Holy Land, and ranged themselves under the banner of the Templars. Even little children were in the ranks, so great was the enthusiasm felt for the cause.

When, in 1333, Edward III. of England invaded Scotland, the Earl of March being absent, his countess defended the Castle of Dunbar. She was called "Black Agnes," and for five months performed all the duties of a bold and skillful commander. The Earl of Salisbury, who conducted the assault, had a great admiration for her valor, and exhausted all his energies in his attempts to circumvent her—finally attempting to reduce the tower by famine; but, after a siege of thirteen weeks, he withdrew his forces, and left Black Agnes mistress of the field.

During the protracted wars between England and France in the fourteenth century, several Frenchwomen distinguished themselves in the battlefield. The best known are the Countess of Montford, the Countess du Guescelin and Jane de Belleville, who distinguished herself by cruising round the coast of Normandy. She, however, was a traitor to her country, and in revenge for her husband's death—he having been accused of holding secret intelligence with the English—she attacked every French ship that neared her native shores, and often landed and ravaged the country for miles. She was constantly seen, a sword in one hand and a torch in the other, gloating over the smoking ruins of the villages she had laid waste. She was an almost solitary instance of a female corsair.

Denmark is proud of another heroine of the same period—Margaret, daughter of King Waldemar, who, upon the death of her son Olaus, mounted the throne, although the female successor was not recognized, and by her beauty so gained the hearts of the people, that she was further elected Queen of Norway. Not content with this, she marched into Sweden, and for seven years carried on a devastating war; and finally, by the treaty of Calmar in 1397, was proclaimed Queen of the three Scandinavian countries.

The fifteenth century brings us to the exploits of Joan of Arc, upon which it is unnecessary to dwell, so familiar are they in every detail. Within the present century it has been proposed to canonize her.

From that day to the present, history teems with instances of female heroism and valor.

France had, in later ages, a noble heroine in Phillis de la Tour du Pin, known as the "Heroine of Dauphiny." Such was her force of character that her dying father committed his wife and his other children to her care, reversing the usual order. But she could not only manage a household and an estate, but could take part in the affairs of her time. Trained to the use of arms, she assembled the gentry of her province, on the troubles that followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and marched to Gap to meet the Duke of Savoy. They were already retreating, but she pushed on, overtook them in the mountains, cut them to pieces, and delivered Dauphiny. Count Caprara tried to avenge this defeat, but Phillis beat him, as she had beaten his master.

She laid down her arms when peace was restored. Such was the universal respect felt for her military skill, that when the Huguenots raised the standard of revolt all called upon her to assume command. Her heart forbade it. Among the leaders of the insurgents was her early playmate and lover, Raymond de Berange. She witnessed his death on the scaffold, and remained true to his memory till her own soul took its flight.

In the ranks of the Italian banditti, women have been enrolled from time immemorial; too often utterly unsexed by their profession, and guilty of crimes of rapacity and violence. Spanish records give us many instances of the same kind.

After the discovery of America, women, imbibing the adventurous spirit of the age, embarked with their husbands and lovers, and came to the New World.

In the sixteenth century, when Cortes set off upon the voyage which resulted in the conquest of Mexico, he was followed by six hundred soldiers, most of whom were accompanied by their wives, who, in the sufferings that followed, did much to inspirit the men. One of these heroines has written her own history, which exhibits her extraordinary valor, but also her savage cruelty and rapacity. She served in the ranks, disguised as a man, and received promotion before it was known that she was a woman. Her real name was Catalina de Erauso, but she served as Alonzo Dias. Her lawlessness was so great that she chose the lowest characters as associates; twice narrowly escaped hanging; quarreled with and stabbed a gentleman in a gambling house, and finally became so notorious that she fled for refuge to the sanctuary of a church in Peru. Here she was exhorted to repentance; confessed her sex, and, by influence of the bishop, was pardoned and returned to Spain, where, by permission of the Pope, she was allowed to retain her masculine garb. She then devoted herself to commerce, and called herself Antonio de Erauso. The date of her death is uncertain, but her portrait is still preserved at Seville.

The name of Christina of Sweden is familiar to every student of history. Her love of everything warlike was so extreme, that the greatest disappointment of her life was that she could not study the art of war under her illustrious father, Gustavus Adolphus. When she resigned the crown of Sweden in 1647, she proceeded in state to Rome, and entered the Imperial City attired in the full costume of an Amazon, and mounted on a war-horse.

During the civil wars in England many of the Royalist women distinguished themselves. The Countess of Derby is, perhaps, the most celebrated, as she defended the family mansion of Lathom, in Lancashire, for three months, against the utmost efforts of the Puritan besiegers. Lord Derby was Governor of the Isle of Man, and had proceeded there to offer a refuge to the dethroned King, leaving his lady to represent him at home. The siege of Lathom House is a memorable one in the history of the civil wars, both on account of the heroism of Lady Derby, and in consequence of the immense loss the Parliamentary forces sustained. When Prince Rupert came to her relief, 1,500 of the besiegers lay dead on the field, and 700 were taken prisoners.

In the eighteenth century nearly every European army had its complement of women. Very little examination of recruits took place, and there were many reasons why women should prefer to follow their husbands, lovers and sons to being left behind, uncertain of their fate, ignorant

BOADICEA ROUSING HER BRITONS TO WAR.

whether they lived or died. Better the dangers of war than the long, dreary suspense of awaiting news.

So we find more instances than can probably be recorded—even to give the most notorious would fill a volume. Even in our own century women have distinguished themselves in war.

Early in the century the Maid of Saragossa immortalized herself, and won a place upon the roll of fame only second to that of Joan of Arc. Spain, wearied with resistance, had succumbed to the genius of Napoleon, and the town of Saragossa alone remained unconquered. Women of all ranks assisted in its defense, forming themselves into battalions of two and three hundred, and shirking no exposure or danger.

The French were so exasperated at the protracted defense offered by this single town, that they bribed the people in charge of a powder magazine to blow it up during the night. The enemy then pressed forward, and commenced a vigorous cannonade, and the consequent confusion in the city became fearful; the terror-stricken defenders were about to capitulate; the French were already pouring into the town through the breaches made by the explosion and their cannons, when the Maid of Saragossa appeared upon the scene, turned the fortunes of the day, and immortalized her name. Dressed in white, a cross hanging from her neck, her dark hair falling upon her shoulders, her eyes sparkling with the excitement of her resolve, she issued from the Church of the Donnas del Pillas, and disregarding the insults of the soldiers, passed through the streets to the ramparts. Mounting the breach, she seized a lighted match from the hands of a dying engineer, and set fire to his piece; then, kissing the cross, she exclaimed: "Death or victory!" and reloaded the cannon.

The despairing people were seized with fresh hope, enthusiasm filled each saddened heart, a great cry arose, "Long live Agostina!" and the fortunes of the day were changed.

The Maid of Saragossa remained at her post, as the men of the town rushed to the battery and opened new fire upon the foe; for the time the French enemy were repulsed, then finding the attempt by force hopeless, the French general determined to reduce the place by famine. It is easier to rush forward and face a foe in the flash and confused excitement of assault; it is another thing to lose hope hour by hour, to suffer want, and see death triumphant on every side, and yet to hold out with brave face and words of encouragement. After days of hunger a message was received from the French general, offering terms if the town would capitulate; Agostina was asked as to the reply to be sent. "War," she cried, "to the knife!"

Such an answer exasperated the French to an increasing pitch of frenzy. For eleven days and nights the devoted city was bombarded, until the interior was like the crater of a volcano. The French gaining partial entrance, every foot of ground was disputed by the citizens; they fought from street to street, from house to house—even from room to room. Wherever danger was, there was Agostina, not only encouraging and fighting, but directing, commanding; and rewarded at last by the retreat of the baffled enemy, even although the town lay worn out and powerless after the terrible stress of a prolonged siege.

Every reward was offered to the Maid of Saragossa, but she declined everything but permission to serve as an artilleryman, and to take the surname and arms of Saragossa.

At the ultimate fall of Saragossa, after the second siege, she was taken prisoner, but made her escape, and lived for many years at Seville. There Byron saw her, and Sir John Carr, an English diplomat, describes her at the same date as about twenty-three years of age, with soft and pleasing face and very feminine manners. She died only twenty-four years ago.

But the Peninsula could boast of another heroine beside the Maid of Saragossa. In 1810 old Fort Matagorda, at Barossa, was attacked by the French, and though the English force numbered less than fifty, they held it for nearly two months. The wife of Sergeant Reston, of the Scots Brigade, won herself the title of Heroine of Matagorda, by her cool and unflinching courage and self-devotion. She tended the sick and wounded under a murderous fire, and when a drummer-boy flinched from the task of going for water, she exclaimed: "The peur bairn is frightened, and no wonder. Gie the bucket to me." She then rushed through a hurricane of fire, and got water for the wounded; nay, when a bullet cut the rope-handle and spilt her pail, she turned coolly back and refilled it. In every service and duty

THE HEROINE OF DAUPHINY.

she was always side by side with the bravest, and the commander long spoke of his last sight of her shielding her child from fire by exposing her own person. She was one of the few survivors, and died at an advanced age at Glasgow.

Nearer still to our own day we have the devoted wife of Garibaldi, Anita, a Brazilian by birth. She accompanied her husband on all his campaigns, sharing every danger, and acting in every respect as a soldier. She had many perilous escapes during the war for Brazilian independence, and afterward took a leading part in Garibaldi's campaigns in Italy and Austria. Throughout the siege of Rome she was by his side, but when he escaped to Venice she died alone, worn out with fatigue and exposure, at a little village near Ravenna.

THE HEROINE OF MATAGORDA.

Twelve years ago a good deal of comment was excited by a statement that Lopez had enrolled a corps of women under his standard; Lopez's petticoat army was sufficiently ridiculed, but very little was afterward heard of this Amazonian body, and only a few anecdotes relate to the bravery of one or two exceptional women among them.

During the terrible conflict in India, the horrors of Lucknow, Delhi and Cawnpore, women bore the horrors of the campaign as bravely as men. One of the foremost leaders of the unparalleled cruelties of that mutiny was the Ranee of Jhansi. The frightful atrocities committed in the name of this one woman are almost incredible. She instigated, if she did not assist at, the massacre of Cawnpore, standing by to see the brains of helpless children dashed out upon the stones, and jeering at the white complexion of the hapless European ladies whose heads she ordered to be chopped off.

When England, outraged and mad with the insults offered her, sent forces to arrest Jhansi, with orders to take the Ranee alive or dead, the most spirited resistance was offered. The wretched woman headed her troops, defended the town to the last, and then, under cover of night, fled with three hundred followers; and marching some miles, intercepted the English commander, and forced an engagement. Thence the Ranee proceeded to Gwalior, which town she defended, until she lost her life by a bullet or shell. Her body was never found—it was probably burnt by her followers. She has been called the Boadicea of India. After her death all spirit left the mutineers, and peace was restored.

Female Sepoys are still to be found in India, trained and employed exactly like men, but they are no longer formidable.

During the Crimean War a sensation was created in Constantinople among the Europeans gathered there,

when Kara Fatima—Fatima the Black—rode into the city of the Sultan at the head of her Kurds, to battle for the cause of the Prophet. Instead of sending her troops under an officer, in obedience to the summons of the Chief of Islam, she led proudly to the Sultan her gayly clad warriors, with their arms of Damascus steel; a woman advanced in years, but every inch a warrior, and looked up to as such by her veterans, men ready to follow her to the death.

Perhaps we cannot better close our slight sketch of women as warriors than by an account of the Amazonian soldiers in Bantam, a tributary of Holland, where, only seven years ago, a correspondent speaks of the government as being entirely in the hands of women, the sovereign indeed being a man, but the council composed of three females. All the State authorities, court functionaries, military commanders and soldiers without exception are women, the men being agriculturists and farmers. The King's body-guard is composed of the female *élite*, Amazons riding in the masculine style, wearing steel points instead of spurs. Swinging a lance gracefully, they carry the musket, which they discharge at full galop. If the King dies childless, a hundred of the Amazons assemble, in order to choose one of their own sons, who is then proclaimed King.

Thus we see that woman in every quarter of the world has distinguished herself in war—not only by isolated deeds of heroism, but by protracted marches, wearisome performance of routine duties, the superintendence and command of armies.

Unfortunately, most of these historical records tend to show that, in proportion as woman has assumed the man's part in this his more particular field, she has lost the tenderness and sympathy of her sex, and become hardened and too often cruel and rapacious. We feel scarcely inclined to indorse Plato's reflection in his lamentation, that the lives of women should be spent in domestic duties—arguing that if girls were trained as boys, they would soon cease to be the weaker sex, and distinguish themselves in fighting as well as their lords and masters. A higher civilization disposes us rather to direct our influence against the martial spirit in man, and doubly so in woman, even while we admit that in times of necessity history abundantly proves her to have been equal to any stress laid upon her, and invaluable in her inspirations of husband, lover, and son.

In these days, her choice no longer lies between the distaff and the musket. Many fields are open—fields upon which she may gain more enduring renown than in any siege or battle-ground; although, should occasion arise, she will no doubt be found there in the future, as in the past.

SAMOYEDE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

We are informed that when a young Samoyede desires to marry, and has come to some understanding with the damsel of his choice, he visits her father's *choom*, and with a short stick taps him, and then the mother of the maiden, on the shoulder. He then demands the girl in marriage, and offers the father and mother a glass of vodka, which he has brought with him. As a token of his good-will, the father drinks the vodka; he tells the young man he has no objection, but that he must ask the girl's consent. The preliminary ceremony of asking papa having been gone through, the young man retires.

A few days later he comes again to the choom, this time accompanied by what servants he has, and provided with plenty of vodka. His retinue remain outside while he enters the choom, and seats himself by the side of his lady-love. The father hands the young man a glass of vodka; he drinks half, and hands the half-full glass, under his left arm, to the girl, who finishes it. The father then gives his daughter a glass of vodka, who in like manner drinks half of it, and presents the remainder with her left hand under her right arm, to her lover, who drains the glass. After this the father hands a piece of raw flesh to the young man, who eats it, and then takes a piece from the floor, eats half, and presents the other half under his left arm to the girl to finish. She, in her turn, takes a piece of raw flesh from the floor, eats half, and likewise hands the other half under her right arm to the young man to finish. Then follows the eating and drinking that in barbarous as in civilized nations is considered necessary to ratify the ceremony.

Before night an old man, called a *chamman*, a kind of magician or medicine man, carrying a drum, visits the choom; of him the bridegroom asks certain questions concerning his bride. If the old man knows nothing against her he begins to play upon his drum, and the marriage is completed. If, however, the magician speaks evil of the girl, then the young man has the option of leaving her there and then; or if he be still enamored of her charms, it is open to him to bargain with her father to take her for a month or a year on trial. At the expiration of the time agreed upon, if the pair suit each other they consider themselves married for life. On the other hand, should they not agree, they can separate at the end of the time specified; but in that case the man must provide for any children born within the period. After the marriage festivities are over, the young couple are left alone in the choom of the bride's father.

It is customary for the bridegroom to present his bride with the skin of a black fox. The girl's father gives his son-in-law a choom, with all its appurtenances, and five, ten, twenty or thirty reindeer, according to his wealth. If the bridegroom be rich, he gives his father-in-law money to the amount sometimes of 200 roubles.

THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

A multitude of questions on the subject present themselves. What are these hundreds, and how many in number? Where are they situated? Why have they a steward, and has he any duties to fulfill? Is he paid, whether for duties or no? Why do members of Parliament so frequently ask for and obtain the stewardship? Let no one be ashamed of ignorance on these points; he has plenty of intelligent and well-informed men to bear him company and keep him in countenance. Just a few words concerning locality. The Chiltern Hills extend in a diagonal line across many counties, including Berks, Bucks, Herts, and Bedford, and present different characteristics in different parts. That portion which traverses the County of Buckingham was in old times nearly covered with forests of beech-trees, grand and magnificent, but infested with robbers who had nothing of the romance of Robin Hood and Maid Marian in them. The Crown, as a means of protection to the neighboring inhabitants, appointed a steward or bailiff to the Chiltern Hundreds of Stoke, Desborough, and Bodenham or Bokenham. He had a business office, duties to perform, and a salary for performing them.

A sweeping change has long ago taken place. Forest, robbers, place of business, duties, salary, all have vanished. But—and this is the singular part of it—the nominal office is still kept up, because it lends itself to a

very peculiar stratagem or manœuvre adopted to extricate members of the House of Commons from an occasional dilemma. If the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds happen not to be vacant at the time when some member wants it, that of the manors of East Hendred, Northshead, and Helpholme will answer the same purposes.

A very remarkable usage of Parliament is the main cause to which all this is due. Sir Erskine May, chief clerk of the House of Commons, and the leading living authority on all matters relating to the laws, rules, orders and proceedings of that branch of the Legislature, tells us that a member after due election cannot resign his seat—whatever else he may do, he cannot do this. If he ceases to hold his membership, it is because in effect it is taken away from him willingly or unwillingly on his part. Hence arise certain manœuvres which are in reality shams. If he wish for any reason to resign his seat in the House of Commons, he asks for and obtains a post or office under the Crown—that of steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. Now, there is a law in force which enacts that for any office created or founded since the beginning of the last century, if a member accept it, he thereby at once forfeits his seat, and the House knows him not. If he hold no such office, but nevertheless wishes to resign his seat, he applies for the stewardship. The prime minister for the time being represents the Crown on this occasion. As a *pro forma* he nearly always assents, and the recipient may and often does surrender the honor on the very next day, when it has answered his purpose.

The office, as we have said, is merely nominal—no place of business or of meeting, no responsibilities, no duties, no powers, no salary or fees.

FELICIA.

THE two stood motionless as statues, and gazed at each other in a strange, ominous silence—the elegant man of the world, and the gray, pale little nun.

"I beg pardon," stammered Mr. Bates Sheldon, at last. "I was not expecting to see—Miss Katharine Sinclair."

No faintest tinge of color staining the marble pallor of her complexion, betrayed the heart so long ago walled up in rigorous, dumb solitude.

"That name was long since forgotten," she said. "I am Sister Katharine here. You would see Felicia? She shall come to you." And saying this, with noiseless step her little gray shape glided from his sight.

Mr. Sheldon was greatly disturbed. His fine, high-bred repose had received a rude shock. That ghostly, unlooked-for apparition was such an insolent reminder of things he would fain have forgotten—nay, had fancied forgotten. But lo! a touch, and they spring to life! To a man memory treasures for ever materials for his judgment, and any day may be Doomsday to him.

Mr. Sheldon rose, and walked across the room. It was not far to go. The high walls were paneled with old oak. The one long, wide window, set in a deep embrasure, was composed of a multitude of diamond-shaped panes, and looked into the convent garden, a quaint, sombre bit of greenery and bloom set among the crowd of castellated buildings.

From the one open side he saw the cathedral-tower and a reach of blue sky. No more. A thick-set hedge shut out whatever of the life of the street might otherwise have come into the quiet place.

A gracious antiquity brooded over the house and its environs. A place for old age to delight in; for a rich, happy maturity to be satisfied with; perhaps even for a heartsome home life to grow up in, woven, as it would be, of a thousand threads of habit and affection. But did the sun ever shine brightly here? Did the birds sing gayly? Was there enough warmth and light and richness for a young nature, transplanted in its prime, to take root in? Mr. Sheldon stood looking from the window. Some tame birds hopped about in the carefully kept walks. There was no blithesome singing; only from time to time a subdued, half-pathetic chirp. Poor things! Their wings were clipped. Did they ever long to fly away?

A curious doubt and perplexity came upon Mr. Sheldon's mind as he gazed into the little *parterre*. Had he done the right thing by his ward? or had he made a grave mistake? The last would be a very unpleasant reflection to him, for, beneath all his natural and acquired egotism and selfishness, Mr. Sheldon had a conscience—a very active conscience, too, when it was once thoroughly awakened.

In the midst of his disquiet a light step sounded in the corridor, a hand lingered timidly on the latch an instant, and then Felicia entered.

Mr. Sheldon turned hastily and went toward her. If he had thought about it at all, he had supposed he should take her in his arms and kiss her. Instead of that, he touched her hand gravely and respectfully. Even his "How do you do, my dear?" though there was a certain tenderness in the utterance, was as courteous as if he had addressed a queen.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Sheldon," said Felicia, with a curious, twilight smile.

"Thank you, my dear. Not the less glad, I hope, because I am to take you away with me."

"No; oh, no!" she said, with a repressed vehemence that startled him.

"Why, my child, you have been happy here, haven't you?"

"Happy?" she echoed. "I don't know, I'm sure. Sister Katharine says we must not look for happiness."

Mr. Sheldon's face flushed. Was he angry?

"Sister Katharine knows nothing about it," he said, sharply. "I tell you you have a right to be happy. What! A beautiful young girl, with all her life before her, not look for happiness? Preposterous!"

Felicia's eyes had been fixed upon him with intense earnestness. As he spoke her color rose slowly, till all the fair face was a delicious crimson.

"I am glad you think me pretty," she said, with the sweetest simplicity.

"Pretty!"

That was a poor word, thought Mr. Sheldon. His ward was a beauty. How had she blossomed into such perfection in the single year since he had left her?

"I wonder what Roger will think?" he said, dreamily.

"Roger! Is he with you? Shall I see him?" demanded Felicia, impetuously.

"Roger is at the hotel. We are just home from Europe, you know. But come, are you all ready? Is your trunk packed? Then there's nothing to do but to see the Lady Superior, and make our adieus."

Felicia divined that he would be glad to get away, and said:

"I bade them all good-by this morning, only I must run back to Sister Katharine for a little last word."

"Make it short, then," he replied, with an impatience

that she wondered at as she hastened along the passage to the little room where she was sure to find Sister Katharine and her needlework.

One long, last look into the white, patient face of the nun, one long sob against the poor heart which held all that Felicia had known of love in her lonely girlhood, and then it was over, and she stood on the steps beside her guardian, bravely keeping down her sobs, smiling through her tears, and conscious, through all her sorrow, of an infinite relief and new accession of life. Another minute, and the carriage-door was shut, and the vehicle in motion.

Felicia looked up at the massive gray walls — saw them dimly through her tears; the iron rails of the balcony, where her doves had sat and cooed to her; the long, embayed window of the little chamber in the turret, where she cried herself to sleep years before, when she first came to the convent; and further on, the row of sunless windows opening into the nuns' dormitories, which had always seemed to her, what in truth they were, so many prison cells.

Withdrawing her eyes, they met those of her guardian.

"It looks like one of those gloomy old feudal castles where lovely ladies wept away their lives in the dark ages," said he.

"And you are the knight who comes to rescue the forlorn one," said Felicia, softly. Mr. Sheldon smiled. Only forty years old, handsome and rich and accomplished, it suited him well to be tenderly flattered by this charming little recluse.

He set about drying her tears—and everybody who knew Bates Sheldon knew how winning he could be.

When the carriage drove up to the door of the hôtel, and the din of the wheels had ceased, the sound of soft, silvery laughter fell upon the ears of the young man who sat idly on the veranda. He threw down his newspaper, looked a half-minute, smiled to himself, and then went, with graceful swiftness, down the steps.

A dark, handsome face, framed in by black, silky, curling hair, bold, beautiful eyes, and a smile at once audacious and sweet. This was what Felicia saw.

"You are Felicia!" he said, and the pressure of his hand upon hers was a caress.

"And you are Roger!" she returned, the warm blood leaping to her cheeks.

Mr. Sheldon watched this little tableau with an amused, cynical smile. Presently he put Roger aside quite coolly, and helped Felicia to alight.

"You can have a whole hour to yourself," he said. "After that, dinner, and at four the train leaves. Marie!"

A small, sallow woman, who had stood unnoticed in the hall, came up.

"This is your mistress, Marie. My dear, you will find Marie a very useful person. The rooms are all ready, Marie?"

The girl bowed, glanced at Felicia's proud, fresh young face, and then saying, meekly: "This way," she led her through long passages, and up intricate staircases, to the prettiest room in the cozy, antique hostelry.

"A lovely creature, isn't she?" and Mr. Sheldon faced his nephew.

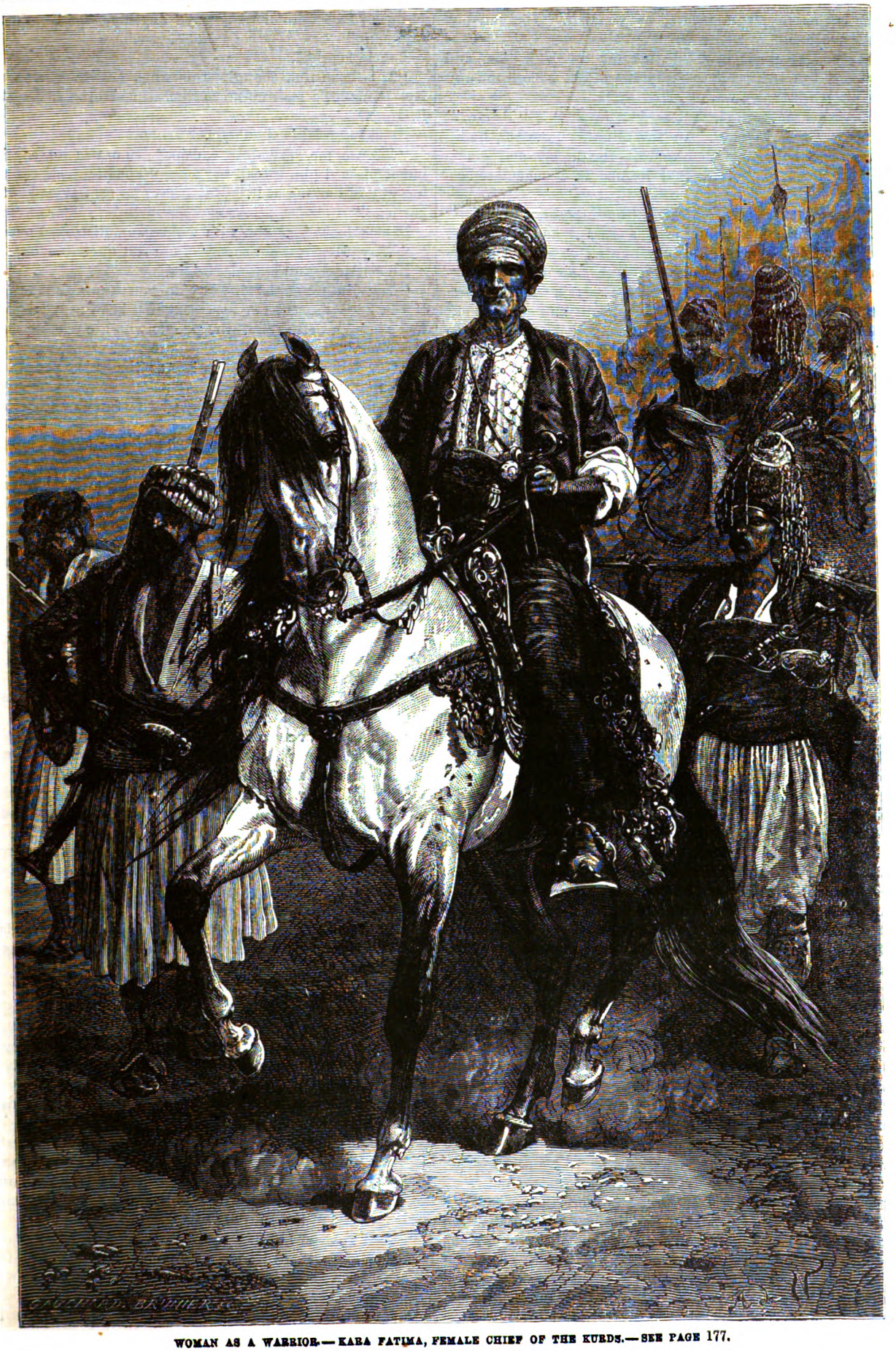
THE CAPTIVE AMAZON.—FROM THE STATUE BY GEOFFROY.

"Marvelously so!" said the young cavalier, quietly.

"And as actual a neophyte in the world's ways as any nun of them all."

Roger shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly. Mr. Sheldon looked at him and knit his brows.

"We must have no sentiment, Roger, mark that," he said, with emphasis. "I shall urgently object to having the bloom rubbed off this young creature, even to keep in



WOMAN AS A WARRIOR.—KARA FATIMA, FEMALE CHIEF OF THE KURDS.—SEE PAGE 177.

practice so perfect a master as yourself. You must let Felicia alone."

"My dear uncle, you do me too much justice, and yourself too little. Is it likely she would accord me any attention while you were by?"

Mr. Sheldon turned, muttered an impatient "Pshaw!" and sat down to read. In five minutes, however, he remembered that it was time to dress for dinner, and glancing at Roger, perceived that he was in immaculate costume.

"Roger never forgets himself," he thought, angrily.

Poor Felicia, meanwhile, was awkward and ill at ease. Her new freedom was already a burden to her. But yesterday a child at the beck of the nuns, now she was cumbered with a French maid. Not that Marie was not obsequious enough. She unlaced her boots, and combed out her long, flossy brown hair, with many exclamations as to its beauty; she shook out the sombre, pearl-colored silk dress, which was Felicia's state apparel, and pronounced it unique and altogether charming. But Felicia was heartily thankful to escape from her at last. She went roaming by herself through the semi-darkness of the corridor, where Mr. Sheldon came upon her unexpectedly, and started to see such a radiant vision emerge from the gloom.

Felicia ran up to him with delight in her eyes and in her voice, linked her arm in his, and tripped along by him as if he were, indeed, her only friend.

"It is so nice to be with you again," she whispered.

He looked flushed and pleased, and laid his hand caressingly upon hers.

"Isn't my little girl comfortable? isn't Marie——"

"Marie is very good and helpful, but I am the least in the world afraid of her," confessed Felicia, laughingly. "I never saw so fine a person in my life; and Roger, too—don't tell him, please—but I am more than a little afraid of him."

Mr. Sheldon laughed, called her an unsophisticated little nun, and so, chattering and merry, they entered the dining-room, where Roger waited.

He rose at sight of Felicia and stood till she was seated, with the air of a subject paying homage to his queen.

To the depths of her innocent, romantic heart, Felicia felt this chivalric homage. Imagine it! A young girl with a head full of romance and a heart full of love, fresh from a lonely and restrained romantic life, now suddenly become the first object of interest to two men, one young, the other with the finer, rarer charm of ripeness, and both of them more winning than most men, when it suited them to be so.

She journeyed like a princess. It was as if the fresh wonders that she saw had been created expressly for her.

Mr. Sheldon had arranged it so that they reached Glenmary in the afternoon. The level shadows lay long on the lawn, the dark woodlands were cut against a golden sky, and every pinnacle and turret, every broad window, glistened and gleamed in midday splendor.

Such places as Glenmary are rare in our country. Generations of wealth and culture go to the making of them, and once made, it seems as if they had a reflex influence upon their owners. Mr. Sheldon had more than ever the air of a grand lord, and Roger the appearance of the princely heir to a noble domain, when once they had reached Glenmary.

With all its beauty and seclusion, Glenmary was only an easy distance from town. In another week, Roger assured Felicia, the house would be full of guests.

"My uncle keeps a great Summer hotel, with this difference—that here nobody pays anything for his entertainment."

Felicia laughed.

"It is beautiful, though—this wide, generous hospitality. It makes a man noble to himself and others. Doesn't it, Roger?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Excuse me, my dear cousin." She was no cousin, but it pleased him to call her so. "That is your charming way of looking at it. But I have no sentiment—not a particle."

Felicia looked at him with wide-open, dismayed eyes.

"Why, Roger, I am sure you are full of sentiment."

He smiled with amused disdain.

"You little neophyte, what do you know about me? If you knew me as I am—— But that is an ugly subject. Let us find a better one—the people who are coming here this week."

"Oh, tell me about them! Are they nice people to know?"

"Nice, child! Don't you know the Sheldons consort with the best society?"

"Be serious, Roger. I am afraid of you in that mocking mood."

"Your pardon, fair Felicia. First, there is Mrs. Fellows—a widow, blonde and beautiful. I fall in love with her every Summer, and fall out again every Autumn."

"Go on," said Felicia, frowning a little.

"The Beaumonts come next. Papa and mamma round and obese, the demoiselles Dora and Margery so celestially beautiful that no man as yet has dared to woo them to shine by his hearth."

"Are there no gentlemen?"

"What! More worlds to conquer, little one? Not satisfied with making abject slaves of us——"

"Hush, Roger! I don't like such talk. You are making fun of my ignorance."

"Your ignorance is infinitely charming to me. May you keep it as long as I live. To return. There is young Oswald—mainly mustache and necktie—and Seymour and Conway. They will talk to you about trouting and the backwoods; and Tommy Merton, horsey, but a good fellow, and——"

"Roger, I am convinced you slander my dear guardian's guests. I have no doubt they are all refined gentlemen like himself—and you."

Roger smiled suavely.

"A bitter dose, with a sugar-plum to follow. Felicia, you have in you the making of a consummate woman of the world."

The girl shuddered.

"Don't!"

"Why don't?"

"You frighten me. I'd rather go back to the convent than become such a heartless creature. I pray every day that I may be kept pure and pious."

Roger looked at her. Something tender shone across his smile.

"Poor child! I'm not sure but the convent is best. Go back to it, Felicia, before all your sweet innocence droops and dies. Be the bride of heaven, and never know the happy sorrow of love, the delirium of passion, and the bitter loss of the illusion."

"Roger! Roger!" cried the girl, "you talk like Sister Katharine. Is there no such thing as living innocent in the world? Does loss always follow love, and are all dreams a mockery?"

Her cheeks were flushed, her voice passionate and tender, hot tears swam in her eyes.

Roger turned to answer. A footfall disturbed them. It was a servant approaching. They looked up at the house—a light shape flitted across one of the windows.

"Mrs. Fellows is come!" said the servant.

Was it cloud crossing the sun, which so suddenly shadowed all the landscape, and Roger's face as well? He spoke, and all the resonant sweetness had gone out of his voice:

"Tell Mrs. Fellows I shall have the pleasure of paying my respects to her presently."

As the servant disappeared, he said:

"Come, Felicia! You've heard the old saying about our demon being nearest when we are happiest."

His tone was hard, and the hand by which he sought to draw her on had something fierce in its clasp. Felicia gazed at him almost affrighted.

"I thought you loved Mrs. Fellows," she said, simply.

He laughed sardonically.

"I love her as a man loves his evil destiny." Then, glancing at her face: "Dear child, do I frighten you? Go to your flowers and birds. Forget this scene—forget everything that is not pleasant to remember."

He kissed her hand with knightly courtesy, and went swiftly across the courtyard, entering the house by a private door, which led to his own rooms.

Felicia lingered a minute, then she slowly went on till she came to a miniature conservatory which opened from her own dainty sitting-room. With that affluence of generosity which characterized all he did, her guardian had set apart these lovely apartments for her special use. Here pallid lilies and fiery-hearted roses, daphnes odorous with the breath of heaven, and violets blue as its translucent walls, bloomed in a sweet society. Birds sang in their gay, flower-embowered cages, and a splendid macaw made himself at home. Two pet kittens, soft and white as snow, left their downy cushions to purr at her feet, and woo the caresses always so lavishly given.

But Felicia's heart was in a tumult of emotion. Tears crowded her eyes. New passions convulsed her innocent heart.

"He goes to this beautiful woman whom he loves and hates, and sends me to my birds and flowers. Why do they treat me like a child? I, too, am a woman! Dear heaven, how I suffer!"

It was all as new as it was terrible. A strong nature, first made aware of its capacities, reels and falls too often under their weight. Felicia could not in the least analyze her emotions. Her wretchedness she knew, and in her passion and terror she called aloud upon her guardian. As if to answer the appeal, a door opened, a step crossed the vestibule, and, amazed and perplexed, Mr. Sheldon stood upon the threshold. In another minute she was sobbing in his arms, and he was seeking, by every tender means, to learn the cause of her sorrow. How could she explain to him what was a mystery to herself? By-and-by her smiles shone out again—the brief storm was past. But was Felicia herself again? Deep, slow sighs came long after her tears were dried.

"I believe women really luxuriate in grief," said Mr. Sheldon, half frowning, not yet wholly pleased.

"Do they? It seems to me that we have much to suffer," said Felicia, looking at him with wan, beautiful eyes.

He gazed back at her gravely.

"When you are unhappy, my child, come to me," he said, with infinite tenderness.

The dinner-bell rang. Always the importunities of daily life scare away sentiment.

Felicia dressed herself exquisitely, and went downstairs. There were a dozen guests already. Shapes in variously colored clouds of diaphanous drapery saluted her. But Felicia remembered longest one in a mist of pale-green *crêpe*, a glory of yellow hair, and a dazzle of smiles, and a splendor of luminous eyes, and an alluring voice, and the other shapes floated around it in adoring circles, and called it Mrs. Fellows.

In a few days Felicia's vision cleared. These were commonplace mortals, and no gods or fays—all but Mrs. Fellows. To her she surrendered from the first. The magnetism of her pathetic eyes and plaintive voice the girl could not resist.

They talked of Roger, or the pretty widow did. And her motherly tenderness was beautiful to see.

"We are such old friends—Roger and I. He loved my poor husband. How can I help taking an interest in him? Anybody whom Roger loves must be dear to me," she said, expressively; and then, when Felicia's blushes burned her cheeks, she came to her and kissed her, and said that though no happiness was any longer possible to her, she could still know the delights of sympathy.

How beautiful Summer days went on! It seemed to Felicia like the splendid pageant of a dream. Little she dreamed to what wretchedness she would wake.

Roger was so kind. Every nerve in her susceptible, fresh nature thrilled to his voice, his look. One night somebody sang softly under her window—

"Come into the garden, love,
For the black bat Night has flown—
Come into the garden, love,
I am here at thy feet alone,
And the woodbine spices are all abroad,
And the musk of roses blown."

Felicia opened the window and stepped out. With passionate love shining in his eyes, Roger reached up and drew her down—down to his arms and tender kisses.

"My darling, I love you so!" he whispered.

It passed like a dream of the night, but the remembrance was enough for Felicia. Her poor young soul fed on it for days. But the end was close by.

One morning the saddle-horses were brought to the door. Felicia could not ride. In her little pony-carriage she drove everywhere, though she had no courage to mount. But she watched the gay party with pleasure. There was her guardian smiling upon her, Mrs. Fellows kissing her hand with infinite zest, and Roger giving her the one look that was more than others' speech.

Felicia stood by the steps of her pony-carriage as the equestrian party moved off. Dora Beaumont lounged over her novel. She had a sick-headache, and could not ride. She was always having a sick-headache, and being obliged to let the pleasures of life go by unshared. Naturally, she hated to see other people happy. Let us forgive her, poor girl. It was her bad liver, not her wicked heart.

"You don't think you are able to go with me, then, Dora?" said Felicia.

"Dear me, no! The sun would kill me. How absurd Mrs. Fellows looked, coquetting first with Mr. Sheldon, and then with Roger. At her age, too! Ridiculous!

"Mrs. Fellows is an old friend of Roger's and of my guardian's. There is no coquetry about it," said Felicia, with spirit.

Dora turned her heavy, jaundiced eyes upon her in broad surprise.

"You little goose! As if it wasn't patent to everybody. But then, poor thing, you've lived in a convent all your life, and how should you know anything?"

"What is it that is patent to everybody?" cried Felicia, desperately.

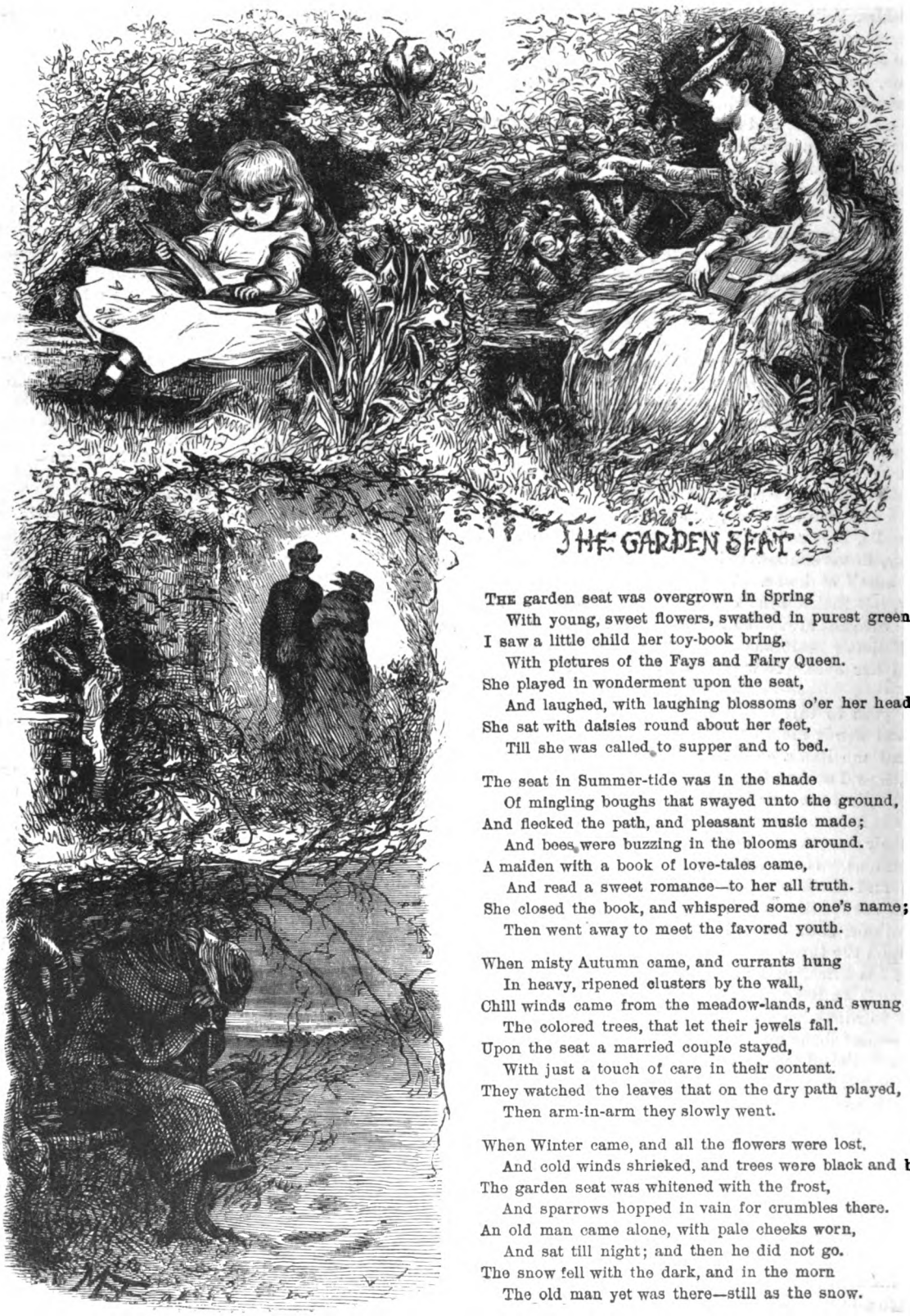
Dora gave a disagreeable laugh.

"Why, that Mrs. Fellows is in love with Mr. Bates Sheldon, and means to marry him. Roger does not mean that she or anybody else shall, because he is the heir if his uncle does not marry. So he flirts with her, and flatters her, and makes love to her, and keeps them apart, and Mrs. Fellows, who is as vain as she is selfish, oscillates between them. Don't you see?"

Felicia saw, and turned white with pain.

"But perhaps Roger loves her," she said, faintly.

"Loves her!" echoed Dora, with scorn. "Roger Sheldon loves no one but himself, nor ever will."

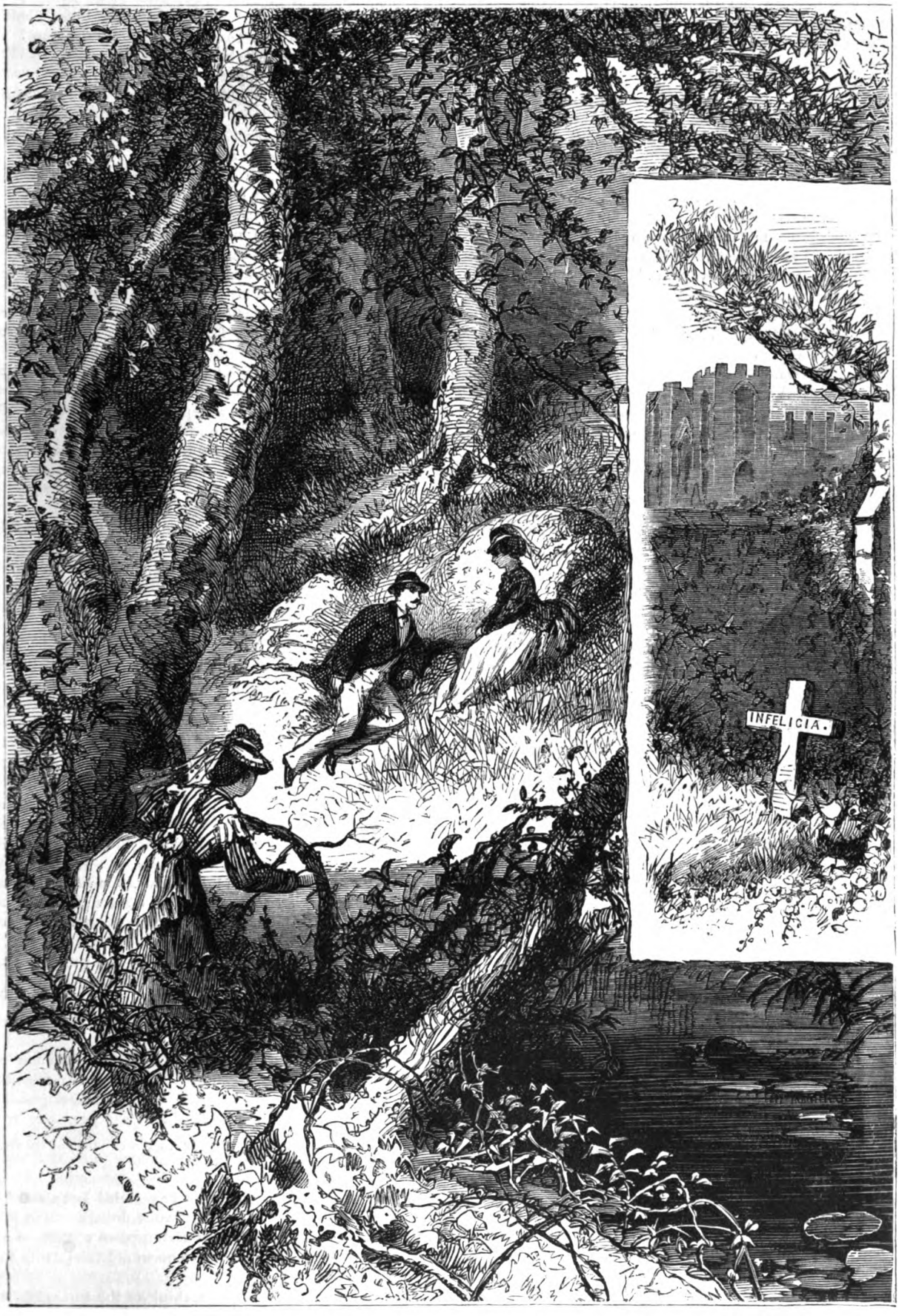


THE garden seat was overgrown in Spring
With young, sweet flowers, swathed in purest green;
I saw a little child her toy-book bring,
With pictures of the Fays and Fairy Queen.
She played in wonderment upon the seat,
And laughed, with laughing blossoms o'er her head;
She sat with daisies round about her feet,
Till she was called to supper and to bed.

The seat in Summer-tide was in the shade
Of mingling boughs that swayed unto the ground,
And flecked the path, and pleasant music made;
And bees were buzzing in the blooms around.
A maiden with a book of love-tales came,
And read a sweet romance—to her all truth.
She closed the book, and whispered some one's name;
Then went away to meet the favored youth.

When misty Autumn came, and currants hung
In heavy, ripened clusters by the wall,
Chill winds came from the meadow-lands, and swung
The colored trees, that let their jewels fall.
Upon the seat a married couple stayed,
With just a touch of care in their content.
They watched the leaves that on the dry path played,
Then arm-in-arm they slowly went.

When Winter came, and all the flowers were lost,
And cold winds shrieked, and trees were black and bare,
The garden seat was whitened with the frost,
And sparrows hopped in vain for crumbles there.
An old man came alone, with pale cheeks worn,
And sat till night; and then he did not go.
The snow fell with the dark, and in the morn
The old man yet was there—still as the snow.



FELICIA.—"FELICIA STOPPED. MRS. FELLOWS, IN HOLIDAY-DRESS, WAS SITTING ON A MOSSY ROCK, HER SEDUCTIVE EYES AND PEACH-BLOSSOM FACE BENT TOWARD THE ELEGANT CAVALIER WHO RECLINED AT HER FEET."— SEE PAGE 183.

Felicia did not speak, but slowly, and like an old woman, she climbed into the carriage.

She was stunned, and scarcely conscious of anything.

It was a picnic-party that day, and Felicia drove blindly on to the rendezvous. Somehow she missed it, and by-and-by endeavored to make her way through the woods. Over the soft, mossy forest floor she went silently. Suddenly a waterfall sang close by, and voices soft and low chimed in with its music.

Felicia stopped. The sunshine striking across the green leaves showed a pretty wood-picture. Mrs. Fellows, in holiday dress, sitting on a mossy rock, her seductive eyes and peach-blossom face bent toward the elegant cavalier who reclined at her feet. He speaks, with Roger's voice:

"You know, dear, I love you!"

"So you've told me, Roger, a good many times; but, somehow, I doubt you," and she perplexedly examines the fronds of a fern that she holds.

He laughs softly.

"You are jealous of Felicia—poor little nun! Confess it, my beautiful queen!"

He draws her radiant face nearer, and Felicia creeps softly away, and back to the pony-carriage; and so, quite aimless and stunned, she drives on. The ponies trot along the wooded road, turn into another, and presently are returning by the same way.

But Felicia does not know it. She does not see the two figures that step suddenly into the road from the thick court. But the ponies do, and they do not know it is only Mrs. Fellows's white dress that flashes out so awfully in the woodland gloom, and they give a wild plunge, and then on and on, over the steep, tortuous road, down into the rocky gorge where the stream runs, and at last there is an awful crash, and the ponies break loose, and people come around and pick up out of the wreck something white and limp and lifeless.

If this were only the last of it! If one might die now, and so escape all further sorrow! But Felicia lives. Through weeks of untold, dreadful sufferings she struggles up to a weary convalescence.

Roger walks up and down the veranda outside her door, and thinks that soon he shall see her. Thus far she has shuddered at his name. But the plea of weakness shall not keep him away much longer. Mr. Sheldon is with her much more than he likes. If his uncle should marry this girl, and so that splendid property pass away from his grasp! He ground his teeth fiercely.

Inside lay the poor pale little blossom. She had suffered—God knows how much! But the delirium had swept away much of the sharpest torture.

She had wept oceans of tears, and now her tired heart was resting a little, striking out feebly into new soil, fitting itself to a new love, that, less passionate than the old, was more tender and gentle, and instinct with a more heavenly grace. Mr. Sheldon was with her hours at a time. She grew to watch the door for his coming, her languid eyes lighted up at the sound of his step in the hall.

"This will never do," said Mrs. Fellows to herself. "The silly girl will marry Bates Sheldon, and all my hopes be ruined. Besides, there are poor Roger's prospects."

Mr. Sheldon came one day, and gazed delightedly at the pink flush which came to Felicia's cheeks.

"She is really better," he said.

Mrs. Fellows shook her head.

"If it was only the glow of health. But that hectic flush is as deceitful as it is lovely."

Hectic flush! Ugly words. They clutched his heart like the grip of a demon. For, with all his soul, all the fervor and strength of his ripe manhood, Bates Sheldon loved this girl. Great God, if she should die now! He went away with lagging steps.

Felicia tossed restlessly about.

"He staid too long, dear," said Mrs. Fellows, leaning over her.

"Oh, no! *He* never tires me," and Felicia drew away her hand from the lady's soft clasp.

There was a tigerish gleam in Mrs. Fellows's bright eyes, but her voice was low and sweet, as she said:

"He is very entertaining. And yet no one knows Mr. Sheldon who sees him now. If *I* knew him before the great trouble of his life came upon him!"

Felicia was wide awake now.

"Tell me," she said, with feverish lips.

It was a long story, and Mrs. Fellows must have been an agreeable *raconteuse*, for Felicia listened with rapt interest.

The gist of it was this: In his proud and ambitious youth Bates Sheldon had loved and been loved by a beautiful girl. When he was accepted, and the wedding imminent, he had ruthlessly deserted her to pay court to a richer, nobler woman. His punishment was that his new love repulsed him with scorn when she knew his shame, and the woman he had wronged retired broken-hearted to a convent.

"I suppose he hopes, by a single life, to atone for his wrong toward poor Katharine Sinclair, but I doubt if God ever forgives such sins," said Mrs. Fellows, with saintly piety.

"So he, too, is cruel and false!" murmured Felicia, and then lay quite still.

Nobody could guess why she sank so fast after this.

Mr. Sheldon hovered around her in agony. Passive and indifferent to all his mighty love, she seemed drifting away from him.

"Is there anything you would like, my darling?" he said, one day.

"Only to go back to the convent and Sister Katharine," she replied.

She had her heart's desire. A week afterward there was a fluttering among the nuns, and the great doors opened, as they had so often done, to receive the world-wounded soul.

Weeks came and went, and, at last, one day, the convent-bell sounded, and a grave was opened in the little sunny garden, and the prayers were said, and it was all over.

All over! That was what Bates Sheldon was thinking, when, suddenly, Sister Katharine stood before him.

"She left this letter for you," she said.

He read it, and bowing his head, wept like a child. Ah, this last was a bitter blow.

It was six months afterward that Roger Sheldon received a telegram from his uncle's lawyers. Mr. Sheldon had died suddenly at the hotel in M——. Roger gnashed his teeth as he read what followed:

"He left, by will, all his property to the convent of the Holy Sisters in M——."

Time brings its revenges. Roger married Dora, and her sick headaches and her fifty thousand dollars. Mrs. Fellows floats on the surface of watering-place society—a little, sallow, faded woman, whom one would tolerate for her amusing gossip.

Do they ever, either of them, think of the little grave in the quaint old garden far away, with its white cross, bearing the single word, "Infelicia"?

LA BELLE FERONNIERE.

While sauntering through the galleries of the Louvre and admiring the works which constitute the undying glory of France, your steps are suddenly arrested by a marvelous picture. It is that of a beautiful, proud woman, in the flower of her loveliness, who smiles at you ingenuously from the canvas. What an eloquently beautiful apparition! Her look is a command; her smile the embodiment of fascination. She is royally robed. Her dress is of imperial purple, fashioned in the old Roman style, and ornate with embroidery and bands of gold.

One can see that she is born to the purple. The purity of her polished brow is apparent through the glossy hair —arranged in *bandeaux*, kept in place by a silken band clasped by a single diamond with fire blazing from its crystalline heart. A queen among women, surely, by virtue of her pride, her grace, and her beauty!

You remain under the spell of her imperial glance, awaiting the mandate which is to issue from those eloquent lips: What would your Majesty of me? Command, and I will obey!

Ask of history the name of this ideal queen, and all your illusions will be immediately dispelled. What! not know her? Why, this is La Belle Féronnière! Inquire her position, and you will learn that she was an adventuress—a woman of the people, whose morality was more than doubtful.

Francis the First, in a moment of caprice—the caprice of a *roi qui s'amuse*—made of this strange beauty the plaything of an hour, to the great scandal of his Court. She was called "La Belle Féronnière" because she was the wife of a jealous husband, named Féron.

This is the whole miserable story; and Leonardo da Vinci has done himself honor in executing this *chef d'œuvre* to belie the tale which history relates. Happily, the sweet face on the canvas tells its own story, and nothing more is needed to make us regard the Court chronicles as a calumny.

The woman whom Da Vinci has painted cannot have been a faithless wife and a shameless favorite of the King. No! this face is the creation of the grandest artist the world has ever known—she is his child—and through him is sister to the peerless St. Cecilia, in the Munich Gallery, and to the scarcely less beautiful Cecilia Galerani. The pictured face is a *chef d'œuvre*, and the mantle of respect which falls on it as such covers and effaces the Féronnière's wretched record.

A PAGAN IDOL-MAKER'S STOCK AND DINNER.

The house of Jucundus was closed for the night. It was the magic store of the place, and set out for sale, not articles of statuary alone, but of metal, of mosaic-work and of jewelry, as far as they were dedicated to the service of paganism. It was bright with the many colors adopted in the embellishment of images, and the many lights which silver and gold, brass and ivory, alabaster, gypsum, talc and glass reflected. Shelves and cabinets were laden with wares, both the precious material and the elaborate trinket. All tastes were suited—the popular and the refined, the fashion of the day and the love of the antique, the classical and the barbarian devotion. There you might see the rude symbols of invisible powers, which, originating in deficiency of art, had been perpetuated by reverence for the past: the mysterious cube of marble sacred among the Arabs, the pillar which was the emblem of Mercury or Bacchus, the broad-based cone of Heliogabalus, the pyramid of Paphos, and the tile or brick of Juno. There, too, were the unmeaning blocks of stone with human heads, which were to be dressed out in rich robes, and to simulate the human form. There were other articles besides, as portable as these were unmanageable: little Junos, Mercuries, Dianas and Fortunes, for the bosom or the girdle. Household gods were there, and the objects of personal devotion: Minerva or Vesta, with handsome niches or shrines in which they might reside. There, too, were the brass crowns, or *nimbi*, which were intended to protect the heads of the gods from bats and birds.

There you might buy, were you a heathen, rings with heads on them of Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Serapis, and, above all, Astaise. You would find there the rings and signets of the Basildians; amulets, too, of wood or ivory; figures of demons, preternaturally ugly little skeletons, and other superstitious devices. It would be hard, indeed, if you could not be pleased, whatever your religious denomination; unless, indeed, you were determined to reject all the appliances and objects of idolatry indiscriminately; and in that case you would rejoice that it was night when you arrived there, and in particular that darkness swallowed up other appliances and objects of pagan worship, which to darkness were due by a peculiar title, and by darkness were best shrouded, till the coming of that day when all things, good and evil, shall be made light.

Jucundus had been pleasantly engaged in a small supper party. The dinner was not altogether suitable to modern ideas of good gastronomy. The grapes from Tacape, and the dates from the Lake Tritonis, the white and black figs, the nectarines and peaches, and the watermelons, addressed themselves to the imagination of an Englishman as well as of an African of the third century. So also might the liquor derived from the sap and honey of the Getulian palm, and the sweet wine called *melilotus*, made from the poetical fruit found on the coasts of the Syrtis. He would have been struck, too, with the sweetness of the mutton; but he would have asked what the sheep's tails were before he tasted them, and found how like marrow the firm substance ate of which they consisted. He would have felt that he ought to admire the roes of the mullets pressed and dried from Mauritania, but he would have thought twice before he tried the lion cutlets, though they had the flavor of veal, and the additional *goût* of being imperial property and poached from a preserve. But when he saw the indigenous dish, the very haggis and cock-a-leekie of Africa, in the shape of (alas! alas! it must be said, with whatever apology for its introduction)—in shape, then, of a delicate puppy, served up with its head between its forepaws, we consider he would have risen from the unholy table, and thought he had fallen upon the hospitality of some sorceress of the neighboring forest.—*Cardinal Newman's "Callista."*

The specialty of Lord Arlington's white farm is that all the birds and animals are white. It is not an uncommon thing to see between 200 and 300 white pigeons perched on the outbuildings. Just inside the entrance you observe a white peacock; further on are the white squirrels and the geese, the white goats and the white turkeys; the stalls in the yard contain no beasts but white ones. A fat white doe, given to Lord Arlington some years ago by the Queen, strides about in the well-littered stall; and just by the hutches in which the long-furred rabbits frisk and play about like Cowper's tame hares, is a model house containing white rats and mice, a present from the Prince of Wales. Even the cat and cockatoo belonging to the farm-keeper are white.

LA BELLE FERONNIERE.—SEE PAGE 191.

ACCEPTED AND REJECTED.

A LATE REMORSE.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Part II.—Chapter I.

It was a bright June afternoon; an ocean steamer was entering the beautiful New York harbor, and among the passengers that lined its decks stood Kenneth Alderly.

A year had elapsed since he took his sick heart and disappointed hopes away to the foreign lands amid which he had wandered so restlessly; and now he was coming home, though the dismal companions, weariness and pain, which had watched him so closely night and day during the past twelvemonth, still kept too tight a hold upon his soul to leave room for any pleasurable anticipation that this return could in the least lighten their thraldom.

He looked older, his smile was less frequent, his manners graver. But Kenneth was not a man "to wear his heart upon his sleeve," and perhaps the principal change even an acute observer would have noticed in him was a certain cynical habit of thought, a hopelessness in regard to life, sad enough to see in a man who has reached middle age, but which exhibited in one still young, seems doubly sad.

Mrs. Alderly had not carried out her intention of joining her son; when the six months of freedom and solitude which she meant to give him had expired, and she was beginning to think of taking Florence Denham once more within his reach, an illness, which at first appeared slight, prevented her fulfilling her design. She had quickly enough recovered from the acute attack, caused by a neglected cold, and ending in a nervous fever. But her strength came slowly back, and the physicians from time to time persuaded her to defer her departure.

So the Summer approached, and though she would not admit it, even to herself, Mrs. Alderly still felt languid and indisposed to exertion; the idea of a foreign journey disquieted her, and she at last wrote to Kenneth, begging him to come home. She did not make her health the plea; indeed, she insisted upon calling herself well; but Florence, though too inexperienced to be uneasy, saw that she was pining for her son, and wrote him so. During May, Mr. Gresham paid a short visit to the cottage at Newport, where the ladies went early in the Spring, and had been so disturbed by the alteration in his sister-in-law, that he felt it right to urge Kenneth to return. Unless his mother got stronger, she ought to go South this Winter; and it was doubtful if she could be induced, except he bore her company.

Kenneth found these letters awaiting him in London when he reached there, after several months of wandering about Italy and the East, and he had at once decided to go home; apprised his mother of his intention, and sailed a week after.

Mrs. Alderly had come on to her town-house to await her son's arrival, but she preferred to wait alone, and she made the excuse of New York not being very healthy just then a reason for sending Florence home with Mr. Gresham, promising that she and Kenneth would follow as soon as possible, and spend a month at Laughton.

She wanted to have her boy for a little entirely to herself; ill health had rendered her more exacting and jealous in her selfish affection; but there was a motive beyond

this. Her determination to effect a marriage between Kenneth and her niece was more fixed and eager than ever; though she did not allow herself to think that she was anxious about her own health, that feeling underlaid her thoughts, and rendered her nervously impatient to bring matters to a crisis. Florence knew nothing of the relations which had existed between her cousin and Elinor Stuart, and since his departure Mrs. Alderly persisted in the line of conduct adopted months before—that of trying, by artful suggestions, which she was careful never to put into words, to impress upon the girl a belief that Kenneth cared for her, and clung to a hope time might teach her to return his affection.

She knew in her heart that Florence was as indifferent to her son as he to her, but she told herself that a union between them was the only reasonable thing for both; and she believed it, too, for Mrs. Alderly had the profoundest faith in her own ability to regulate the future of everybody connected with her.

That Florence had indulged in a girlish dream, of which a certain young artist was the hero, she knew very well, but it had not lasted long enough to grow serious. Mrs. Alderly's watchful eyes had speedily discovered that Reginald Seymour was in love with her niece, and she had sent him away from Florence's vicinity, dashing his hopes to the ground by giving him the impression that the girl had only lately perceived his attentions were serious, and that her heart had long been her cousin's.

But all these things had happened nearly two years before. If Florence had at first been a little mortified, even hurt, by Seymour's abrupt departure, she had long since recovered therefrom. Mrs. Alderly never believed that her own perceptions could be at fault. Florence had forgotten the young man as completely as she had the most indifferent of the admirers whom her pretty face and winning manners had in turn attracted.

That Kenneth had recovered from the blow which had fallen upon him, Mrs. Alderly knew was not the case, much as it fretted and angered her to admit the fact. But she trusted to his temper and his pride; the evidence against Elinor Stuart was so strong—her brief farewell letter to him the most condemning of all—and the mother could not believe that he still loved the girl. He was bitter and sore and misanthropic; he would have had space to grow ashamed that a worthless woman's memory should possess power enough to make him so—in a word, to snatch at any chance to cure himself. It was time for him to come home—time to draw together the meshes of her carefully woven web; she who had always been able to wait with a fortitude which would have been admirable if devoted to nobler designs, grew strangely impatient now. Not because of any fears connected with her health—no, no; she was daily gaining strength, she was well now, but she could not wait. She must take advantage of Kenneth's present state of mind, the precise one in which she should find it most easy to influence him.

And he was back at length. They came to tell her the steamer had entered the harbor—and then the brief period of waiting seemed so long, that she wondered how she had borne the suspense of the last months. But she had done well to wait; she had turned the time to good use where Florence and Mr. Gresham were concerned. Earlier, too, Kenneth would have been less susceptible to her control; but now everything was in her favor, even to this annoying physical weakness, which seemed an actual indignity on the part of nature—a never-ending surprise, too, that ordinary ills could come near *her*.

She was in her dressing-room when the carriage drove up to the house. She heard the sound of the wheels, and tried to rise, meaning to go down-stairs. But her very joy and exultation brought on a nervous trembling of her limbs, which rendered her movements so slow that she had only just managed to get out of her chair as the door opened, and Kenneth entered, calling cheerfully:

"Where is the little mother? Hasn't she got any welcome for the pilgrim and prodigal?"

Then she was in his arms, and for the time the mother's heart gained the ascendency, and her worldly dreams and her iron resolves were forgotten in the happiness of that reunion.

Kenneth was shocked by the alteration in her, though it had come so gradually that its full extent might have escaped his eyes, as it had Florence's, if he had been daily with her. Even her carefully arranged dress, and the soft lace which shadowed her forehead, and the color excitement brought to her cheeks, could not hide the ravages of disease; but they showed in an extreme delicacy of appearance, which softened her stately beauty, instead of the wrinkles and harsh contours that would have afflicted most women of her age.

"But I am not ill," she persisted in saying to his anxious inquiries. "Not just strong yet; but I wanted to be petted and coaxed and taken care of—that is all."

"That would be a new phase for you," he replied, trying to echo her laugh. "You have been taking care of other people all your life."

"So much the more reason why I should indulge myself now! My bad boy must be prepared to humor me to any extent," she rejoined; "I mean to be capricious and have nerves, and show myself a thorough woman."

"Just as much as you please," he said; "but you ought to have let me know you were really out of health; I should have come back before."

"Nonsense! I am not out of health; I'm not strong yet, nothing else," she answered, almost fretfully. Then she patted his hand and began to laugh. "Don't tease me by getting the idea that I am an invalid! I didn't want to drag you home when I was ill; you could do nothing—men are no good in a sick-room. I had Florence; I can't tell you what a devoted nurse she made—she is an angel, Kenneth; dearly as I loved her, it seems to me I never half appreciated her."

"Oh, yes, she's a charming little girl in every way," he said, with a proper degree of cousinly enthusiasm in his voice, but nothing beyond. "Watkins tells me she has gone home with Mr. Gresham."

"Yes; and I have promised that we will follow in a few days," his mother replied.

She saw that the proposal pained him; she had expected it would, but she believed this very pain would work a good result. To stand once more on the spot where he parted from the woman who had deceived him—to recollect the occurrence of their last meeting—would be so bitter that it could not fail to bring a corresponding reaction; it would harden his pride to find that he could be moved by any memory of her, and render him more resolute to bar out the past utterly from his life. Mrs. Alderly continued, as if she had not observed the change in his face:

"I was selfish enough to want you for a little all to myself, and Mr. Gresham could not bear to go without Florence—he is perfectly devoted to her. I fear I was very wrong to keep her away from him so much; I must make amends now; I like him greatly. I am quite ashamed that I should have underrated him for so many years."

"I don't know what he may have been formerly, but he is certainly a very agreeable man now," said Kenneth.

"Well, I must say in self-defense, that he has greatly

improved," she replied. "There is nothing of the parvenu about him, and I dare say I was prejudiced; however, I have learned to appreciate him, and I think he likes me."

"As if he could help it!" returned Kenneth. But he was still so much disturbed by the alteration in his mother that he could not fix his mind long on any other subject, and he soon went back to his inquiries, until he found that they fretted her.

"The doctors say I am getting well as fast as possible," she averred. "There is nothing the matter; I only want to recover my strength. I have an excellent constitution; I used to fancy there was something ailed my heart—it was pure imagination! You are not to worry yourself, else you will distress me; then I shall punish you by being really ill."

He dismissed the subject, but an interview the next morning with the doctor did not entirely relieve his mind, though the physician declared that Mrs. Alderly's symptoms were not at present dangerous. She must be kept tranquil; above all things, not thwarted or contradicted. Had the lady heard this verdict, her confidence in her medical adviser would have been redoubled.

Chapter II.

ELINOR—ELINOR STUART! come down this instant! What do you mean, you naughty girl, by shutting yourself up when you have a holiday? I have been expecting you all the morning."

"Appear, Queen Elinor, and give an account of your sins of omission!" a laughing, masculine voice chimed in, as the feminine tones ceased.

Elinor Stuart pushed back the luxuriant masses of woodbine which screened the window of her chamber, and looked down upon the speakers, standing on the lawn beneath—a young man of five or six-and-twenty, and a lady some ten years his senior. The strong likeness between them showed that they were brother and sister, though the lady's extreme delicacy of appearance presented a great contrast to her companion's bronzed face and air of robust health, and the green vail folded thickly over her eyes gave warning of the malady which afflicted her.

"Good-morning, Miss Seymour," Elinor called; "I hope you slept well after our dissipation of sitting up so late? I don't need to ask if you suffered, Mr. Reginald."

"No, because you can't help seeing that I am quite done up—exhausted; all your fault and my unnatural sister's, in keeping me out of bed till all hours," he answered, gayly.

"I am feeling wonderfully well," Miss Seymour added. "But come down. It is such a soft, gray day, that it doesn't hurt my eyes, and Reginald wanted to inveigle us off upon an expedition."

"To prove that I have no malice, in spite of the evil treatment I receive from the pair of you," the young gentleman cried. "But don't waste time in admiring my loveliness, Miss Elinor. Get on your bonnet and come down; the carriage will be here in no time."

"Might I be allowed to ask where we are going?" she asked, laughingly.

"Oh, daughter of Eve!" he exclaimed, with a mock groan. "Can't you defer curiosity, and trust yourself to the guidance of the nobler sex?"

"We are going over to Wellsborough, Elinor," Miss Seymour explained. "They say it is a lovely road; there is a fine wood and a waterfall, and all sorts of marvels for Reginald to go into artistic ecstasies over——"

"And the hotel in the town can offer an excellent dinner to preserve the equilibrium of your more prosaic nature," interrupted her brother, saucily.

"It is a long drive, nearly two hours," Elinor said: "won't it be too much for you, Miss Seymour?"

"Oh, no; driving never tires me. After dinner I will lie down and rest, and we can come back by moonlight."

"We shall have to go by moonlight, if you unconscionable ladies waste any more time in useless explanations!" cried Reginald, in pretended impatience. "I hear the carriage—now, Miss Stuart, settle your furbelows quickly."

"I have only to put on my hat, I am all ready; I was just coming round to your house," Elinor said.

She disappeared from the window; Reginald Seymour made his sister sit down on a garden bench, arranged her shawl, talking pleasantly the while, showing in every look and word that affection and solicitude always charming to see a young man display toward a feminine relative, doubly so when the recipient is delicate and ailing.

The pair had been separated for nearly two years, Reginald passing this period in Europe, whither he had gone partly for the pursuance of his art-studies, partly to try to forget in travel and change a terrible disappointment which had stricken his heart; a blow so sudden and violent that many natures enthusiastic and sensitive as his would have had hope and faith and all that renders youth beautiful utterly crushed thereby; but Reginald Seymour was too strong and brave for destiny's worst mishaps to affect his courage or alter the sweetness and generosity of his character.

Miss Seymour had allowed him to depart alone; she knew that for a season even her companionship would be irksome, however resolutely he might refuse to recognize the fact; besides, her health was not strong enough to support the fatigue of travel, nor did the climate of Italy, where he proposed to settle after a brief tour in Europe, suit her constitution.

She had remained in her quiet home—a little village in the neighborhood of the Hudson River—patiently awaiting her brother's return; and during the last twelvemonth, breaths of praise connected with his name had floated to her across the seas, and been a solace to her unselfish soul, even amid the oppression of a great trouble which menaced her. Her eyesight had failed after a fever, and she was threatened with that most awful physical calamity which can befall a human being—blindness. She had kept the truth from Reginald as long as she could, and had then written hopefully and cheerfully, bidding him not to think of coming home, as she knew he had business engagements at once lucrative and certain to add largely to his reputation. She assured him that he was not to picture her as sad and solitary, for she had decided to quit her home and spend the Summer with a relative who lived in the heart of the picturesque Lehigh Valley.

Miss Seymour had reached the little town of Amford early in May, and a very pleasant surprise awaited her there. Only the evening of her arrival, her garrulous old cousin was giving her sketches of the neighbors she was likely to meet and know, mentioning with special favor a young lady, one of the teachers at the village academy—a girl so beautiful and talented, that Miss Seymour would certainly fall in love with her at once.

And in the midst of the conversation the lady herself entered, and Lucy Seymour with great satisfaction recognized a former acquaintance, of whom she had entirely lost sight. She and Reginald had been residing in

Florence at the time Elinor was there studying music, and Miss Seymour's liking for the lovely, fascinating creature had heightened into admiring respect of the fortitude with which Elinor had borne the disappointment and affliction that overtook her in the loss of her voice.

Since then, the two had not met till they so unexpectedly came face to face in this little out-of-the-way Pennsylvania retreat. The reunion was a delight to both; and during the month which had succeeded, they were as constantly together as Elinor's duties would permit.

And now a new happiness had come to patient Lucy Seymour. Reginald arrived without warning, proposing to pass the Summer near her. His anxiety had grown uncontrollable, and fortunately one of his patrons conceived a fancy to have some pictures of American scenery —so Miss Seymour was able to have the contentment of feeling that his solicitude for her did not involve a loss either of time or money—a sacrifice which would have been doubly painful to her from the fact that though in possession of a moderate income, more than sufficient for her simple tastes, it was only hers for life, and the relative from whom she inherited it had, in his groundless dislike for Reginald, hampered her with so many restrictions, that the high-spirited young man refused to accept a penny of the money coming from his unjust uncle, and had made his own way with a courage which filled his sister with such pride that it somewhat softened her regrets at her own inability to aid him.

But difficulties were rapidly disappearing from Reginald's path; the last two years had begun to bring both reputation and pecuniary reward. The future promised to be successful enough to satisfy even the anticipations of his relative, whose nature was so essentially feminine that this vicarious gratifying of ambition was the sweetest she could have known.

"Now, you cynical, ungrateful Mr. Reginald Seymour, you cannot complain that I have kept you waiting long," cried Elinor, as she came down-stairs and joined the pair.

"I believe if you had, I should be obliged to pardon you," he said, laughing, but regarding her with eyes full of frank, brotherly affection and admiration. "Lucy, I don't know whether she looks most like an enchanted princess or an inspired spirit. And that gray gown hangs round her like a soft mist—no other woman's gowns ever fell in such folds; and then the bits of blue—— Well, yes, you are not unpleasant to look at, Queen Elinor."

"Oh, what a dull, commonplace conclusion!" retorted she. "I thought you were going to burst into blank verse, at the very least."

"My feelings overpower me," he said, laughing.

"He couldn't describe you if he tried, Elinor, and he knows it," added Miss Seymour. "Really, you are handsomer this morning than any woman has a right to be!"

"I'll show you I can paint her, one of these fine days," rejoined Reginald. "What's the good of friends, if you don't make use of them? Miss Elinor Stuart, I propose to coin money out of you—shekels of gold and silver."

"You abominable, mercenary wretch!" cried his sister. "But here comes the carriage, so we will revile you later."

They drove off, mutually pleased with the prospect of a long day together, for no three persons could have been more sympathetic companions in every particular.

The society of this agreeable pair was a great boon to Elinor, and she enjoyed it all the more from its contrast to the not always congenial elements of her daily life. But she had her work, and to her, work was always a solace and resource. When she and Mrs. Mosely came to Amford, she had expected the quiet place to be merely a temporary sojourn. She had been ill for awhile, but after that, health and strength came back vigorous as ever. There was an academy for girls and boys in the village, and early in the Autumn after Elinor's arrival, the abrupt departure of the principal female teacher had put the trustees in a dilemma. Miss Stuart offered to perform the duties till a lady who had promised to take them should be able to come. Six weeks elapsed, and at the end of that time the expected governess wrote to break her engagement, and Elinor had given such complete satisfaction that she was retained in her post, without having been asked for certificate or reference—the proofs she had given of her ability were the best recommendations she could have had.

So the Winter and Spring had gone. To say that Elinor Stuart was a happy woman would be untrue; she suffered cruelly, not only from the shipwreck that had engulfed her heart's brightest hopes, but the memory of the wicked slanders which clouded her reputation, cast a dark shadow between her and the sun. She never faltered, though, under her burden; she went steadily and bravely on, turning her back resolutely upon the past, centering her mind upon her work, and wise and broad-thoughted enough to seize and hold every simple enjoyment that came in her way, living for others rather than herself; and the human being who does so can never be utterly wretched.

The three had a delightful drive. Wellsborough, though a bustling place, full of rolling-mills and foundries, interested them from its contrast to the quiet village they had left, and the environs were striking and picturesque.

In the afternoon Reginald drove away several miles further to make a sketch, promising to return by evening. Toward sunset Miss Seymour lay down to rest, and Elinor strolled out amid the sunset. The hotel was on the confines of the town, and she soon found herself beyond the reach of streets and houses, and took a path which led across some green meadows that afforded a fine view of the neighboring mountains.

She reached the top of a hill shaded by a knot of walnut-trees, and seated herself to admire the pretty scene. Below her stretched a narrow dell, with a brook cutting a silvery line through its heart; in the middle distance, a quaint brown cottage sent a curling wreath of white smoke up from its chimneys, and gave a touch of pleasant domesticity to the otherwise somewhat wild and rugged spot. Elinor sat there for some time, and gradually her thoughts wandered from her actual surroundings, and lost themselves in vague reverie. She roused herself suddenly to a consciousness that the sun had disappeared, and that Miss Seymour would grow anxious if she did not return.

Just then she heard footsteps approaching—turned, and saw a man coming toward her. In another instant she recognized William Hudson.

Chapter III.

Elinor Stuart's first sensation was one of inexpressible horror, but unmixed with fear. That feeling passed, and a resolution, strong as it was sudden, seized her mind. She must go and meet him; this encounter seemed providential—it would be an absolute sin to allow either pride or outraged modesty to prevent her trying to make use thereof.

She hurried forward under the impulse of that idea, which appeared actually the suggestion of an intelligence higher than her own; an impulse so powerful that it left no room for shrinking; a hope had been pointed out—a way shown—she could not hesitate or falter.

She was quite close to him before he perceived her; she stopped and threw aside the vail which had fallen over her face. Hudson started back; for an instant there was a trouble almost amounting to terror in the eyes which stared so eagerly at her.

"Good God!" he muttered. "I thought it was a ghost!"

"It is," returned Elinor, stretching out her hand with a warning gesture. "It is the ghost of the woman you wronged—exposed to slander—come to implore you to set her right at last! Will you do it, Mr. Hudson—will you let your heart speak—let all that is good and manly in you find a voice? You have had months now to reflect. You are a passionate man—a bad-tempered man, but you are not a fiend! You can't be happy under the load that you carry on your soul—I know you well enough for that! Try as you may to forget it, the wrong you did must haunt you, and will always—always! I don't want to utter reproaches; I have forgiven you; I know it was not you, but the demon of drink that made you behave as you did. I don't believe you were ever guilty of a cruel act before—but think what it was—worse than murder—much worse! To kill a woman is not nearly so great a crime as to take away her good name—and that was what you did by me!"

She spoke so rapidly that he could not interrupt her; indeed, he was too much confused and startled to try. That her passionate words moved him, she could see; his eyes sank under hers; his features worked convulsively; a dull glow of shame mounted to his forehead, and lay there like a red cloud; he glanced furtively round and moved restlessly, as if his impulse were to escape without speaking; but, in spite of himself, the power of her glance attracted his again, and held it fast—he could not stir.

"Help me!" she cried. "It is not the woman you were angry against who pleads with you—it is your own soul! You are sorry—fight against the feeling as you may, you are sorry! For your soul's sake, William Hudson, let your heart speak—atone for your sin—free me from suffering and disgrace! If you wanted revenge, haven't you had enough? Think of what I have endured, and let that make you merciful—to yourself and me."

His breath came in quick gasps; his look and attitude were like those of a man struggling with some influence which attacked both physical and mental senses, and weighed down his force. The drops of perspiration started out on his face; he put up his hand to wipe them away; it touched the scar which disfigured his face; his whole countenance changed to an expression of wrath and sullen obstinacy.

"Ain't I had suffering—disgrace, too?" he exclaimed. "Look at this mark on me, that I'll bear always, and have to remember I was beat like a dog—I! Some talked to me about having the law of him—what good would that ha' done me? The law couldn't wipe away that mark. But I'll wash it out in blood yet; he'll come in my way again. I don't know how or when, but he will, and the next time——"

He stopped, clinching his hand with a murderous gesture; then his arm dropped to his side, and he muttered:

"I needn't threaten her. What's the good?"

"I am not pleading for any man," she said; "men are strong; bodily and mentally, they can stand their own. I am a woman—alone in the world; it would be different if I were rich, if I had friends; but I've not a penny except what I earn, and the friends I had made you deprived me of."

"Oh, he quarreled with you!" cried Hudson, laughing savagely. "Now I see what you are at. You want me to say something that will set you right with him. Well, I won't—do you hear?—I won't!"

"I have never seen Mr. Alderly since the night——"

"The night he knocked me down, and was like to have murdered me after. I ain't afraid to say it—ain't I got my shame marked here?" broke in Hudson, again touching the scar.

"I never shall see him again," continued Elinor. "He has nothing to do with the question—it is not for his sake I ask you to set me right."

"I'm likely to believe that!" exclaimed Hudson. "You loved him—it wasn't only his money and his grand position—you loved him!"

"Yes," she answered, "I loved him; but that is over long ago."

"He'd come back soon enough, if he was made to believe in you!" cried Will. "Do you think I'd do or say anything to make him happy? Not to save your soul and mine, I wouldn't. Not if hell was gaping out yonder, and nothing but that would keep me from burning in it to all eternity!"

"He did not love me," she went on, unmoved, as if speaking of something utterly foreign to her own personal experience. "It was not only that he believed me a bad woman, but he had been trifling—amusing himself. His own mother came and told me; he loved some relative of his; he may be married to her, for what I know. Look at me, you can see I am speaking the truth. Ask your wife. I know Mrs. Alderly went to see her. I have no doubt she told Madge."

"Yes, you are telling the truth," returned Hudson. "Why, you must hate him worse than you do me!"

"I have forgotten him," she replied. "I can forgive you, William Hudson; you were drunk—mad! He had no excuse. But I do not hate him; he simply does not exist for me. Oh, never mind him! This is between you and me—he has no part in the matter. I am alone in the world. You know that I have to earn my living, that I had to give up my school——"

"I don't know," interrupted Hudson, sullenly. "As soon as I got well enough, Madge and me were married, and came away. I didn't see anybody, and didn't want to. I never heard but what you was there still."

"They drove me out of the school," said Elinor. "They came and said I was not fit to teach their children. Even Mr. Gresham believed it; nobody stood by me, except Mrs. Mosely, and she was helpless. I got a situation at last—but any time the story may follow me; if it did, I should be sent away. You know what it means to us poor people when we can't get work—it means starvation."

"I'd have worked my hands to the bone for you—I'd have died for you. I'd have laid down in the mud just to let you keep your feet dry!" cried Hudson, while a mad passion broke over his face.

"For shame!" she exclaimed, sternly—"don't be a coward! You repaid my kindness by wicked conduct—you stole my good name; let that content you—don't insult me because I am a woman, alone and unprotected."

He retreated a little; his eyes sank again; the red mounted anew to his forehead; he muttered a curse, but she knew it was against himself, not leveled at her. Try as he might to be brazen and angry, sorrow and shame overmastered him. He was perfectly free from the influence of drink, and the good impulses which his nature held were struggling for utterance and action. She could move him; some strength superior to her own aided her. Providence had brought this meeting about!

"But you will not—you will not!" she exclaimed.

"Your heart is pleading with you now, William Hudson! No matter what you thought at the time—remember it was not you, but the demons who ruled you! You knew, when you came to your senses, that I had never wronged you—that I had been a kind friend, eager for your advancement, appreciative of your talents, ready to help you study and improve—that, and that only."

"Oh, all that's over," he cried. "I've given up books and studying. I can earn money enough. The little learning I got only made me uneasy and discontented."

"And now you are married to a woman who loves you, whom you love! Oh, think of my desolate life! think of me, bearing a load of unmerited shame, and be merciful!"

"Madge's a good wife enough," returned he, in an odd, absent tone, as if meditating aloud. "She's an awful temper, but she keeps it under. I ain't been a bad husband. I got the place in the foundry here—I earn big wages; I've only been once on a bit of a spree—that was after Madge and me had quarreled. Yes, I'm fond of Madge—only sometimes it's as if a wall shut between us. It ain't what life might ha' been. I'm a poor, ignorant workman; I sha'n't get no higher, and it seemed once as if I should—and I loved you! Well, I was crazy to think of it, I know, but I loved you! It comes up sometimes; then I get desperate, and—— Pshaw, what a fool I am!"

He struck his forehead in angry impatience, and gave another short, bitter laugh.

"You may become a very happy man," said Elinor, "but you must first undo the wrong you have done—you can't be happy without. Oh, you have everything—strength, work, a wife who loves you—little children will come to give you new interests—and I am all alone! You can make my life pleasant—oh, don't refuse! Think of me, afraid—always afraid; weighed down by a shame that I never deserved! Any day, perhaps, I may be driven forth again. Ah, you won't let this happen!—you will help me! William Hudson, by all you hold dearest—for your soul's sake—for your wife's sake—for the sake of children who will one day call you father, set me right! Refuse, and retribution will overtake you! God never forgets the cause of the helpless and innocent! You will be punished—probably through those you love most. Don't hesitate; this is the crisis in your life—heaven pleads with you through me! Speak—promise! I know you will not break your word!"

Before the man could answer, a woman hurried up the side path from the little cottage which Elinor had noticed, nestled in the entrance of a pretty grove. She turned the corner, and came in full view of the pair as they stood together—Elinor's hand resting on Hudson's arm, where she had unconsciously placed it in the passionate energy and exaltation of her speech.

There was a cry like that of a wild animal. With one frantic bound, Madge Hudson rushed in between the two and pushed both back, with a sweep of her outstretched arms. A raving lunatic broken loose from confinement could not have been madder. Her face was awful in its fiendish rage and jealousy; and yet she was beautiful still, and, horrible as her wrath was, her pain was greater—the fearful agony at her heart made itself paramount even to her passion.

One instant she remained motionless in the magnificent attitude in which the outward sweep of her arms had left her; then, with an inarticulate moan, she dashed toward Elinor. Hudson had just time to catch her, and it needed all his strength. For a few seconds she fought frantically with him—neither speaking—no sound but Madge's strange, stertorous breathing, while Elinor stood transfixed. She was not afraid; one thought alone filled her mind, and lifted her beyond the dominion of fear. She had lost the chance which had seemed the gift of Providence—she had been deceived—there was no mercy for her on earth or above it—heaven itself refused to help her! Only this thought in her soul, and a swift, half-formed wish that the mad woman might kill her then and there, and so end her suffering.

"Go away!" shouted Hudson. "I can't hold her—she's crazy, I think—go away!"

But Elinor did not stir; she scarcely heard his frantic adjuration. That despairing reflection possessed her senses entirely—heaven would show her no mercy—that, and the wild wish growing stronger, that in any way she might be rid of her burden. Still Hudson struggled with Madge; still she resisted in silence, her glaring eyes fixed always on her foe.

"You'd better be quiet, Madge!" he cried. "If you lay a hand on Miss Stuart, I'll shut you up in an asylum. I could do it—I will—I swear I will, as sure as God is above us—remember that!"

Madge's arms dropped to her side; she twisted herself round in his clutch so as to look in his face.

"Say that again," she said, in a voice which was scarcely more than a whisper. "I won't touch her—I swear that, too—but I want to hear you say them words again."

"There isn't any need, since you mean to be sensible," returned Will. "Now, you listen—just let me explain! Miss Stuart didn't even know we lived here; she was as much surprised as I at our meeting. She says she had to leave Laughton—folks talked about her—she wanted me, if I could, to set her right; that's all."

"Let me loose—I told you I wouldn't touch her!" exclaimed Madge, without seeming even to hear his words.

"There, then," he said, releasing her.

Madge staggered back and forth for an instant, then slowly drew herself upright, and pointed one hand at Elinor, but still keeping her eyes fixed upon her husband.

"I ain't edicated," she said, in a slow, cutting voice that held an insult in its mocking ring more deadly than the coarsest invectives could have expressed; "I'm used to calling things by plain names, like we poor, ignorant people do, so I won't mention the one that fits my lady there, 'cause, though she ain't above being the thing itself, she's delicate, and the name might hurt her."

"Madge, Madge!" groaned Elinor, so desperate in her misery that she could not turn and flee till she had made one more effort. "Nothing could hurt me now—I have suffered too much shame and disgrace, and you and your husband brought it on me! You know as well as he how little I deserved it—oh, remember we are both women—help me, help me!"

She had not meant her words to be an appeal—they uttered themselves without any volition of her own. Madge listened till she had finished; not a line of her face moved; her eyes never stirred from Hudson's countenance.

"I'm only an ignorant woman," she said, in the same voice of mockery; "so I shouldn't have language fit to talk to my lady there. I'm an honest, virtuous woman, too; so if I was ever so edicated, I shouldn't have any, either, she bein' the thing she is, which we won't name, 'cause of her delicacy."

"Now, shut up, Madge; this is worse than blows!" cried Will, though rough as his words were, his voice was regretful and ashamed.

"Oh, William Hudson, tell her the truth—if you never have, begin with her!" moaned Elinor. "Speak, for your soul's sake! Madge, as you believe we must all one day

stand in the presence of an eternal Judge, listen to your husband, and be convinced."

Still blind to her presence—stone deaf to her pleading—Madge went on speaking, looking always full in Will's face.

"A man can't have a light o' love and a wife at the same time—not when I'm the wife," she said; "and you're going to choose between us, now and here—for once and always!"

"Oh, you're crazier when you take it this way than when you rave!" cried Hudson. "I tell you I don't want ever to see her again any more than you do—any more than she does us! What Miss Stuart wants, and all she wants——"

"I ain't edicated, you know," interrupted Madge; "I'm only honest and decent—I wouldn't care to hear what light o' loves might want."

"I tell you what, my woman, you must stop this!" exclaimed Hudson. "We've done Miss Stuart harm enough; you was crazy, and I was crazy and drunk both. But I ain't either now, and I'll be a happier man when I've eased my conscience."

"I'm a-looking at the scar on your face," said Madge, gazing at him with an awful smile. "The mark you'll bear to your dying day—give to you by my lady's other lover, 'cause you wouldn't go away when she was ready to have you, and wanted a gentleman's pretty talk, and all the fine things he could give her, fitting to a real lady like her. I'm a-looking at that mark, that always beats and burns when you're tired or sick, as it is doing now. That was my lady's last present to you; she hadn't nothing else left to give, so she gave you that."

"I tell you to shut up!" exclaimed Hudson. "Don't you wake a devil in me that'll be worse than your own. What I said when I was crazy drunk is one thing—here, I tell you now, before her, the fellow was right to knock me down. There, I'm easier for saying it. I'll pay him off for the blow, if ever I get a chance—but he was right."

"Madge, Madge, you hear him?" pleaded Elinor. "Try to believe. He loves you, he always loved you. You can never be happy while you let an innocent woman suffer; God won't permit it. Oh, think, think—if you should live to be a mother—if you should be punished through your child! Let that thought soften your heart, let——"

Madge seized her husband's arm; all her mocking composure was gone; the fury blazed in her eyes again, her words crowded out in thick, broken utterance.

"You fool!" she cried, "you want to lie to help that thing—you ain't even man enough to want revenge. She comes wheedling you so that she may get the gentleman back; he'd be sorry for her, and marry her."

"Madge, he would never do that—I would not marry him," rejoined Elinor. "He left me, he never loved me. Ask his mother. Oh, Madge, let your husband set me right, and you will be happy. Think, if you had a daughter, and you lived to hear her plead with some one as I am pleading with you—Madge, Madge!"

"This is what I want to tell you," pursued Madge, still staring in Hudson's face. "I was keeping the secret; I meant to tell you this very day; you'd said it would make you happy. Now listen to me. You see that pond down yonder, you know how deep it is? You'll send her away, you'll never open your lips or write a line to help her—you'll swear that?—else I'll drown myself, and it won't be myself alone—I'll drown your child, your unborn child, that you've wished for, hoped for——"

"Madge, Madge!" he broke in, with a cry of mingled pain and joy.

"That's all I want to say," she shrieked. "I'm going now, take her—take my lady there if you want her—I don't hinder you."

He caught her arm in terror, moaning:

"I want you, Madge, I want you!"

"She fooled you, she led you on; you can't pretend to think it was just your fancy—you know she did," cried Madge. "Will you come home, or shall I go alone? If I do, I won't stop short of the pond—God hear me, I won't."

He clung to her frantically; Elinor heard herself still pleading with them both; she knew it was idle, but she could not stop; Madge's voice all the while going on with its menaces, its recalling to Hudson his belief that he had been trifled with—he standing silent, irresolute.

"Decide!" shrieked Madge. "Choose, and be quick. You won't—you won't? Then I'll end it."

She wrenched her arm from his grasp and dashed away down the path.

"Madge!" he called, but she did not heed. He turned; as he started to run he waved his hand toward Elinor, calling:

"Don't you come near me again. If I had to be the death of one of you, it shouldn't be Madge."

He spoke so loud that his words reached his wife. She swayed to and fro, then fell on the ground.

Elinor Stuart walked away slowly, uncertainly, like a person treading a difficult path in the darkness—lost in a night blacker from contrast. For a moment heaven had seemed to open and send down a ray of light, then closed and left her alone.

Once she paused and looked back. Hudson was seated on a fallen log, holding Madge in his arms; neither noticed nor glanced after her; Elinor passed on.

Chapter IV.

DURING the three days that Kenneth and his mother remained in town, Mrs. Alderly talked a great deal about Florence, though she carefully avoided open reference to the subject which constantly engrossed her thoughts. She could not help seeing that Kenneth's mind was as far removed as ever from any idea of ranking himself among the young lady's suitors. She saw, too, that he suffered still: the trouble of the previous year was fresh as ever—the wound in his heart had not even begun to heal. He was greatly changed, too, in many ways; gentle and affectionate as he showed, it became plain to the mother that the time for any attempt at authority on her part had gone for ever—the means which the weakest of her sex might employ were the only ones whereby she could hope to influence him; and no consciousness could have been more galling to a woman who had all her life ruled autocratically over every human being connected with her.

But she meant to have her own way; her plan alone could promise peace and rest to Kenneth in the future. No matter how these foolish young people might feel now, long before middle age they would thank her for what she had done in their behalf; she regarded her intentions as if the result were already accomplished, a delusion natural enough in a person who had never yet failed in carrying out any scheme upon which she had bent her energies.

If she must coax and wheedle and plead, as ordinary women were forced to do, at least she would use every

weapon in her power; and this very physical weakness, which exasperated her like an indignity that nature had put upon her out of sheer malice, should be employed as a means to her end. Kenneth was alarmed and softened; he should be made still more uneasy, and his fears of retarding her recovery by opposition or dissent would almost take the place of the despotic power of other days.

He was sitting beside her sofa on the last evening of their stay in town; he had been talking about his travels, giving details in regard to her European acquaintances, and she had seemed amused and interested. Suddenly she turned restlessly on her pillows, and he heard her sigh heavily.

"You are tired, mother," he said; "I have kept you up too long."

"No, no," she answered—"I could not sleep yet. I am not suffering physically, my dear boy—not much, at least."

"I am afraid you are," he said, looking anxiously at the pale face, rendered still more wan by the faint, shaded light—that face which could always express any emotion at will.

"No; I am not easy in my mind—something has been troubling me all day," she continued, slowly. "I can't hide things as I do when I am well—you must not be vexed with me."

"Vexed, mother? As if I could be!"

"I know you would not—you are so good and kind," she sighed. "But I don't want to make you doleful by my depression; let us talk of something else. So you saw the Moutons in Paris?"

"Yes. They are coming home this Autumn—— But never mind them! What can you have to trouble you, mother? Do tell me! I shall imagine it something a great deal worse than it is, and you know what the doctors say about the absolute necessity of keeping your mind tranquil."

She hesitated still, obliging him to plead so urgently that he seemed to force a confession upon her.

"If I must, I must!" she exclaimed, abruptly, speaking very fast, as if afraid her courage would fail if she gave herself time to reflect. "I have been thinking about this visit—about the physicians saying I must go South if I don't grow stronger. I cannot leave Florence behind—she would not be left. She knows how necessary she is to me, and no fear of personal discomfort or pain would induce her to hesitate."

"I don't know why she should have either," replied Kenneth, but his voice was disturbed now.

"You must know what I mean, my son. Things I said to you before you went away—that I wrote to you—must make it all clear. There is no reason why you should not be perfectly frank with me; the harshest critic could not accuse you of masculine pettiness and vanity in admitting what we both know to be the truth to your mother."

"I do know what you mean," returned Kenneth, "but I cannot admit it. You fancied at one time that Florence, girl-like, might want to weave a little romance, and might choose me as the hero of it, for want of a better; and you begged me to be very careful. I was so; but I felt certain then that you were mistaken, and I hoped that long before this you had come to the same conclusion."

"Blind, blind!" murmured Mrs. Alderly.

"And now," continued Kenneth, firmly, "Florence is no longer a child—she is a woman—almost twenty-one, sensible and practical, too; there is very little likelihood of her indulging in any romantic dreams without a sound basis to plant them on."

"I don't know what you mean by planting dreams on a sound basis," returned his mother, plaintively.

"I mean that she would not be likely to indulge in a fancy for any man, unless he had shown her that he cared for her."

"Oh, you think women's hearts can be controlled by line and rule!" cried Mrs. Alderly. "Hearts are stronger even than a woman's dignity and pride, Kenneth; she may be silent—she may hide her pain—but that is all she can do."

"Why, mother, if I believed there was any foundation for your fancy, it would render intercourse with my cousin very difficult," he exclaimed. "I should feel like fleeing to the ends of the earth!"

Mrs. Alderly half started up on her cushions, and seized his arm with both hands.

"Don't," she gasped, "don't talk of leaving me! Kenneth, Kenneth, I may not be here long—it would kill me to have you go—it would kill me!"

"Mother, mother, how could you suppose I meant such a thing?" he cried, frightened by her agitation.

He put his arms about her, murmuring soothing words, and gradually she grew quiet, lying back on the sofa, but holding his hand fast.

"I know you could not mean it," she said, tremulously. "Oh, Kenneth, I think of so many possibilities—I have nothing to do nowadays but think! If I had to leave you——"

"Which is a sick fancy like the rest, darling," he interrupted. "The doctors say your recovery is only a matter of time."

"Oh, the doctors!" she cried, impatiently. "Up to the day of your father's death they kept telling me he was better. Anyway, I am growing an old woman——"

"Now, mother, dear! an old woman—barely fifty, and looking years younger, too!"

"I can see how I have aged," she went on; "worst of all, I feel it. I have lost my courage—my power of endurance! Oh, Kenneth, if I could have one joy granted—the only one this world has to offer me—if I could see you married and happy!"

"I mean to be happy with you, through you, and trying to make you so," he replied, tenderly, though face and voice showed how her words had hurt by the rush of bitter memories they aroused. "But about marriage there can be no question; I have no heart to give any woman—it is better to tell you so, once for all."

"Ah," she moaned, "I hoped that a year of reflection had enabled you to live worlds beyond such morbid feelings! There was a dream baseless enough—you cannot be so weak as to let its ghost stand between you and a future of peace and usefulness."

"Mother, you said yourself hearts cannot be controlled by line and rule."

Nothing angered Mrs. Alderly like hearing her own words quoted against her. Her voice grew sharp and bitter as she replied:

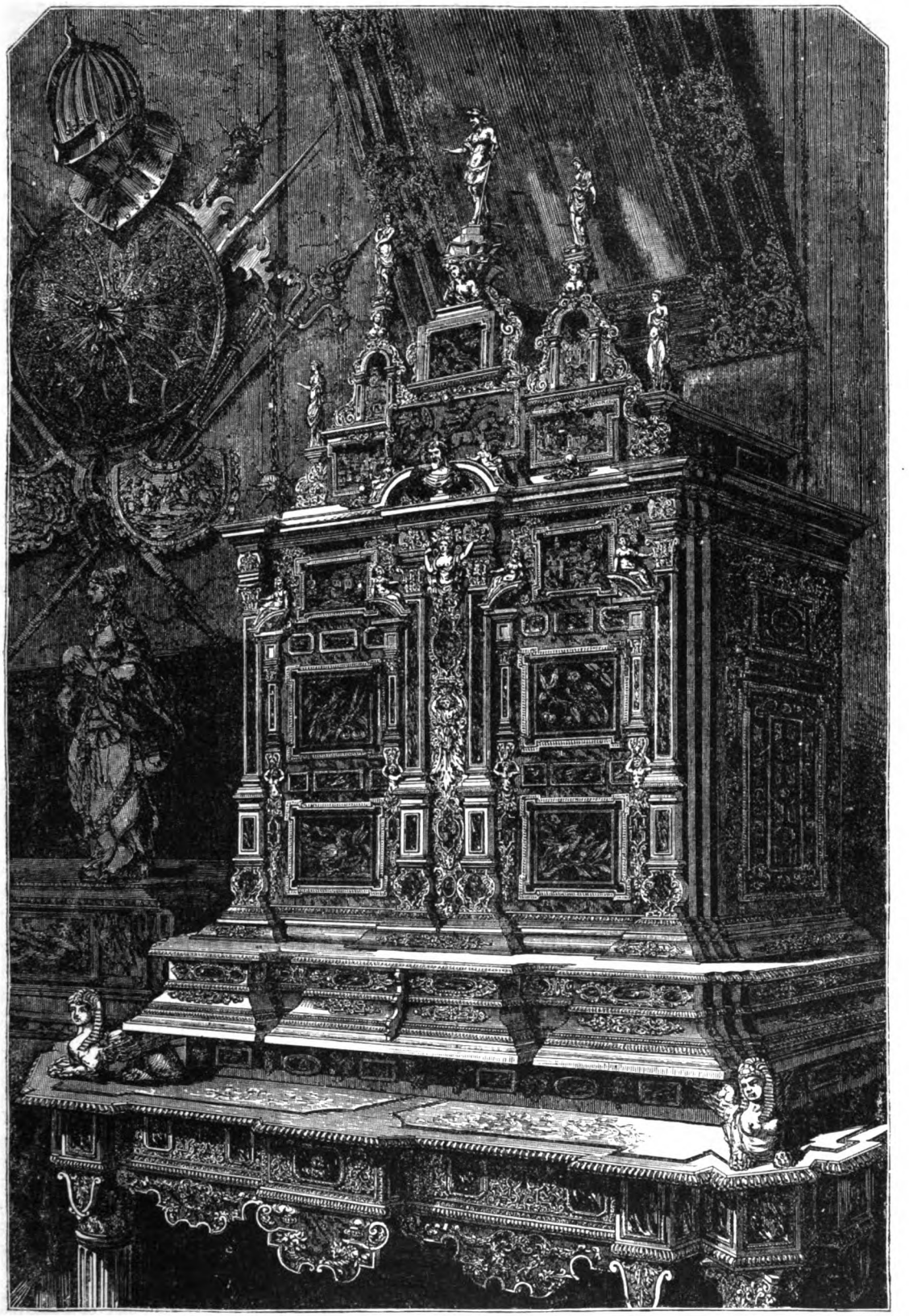
"A man should be able to control his heart when he finds that he has been deceived."

"Mother!"

"I am not accusing her—the facts of the case do that. Look at the letter she flung in my face to give you—the way she treated Mr. Gresham when he went to her in the kindest, gentlest manner; he wrote to you about it—he told me he had done so!"

"Yes; but that might easily arise from wounded pride—and she was a very proud woman. I had seemed hard and cruel; I had appeared to doubt her."

"For a moment! Do you forget that I went to Miss



A CABINET OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Stuart—do you suppose I was hard and unkind—that I neglected any means after my promise to you ?" she cried, vehemently.

"You know I do not, mother !"

"I only wrote you vaguely what happened—why add to your pain ? But if you will not be convinced, I must tell you the whole. It was not she had no wish to explain—she could not ! Every attempt made her case worse, and she saw it, and turned upon me, and told me to my face that——"

"Mother, don't," he broke in. "Whether you are right or wrong in your opinion, can make no difference now—that matter is dead and buried. I know Elinor Stuart too well to believe that she would ever see me again after writing that letter."

"But if you mean to let that episode desolate your life—if you cherish a mad hope that sometime, somehow——"

"I cherish no hope," he interrupted again. "It hurts me to talk of those things. I cannot, and I will not! You are mistaken if you think I mean to let the past ruin my life—I should be a miserable, contemptible coward; but to prevent that it is not necessary I should marry, and I don't intend to do so."

He rose, and walked several times up and down the room. Presently his mother called him in a trembling voice; he went back to the sofa, kissing her forehead as he seated himself.

"You must not be annoyed with me," she said; "I shall never speak of the affair again, but I could not be at peace till I knew. Now, Kenneth, I must think of something else—I must do my duty by Florence, at any cost."

"Your duty?" he repeated, in surprise.

"Yes; and however hard I may find it, I must not shrink therefrom. Better that I should suffer than she."

"Oh, mother, if you could put by that fancy!"

"Watch and judge for yourself," Mrs. Alderly answered. "See if Florence is not sometimes constrained and shy in your society—capricious, variable; judge as you would if you were watching her and another man. Not one word has she ever said; she does not dream that I suspect her secret. But she loves you, Kenneth, and she has for years."

"I do not, I cannot believe it, mother. And if it were true, what could I do? I could not act a lie, and if I told her the truth, most certainly she would not listen."

"It would be wanton cruelty to do that," his mother said. "But if you found I was right, would it not be pleasant to think that a good, pure girl, a beautiful and clever girl, cared for you? Would not her companionship make life brighter—would not the thought of a future which gave a home, strong interests, the love of your own children—be sweet to contemplate?"

"Perhaps," he said, absently. "I had never thought of those things; they say men marry from such motives and are content enough. It does not seem to me that I could, though."

Mrs. Alderly pressed her hands over her eyes and lay for a few moments apparently buried in reflection; then she said, without uncovering her face, as if thinking aloud:

"It may come to that. I may have to lose her in order to enjoy your society, and lose you when she comes to me; I must learn to put up with it—perhaps it may not be for long."

"For God's sake, mother, don't talk like that!" he cried. "I feel as if I could do anything, promise anything, rather than cause you suffering. Let us wait, put your fears aside; I may be able to convince you they were utterly wasted."

"And if you cannot?" she asked, leaning forward and again seizing his arm. "If you find that I am right, that Florence loves you, would it make you impatient—make you hate her?"

"No, no! how could it? I should be sorry, it would make me feel very tender toward her——"

"Which would be the commencement of a quiet, reasonable affection, that would in the end render you both happy," she interrupted. "Well, let us leave the matter here. I only ask you to watch, to study Florence, to try and do it as calmly and in as unprejudiced a fashion as if you were seeking to discover her real feeling for another person."

He smiled a little bitterly at being asked to give so good a proof of self-abnegation, but he felt no impatience toward his mother for making the request; it grew out of her great love for the girl, and a dread, natural enough to a sensitive nature, that any suffering should come to the daughter of her dead sister through her own son.

"You demand a good deal," he said, slowly.

"Oh, Kenneth, I demand nothing—don't put it in that way, else you will make me feel that I have hurt and offended you!" she cried, with pathetic earnestness.

"No, no; that was not what I meant, mother," he said, conscience-stricken at the idea of having expressed his thought so clumsily that it could assume such construction in her mind.

"I am sure it was not," she answered. "Of course, I am sure of that—don't I know my son? But tell me what you did mean, Kenneth; I don't understand. It seems to me that I ask nothing unreasonable—only to watch—to use your great discernment, unbiased by any personal considerations whatever."

"But that is just what is so difficult, mother," he urged, half playfully, yet very earnest in spite of his effort. "To do it, a man would require to possess an ability for self-abnegation amounting to heroism, and I have nothing of the sort in my composition; indeed, I fear I am rather selfish, and given to making my *ego* of vast importance in any matter that touches me."

"You do yourself great injustice!" she exclaimed, with loving impatience. "Oh, I know you better than you do yourself, Kenneth! You are capable of being a hero, if occasion required. There is no height you could not reach if circumstances demanded it."

"Such a blind, partial mother—clear-sighted as she is in other things!" he sighed, half sadly, half tenderly. "Well, dear, I will try my best to do what you wish—I mean about trying to discover if you are right in your suspicions; more I could not promise."

"As if I would ask it!" she cried. "Oh, Kenneth, it is your judgment, your heart that must decide—even a mother has no right to attempt to control those. I may be imperious, but you don't think I would ever be wicked enough to try and do that, my darling!"

"Good heavens, no! Imperious, mother? Why, you are not! I believe I used to think you inclined to be so, now and then, when I was a hot-headed boy. You can afford to forgive the impertinence, since I have so completely got over my error," he added, kissing her hand.

"I was by nature," she replied, penitently, "but I have tried hard to overcome the fault."

"Well, you certainly have succeeded," he said.

She smiled. It gratified her to find how successful her recent mode of managing him had proved. It required a constant struggle to restrain and hide her despotic will; but it was an ample reward to perceive that this pretense of softness, of yielding to his opinions, of wanting as she approached age to lean and rest upon him, leaving the guidance of both their lives in his hands, increased tenfold her influence over her impetuous son.

But gratifying as it was to hear avowals which proved the wisdom of the new part she had chosen, the wily schemer had no time to waste in listening longer. She wanted to render this conversation decisive; she could not risk wearying Kenneth by often recurring to the topic. She must advance the most weighty consideration of all, and then leave him free and apparently unwatched, certain that to his quick sense of honor the plea she meant to utter, in a way which would make it seem she

had involuntarily been betrayed into the confession by the excitement of the moment, would produce more effect upon his mind than anything else.

His next words brought her to the point she desired to reach.

"Mother," he exclaimed, flushing painfully under a sudden thought which disturbed his mind, "if, when I have done what you desire, I find that—that—— Oh, I am ashamed to finish—it makes me seem such a vain, conceited ass even to suggest the possibility!"

"You mean if you find that I am right," she rejoined, composedly.

"Yes," he cried. "I feel an idiotic coxcomb in saying it!"

"I beg you to speak out, Kenneth," she said; "I am not likely to misunderstand you."

"No, that is a little comfort. This is it. If I find that Florence cares—— Mind you, I firmly believe you are mistaken; I have known for a good while you thought so, and it has made me perhaps a little reserved toward her. But if I find you are right, I don't see how anything would be gained. We should be just where we are now—worse off, for I should feel guilty and wretched."

"I do not see that, since you just told me it would make you feel very, very tender toward her."

"But, mother, I could not go to her, and say, 'I have no heart to give—I know you care for me—I offer you my hand.' Why, that would be an insult!"

"Yes, Kenneth—an unpardonable one. God forbid that you should ever open your lips until the time comes—unless it comes, I mean—when you can offer full sympathy and tenderness. Oh, these count for so much with us women—they are everything! But my prayer is you may be able to do that. Oh, such calm affection would make life a paradise compared to the desolation and shame she must endure now—fearing that she has deceived herself—mistaken your manner—— Oh, I did not mean to say that!" she added, pausing abruptly.

She had spoken with every appearance of intense excitement, and now she seemed overpowered with distress that she had allowed herself to be betrayed into the confession her words held.

"Good heavens, mother!" cried Kenneth, in dismay. "You don't mean—you can't mean that Florence ever fancied I cared for her!"

She had turned away her head for a moment; she looked back again, and said, in a tone of deep emotion:

"I feel a wretch for having betrayed her secret; she does not dream that I suspect it, remember."

"Florence fancied that I cared?" he repeated, in pained bewilderment.

"Yes," his mother answered, more firmly. "I have gone too far unintentionally to stop now—I must tell you the whole. I am sure she thought it; recollect, like the rest, it may be my sick fancy—but I cannot believe it. And, Kenneth——"

"Well, mother, well?"

"Oh, my darling, I am not blaming you, but I never noticed any sign of the reserve which you speak of having felt—far from it, very far! I thought—I thought—ah, I am not accusing you of having flirted—I know you are incapable of such meanness. But your manners toward women are so gentle, so caressing, they might easily deceive without you having the least idea. And Florence you treated as you did no other young lady, and—oh, don't be vexed, don't—there was a time when I, too, thought you loved her."

"Great heavens, mother!"

"I did; it was last year, after you came home from Europe. I did, up to the time you wrote me from Laughton."

Kenneth was so dismayed and shocked that he could with difficulty retain any show of composure; only his mother's painful agitation and the fear of increasing it enabled him to sit quiet.

"If I ever come to believe you right," he said, after a long silence, "my duty would be plain. There, mother, I can say no more."

She flung her arms about his neck, and kissed him passionately.

"I have spoken for the last time," she said. "I leave it all in your hands—I can trust my son's honor. Kenneth, Kenneth, you are not vexed with me—you don't blame me?"

"No, mother, no!"

"I can sleep now," she said, smiling up at him; "that is off my mind. But remember, I cannot have my boy sacrificed, either. If I am proved correct—if she cares, and seeing that, rouses sympathy and tenderness in your heart—only on that condition!"

He kissed her in silence, and led her away to her room.

Chapter V.

FLORENCE DENHAM was sitting alone in a room off the library in Mr. Gresham's house. It was her favorite nook, and Mr. Gresham called it "Florence's nest," glad and thankful that nowadays his pretty bird brightened his house so often by her presence that he could regard some place therein as especially her own.

Florence had learned to love her stepfather very dearly; indeed, she knew now that she had always been strongly attracted toward him, and that it was only the fear of offending her aunt which had prevented her manifesting her affection, or even admitting to herself how warm it was. Still it never occurred to her to blame Mrs. Alderly; that lady's former haughty disregard of her brother-in-law had arisen from the fact that she did not really know him; for any past mistakes—Florence could not have dreamed of terming them willful, wicked errors—she had made ample amends by her thorough appreciation, since circumstances had again thrown them together, and acquaintance had rendered them friends.

On his side, Mr. Gresham was too generous to give Florence the slightest hint of the evil part Mrs. Alderly had acted in his life; under no circumstances, probably, would he have ever done so, but now she had so completely deceived him that he believed her character had radically changed; she regretted her former cruelty and desired to atone, not only by the frank offering of her esteem and friendship, but by allowing him the happiness of Florence's society, and doing everything in her power to cement the affection between them.

So the girl brought a new sunshine to his heart, and during these past two weeks, since Mrs. Alderly and Kenneth joined them, he had enjoyed himself greatly. He perceived the change in Kenneth, but it was not so great but that Mrs. Alderly's explanation accounted therefor—he was growing older, taking life more seriously. The pair exchanged confidences in regard to their mutual desire to see a match brought about between the youthful couple; but the lady assumed with him the ground that as yet both were blind to the strength of their feeling for one another; everything must be left to time; young

people, even those as good and sweet as Kenneth and Florence, were very apt to be recalcitrant if they discovered that their pastors and masters wished to regulate the future destiny of their hearts. Time would set all right; the growth of their affection had been so gradual that they did not recognize it as love; some chance would show them the truth—till then, mother and guardian must appear blind.

Mrs. Alderly's security put Mr. Gresham quite at ease; a shrewd, discerning woman like her was not easily deceived; so, with new faith in his hopes, he could enjoy the pleasant days and the society of the pair who were dearer to him now than anything on earth. Mrs. Alderly could wait with composure, too, though she was not idle; but her finest art was adopted in the treatment of her niece and son. She knew that in the end her plan would succeed—her conversation with Kenneth had settled her last fear; she should succeed, and the two would live to bless her for their happiness; and in this belief, at least, she was perfectly sincere. So she could watch and wait patiently enough, and her complacency was increased by a fact which Mr. Gresham had confided to her: he had made his will. It gave a large legacy to Kenneth, and the bulk of his wealth would revert to Florence.

The girl was seated in her favorite nook, in the soft light of the sunset; the French windows were open upon the garden, and the scent of the flowers came up with fresh sweetness under the influence of a Summer shower, heavy enough to confine her to the house, though it scarcely disturbed the beauty of the sunset.

The room was only separated from the great library by a row of pillars, across which hung rich curtains, partially drawn back, and leaving Florence visible to any one who entered. Her aunt was tired after a drive, and had gone to lie down; good old Miss Gresham was busy with her usual Saturday donations to her numerous pensioners, and as Mr. Gresham and Kenneth were out, Florence had been left to her own devices.

She had wanted a stroll in the garden, and the sudden shower prevented her, so she wandered about for a while in the restless fashion common to us all under slight disappointments, and at last, wearied by her own stupidity in being able to settle to nothing, she sat down by a table and picked up a newspaper which Mr. Gresham had left her.

Idly glancing along the columns, reading here and there notices in regard to the Summer movements of acquaintances, she came upon a paragraph which contained Reginald Seymour's name; a good deal of pleasant praise, too, of the young artist, who was so rapidly winning a prominent place in his profession.

Florence had not heard of his return to America; indeed, had not heard his name mentioned for months. She very seldom allowed herself to think of the bright Summer weeks when fate had flung them together, and a dream, sweet as it was brief, sprang up in her young heart.

Her thoughts went back to that season now, always a painful memory, for his hasty and silent departure had made it evident that she alone had dreamed. The newspaper dropped from her hand, and she sat there recalling the events of that sunny episode, whose fading had left youth less joyous.

Kenneth Alderly entered the library, and, looking up the length of the shadowy room, saw her in the distance in her little nook, making a lovely picture as she sat framed in by the parted draperies, the garden and shrubberies for a background, and the sunlight forming a sort of halo about her head.

He wondered of what she could be thinking—the sweet face looked so wistful and sad. Until lately he had regarded Florence as a pretty child, not in any degree appreciating the strength of mind and character which lay under her gay exterior; and, indeed, with him she had usually shown herself in high girlish spirits, full of laughter and merry nonsense, else reserved, almost shy, and sometimes capricious and abrupt.

He went softly forward. He was reflecting how much brighter and fuller his life would be if he could love her—wondering, as he had so constantly done during this past fortnight, if there were any truth in his mother's suspicions. He had tried to study her carefully, but he could arrive at no conclusion. Only one thing he began to perceive—Florence was not the child he had always considered her—the mere society belle, with numerous showy accomplishments and a parrot-like ability to repeat the opinions of which she had gained a surface knowledge from books. She was clever and appreciative; and so far from her reading being confined to novels and poetry, she was quite an earnest student in a quiet way, and reflected, and originated ideas.

If she cared for him—if he could teach himself to care—that was his thought. Life was empty—empty; that blighted hope—that thwarted affection, shut itself between him and all interest, all peace! It was weak and unmanly. Elinor Stuart had cast him off. He believed in her goodness and purity, but he could not help the conclusion that she had been guilty of coquetry; and this was hard to forgive. Such folly, in a nature gifted like hers, appeared doubly unworthy. But whether he forgave her or not, was a matter of no consequence—they were separated for ever. What he had to do was to forget—forget; find new aims in life; show himself a man! Only life was dreary—dreary. Ah, if Florence loved him—if he could learn to care!

He went swiftly up the room, realizing that he had some vague intention in his mind—feeling, though scarcely expressing it to himself, that in some way this interview was important; thinking, too, in the same unformed fashion, that at this moment he was in a mood when a discovery of the correctness of his mother's suspicions might rouse a warmth of emotion, a sufficiency of tenderness and interest, to place him far on the road he would have been glad to tread.

The thick carpet rendered his step inaudible; and, lost in her reverie, Florence was unaware of his approach till the silk curtains rustled under his touch as he pushed them aside, and entered the boudoir. She started nervously, then sank back in her chair, saying:

"Why, Kenneth, you startled me! You came in as unexpectedly and noiselessly as a ghost!"

"I don't believe any such visitor ever haunts you," he said, smiling.

She smiled, too, but with a certain wistful sadness; then she answered;

"Nobody ought to let ghosts haunt him—it is weak and wicked. Life wasn't given us to waste in useless regrets. If we can't get roses, we must take violets, or any flower that offers; it is silly to keep our gardens barren just because we can't have our favorite blossoms."

She was thinking of herself and her last half-hour's reverie, but the words seemed so applicable to his own case, that Kenneth marveled for a second if she meant them to. Then he remembered that she knew nothing whatever about his secret; and a fresh wonder filled his mind—he would not, even with his new growing appreciation, have expected a theory from her which held so much thought and resolution.

"You looked as if you were dreaming," he said, play-

fully; "but I did not suppose it was about matters so grave."

"Ah, that is because you fancy my dreams don't go beyond a new bonnet, or anticipation about a ball," she retorted.

"Indeed, you are very unjust, Florence," he replied. "We have seen so little of each other, that I am only just learning to know you; but I certainly did not judge you in that fashion, though I confess I did not imagine you were so earnest a student."

"Now please—please!" she cried, impatiently. "Just because you have discovered I read something besides novels, don't go to the other extreme! I am not a student or a genius, but then I'm not a stupid, babyish girl, either."

They were both in a mood so unusual, that it did not strike either as odd that their talk should suddenly have assumed a tone so different from their ordinary style of conversation. They had been so little together that they had never made any approach to the frank intimacy usual between relatives. Kenneth always treated her with the gallant deference he would any young lady in society; he had never dreamed that she had perceived how much he underrated her mental powers, and he felt somewhat confused at this sudden, almost irritated betrayal of that knowledge.

"Well," he said, "if you won't have compliments, at least let me add that I hope you won't refuse me your acquaintance. I feel as if that were only just beginning, odd as it is to say of one's cousin."

"Ah, but you see, perhaps you would be less polite then," returned she, laughing. "When male cousins get intimate, they are like brothers; they take liberties, and point out one's faults, and tyrannize, and are generally disagreeable."

"Good gracious! what awful characters you give us!" cried he. "Come, I promise to be an exception. If you refuse to accept me in my cousinly *rôle*, at least we may be friends, I trust—you won't be offended at my liking and admiring you?"

He spoke heedlessly, but as the words left his lips he remembered that they might take a deeper significance to her ears than he had intended them to do. As the thought crossed his mind he glanced toward her; he saw her stir restlessly in her chair; that shyness, almost confusion, he had sometimes noticed when they were alone, became apparent. Was his mother right—did Florence care?

Before he had finished his rapid reflection, she said, gayly, though in a voice not quite steady:

"Friends, most certainly; only I warn you I make it a rule to quarrel now and then with mine—it freshens the air and brightens one up."

As she spoke she leaned forward, ostensibly for the newspaper lying at her feet; perhaps to give herself time to recover herself, was his thought, as he stooped and picked up the journal.

"I have not seen a paper to-day," he said, as if the action had given a new impulse to his ideas; in reality, because his thought troubled him; he knew he did not wish to be convinced that his mother's conviction had any basis. "One gets into idle ways in the country," he added, glancing down the page.

"Oh, there is nothing in the paper—nothing at all," said Florence, quickly, holding out her hand for it.

As he was folding it, Kenneth's eye chanced to fall on the paragraph concerning the young artist.

"So Reginald Seymour is sketching in the Lehigh Valley," he said. "I told you he came home on the steamer with me?"

"No," Florence answered.

"Did I not?" returned he, still with his eyes on the paragraph. "I used to know him quite well; he's a splendid fellow. I'd not seen him for a good while, and he didn't seem to wish to renew our acquaintance—he let me severely alone. I've no idea what I ever did to offend him—I'd have asked, if he had given me the chance."

Florence murmured some inarticulate reply.

"Did you ever know him?" Kenneth asked.

"Yes; we met him one Summer in the Catskills; you were in Europe," Florence replied.

Her voice was steady enough, yet had something so forced in its composure that he looked quickly at her. A burning blush suffused her cheeks; it faded as quickly as it came, leaving her very pale. At the same instant Miss Gresham appeared in at the open window, and called:

"Oh, there you are, Florence! The shower is over; come out and look at the lilies; the gravel is scarcely wet."

"I am dying for a breath of air," cried Florence. And rising quickly, she ran out into the garden, leaving Kenneth lost in a fresh and more perplexing wonder than had gone before. But presently he heard Miss Gresham call again:

"I did not know you were there, Mr. Alderly; come out, too, and admire my beautiful lilies."

He joined them, and they strolled about among the flower-beds for a little time. Florence had entirely recovered from her odd emotion, and jested and laughed in her pretty fashion; but before long she made an excuse to get away—she must see if her aunt had wakened. She did not go to Mrs. Alderly's apartments, however; she hurried away to her own room, and locked herself in to be safe from intrusion.

"Such a dear, sweet girl," Miss Gresham said, looking after her as she walked away; "as good and clever as she is lovely—that is saying a good deal."

Kenneth assented, but he did not want to talk about Florence just then, and he changed the conversation, asking some questions which set the spinster off upon her favorite hobby of gardening.

They stopped for awhile; Kenneth helped Miss Gresham gather some of her pet lilies, then a sudden dread of damp feet seized her, and she proposed going indoors. Kenneth accompanied her, carrying the flowers, which she began arranging in a vase.

"They are so pure and white, that they are just suited to Florence's sanctum," she said, in the pretty, fanciful way which kept her from appearing just an ordinary, commonplace old maid. "Though Florence is more like a rosebud. I'll tell you who always reminded me of a lily—Miss Stuart. I never see one without thinking of her."

It was the first time her name had been mentioned. Kenneth had often longed to ask Miss Gresham if she knew anything of her whereabouts, but had never found the courage.

"You are right," he said. "Do you know where Miss Stuart went?"

Just as he uttered the name, Mrs. Alderly, who had entered the library, reached the boudoir. Kenneth had unintentionally drawn the curtains together when he joined Florence; his mother stood still and listened.

"Somewhere in the Lehigh Valley. Mrs. Mosely took her there to a sister of hers. She told me Miss Stuart had a place in a school, that was all," replied Miss Gresham, in a quavering voice. "Oh, it was all dreadful—I can't bear to think of it; and we were helpless. Oh, I knew my brother would gladly have helped her! I do not believe anything against her; I never did for an instant. She

was not a flirt—you knew her. Ah, it was bad enough for them to say she flirted with you, but it was infamous to pretend to misunderstand her motive where that man Hudson was concerned."

She stopped with a little cry of fright; Kenneth had given a sudden start, which nearly upset the table.

"People said—said—gossiped about my acquaintance with her?" he gasped.

"Yes. You know I told you what Mrs. Mosely said," returned the spinster. "Oh, forgive me! I oughtn't to have reminded you. It must be very painful—but you were not to blame."

Kenneth controlled himself, though a pang of agony which seemed rending body and soul asunder struck him. He did not even remind Miss Gresham that she had told him nothing of this; he only asked in a hard, stern tone:

"Will you tell me what was said?"

"I did, you know," she said, ready to cry. "I oughtn't to have spoken—so unkind, so inconsiderate. Forgive me; don't let my brother or your mother know."

"But what did they say?"

"Afterward—after you had gone, you mean? Oh, that you had found her out—that—ah, you can imagine! Don't make me talk about it, it is all forgotten now. I trust the poor girl is happy," quavered Miss Gresham. "She was a good woman, was she not? You liked and respected her?"

"Yes," Kenneth answered, warmly. "I believe in her as firmly as I do in Florence—in you—in my own mother." Then a wave of wrath and unreasoning remorse seized him, and he cried: "If I could fix the slander on any man, I would——"

Again Miss Gresham gave a strangled squeak, and began to whimper.

"Oh, you frighten me!" she gasped. "Please don't say another word. It is too late. I must see if my brother has come in."

She hurried off through the library, but the room was already dusky with the shadows of twilight, and in her haste and tearful agitation she did not notice Mrs. Alderly, who, before her appearance, had gained a distant window, and was standing there, gazing out into the gloom.

That night, after she was in her own room, and Florence had left her, the girl came back, bringing with her a letter.

"Aunty, dear," she said, "I'm the most careless creature in the world. Watkins gave me this letter for you before dinner, and I forgot it."

"Nothing of any importance, probably," Mrs. Alderly answered; "don't let your uneasy conscience trouble you, my dear."

She kissed her, and Florence went away. While her maid was arranging her hair, Mrs. Alderly opened the letter, glanced in wonder at the coarse, uneven writing, then turned the page, read the signature, and murmured under her breath:

"Madge Hudson!"

"I beg your pardon—I didn't hurt you, ma'am?" asked her woman.

"No, no," her mistress replied, in a smothered voice. "I am very tired—make haste, please, Watkins."

When she was alone, Mrs. Alderly read the letter—read Madge's angry account of Elinor Stuart's attempt to bring trouble between her husband and her. She had heard Mrs. Alderly was at Laughton; she wanted advice—help.

"And she shall have both," Mrs. Alderly muttered. "Oh, Elinor Stuart! Elinor Stuart, you are in the way—always in the way!"

Chapter VI.

IN the first remorseful misery caused by poor Miss Gresham's unintentional revelation, it seemed to Kenneth Alderly that he must go in search of Elinor Stuart, if it were only to tell her of the anguish he suffered in learning that he was in any way connected with the slanders which had affected her good name.

But reflection showed him the uselessness of any such step; she would not listen. The memory of her farewell letter came up with all the dreadful possibilities of meaning it contained, and checked him. He was able at length to recognize that at least he had no cause for remorse—he had not wittingly injured her, though feeling this did not lessen the pain and horror of knowing that he had done so.

His mother watched him narrowly, busy with her plans for finding some means by which she could drive Elinor Stuart forth from her present refuge, and leave Kenneth in ignorance of her whereabouts, lest he might, in what the mother termed his unpardonable weakness, be moved to make known to her some expression of his regret and trouble.

Then a new idea struck her. She only wondered at her own dullness in not having found it when first alarmed and enraged by the possible consequences of Miss Gresham's inopportune disclosure. Here was something that she could do at once; she had been idiotic to waste ten whole days, during which time Kenneth's varying phases of feeling, often so fraught with speedy danger to her carefully wrought fabric of deception, had been as plain to her keen sight as if he had put his misery and his often-rejected resolutions into plain speech.

It was late at night; she had been unable to sleep, and she knew that Kenneth had not long gone to bed, for his room was next hers, and she had heard him moving cautiously about until within the last half hour.

She went into the corridor, and opened the door of his chamber. He started up on his pillow at the sound; the shutters were ajar, and the moonlight streamed in so that he could see her distinctly.

"Are you ill, mother?" he asked.

"No, dear," she replied; "but I was sure you were awake still, and I wanted to speak to you."

"You bad mother!" he said, trying to speak cheerfully—"you ought to have been asleep two hours ago."

She went up to the bed, laid her hand on his shoulder, and gently forced him to lie down again; then seated herself.

"Did you think I could rest when I knew you were unhappy?" she demanded. "Kenneth, I know what is fretting you. I heard what that foolish Miss Gresham told you the other day! I don't need to explain that I did not listen voluntarily."

"It would have been right, if you had," he answered. "Oh, mother—mother! it is terrible to think that in addition to all the rest, people should have gossiped about her and me, and she to have known it!"

"She did not know—that is what I wanted to tell you," returned Mrs. Alderly, quickly.

"Are you sure—sure?"

"Perfectly sure," she replied, in a tone of profound conviction. "I had my interview with her only a few hours before she left Laughton. I was so afraid she might have heard and be troubled; I could not bear to ask, but I managed to find out that she knew nothing about it—there, at least your mind can be at rest."

"And it is a great comfort," he sighed.

"I ought to have told you at once," continued his mother, "but it was so painful to speak—you have avoided the subject——"

"Yes, yes; but I am glad to know. Mother, I want to ask you one question. Are you certain that she—she was not influenced in her decision by feeling that I had hesitated—had doubted?"

"Oh, Kenneth, no; her letter answered that question plainly enough—you could not be so blind as to fail to see the real reason."

"Then if it was not anger and wounded pride—that it was is the thought which always haunts me," he said, slowly, after a pause—"there could be only one other motive."

"Only one—you know what that was," Mrs. Alderly replied, in a pained, hesitating tone. "Kenneth, Kenneth, I could not bear to put it into words; but I must—I cannot see you wasting your life over a mere dream—I must tell you."

"Yes; I want to hear," he said.

"You know the spirit in which I went to her—you do me justice—you know my only thought was for your happiness?"

"Yes, mother, yes!"

"She treated me with utter scorn; she would not even touch my hand. Kenneth, she was like a mad woman, for all she was so quiet. She was full of remorse, she told me so; she had an insane idea that the man would die—she should be his murderess, and she knew too late that—that it was he whom she had loved."

Her voice was very low, but every word sounded fearfully distinct; she felt the whole bed tremble for a moment under the paroxysm which shook Kenneth from head to foot; then he lay still, with his eyes closed.

"There is more," she said; "hard as it is, it must be told. She wrote to him—his aunt knew—but he was getting well then. The patient devotion of that poor Madge had done its work. He saw that he had only been bewildered and fascinated; he saw Elinor Stuart as she really was—a flirt, a coquette. That is all—oh, it is like tearing my heart out to tell you this. But, my son, my son, you must live past those memories; you must give up any wild hope, any unfounded trust—I cannot see you waste and ruin your whole life."

He remained silent for a long time, then he said:

"They are all gone now, mother—I shall not waste my life. We will never speak her name again."

She kissed him and went away, and alone in her own chamber she said to herself:

"The surgeon is not cruel when he cuts the gangrened limb with a sharp knife. What I have done is for my boy's happiness, his real happiness—he will go on and seek it now."

(To be continued.)

SIR ANDREW BARTON, THE SCOTCH PRIVATEER, DEFEATED BY THE HOWARDS.

A NAVAL engagement between Scotch and English vessels has a strange sound to our ears. Bannockburn, Flodden, Glencoe and Culloden come to the mind as fields where Scot and Saxon met in deadly fray, but naval engagements were less familiar.

The spirited picture shows a desperate fight between a Scotch privateer and an English war vessel of the day. It had scarcely a claim to a place in history, yet it led to a war.

A Portuguese squadron had, in the year 1476, seized a Scottish ship laden with a rich cargo, and commanded by John Barton. Letters of marque were granted him, which he had not, apparently, used to any great advantage, for they were renewed to his three sons thirty years afterward. The Bartons were not content with repaying themselves for their loss, but found the Portuguese captures so profitable that they became confirmed pirates, "and when they felt their own strength, they seem, with little scruple, to have considered ships of any nation as their fair prize." Complaints were lodged before Henry VIII., but were almost ignored, "till the Earl of Surrey, then Treasurer and Marshal of England, declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be so infested."

Two ships, commanded by his two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard, were made ready, with the King's knowledge and consent. The two brothers put to sea, but were separated by stress of weather; the same happened to the two pirate ships—the *Lion*, under Sir Andrew Barton's own command, and the *Jenny Perwin*, or *Bark of Scotland*. The strength of one of them is thus described in an old ballad, by a merchant, one of Sir Andrew's victims, who is supposed to relate his tale to Sir Thomas Howard:

"He is brass within, and steel without,
With beams on his top-castle strong;
And thirty pieces of ordnance
He carries on each side along;
And he hath a pinnace dearly dight,
St. Andrew's cross it is his guide;
His pinnace beareth nine score men,
And fifteen cannons on each side.

* * * *

"Were ye twenty ships, and he but one,
I swear by Kirk, and bower and hall,
He would overcome them every one,
If once his beams they do down fall."

But it was not so to be. Sir Thomas Howard, as he lay in the Downs, descried the former making for Scotland, and immediately gave chase, "and there was a sore battle. The Englishmen were fierce, and the Scots defended themselves manfully, and ever Andrew blew his whistle to encourage his men. Yet, for all that, Lord Howard and his men, by clean force, entered the main deck. There the English entered on all sides, and the Scots fought sore on the hatches; but, in conclusion, Andrew was taken, being so sore wounded that he died there, and then the remnant of the Scots were taken, with their ship."

Meantime Sir Edward Howard had encountered the other piratical ship, and though the Scots defended themselves like "hardy and well-stomached men," succeeded in boarding it. The prizes were taken to Blackwall, and the prisoners, 150 in number, being all left alive, "so bloody had the action been," were tried at Whitehall, before the Bishop of Winchester and a council.

The bishop reminded them that, "though there was peace between England and Scotland, they, contrary to that, as thieves and pirates, had robbed the King's subjects within his streams, wherefore they had deserved to die by the law, and to be hanged at the low-water mark." Then said the Scots, "We acknowledge our offense, and ask mercy, and not the law;" and a priest, who was also a prisoner, said, "My lord, we appeal from the King's justice to his mercy." Then the bishop asked if he were authorized by them to say thus, and they all cried, "Yea, yea!" "Well, then," said the bishop, "you shall find the King's mercy above his justice; for, where you were dead by the law, yet by his mercy he will revive you. You shall depart out of this realm within twenty days, on pain

of death if ye be found after the twentieth day; and pray for the King."

James subsequently required restitution from Henry, who answered "with brotherly salutation" that "it became not a prince to charge his confederate with breach of peace for doing justice upon a pirate and thief." But there is no doubt that it was regarded as a national affair in Scotland, and helped to precipitate the war which speedily ensued.

SIR ANDREW BARTON, THE SCOTCH PRIVATEER, DEFEATED BY THE HOWARDS.

An absolute singleness of pursuit almost means a mind always in one attitude; an eye that regards every object, however many-sided, from one point of view; an intellectual dietary beginning and ending with one article. Exclusiveness of this kind is apt to produce serious evils. It disposes each man to exaggerate the force and value of his own particular attainment, and perhaps therewith his own importance. It deprives the mind of the refreshment which is healthfully afforded by alternation of labor.

THE SAPPHIRE RING. —"THE ASTROLOGER, BURSTING OPEN A WINDOW, LEAPED WITH HER FAINTING FORM IN HIS ARMS TO THE TERRACED GARDEN BENEATH."— SEE NEXT PAGE

THE SAPPHIRE RING.

WHO is in that close, dark carriage we have seen ahead of us occasionally for the last three days, Fritz?" said a tall, haughty-looking man, in a military undress, as he stepped into his own barouche.

"I have not been able to find out, your highness," answered the servant, with a deprecating air.

"Did I not bid you do so?" said his master, sternly.

"Indeed, your highness, I did my best. I have asked at the post stations; and at Coblentz, when some refreshments were handed into the carriage, I did catch a glimpse of a valled lady by the flashing of the lamps, but that was all. No one can give me any information."

"Away, stupid!" said his master, as he leaned back in his carriage; "take a horse and follow. See, they are winding up that steep hill yonder. Keep close to them, and report to me at the next halting-place. I would know more of those mysterious people who preserve such a strict incognito. Here, this shall be yours if you succeed," and he shook a purse of gold in the man's dazzled eyes.

"That may sharpen the fellow's wits," he murmured, as he sank back again on the luxurious cushions. "I *must* find out who the lady is. Such a lovely white hand I saw stretched out, giving alms to a beggar! that gleaming sapphire ring on one finger! I *will* know; and when did General Liebenan *will*, and not succeed?"

Tall and stately, of a majestic herculean figure, there was a firmness to the well-cut mouth that spoke an iron will, and contradicted the almost feminine softness of the large dark eyes. To his servant he was an inexorable master, feared next to death; to women, fascinating and bewildering; to the world at large, imperious and disdainful. Of immense wealth, and belonging to one of the noblest families of Germany, he was traveling toward Paris, stopping here and there, as his fancy willed.

Night came on, and found the general seated in a luxurious hotel, impatiently awaiting the return of Fritz. The light sparkled pleasantly into the glass of ruby wine which he sipped, the perfume of the grapes with which he toyed absently was delicious, yet he waited moodily. A soft knock at the door, and the object of his thoughts presented himself.

"Ah! you are here at last," he said, eagerly. "Come; what have you to say?"

"I fear not much, your highness," said the man, stammering; then, as he saw the dark frown gathering on his master's brow, he hastened to add: "I followed the carriage closely, as your highness bade me, and under cover of darkness I crept behind it as they halted in the courtyard of the 'Royal Dragon.' They did not stop long, but I heard the lady speak of rooms engaged at the Hôtel de la Couronne, at Paris. I stood close beside the carriage listening for every word, and as the lady put out her hand for a cup of coffee, she dropped this glove. No one observed it, and when the carriage drove off I picked it up. I found this ring in one of the fingers," and he handed his master a magnificent sapphire ring, set with large diamonds, together with a dainty little glove, perfumed faintly with violets. "Afterward, as I took a hasty supper, I questioned the host, but he knew nothing of them, save that there was a gentleman and lady with a lady's-maid in the carriage."

General Liebenan took the ring and examined the German motto inside it, "God send thee well to keep." It must be the one he had himself seen on that lovely hand.

"You have done well, Fritz, so far. Now take a fresh horse and press on to Paris. Take apartments at the Hôtel de la Couronne; if possible, adjoining those of the unknown lady. If I am satisfied, this purse shall be yours."

Fritz bowed and retired, his mind filled with visions of the well-filled purse, with which he might buy a little farm, and marry his beloved Cathay. All his wits were sharpened, and his energies roused for the success of his mission.

Two days later he met his master at the Barrier, a smile which boded success upon his face.

"I think your highness will be suited," he whispered. "I have secured the apartments immediately adjoining those of the unknown party. They have arrived but a few hours."

The general was conducted to his rooms by the bowing landlord, who placed everything in the house at his disposal, and when he had retired, Fritz, with a mysterious air, led the way into a small, dark dressing-room. In a whisper he called his master's attention to a little oriel window which swung on a pivot high on the wall, and invited him to mount on a table which stood underneath. Dismissing Fritz to the outer rooms to keep watch, he stepped upon the impromptu ladder, and looked through the window. From a deep recess, which almost concealed the window, his eye rested on the dining-room of the splendid suite of apartments the unknown lady occupied. Partially opening the window, he was enabled to hear all said within. A servant had just announced that dinner was served, and from an adjoining *salon* a lady swept into the room. Yes! that was the fair hand he had seen, and oh! how transcendently beautiful she was, with a skin of the most dazzling fairness, deep, liquid blue eyes, with long, fringed lashes, and hair like clusters of rippling gold.

Closely following her was a tall, elegant man, and he exclaimed, passionately, as he entered the room:

"Dismiss your maid, my beautiful Therese, I entreat; let me be once alone with you, my angel."

"Come no nearer," said the lady, imperiously, as he advanced toward her, retreating, with a look of aversion upon her face, as he advanced. "The hour of your fancied triumph yields you nothing but my contempt, which is all you ever had from the beginning. Know that *you*, the admired of the Court, the fascinating Prince Windergratze, have been but my lackey, my servant, the chosen implement of my revenge on the man who would have married me against my will. I know you, heartless libertine, and I dismiss you, now that your work is done. There are your wages," and she contemptuously flung a purse of gold at his feet. "Spend them at the gaming-table, as you are wont."

The prince stood silent before her, his features working convulsively, but his smile was sinister, and boded evil.

"You do not go," exclaimed Therese, stamping her small foot, "when I tell you I despise you!"

"No, my sweet tormentor; I still continue your devoted slave. Since you threw your fair fame for ever into my hands by eloping with me, you must love me, my charming Therese; and as you have thrown yourself into my arms, I shall most assuredly keep you there."

"Fool!" exclaimed the lady, haughtily; "can you not see the use I made of you? How was I to escape a marriage with a man I hated, commanded by the Empress to wed me? My only alternative was to disgrace myself,

apparently, in the eyes of the world, and I did it most effectually when I disappeared with you. Now, will you go?"

And she shot a scornful glance from her dark blue eyes.

The withering scorn of her manner awoke a tempest in the breast of the man who stood before her.

"By heavens, madame, you shall repent this! You shall be mine yet—I swear it—by fair means or foul."

"In the meantime I will dine," said the lady, indifferently, seating herself at the table. "Here, my good Gretel, you shall serve me," and she began to eat with great relish.

"A little more of that salmi, Gretel; it must be confessed this cooking is exquisite. I shall enjoy this lovely Paris when the prince relieves me of his company."

And she glanced mockingly at him as she ate.

The prince stood leaning against the mantelpiece, his features distorted with passion, glaring at the woman who had made such a dupe of him. The sneer that curled her beautiful lip, and the mocking demon which danced in her blue eye, but heightened her beauty, while a new brilliancy warmed her cheek into a glow like ripened Summer. Her beauty almost maddened him as he gazed at her.

"Perhaps you would like to eat, my prince," she said, as she rose from her seat. "I have finished." And she threw herself languidly into an arm-chair.

"Take care how you try me too far," he said, hoarsely, his very lips turning white. "I could murder you now, as you sit there in your insolent beauty."

"The police are very vigilant in Paris, I have heard," she answered, negligently. "It might prove dangerous."

"Think not you have done with me, madame; you will hear from me shortly, to your cost," and he hastily quitted the room, as if he could no longer contain his rage.

What was the lady's surprise to see her maid dart into the adjoining room, and returning in an instant with her bonnet and shawl, leave the room by the same door, without one word to her mistress.

"Where can Gretel be going?" she murmured, astonished. "Ah, she must be fearful of the threats of that bad man. Faithful creature!" and she sank back in her chair, absorbed in a reverie.

Servants removed the dinner service, and still she sat there, while the hours rolled by unheeded.

In the meantime the general remained at his post, as if spellbound, awaiting the termination to the singular scene he had witnessed. And as he gazed on the perfect face and figure of the Countess Therese, as she sat with her head leaning on her hands, the time passed swiftly, each moment nourishing the love which had sprung up in his heart as he first gazed on her.

At last the door opened, and the maid entered, pallid and breathless, as if from swift walking.

"Why, Gretel, where have you been? What is the matter?" her mistress exclaimed, as she sank trembling on a chair; and she hastily poured a glass of wine from a decanter on the table, holding it to her colorless lips until she had drank it.

"Ah! my lady, I will tell you," the old woman gasped. "I followed him—that man—I was afraid he would do you a mischief, his rage was so fearful. He walked away very fast, and I kept after him until he came to a river with a bridge over it. It must have been the Seine. I remember it in my young days. He stood for a long time looking over at the water, and once or twice he put his hand to his head, as if he felt sick, then he clambered up on one of the abutments, sitting down there. I watched him for a long time, and then, all of a sudden, he fell over into the river."

"Drowned! oh, how fearful!" exclaimed the countess, turning very pale. "Tell me, Gretel; did he die? Oh! I would not have had him suffer so for my sake, though he would have killed me."

"There was no one near, my lady, and I did not call," the woman proceeded, hurriedly. "He is well out of the way; he was a bad man."

"But drowned, Gretel! Oh, I cannot bear to think of it," she said, with a shudder, hastily leaving the room. "Come, I will retire," she called back to the woman, who seemed in no haste to follow.

"Yes, he is well out of the way," she muttered to herself. "I knew the lozenges would do their work, even if the river had not finished it. Heaven forgive me, but he would have killed us in his rage. I knew how 'twould be when he was so angry that I was kept with them in the carriage, when my mistress would give him scarce a word. I feared for her when he should know the truth, but now he is dead, and we are safe. But she shall never know, pretty dear; she would hate her old Gretel if she knew what had been done for her sake."

She extinguished the lights and followed her mistress, while the listener descended from his post of observation, cramped with his tiresome position, and almost thinking he was dreaming. He awakened the sleeping Fritz, after hastily refreshing himself from a table which had been set, and dismissing him, retired to sleep. All night the lovely Therese flitted before him in dreams, now fleeing from him, and again beckoning to him with alluring smiles, until just as she handed him a ruby goblet containing poison, which he was ready to drink for her sake, he awoke.

The morning was far advanced, and his first act was to steal to the oriel window. All was still, and he proceeded to make his toilet and breakfast, leaving Fritz to watch for the appearance of the lady. At length she appeared, lovely as ever, but very pale, her beautiful form arrayed in a muslin *négligée*, trimmed with a profusion of soft lace.

"Ah, Gretel," she said, as her old nurse anxiously regarded her, "I have had a fearful night. I have continually seen *him* struggling in the water," and she shuddered. "But we must avert all suspicion that we know anything of the prince's disappearance. Go down, Gretel, and inquire if my cousin, Prince Windergratze, has returned to the house. His absence will be noted by the landlord. Say he went out for a walk last night, not feeling well, and did not return, as I expected, to bid good-night. I would know if he is ill, or—anything you like. You will know how, Gretel."

The lady toyed absently with her almost untasted breakfast, and then left the room before her maid returned.

"Fritz, go down and get your breakfast," said General Liebenan, as he left the dressing-room. "Learn all you can of the gossip of the house concerning these people. Stay; here is the purse you have earned, and earned it well, too," and he handed the gold to the delighted servant.

As the day wore on, Fritz brought word to his master that the gentleman who accompanied the lady—Prince Windergratze—had disappeared in a mysterious manner. He had gone out for a walk on the preceding evening, and had not returned. The police were employed to search for him.

Thus several days passed, and the general became more and more absorbed in his fair neighbor. She seemed apathetic and gloomy whenever he caught sight of her, while Gretel in vain tried to induce her to go out. Various

Obedient to her commands,
I dared the thorniest hedges,
And scratched and tore my face and hands
In climbing banks and ledges,
To win a spray of hawthorn bloom—
Nor deemed the task a labor—
Or cull some flower whose sweet perfume
Endeared it to my neighbor.

At last we reached a quiet nook
(Beside a hazel cover,
And watered by a babbling brook)
With blossoms sprinkled over
In such profusion and so rare,
Our souls were filled with pleasure;
Departing Spring had emptied there
Her lap of half its treasure.

SUMMER MEMORIES.

I WELL recall that happy day
When, through the green lanes straying,
I met a little maiden gay,
And went with her a-maying.
She was but ten, and I no more,
Her cheeks were round and rosy,
And in her white-bibbed pinafore
She wore a pretty posy.

conjectures were afloat in the house concerning the fair lady, while no trace of her escort-cousin, as he was believed to be, was found. At length, one morning, on going to his usual post of observation, he found the room silent and deserted, with no sign of occupancy; and before long, Fritz brought word from below that the Countess of Schulenberg had taken her departure unexpectedly, leaving no sign. The landlord informed him that her grief was so great at the mysterious disappearance of her cousin, Prince Windergratze—that she had determined to leave Paris at once.

Perfectly infatuated by the beauty of this lady, in whose

history he had taken so sudden and strange an interest, General Liebenan determined to follow her in spite of all obstacles; but all inquiries, and bribery, even, were in vain, for Gretel, fearful that the murder of the prince would in some way be traced to them, had persuaded her mistress to leave the city in disguise, and she did not resume her own name till far from Paris. At last he sent Fritz away on a mere ghost of a trace, with the promise of more gold to render him faithful, while he himself plunged into the gayeties of Paris. Each night a vision of the fair and dazzling beauty haunted his sleep, and a fancied resemblance in a silvery laugh, a stately figure, encountered at some ball, made his heart beat, until investigation resulted in disappointment.

Weeks rolled on, and the general was beginning to weary of Paris, meditating seriously a change to Italy for the Winter, when one day Fritz suddenly presented himself. He had faithfully followed up the clew, faint though it was, until he had ascertained that the Countess Schulenberg had taken a villa near Florence, and, with a large retinue of servants, was living in great magnificence. With renewed hope, the general caused instant preparations to be made, and the next day beheld him on the way the land of song and orange-blossoms.

THE BLUE JAY.— SEE PAGE 214.

Through gorges made musical by the fall of waters; through woods where the red vines were looped upon the trees, and the olives and citron scented the air; through villages, all poetry and romance without, all poverty and dirt within; past deep blue lakes with little fairy islands in their midst, and vast palaces left moldering in the dust, with hanging gardens now choked with weeds, and marble statues discolored and broken; past beggars innumerable, ragged, picturesque; and so over the plains of sunny Italy, to Florence at last. But the general had no eye for these beauties of nature; he passed them all with unheeding gaze, his mind intent on one object.

Even the stately cathedrals, with gloomy music, grand old paintings, and misty incense rising in the gloom, floating o'er the golden lamps and stained windows, seemed powerless to interest or enchain. To reach the lady of his love, to obtain access to her, and throw himself at her feet, there to present her the ring he had so carefully cherished, and perchance to win her favor—that was the aim he had before him.

He reached Florence, and was speedily mingling in society, where his name was well known and honored. Before many days had elapsed, the object of his journey was accomplished. At a grand ball given at the Ducal Palace, he was presented to the lovely countess. In a dress of silver gauze covered with diamond stars and looped with large emeralds, while the same rare gems glittered on her white neck and rounded, polished arms, and were twined in the braids and tresses of her golden hair, she shone pre-eminent among the dark beauties of the sunny South, with the fair glories of the rising sun. Yes, this *ignis-fatuus*, which had so long eluded his grasp, was at last a reality, and as he quaffed sparkling draughts at the fountain of her wondrous beauty, or whirled with her in the delicious waltz, his senses became more and more intoxicated, his love more burning and ardent. He realized that for the first time in his life he was really in love.

"Were you ever in Paris, madame?" he said, as his fair companion toyed with an ice. A slight shiver passed through her frame as she replied in the negative. The general enlarged on the splendors of Paris, on the wit and beauty of Parisians; but she grew cold, presently leaving his side with a friend.

Meeting constantly in the gay circles of Florence, listening to operas in the fairy little theatre of the Pergola, and visiting constantly at her own beautiful villa, General Liebenan became more and more hopelessly in love.

Although of high lineage and immense wealth, he feared to dare all by a proposal. He could not conceal from himself that at times the countess avoided him, even appearing to ignore his attentions. Then again she would appear to take pleasure in his society, and cause his heart to beat high with hope.

At length, while in this state of tormenting uncertainty, the Florentine world was aroused to unusual animation by a grand masquerade ball, given on a scale of unusual magnificence.

Crowds of the common people were peering in through the illuminated windows on a wilderness of blooming flowers, on flashing mirrors and gorgeous hangings, on glittering jewels, and a glistening kaleidoscope of colors.

At this ball General Liebenan hoped to obtain an opportunity to declare his love. Although the utmost secrecy had been carried out respecting the different costumes, yet the general, through the agency of the ingenious Fritz, had ascertained the character which the countess was to represent.

He had not been long in the room—himself in the disguise of an Egyptian astrologer, with a heavy black robe of velvet, covered with singular hieroglyphics—when he saw the countess, superb in her costume of a priestess of the sun. A white tulle robe, profusely embroidered with gold, enveloped her like a cloud, while a vail of the rarest lace floated from the golden tresses, confined under a massive coronal of sparkling richness, and fell over the graceful figure.

Through the bewildering scene the general followed the lady of his love like a shadow, until she flitted into a beautiful conservatory, and among the perfumed flowers he spoke to her:

"I would cast your horoscope, fair priestess," he said, pretending to consult a mysterious book he carried in his hand, which was clasped with massive silver clasps. "Listen to me. You will shortly meet a great danger. He who rescues you will restore to your fair hand a sapphire ring which you lost under peculiar circumstances while on a disastrous journey—a journey which brought death to one who was with you."

The countess turned pale under her mask, while her whole frame was convulsed by an irrepressible shudder.

"Stay, I have not finished," he pursued, as she would have left him. "Your preserver loves you—will love you for ever; beware how you slight the devotion of so true a heart."

His voice trembled slightly, and as he would have removed his mask in order to urge his suit in his own character, the countess, with a sudden movement, darted from his side. He lost her in the crowd for a time, until he espied her whirling in the waltz with a gay cavalier.

As he stood silently gazing at her, while the bewitching melody of one of Strauss's waltzes floated through the room, he became aware of a fearful scene before him.

A blazing candle suddenly fell from a projecting ornament at the side of the ballroom directly upon the fleecy dress of a fairy. It caught, it blazed, as she whirled in the giddy dance, and ere the fatal knowledge reached the unhappy victim, she was encircled with flame.

Through the densely crowded ballroom, in the midst of flower-girls and fairies, of hermits and knights, sped the terrified woman, till others became the same object of terror in the fatal encounter. Screams of horror rose piercing above the music, each moment adding new terror, new victims.

Paralyzed with fright, the fair priestess of the sun stood, forsaken by her cavalier in the general flight, while a blazing figure rushed toward her.

"Save me! oh, save me!" she cried, piteously, when, rushing through the frantic, swaying crowd, with the excited might of a giant, the astrologer made his way. Tearing off his heavy velvet robe, he threw it over the light dress of the countess, and bursting open a window, leaped with her fainting form in his arms to the terraced garden beneath.

"I have saved you!" he whispered in her ear, as he placed her in her carriage, "and here is the sapphire ring! Will you give me the life I have preserved? Will you let me win the love which will render my life a paradise—without which it will prove a desert? You know me—you know my devotion! Oh, Therese, my angel, be mine——"

The countess burst into tears.

"I cannot tell you anything!" she sobbed. "I can see nothing but those fearful flames, those burning figures!"

"May I come to-morrow and tell you my story?" he urged. "May I tell you how I came to love you before you ever saw me—how I found your ring?" And with her assent, he was fain to content himself.

Several days elapsed before the countess was sufficiently recovered from the shock of the terrible scene from which she had had so marvelous an escape, before General Liebenan obtained access to her house.

Tormented with impatience, half hope, half fear, he went day after day, and at last he was admitted. When he had told her his story of the strange fascination which impelled his pursuit almost in spite of himself, and had poured forth his ardent love in impassioned words, the lovely countess yielded herself a willing captive to the gallant general, and bestowed her hand upon him.

In the course of their happy wedded life, the beautiful sapphire ring was ever kept as a sacred memento of their singular meeting, and the strange manner in which General Liebenan won his bride.

THE BLUE JAY.

The inhabitants of Cedar Grove were thrown into a great state of excitement when it became known that Mr. and Mrs. Jay were building themselves a house in the top of one of the cedar-trees. Master Catbird was in his element. He had something to gossip about, and a large and attentive audience were eagerly drinking in all that he had to say.

"I tell you what it is," screamed he, in a very harsh voice, "I know all about these people. It was only this morning that I heard Farmer Gray say that the whole Jay family ought to be exterminated. They were the greatest thieves and mischief-makers in the country, except——" Here the young gentleman paused abruptly, and looked rather sheepish. Every one laughed and winked, but all cried "Go on! go on!" "Well," proceeded Master Catbird, "he said that this morning Mrs. Jay, who is to be our next-door neighbor, was the cause of his losing a very fine deer. She was sneaking along after him to see what he was about, and when she saw him raise his gun, shrieked out at the top of her voice, and frightened the deer away. Oh, if you young birds won't have to catch it! They tell me that these terrible Jays live altogether by plundering and murdering small birds."

At this the little birds set up a doleful cry, and some of the lady-birds fainted dead away. Mrs. Thrush, and some others of a gentle, retiring disposition, wept bitterly, and withdrew to the privacy of their own homes.

"Oh, my dear Thrushy," said Mrs. Thrush, in a mournful voice, "is it possible that, after the trouble and care of raising them, our little ones are doomed to fall victims to these terrible Jays? We must move immediately."

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Thrush. "I am quite willing to do as you wish; but I am afraid that we shall not be able to complete another dwelling before it is time for your second brood. I think, perhaps, we had better remain where we are. It is a dark place, and very secluded. I doubt if we could find a better one; and the children are growing large enough to protect themselves."

Mrs. Thrush shook her head and continued to weep over the possible fate of the little Thrushes.

Meanwhile the crowd about Master Catbird were growing more and more excited, and when he had finished a long and thrilling account of the fate of some of the Jays'

victims, the frantic populace gave vent to their indignation in loud cries of "Put them out!" "Break their house to pieces, and kill the wretched creatures!"

"Gracious!" growled old Father Owl, from the tree above them, where he was taking a nap, "what noisy pests these birds are! One is never allowed to sleep in peace. I say, you, Master Catbird, what is the matter?"

At the same time Father Owl performed the wonderful gymnastic feat of turning his head entirely round on his shoulders, without any inconvenience, apparently.

A dozen voices answered him at once, and as soon as he heard the name of Jay, Father Owl himself was struck with consternation.

"No more peace for me," he muttered. "Those Jays are the torment of my life."

Now, all this would tend to give one a very bad impression as to the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Jay; but still it might be all a mistake. Young Catbird was always saying spiteful things of his neighbors. He had caught the habit from lounging about the village, and listening to the people's conversation; and as for old Father Owl, he was always looking at the dark side of everything.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay paid no attention to what was going on around them. They seemed too much engaged with their work to understand what the excitement was about. For the first few days they kept themselves very quiet, and no one found anything to complain of. The other birds began to think that they had been misinformed, and when the Jays furiously attacked and drove away a hawk that was about to pounce upon one of the little Catbirds, they all said that Master Catbird owed the Jays an apology for slandering their character; but this apology he stoutly refused to make, and told them to wait, and they would see that he was right.

Now, every morning a small crowd of birds were accustomed to assemble near the dwelling of the Jays, to witness the amusing and ridiculous sight of Mr. Jay strutting back and forth in the sun, admiring himself. He would practice every morning the most entrancing love-songs, turning his head and gazing upon himself in the most silly, love-sick way imaginable.

One morning the laughing crowd about him were startled by the scream of a hawk and the cry of a little bird in distress. All flew to the rescue of their little ones, but no hawk was to be found. The excitement had somewhat subsided, when the cry was repeated, with the same result, and this was kept up most of the day.

Master Catbird shook his head, and looked very knowingly in the direction of the Jays, and by-and-by it was whispered about that Mr. Jay could explain the mysterious cries, if he saw fit.

It seemed that this morning was the commencement of hostilities on the part of the Jays. Little birds began to disappear, eggs were broken and the contents eaten, the old birds being driven away from their nests. The cries of the different birds were mimicked to such perfection that husbands were sent on useless errands after distressed wives, and parents were called away by the cry of some little one in the forest, to return after a fruitless search and find their progeny killed and their home destroyed by the enemy.

Master Catbird was triumphant, and, accompanied by some other inquisitive youngsters, followed Mrs. Jay, and discovered in some of her hiding-places money, jewels, etc., that proved, without a doubt, that she was a thief.

The other birds decided that "something must be done," and appointed a meeting to take place, in which all responsible heads of families were to speak their minds freely, and were to decide on the best course to pursue.

But this meeting was destined never to take place, for, the morning before the time appointed, a young man from the neighboring village, being out walking in Cedar Grove, espied Mr. and Mrs. Jay destroying the little ones of poor Mrs. Thrush, and, in his indignation, raised his gun and fired, killing Mrs. Jay and injuring her husband so badly that he was soon dispatched.

Great was the joy among the other birds at Cedar Grove, and, instead of the grave meeting, a grand ball was given in honor of Master Catbird, who had so kindly warned them, and it became whispered about that he was in some way connected with their happy delivery from their enemy, the Jays, who, though a very beautiful and interesting bird, is a great pest, not only to bird and beast, but to man also—not only considered a very objectionable neighbor by the feathered tribes, but hunted and driven away by every one.

By the negroes of the South they are supposed to be possessed of a sort of supernatural power, and hated and feared accordingly.

The jay, or the blue jay, as it is called in America, can be very easily taught to talk, and can be made very tame; never, however, losing its propensity for thieving and mischievous tricks of all kinds. Its diet consists mostly of animal food, rather than vegetable. It will sometimes, indeed, do a great deal of damage among fruits and vegetables, but, as a general thing, prefers the eggs and young of other birds, sometimes even attacking old birds. It is also very fond of nuts and seeds. When pressed by hunger they become very bold, and have been known to assemble together in large flocks, make a raid on some encampment, and carry off everything eatable that can be found.

The nest of the blue jay is large and clumsily made, and generally placed on the tops of cedar-trees. The eggs, four or five in number, are of a dull olive color, spotted with brown.

The blue jay is a very beautiful bird, and quite vain and proud; the male especially entertaining a great admiration for himself, and showing it in a most amusing manner. The upper portions of the body are a light bluish purple color, the head being adorned with a movable crest of bright blue or purple feathers. On each side of the head is a narrow black line rising higher than the eyes; and round the neck, and extending to the breast, is a band also of black. The chin, cheeks and throat are bluish white; the abdomen pure white. The tail feathers are light blue, barred with black, and tipped with white, except the two middle ones, which are tipped with purple. The eyes are hazel.

It is the easiest thing in the world to live happily, if men and women could only think so. Happiness is only another name for love, for where love exists in a household there happiness must also exist, even though it has poverty for its close companion; where love exists not, even though it be in a palace, happiness can never come. He was a cold and selfish being who originated the saying that "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window," and his assertion proves conclusively that he had no knowledge of love, for unquestionably the reverse of the axiom quoted is nearer the truth. When poverty comes in at the door, love—true love—is more than ever inclined to tarry, and do battle with the enemy. Let those who imagine themselves miserable, before they find fault with their surroundings, search in their hearts for the cause. A few kind words, a little forbearance, or a kiss, will open the way to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by the clouds of discord and unamiability.

JEWELS, JEWELRY, AND GOLDSMITH'S WORK.

By M. E. W. Sherwood.

In Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," we find this quotation in respect of jewels: "They adorn kings' crowns, grace the fingers, enrich our household stuffs, defend us from enchantment, preserve health, cure disease, drive away grief and cares, and exhilarate the mind."

The older encyclopedias define a jewel as "any ornament or precious stone, set with precious stones."

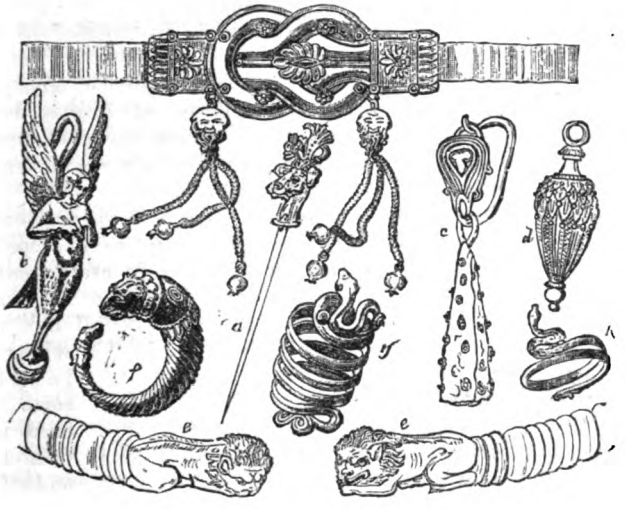
We give it a wider meaning. A jewel with us means an ornament of gold and precious stones, or not, as the case may be; as a bracelet, whether set with precious stones or not, is called by purists in the language a "beautiful jewel." The word "trinket" formerly was used to express this meaning, but we now include all ornaments made of gold, silver, brass, glass, precious gems and cameo, intaglii and ivory, tortoise-shell, carnelian, lapis-lazuli, malachite and coral, even of india rubber, as "jewelry." Doubtless the term is too generally applied, and the old definition is the best one. Still, as modern writers use the term generally for those trinkets with which all savage and civilized nations have seen fit to adorn themselves in all ages, we may as well adopt it.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER JEWELS.

We meet here with another difficulty. How shall we separate the goldsmith's craft from that of the jeweler? They began together, their history commences at the same moment. They both melt, emboss and chase the same metals. They mount the diamond, the ruby and the emerald. How important was their function when the inhabitants of India gathered the gold from beds of torrents flowing down from the Himalayas; and when the visible wealth of a monarch or satrap was worn on his arms and ankles. The goldsmith had his place, too, amongst the hordes of Northern savages, if we may trust to the testimony of two immense and ponderous gold bracelets, now preserved at the Hôtel Cluny, which once encircled brawny arms.

The attempt to measure the wealth of the antique world in gold-work would drive us to despair. It crops out at Troy, Cyprus, Cuzco. It is found in every tomb, and in many a city wall, where the jewels of some frightened woman were hidden and forgotten. Corinth and Tangiers, Grenada and Barcelona, Brittany and Normandy, English Chester, the shores of the North Sea, the old German towns, Bavaria and Hungary, all yield us an occasional surprise, as some digger unearths a box of it. We read that there existed in Rome statues of solid gold, and one writer, going still further back, says: "The golden calf of the Hebrews was but a vulgar bauble when compared with the splendors of Solomon's temple." In Persia, that home of a fine and singular race, in which imagination and mysticism predominated, we find the earliest and most artistic gold-work. There the workmen who handled gold were subjected to great and fearful responsibilities.

The goldsmith did not enter into the enjoyment of his labors. Nor does he yet in India, where the itinerant jeweler borrows the gold, fixes his small anvil in the ground, and proceeds to hammer, chisel and beat with a surprising degree of patience, ability and taste. These goldsmiths produce a golden thread of subtle fineness, and twist it into bracelets and necklaces which no



ANCIENT GREEK JEWELRY.

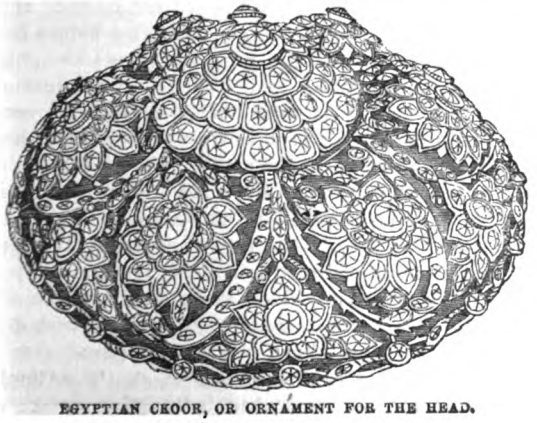
PENDANT, 17TH CENTURY, FROM THE DRESDEN MUSEUM.

European can match. They are paid with a handful of rice and a few ounces of gold. They beat gold into a plate of surprising thinness, and of such tenuity must probably have been the platings of the horns of the heifer which Nestor ordered of the gilder Laercens, in the pages of the Odyssey. The Egyptians carried the art of working gold to the highest degree of perfection. Chains, bracelets, earrings and signets, and masks for the mummies, are found in the tombs. Cloisonné enamels and pastes were known to these cunning jewelers. The emerald, found in such abundance near Coptus, gave them an unfailing supply for their signets. The Romans derived their emeralds from this Egyptian source; and although the Arabs despoiled and robbed the tombs before we did, there are still specimens found daily of Egyptian jewelry.

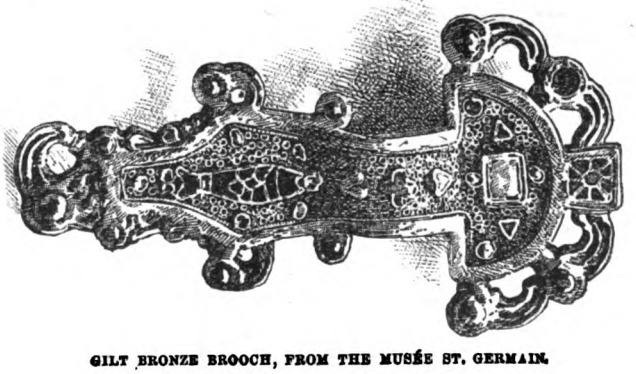
ROMAN LADY'S JEWELED BELT, FROM THE MUSEUM OF THE LOUVRE.

The modern Egyptian jewelry is poor and showy, but still has a sort of Oriental charm about it. The necklaces with alligator teeth and the armadillo skin fitly supplement the ancient scarabeus; and the delicately interlaced fine gold wire, as seen in our illustration, fitly represents both the antique and modern Egyptian styles. The Phœnicians took up the art, and their work, eight centuries before Christ, is elegant and studious. In a necropolis at Rhodes, M. Salzman discovered earrings of a superb design. These earrings have the slender Indian chains, the quivering pomegranate branches from the Persian, the Egyptian and Ethiop heads, which these wandering people had gathered "as they sailed, as they sailed." For the maritime Phœnicians adopted the ideas of all the ports at which they touched.

But the processes by which the Indians, Egyptians, Phœnicians, Etruscans and Assyrians accomplished their marvelous work are unknown to us. There are earrings in the Di Cesnola collection which are the despair of every worker in gold. There is a certain fine, granulated edge, a microscopic finish, to the Etruscan jewelry, which has nearly driven Castellani mad. He studied Pliny, the monk Theophrastus, and Benvenuto Cellini, to no purpose. This antique jewelry, he found, was made by the application of one piece to another, instead of owing its value to the chisel or the embossing-iron, as in our day. It is the old story of the human hand, which, by its assiduous touch, carries the rich personality of the individual into the manufactured thing. Even the imperfections and involuntary irregularities give to antique jewelry an artistic aspect which no modern work can reach. It has the spontaneous idea and inspiration of the artist. How different from the cold and disinterested sameness which deprives so much of our modern art of the quaint simplicity and charm of the antique!



EGYPTIAN CKOOR, OR ORNAMENT FOR THE HEAD.



GILT BRONZE BROOCH, FROM THE MUSÉE ST. GERMAIN.

But Castellani determined to pursue his researches, and to achieve this granulated ornamentation. He studied the works of the Indian jewelers, the Genoese and Maltese; but it was only in a retired corner of the Marches, at St. Angelo, in Vado, a little place hidden in the depths of the Apennines, far from modern civilization, that he found some traces of the processes of the Etruscans. A special school of traditional jewelry had been carried on always in this region of Italy, resembling somewhat the workmanship of ancient art. Castellani brought a few workmen from St. Angelo to Rome, and handed them Etruscan designs. Heirs of the patient modesty of their fathers, these workmen almost reached the antique perfection, and they gave their labors a kind of characteristic ease of style, as if it cropped out from their inner consciousness. To this *renaissance* we owe our modern "Castellani" jewelry. But the learned jeweler himself adds: "We despair of ever imitating the ancient work perfectly, unless by the agency of some scientific discovery or other which shall yet be made."

Since Mr. Gladstone gladly reads history by the light of the jewels dug up by Dr. Schliemann in that famous hill at Hissarlid, where so many "Troys" have been found—since Helen's earrings and headdress may decide the question of the authenticity of Homer, we need not be ashamed to trace the history of jewelry by the history of the world. We learn that in the imperial days of Rome, the art of Greek and Etruscan jewelry steadily declined. After the fall of Rome, there was a long night of utter darkness in art. The early Christian jewels are semi-barbarous; for a degenerate senility, such as art then suffered, produces always inferior work to the artless sketches of childhood. We find the workmanship and art poor at this period; even the celebrated crowns of the Gothic Kings are like the work of a tinman. It is the lowest ebb of the goldsmith's art, until the immediate past of the United States. But as we pass from Rome to Byzantium, the centre of the Roman Empire became semi-Asiatic. The Oriental influence, always refined, made itself immediately felt, and we begin to detect the coming power of the new Christian faith, as opulent women boldly wore the Jewish cross. We read in the days of Constantine Porphyrogenitus of the marvelous jewels in St. Sophia, accumulated by Justinian and his successors. It was in the year 1000—the darkest of the dark—when Europe could no longer read and write, that the luxury of the Emperors of the East assumed barbaric splendor. A flame of Greek art illuminates the jewelry of this period, and Byzantine jewelry became the finest expression of the combined civilizations.

It was in the middle of the eleventh century that Germany, accepting the Byzantine traditions, put forth the buds which were to blossom in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The contagion spread, and in France, the great Bishop Eloy and Abbot Suger, names honorable in art, commenced that *renaissance* which was to preserve the dynastic past of Merovingian jewelry. Minister and counselor to the two Kings Louis VI. and VII., Suger was invested with the regency of the kingdom during the second Crusade. In 1152 he died, having carefully saved for individual owners and the Church the vast wealth intrusted to his good hands. The wealth of kings, lords and gentry was largely in gold and precious stones, and many bequeathed their all to the Church in case of death in the Crusades.

Suger loved art, and understood it. Under the influence of his inspiration, his goldsmiths, as audacious as they were intelligent, bound together the pearls and precious stones of his immense treasure-house in cups and vessels and crucifixes of gold, and in reliquaries, which bore all the intelligence of the past on their chiseled borders. Amongst the splendid bequests to Suger may be mentioned the gifts of two convents, Citeaux and Fontevrault, which spontaneously handed over to the abbot a large collection of sapphires, emeralds, hyacinths, rubies and topazes—the gift of Count Thibaud, nephew to the King of England. These great collections went to enrich the tomb of St. Denis in 1144, and with these great works the art of *orfèvrerie* returned to France under the mild, beneficent, calm and artistic rule of the Abbot Suger. But they no longer exist—they were melted down. In 1590, the heads of the League—the Pope's legate, the Duc de Nemours and the provosts of Paris, believed themselves especially privileged to melt and transform these beautiful works into ingots.

In the fourteenth century we read of the first jewel rooms. That of Charles V., in the Louvre, measured nine fathoms in length and four and a half in width. In the famous house of Jacques Cœur we see another *chambre des joyeux*, where were kept the jewels of the most ungrateful of kings. Louis XI. made large loans to the saints when in precarious circumstances, the old hypocrite! Says one of his satirists, "He lent money to heaven at a high rate of interest, claiming for a dividend indulgence for himself and confusion to his enemies. St. Martin of Tours was the one of heaven's bankers in whom he reposed most confidence." The pillage of this church by the Huguenots, in 1562, produced about 5,000,000 of francs in gold work and jewelry.

The Italian Renaissance, all-conquering in its grace, brightness and beauty, overwhelmed that of France and Germany. Benvenuto Cellini was both goldsmith and jeweler; and we could go on for ever following that ardent flame which illuminated art, while it consumed those gifted artists who are comprehended under the name of the "Goldsmiths of Florence"—Ghirlandajo and his followers. What activity, what enthusiasm, what science, what refined men, what captivating and what cultivated women, does the history of jewelry here involve! It would take a lifetime to record it.

But still we find these men eagerly searching for the gems which the long-buried past was slowly beginning to give up. Benvenuto bought eagerly the carved emeralds which the peasants found in the Campagna, and consequently owns his indebtedness to the almost lost art of the intaglio-cutters.

And here we come to the long story of the carved gems, the beloved antiques of the collector — the Hercules leading Cerberus in chains, the dolphin in an emerald "the size of a bean," the topaz with the head of Minerva, the profile of Jupiter on a sard, cut so wonderfully that Michael Angelo threw down his graver in despair.

Again, here we behold one of the sad accidents of art—the Pope Clement, in want of money, placing before Benvenuto his tiaras, and all the precious stones belonging to the Apostolic chamber, and bidding him uncement them, that they might be sold. What marvels of workmanship and ornamentation were then thrown with those discarded gold settings into the melting-pot!

But the subject grows too large for our space, and we must barely glance at the history of stones as they are revealed to us in this hurried retrospect of some of the lost and the regained arts of jewelry.

The diamond, the most valued stone of the ancients, as it is of the moderns, was supposed by the old Jewish doctors to be the *jahalom*, the third in the second row of stones in the breastplate of the high priest. The Greeks called it *adamas*, "the unsubduable." Pliny speaks of

six varieties. The great, mysterious India gave it first to the world. The brilliant gem is now found all over the world, but principally in India, Brazil, in the Ural Mountains, and in the famous fields of South Africa. Georgia, North Carolina and California all yield a few. They were cut into facets at an early period by the Indians, and first at Nuremburg in 1373. The English cutters became famous in 1670, then the trade went to Holland, where it remained until after the famous Koh-i-noor was polished; now it is said to have returned to Great Britain.

Never, however, in any age of the world, were there so many diamonds worn as now, and in all the history of jewelry never were such large diamonds found.

The earth is giving up her gems, so long hidden: India, South Africa, Brazil, and the European side of the Ural Mountains, are producing vast numbers of very large diamonds, and the Pitt, the Sancey, the Koh-i-noor, and the Orloff, in the sceptre of the Emperor of Russia, are all distanced in size. The earrings of one opulent lady in New York are larger than some of these famous stones, and are indeed mountains of light, each one of them.

The finding of such immense quantities of this noble stone has, of course, reduced its value; and, although the diamond is used in great quantities to surround other stones, it is still, however, far from cheap. It still forms the chief proud coronal of beauty; yet in value it has been passed by the ruby.

This most exquisite of all gems is a variety of the hyacinthus. It is the ancient lychius, or jacinth. The best rubies come from India, although some fine ones are found in Bohemia. The choice color is that of "pigeon's blood"—a superb purplish red. This stone was seldom used by any but the Oriental artists for the purposes of engraving; but there still are some renowned ruby *intaglii*. Its exquisite beauty makes it almost a sin to cut into it. Fine rubies uncut, but rudely polished, occur in ancient jewelry, and are set in antique rings. There is, in the Herz collection, a necklace formed of rough rubies and emeralds of fine color, drilled through and linked with strong twisted gold wire. It yields in hardness to the sapphire, but is more rare and more valuable. It is frequently set with small diamonds, but rarely with any other stone.

The sapphire, the hyacinthus of the ancients, is a superb gem of shining blue, transparent, and of splendid lustre. At present, all our sapphires come from Ceylon, although they have been found in France. They are obtained from the beds of torrents; for this gem never occurs in the matrix. This stone, although hard, was a favorite with the old engravers, and many antique *intaglii* on sapphires exist. This stone derived its ancient name from its resemblance in color to the blue *fleur-de-lys*, fabled to have sprung from the blood of Apollo's favorite, Hyacinthus; but it should be mentioned that red, yellow, and even green sapphires have been found. In Cellini's day, the relative value of stones was:

Ruby of one carat weight,			800	gold	scudi.
Emerald	"	"	"	400	"	"
Diamond	"	"	"	100	"	"
Sapphire	"	"	"	10	"	"

The jewelers of to-day rate the gems in the following order—ruby, diamond, sapphire, emerald.

Vossius mentions a ruby belonging to the Emperor Rudolph, which was as large as a small hen's egg, and valued at 60,000 ducats, or $30,000. The King of Ava possesses one even larger, more perfect in color and water, set as an eardrop, inestimable in value.

The emerald comes to us from Peru, and it has been denied by lapidaries that it was ever known in India. But it is known to have come from Egypt and from Assyria in large quantities. It was a very favorite stone in the East as a signet. We hear of the celebrated emerald signet of Polycrates, and that of King Phyrus. The veins and shading of the stone aided the art of the cutter. Nero is represented as using an emerald to assist his near-sightedness; a stone cut in concave shape was designed for him, through which he watched the gladiatorial games. The green color of this delightful gem was used by stone-cutters to rest their eyes, and it is uniformly believed that the mistaken idea that emerald thus assisted the vision, delayed for years the discovery of eyeglasses and spectacles. Emeralds are easily imitated, and it is said to be a trade on the British coast, at Brighton, to throw glass bottles into the sea, the fragments of which come up polished by the shingle into very good apparent emeralds. The Cingalese also do a good trade in this.

A perfect emerald is almost unknown—they are injured by flaws, the best of them. Its beautiful dark-green, clear color is, however, peerless in its way. Emeralds differ very much in value from this liability to defects. A parure of emeralds, set in diamonds, has, however, been sold within a few years for $11,000, and considered cheap. There were in it thirty stones, each as large as a filbert.

The turquoise, or *callais*, is a stone tinged with oxide of copper, and was a great favorite with the ancients. Pliny describes the finding of it on the icy cliffs of Carmania, and says: "By a chain or collar of these turquoises, men are judged wealthy, more or less." However, many fictitious turquoises were known to the ancients, and no doubt enter largely into modern jewelry. These are simply osseous deposits, colored by copper—hence their name "callais." This "fossil ivory," as Theophrastus calls it, was of every shade of clear blue, greenish blue ("*turquoise malade*" is a favorite phrase with the French to express a dull greenish blue), and all the varieties of these two shades. It is opaque, and shares with other gems in certain superstitious mystical belongings. It is said to turn pale when its giver proves unkind, and when the person who wears it is ill. It has also great power in bringing good luck to its owner. It is a very fashionable stone just now for finger-rings, and for mixture with the garnet and the pearl, as in the composite jewelry copied after the Stuart *rococo* ornaments. This particular jewelry is made in great quantities at Florence into necklaces and bracelets, set in silver, which are very cheap. It is impossible that these stones should be true stone turquoises. They are the "little bits of ancient osteology," spoken of by Theophrastus.

The jade, a stone nearly allied to the jaspers, has come again into fashion, after years of desuetude. It is a remarkably hard, opaque lapis, of waxy appearance, and a greenish olivaceous or grayish hue, requiring the assistance of diamond-dust to polish it, and retaining after the process only an imperfect, greasy appearance. Its extreme hardness has caused it to be used by the East Indians for hatchet-heads. The modern Hindoos work it up into various bijoux, and form rings of it. In modern jewelry, owls and little dogs, apes and insects of strange shape, are made of it, and mounted in gold. There are many medieval antiquities in which jade figures—thumb rings and bas-reliefs, and cinque-cento vases. It has a very stylish appearance as an ornament; is translucent in a strong light. It was used but sparingly in ancient intaglios, on account of its extreme hardness, and is very expensive always.

The beautiful opal, which combines all the charms of all gems, is at this moment out of fashion. It has a bad

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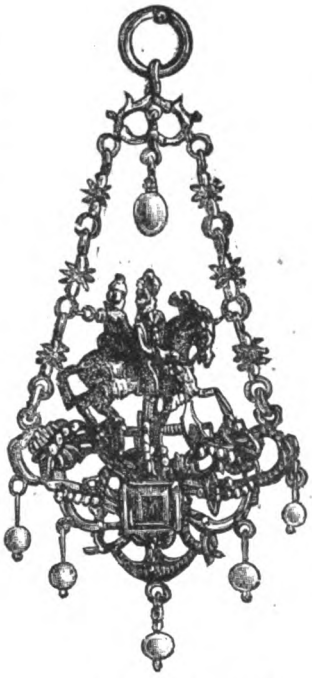
EGYPTIAN NECKLACES.

ARABIC EARRING.

name, and is so supposed to bring misfortune to its wearer that Tiffany's boxes are full of returned stones, which he cannot sell at any price. This gem was highly prized by the ancients, and frequently engraved; its hidden fire intensifying the expression of the faces cut on its surface. The stones, however, which were most frequently used by the makers of intaglios, cameos and signets were the sard, carnelian, amethyst, plasma, jasper in all its varieties, nicolo, onyx, beryl, aquamarine, chalcedony and emeralds; one choice specimen of the latter stone being preserved at the Vatican, with a supposed head of Christ. This stone has been frequently photographed.

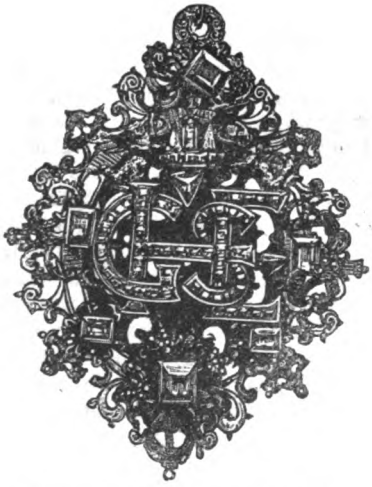
To Dr. Schliemann's excavations at the hill of Hissarlik we are indebted for some very fine specimens of ancient jewelry; General Di Cesnola has enriched our own museum with wonderful specimens of that found at Cyprus; and in examining these undoubted records of the luxury of the past, we ask ourselves, How and wherein do we surpass those historical dames?



RENAISSANCE EARRING.

Queen Elizabeth, who loved precious stones, who collected them, and whose black pearls are a matter of history, was only so far ahead of Helen of Troy and of Queen Hashop, the bride of Thothmes III. of Egypt, as that she had some jewels which had been *cut into facets.* Even, however, in her day the art of the lapidary was not what it has since become. Tiffany and Starr & Marcus could offer to the Egyptian lady no jewelry so fine as her own, excepting in the matter of brilliantly cut stones. Our diamonds, rubies and sapphires are all brighter and more resplendent than those formerly worn, although the uncut jewels have still a charm in the eye of fashion, and are included in the term *en cabochon*—or, as the jewelers say, "tallow drop" form of polished, but not cut, stones.

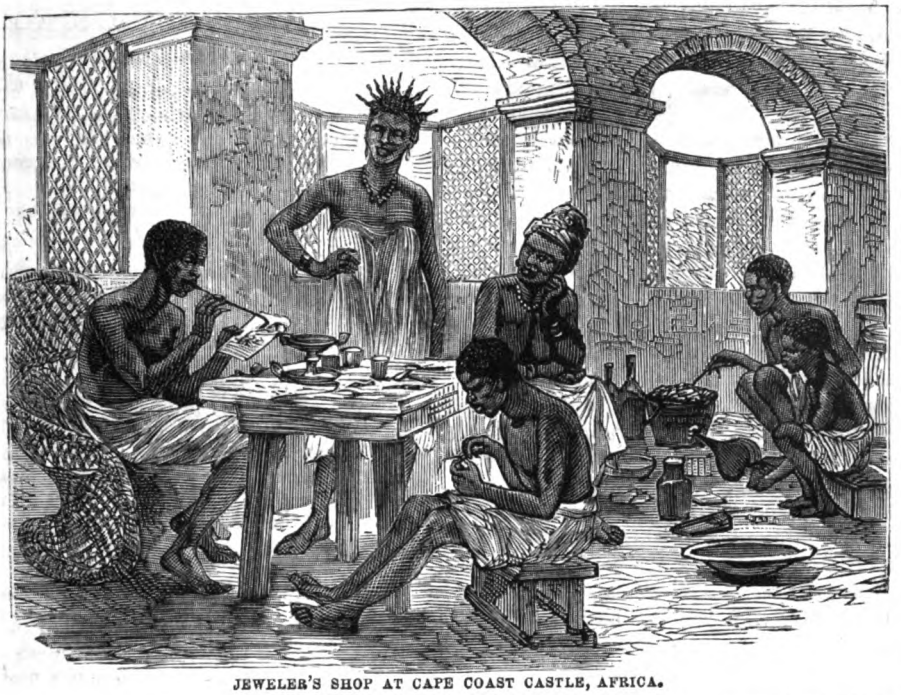
The cat's-eye, a species of quartz or chalcedon, is now especially fashionable for gentlemen's jewelry. The Prince of



MONOGRAM AND DIAMOND PENDANT, MUSEUM OF DRESDEN.

EMERALD INCRUSTED WITH GOLD.

ENAMELED ETRUSCAN PIN.



JEWELER'S SHOP AT CAPE COAST CASTLE, AFRICA.

Wales has brought in the custom of finger-rings for men, and favors the cats-eye especially. Of this stone Starr & Marcus, in New York, show some wonderful varieties. From these noted gem-collectors we learn that the United States furnish many precious stones. They show now, amid the wonders of modern jewelry, a superb medallion or pendant, shaped like a St. George's Cross. This has that rare stone, the *zircon*, with the power of a diamond, and the hardness of a sapphire, and the color of a pale, smoky, yellow topaz, for a centre piece. Around it are ranged the red tourmaline of Russia, a pink sapphire and a green sapphire from North Carolina, and a ruby spinel from Maine. All these brilliant stones are set about with a paling of diamonds; the effect is magnificent; the price, $3,000.

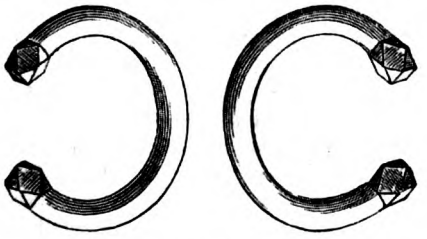
The great house of Tiffany possesses now a diamond larger than the Koh-i-noor, 125 carats, price, $30,000; a 7-carat emerald, $25,000; a 22-carat sapphire, $9,000; two ruby earrings, 10 carats each, $9,000.

How does this compare with the expenditure of Lollia Paullinia, of whom Pliny the elder says that she possessed jewels to the amount of 322,916 English pounds?

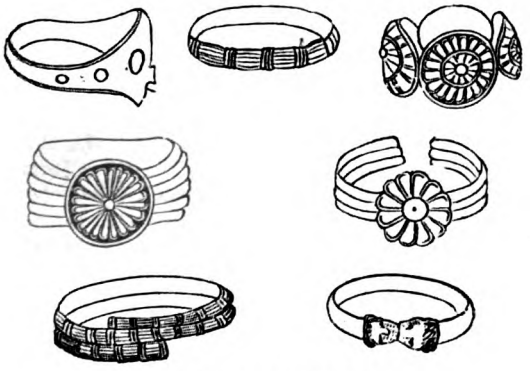
Who of the nineteenth century will appropriate so many of Tiffany's cut stones as to make a private jewel-box equal to Lollia Paullinia's?

Paris is now the great jewel-factory of the world, furnishing seventy millions of dollars' worth a year. Three grades of gold only are allowed, and the trade is carefully watched by the Government. London does the gem-cutting, and had, in 1870, 900 jewelers, 4 wedding-ring makers, 29 gold-chain makers, 11 gold-cutters, 77 gem merchants, 39 diamond-cutters, 100 diamond-merchants, doubtless all increased in ten years; 3 dealers in rough diamonds only.

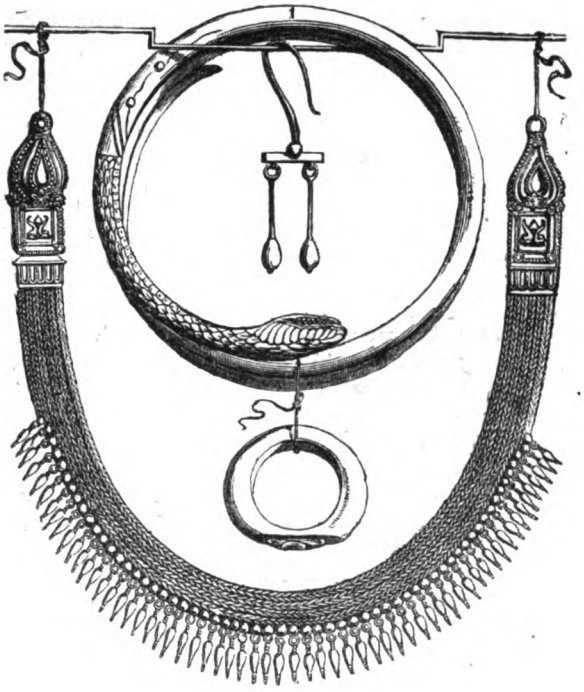
Silver jewelry, now so fashionable (and so ugly), is almost exclusively manufactured in London, although ladies are fond of picking up unique peasant silver jewelry in Scotland, Ireland, Normandy and Sweden. That of Russia enameled on silver is very beautiful; indeed, all



ANKLETS.



ASSYRIAN BRACELETS.



POMPEIAN JEWELRY.

Russian gold and silver work is very choice. There are now forty-two establishments in Paris for tortoise-shell jewelry, which began its existence in Rome and Naples. Amber comes from Germany, principally; is very fashionable and becoming. Ivory jewelry is made in France, Germany and England; and jet, known in England even in the stone age. Jet and vulcanized jewelry still remain the industries of several English counties.

The gold work of the Mexicans, like that of all primitive people, was once very fine, like the Indian work. But American—United States—jewelry proper has been very wanting, always, in individuality and good taste. The first jeweler of note was a man named Hinsdale, of Newark. He made the copper-tinted gold watch-chains of our great-grandfathers, which were copied from the tinted gold-work of Louis XVI.'s time. His trade has spread, however, until even Providence, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Springfield, Cincinnati, and Attleboro, Mass., pour out great floods of cheap jewelry. A great deal of it is *filled jewelry*, and there is complaint that the gold is more often of eight carat than of eighteen. No civilized people wear so much jewelry as the Americans, nor is its use confined to any particular class. It is estimated that over $50,000,000 is invested in the jewelry business alone. One house, from the 15th of August to the middle of November, put forth five thousand pairs of bangles!

But artistic debasement is not universal. If we cannot rival those gorgeous necklaces of the time of Maximilian, when large emeralds and rubies and sapphires were set in yellow gold, with long pendant pearls drooping from them; if we cannot yet command the exquisite gold granulations of the ancients, even if we have no national style, we can still purchase cool pearl necklaces, superb diamond groups, sparkling rubies and sapphires, and an imitation of the best styles of every age, at our leading houses.

There we find the yellow gold earrings, carefully copied from those chimera-headed gems of the Cesnola collection, the artistic work of Castellani, the scarabeus of the Egyptian, the pliant chain of the East Indian, and the turquoise of the "Monk Theophrastus." If we want imitations and false stones, they are plentiful and cheap. But better one little gold button, with a Roman finish, than the whole of them. Better one genuine stone, however small, that has been handed down as an heirloom. And we learn with some pride that our own first-class houses now cut their own diamonds, design and make their own settings, and do the work of the goldsmith and the jeweler, both so well that they compel admiration even in Europe. And we are certain that at these first-class houses there is no fear that the buyer may be deceived. All is genuine that is sold as such.

ORIGIN OF SANDWICHES.—Sandwiches, which now form a staple article of luncheon for city men who have no time for a regular dinner, were named after the Earl of Sandwich, the celebrated statesman of the reigns of George II. and George III. Grose, the antiquary and contemporary of the earl, notes the sandwich as "said to have been a favorite dish of the Earl of Sandwich." The Earl of Sandwich was an inveterate gambler, and, so as to be able to eat without stopping the game, used to tell the waiters to bring him for refreshment a slice of meat between two pieces of bread.

THE thunder of great words does not always betoken a great thought, for many a grand salute is fired with a blank cartridge.

NEVER does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another's.

IN THE SUMMER WOODS.

BY JANE DIXON.

NOW THE cowslip's golden reign is over;
Lilac's clustered bloom has passed away;
Scythe-blades sever white and purple clover;
And rich meadows, ripe for scented hay,
In the rosy light
Flush with flowers bedight,
Ere their glories wither out of sight.

Fast from copse to brake, the cuckoo, flying,
Gives her sweet monotony to the gale;
"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" sadly crying,
Like the princess of a fairy tale,
Changed into a bird,
Pleading to be heard,
Wailing out her sorrows in a word.

Through long grass the rushing corn-crake hisses;
Large-eyed rabbits leap from tufts of broom;
Bees are courting meadow-sweet with kisses;
Low on banks lies gorse's luscious bloom;
Little shrew-mice creep,
Nibble blades, and peep
Shyly up, with eyes too bright for sleep.

Wherefore should this luxury and sweetness
Thrill my heart with such a pang of pain?
Is it but the thought of beauty's fleetness,
Or the past, like some weird funeral strain,
Throbbing on mine ear,
Marvelously clear,
"Linked, long-drawn-out," and strangely dear?

One I loved was plucking the wild roses
On these paths, last Summer, by my side;
Now the pimpernel's red blossom closes
O'er her grave, what hour the sunbeams hide,
Or with open eye
Greets the cloudless sky,
Threshold of my darling's home on high.

THE DOCTOR'S DEVICE.

CHAPTER I.—THE MARRIAGE.

R. BUZENVAL is short, stout and good natured; scant of breath, but full of shrewdness and charity; mild as the dove when nothing occurs to irritate him, but cunning as the serpent always.

Here he comes up the walk; a round, fat shadow following him upon the grass, his nose high in air smelling the fragrance of the afternoon, and his hands behind his back. He is thinking about something, and it is evidently something very serious; but what can it be?

Laughter there! Whose, I wonder? Oh, it is the Mesdemoiselles Blainville—Diane and Aurelie—and they are playing with a little terrier. Tipsy, as they call him, has a velvet back and golden feet, and eyes that are black diamonds, and as he runs after his ball he is certainly very handsome, and quite worthy to be the pet of two such lovely girls.

Aurelie sees Dr. Buzenval first. She comes forward, smiling, and her hand out. She is not tall, but so slender that she might as well be; and now, as Diane turns, you perceive that one sister perfectly resembles the other, and so much so that a stranger would scarcely be able to distinguish them apart at a first meeting.

Their voices and movements, even to the slighest gesture, are the same, and in one respect only are they differ-

ent. What is that? After all, it would be difficult to describe. There is a kind of sober good sense and gravity in the eyes of Aurelie which you do not perceive in those of Diane. On the contrary, Diane's eyes have a wild, mirthful look—strange lights and shadows pass within their depths—and they seem to say, very forcibly: "This young lady is a madcap."

Truly enough, perhaps; for Diane, on seeing the doctor, springs toward him and throws her lovely arms round his neck, as people do when they meet in those melodramas so true to nature we often see. But Aurelie, after pressing his hand, relieves him of his enviable embrace, and then everybody turns to Tipsy, who is barking with all his might.

Diane ends these demonstrations by taking the little fellow up and smothering him with kisses.

"Why is it that he dislikes me so?" asks the doctor, smiling at the pretty girl's effusion, which Tipsy doesn't seem to appreciate in the least.

"Dogs always bark at bears," says Diane, between the kisses.

And then Dr. Buzenval laughs more. Aurelie is a little more grave.

"Oh, doctor, your patient is so peevish to-day. How ridiculous to call a sick person a patient, when he is the most *im*patient of all mankind!" she says.

"I must go to him at once," answers the physician, suddenly remembering.

But the girls do not allow him to leave them yet. Aurelie asks him many questions, and Diane teases him in every way she can devise; but presently he breaks from them both and trots away, purple with laughter, while their own rings out with silvery sweetness upon the afternoon air.

Dr. Buzenval enters "The Hermitage." It is a sombre and rather decayed old building, but not entirely without its charm.

As the physician goes up the stairs he meets Madame Formey, the housekeeper, coming down, and he softly pats her withered cheek, and they exchange a word, for she is very much pleased; and in the corridor he encounters Bordeau, the valet, with whom he cracks a joke. At last he enters the room on the left.

There is a tall man in a dressing-gown standing in the middle of the floor, and hearing the doctor's footstep, he turns. He is young, and singularly handsome; dark hair and mustache, but complexion fair; yet there is a want of strongly defined expression in his countenance. What is the reason? Advancing a step, he seems to grope, as if he had lost something and were looking for it. Yes, something is gone, for he is blind.

This is St. Lambert, and he has been waiting impatiently for the doctor, as may be perceived by his joy at his approach. He has been blind for several years, but there is strong hope that he will one day recover his sight.

Meanwhile he is very delicate in health, as he has always been, and they are obliged to be very careful with him. It is understood that a serious illness would kill him.

"Well, doctor?" he says, eagerly, for the blind see with their ears, and he knows the footstep.

Dr. Buzenval is no longer cheerful. He is, on the contrary, very much puzzled over how he shall communicate some intelligence that he has.

"It is as we feared," he says.

St. Lambert sinks into a chair and covers his face with his thin, delicate hands.

"Fatality!" he groans.

"Yes; the will leaves no alternative. Madame the baroness was, as you know, whimsical and obstinate. You must have the money, that is certain; but you cannot have the money and Diane both."

"Why, why am I so thwarted!" breaks out the invalid. "I love Diane, and do not love Aurelie. Can you tell me any earthly reason why I should not marry the one I love, instead of the one for whom I care nothing?"

"The baroness thought Diane volatile, and without those qualities that would make you happy. She is rather the prettier, but that was almost a kind of fault in your aunt's eyes. Accept the inevitable, my friend."

"No!" cries St. Lambert, furiously; "I will not marry this young lady, doctor. The money may go."

The physician watches him anxiously as he now rises and begins striding up and down the floor, talking to himself, and in a great rage.

At the end of ten minutes his frenzy suddenly comes to an end; something gathers about his heart, his hands go up to his throat, and he reels; Dr. Buzenval catches him in his arms, and places him upon the bed.

The bell is pulled hastily, and servants appear. For a time there is great confusion and trampling of feet, and then this gradually subsides, and is succeeded by an unearthly quiet.

All faces are grave, and every whisper is freighted with foreboding. What can it be? Only this—St. Lambert is dying!

Dr. Buzenval is sitting by the bed, the sufferer's hand in his own. About seven o'clock there is a movement, and St. Lambert turns his head.

"Doctor, I think I am dying," he says.

"We must hope for the best."

"My aunt's money cannot save me, you know," he continues, very quietly; "but I should die in peace if I were the husband of my darling Diane."

The physician looks up sharply.

"There are such things as deathbed marriages," proceeds the other, slowly. "What do they call it—*in articulo*, isn't it? Well, doctor, I shall marry Diane, after all," he adds, firmly. "She will not refuse. Speak to her, and send for the priest."

Dr. Buzenvel is nervous, and is even a little pallid. A strange light is in his small, round eyes.

"Are you resolved upon this? Remember that you lose your aunt's legacy."

"I am dying, doctor."

"But if you should recover?"

"Death is at hand."

"You are determined?"

"It is fate."

Dr. Buzenval is suddenly another man. He swiftly leaves the room and seeks Madame Formey. He tells her something, and together they tell the same thing to the valet Bordeau. Then the doctor communicates with Aurelie and Diane. Whatever his words are, he delivers them earnestly, and even beseechingly.

The girls grow white and tearful, and are not to be won over without argument and persuasion. After all, is it not a terrible thing to marry a man who is almost a corpse—to be this minute a bride, and the next a widow?

But the physician conquers.

At nine o'clock the parish priest comes. He enters the sick-room, and the two young girls come after him. Last of all, Dr. Buzenval appears. The housekeeper and valet were already present.

It is a strange scene, this wedding *in articulo*, and there is a sombre awe upon everything as it proceeds. But it at length comes to an end.

"Joy ! joy !" murmurs St. Lambert, as he sinks back.
He grows unconscious.
Dr. Buzenval hastens to feel his pulse.
Is he dead ?

CHAPTER II.

THE SECRET.

THREE years have passed. It is midsummer at The Hermitage, and two persons are in the grounds. One is St. Lambert, handsomer, if possible, than ever, and the other is his little son, Victor. They are attended by a pretty terrier, whose name is, of course, Tipsy.

ANGLO-SAXON WORK—THE ALFRED JEWEL.

"Will not mamma come back soon ?" asks the child, presently, looking up to his father's face.

"Yes, soon, Victor. Mamma has been gone a long time now, but she will return. I hear some one coming along the walk. Isn't it the doctor ?"

Yes, it was good Dr. Buzenval, rather graver and stouter, but still very merry, as may be seen by his greeting of little Victor. By this time, in the course of many visits, the physician has also made a warm friend of the little dog, and Tipsy's joy is likewise emphatically expressed.

It soon follows that the child and the dog run away to play together, and then St. Lambert and his friend sit under one of the trees.

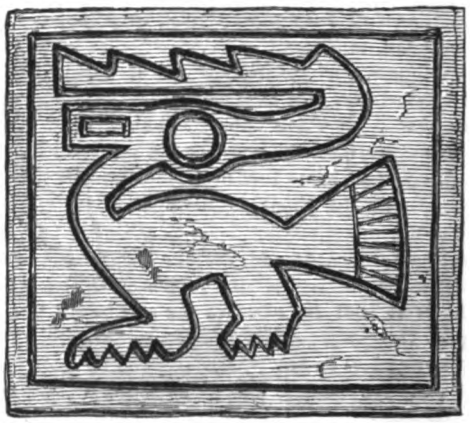
"Doctor," says the former, speaking very deliberately, "I shall say something to you now that has been in my mind for a considerable time."

The doctor starts and looks troubled; but, assuming again upon the instant his lighter manner, he answers :

"Do so, by all means."

St. Lambert has arranged everything in advance, it is plain, and he now proceeds, rapidly :

"Some three years ago, I was very ill—dying. Of the two sisters, Aurelie and Diane Blainville, I loved the latter. My aunt had just died, leaving me her fortune on condition that I should marry the former. A deathbed



ANCIENT PERUVIAN JEWELRY.

wedding took place, and I lost the legacy by taking Diane for my wife ; but after all I did not die. I recovered my health almost entirely—everything but my sight, and even that was thought not to be hopelessly lost—and I reassumed the direction of affairs in my household. My wife and I lived very happily together, and a child was born to us. But all the while, I knew this, doctor," continues St. Lambert, his voice rising, "that there was some mystery !"

"Mystery !" echoes the physician, grave—and could it be also a little frightened ?

"I repeat—a mystery ! I felt it round me in the atmosphere ; I heard it in the voice of every one who spoke to me ; I perceived it in the touch of every hand that met mine. I was silent, but I still wondered. The days passed on, and then suddenly, without warning, my wife and her sister left me. I knew nothing of their departure until it had taken place. You were the first to apprise me. I demanded explanation."

The doctor is very uneasy, but he continues to hide his emotion, and replies :

"I gave you sufficient, my friend. When one's relations die, one is expected to attend the funeral."

He takes snuff, perhaps as a way out.

"But so many have died," says St. Lambert. "They have been constantly dying. My wife has duties at home that are nearer. How many times a

JEWELS, JEWELRY, AND GOLDSMITH'S WORK.—EGYPTIAN FILIGREE WORKERS.
SEE PAGE 216.

THE DOCTOR'S DEVICE.—"THEY STAND ON THE BRINK OF THE HIDEOUS PRECIPICE. THE MANIAC DESIGNS THAT THEY SHALL BOTH GO OVER IT TOGETHER. WITH A WILD EFFORT HE FREES HIMSELF."

day does that little child ask me where is his mamma ?"

"He loves her, truly, St. Lambert."

"But how can I believe that she loves him, or me ? It is impossible. I had always heard that Diane was gay and volatile, but true-hearted, and that is one of the reasons why I loved her. Perhaps, after all, it had been better for me to have married Aurelie."

Dr. Buzenval drops his gold snuff box, and the strong powder flies up like a brown mist.

"Ah, what a misfortune !" he cries. "It will take a fortnight to get more snuff like this !" and he proceeds to gather again, by little pinches, what he can, after sweeping a quantity up with a sheet of paper, which he takes from his pocket.

This is all done so deliberately, that can it be possible any subterfuge is covered by it ?

"In nothing," resumes St. Lambert, plainly, "have I felt so keenly what a terrible sorrow it is to be blind. But beware of the blind, Dr. Buzenval, as you would beware of fools—for both are sometimes dangerous. I am convinced that in something you have deceived me."

"My friend !" cries Buzenval, reproachfully.

"Not intentionally, perhaps ; but even, so to speak, against your will. Such incoherencies are sometimes possible. Remember what I now say, that I am not so powerless as you perchance suppose."

All this has been uttered very passionately ; and now the physician rises to his feet, grave and calm.

"My friend, your reproaches are unjust ! I should be the last man to wish to separate you and your wife. Was I not the first to bring about the union between you ? Well, when you have recovered your temper, St. Lambert, you will regret this wrong."

And, with a low bow, he goes away.

St. Lambert is touched, but, feeling himself in the wrong, he resents that as if it were some fresh injury. He continues to sit moody and silent, and in a sort of aimless, irritated reverie.

The shouts of a child and the barking of a little dog rouse him.

Victor and Tipsey return at full speed, and the father calls his son to him. The boy comes breathless and wondering, and stands between his father's knees.

"Victor, you know that your papa is blind, and cannot see all the beautiful things around us—God's wonderful creation—as you do. All is darkness to papa, is it not ?"

A tear steals down the child's cheek, and his little lip quivers as he says:

"God will give papa his sight again some day, will he not ?"

St. Lambert pulls the boy to his breast suddenly, and cries :

"God *has* given me my sight for more than a week, Victor. I can see as well as you."

The child utters a shriek in the intensity of his surprise and joy, and the two are clasped. When they separate again, the boy, with a sudden doubt, says:

"But are you sure, papa ? You are not deceiving Victor to please him, are you ? Look, papa, here is a paper with writing on it. Read it."

Victor hands his father the paper left by Dr. Buzenval.

St. Lambert has, indeed, recovered his sight, and slowly to himself he reads as follows :

"*Dr. Aubry's Private Insane Asylum.*

"My Dear Doctor:—Diane is worse instead of better, and her constant attempts to escape render necessary the most rigid watchfulness. The malady still retains the same features as before, but they are intensified. The intervals of sanity are not longer than two days, and they are succeeded by the most violent outbreaks imaginable. She has conceived a most unaccountable hatred toward St. Lambert. This, you will understand, is one of those peculiarities of her disease which baffle even those who have most experience in its treatment. Oh, how fortunate it is that St. Lambert has never suspected our frightful secret ! He would then understand the conduct of his aunt in the making of her will ; but at what a cost ! Adieu ! I will write every day.

"Aurelie."

St. Lambert sits stupefied. The world seems reeling under his feet. He is drunk with amazement.

This, then, is the mystery—Diane has always been subject to fits of insanity recurring at intervals, and that was why his aunt, who knew the secret, did not wish him to marry her. But he had married her, and Victor is their son. The mother of his child is now confined in a private lunatic asylum.

"Oh, papa, you have deceived me !" cried Victor. "You cannot read."

"Oh, my God !" cries the stricken father, "would I had still been blind !"

And he hides his agonized face within his hands.

The child stares in wonder.

CHAPTER III.

THE STRUGGLE ON THE CLIFF.

St. Lambert toils slowly up St. Winifred's Cliff to the very top, and there stands, indifferent to the magnificent scene below.

Between himself and the sea the birds fly, croaking hoarsely or with a shrill scream, and far down shines the tawny beach and foams the cloudy surf.

But the roar of the water's voice has sunk into a murmur here, and there is a delicious melody in its plaintive swelling and receding—delicate as the music of a harp.

Nothing of this he notes, though it is such a little while since he recovered his sight. He is thinking of the letter he has just read, telling him his wife is a hopeless maniac.

"How cruel they were to deceive me !" he muses. "The end never, in reality, is a justification of the means, let casuists assert what they please ! A lie is a lie and a sin always. I understand, now, the entire scheme. Dr. Buzenval was sure I could not live. What did it matter whom I married—whether she were to become insane afterward or not ? But see how it has turned out, and how horrible is the awakening to the fatal truth ! Such things no man expects, and when they come they turn the heart to stone !"

He walks on a little further, and, finding a great round stone, he sits upon it, his reverie still unbroken.

But he is far calmer than before. To analyze any grief is to, in some measure, conquer it. To be able to analyze the good and ill is to at length find somewhere that drop of consolation which is hidden in even the bitterest cup.

"I shall not go to see her—it would afflict me too much. I prefer always to think of her as she was ; and though these eyes never looked upon that fair face, they had their dream of how lovely it must be ! But poor Victor ! what shall I say—what *can* I say—to him ? Now I must tell him, instead of the old excuse, that his mamma will *never* come back. He will in time come to believe that she is dead."

He hides his face in his hand for an instant at this thought ; but suddenly he looks up, a frightful dread written there.

"Insanity is a curse that descends from generation to generation," he says, sharply. "In time it will fall upon my boy. Oh, heaven ! what can avert this ?"

There is a light step behind him.

He slowly turns his head, and sees a woman there. She is slight, which gives her the effect of being tall, and her face is very pretty, but how strange-looking!

The look is sharp and peaked, the cheeks haggard and thin, and the eyes large and wild.

Her hair hangs carelessly across her pretty shoulders, and her dress is stained and disordered, as if from long travel.

The two stand staring at each other for a moment, and she is the first to speak.

"St. Lambert, I have returned," she says, in a weird, muffled voice. "I know you very well. I am not so mad as to——"

"Diane!" he gasps.

"And I perceive that you know me. Ah! this is very fine," she laughs. "It could not be better."

"Diane, you have escaped!"

"Yes. They could not keep me, although they tried very hard. I felt that I must come back to The Hermitage, and see you once more."

"My poor girl, you are very ill. Let us go down from this place. You need rest."

He has advanced, but she motions him back.

"Stay where you are. I have something to say to you!"

She speaks as if suppressing some emotion that struggles violently to break out, and he observes a curious manner she has of rubbing her hands together incessantly.

"How did you get away from them, Diane?"

"They were cunning," she answers, with sudden joy; "but I was cunning, too, you know. I waited and watched patiently, and the chance came at last. I had determined to risk everything to meet *you* again, St. Lambert. I can fancy their surprise and chagrin."

"But they were kind to you. Aurelie was there."

"Kind! Yes, it was very kind to keep me in that cell where the walls were molten fire, and the people who served me demons. But my brain did not dry up, for all that. I had plenty of invention left, and I thought of a way, as you see, to escape."

"Well, you are safe here, dear Diane. They shall never take you back."

She bursts into shrill laughter.

"No, no, St. Lambert," she says. "I am not so easily deceived. Your plot is at fault."

"I would not harm you, Diane. Do I not love you?"

"Not harm me! As if I did not know it was you who contrived to send me to the asylum, in the first place!"

"I!" he exclaims.

"You! That is why I was resolved to come back and meet you again, and *make you answer for it!*"

Something chill and ominous—a dread, a presentiment—seizes upon him.

"Nay, we will talk of this presently. You are very tired; let us go down."

"Why did you send me there, St. Lambert?"

He is bewildered, not knowing how to deal with her.

She looks at him steadily for a moment or two, still rubbing her hands restlessly together, and then repeats her question.

He shudders. There is something terrible in madness when we meet it face to face and alone.

"Diane, your imagination has deceived you," he says, in a very calm voice, and casting about for some stratagem by which she may be led away. "I always loved you, and would have been the last person in the world to do you harm. Listen to me, dear. Don't you remember before you went away that I was blind?"

"Blind!"

"Yes. Well, God has returned me my sight. Are you not glad?"

"Blind!"

It is clear that she has forgotten this. There is one expedient more—Victor. He resolves to try that.

"Let us go to The Hermitage, and see our little boy. Victor is always asking for you."

A dull gaze meets his own. She has forgotten even her own child!

"Don't you remember little Victor?" he pleads. "Come, give me your hand, and let us go."

"Traitor, you cannot deceive me again!" she cries, suddenly. "You must answer for the past!"

She suddenly springs upon him like a tigress, and, with the strength which madness gives even to the weakest, she seizes his throat and pushes him backward toward the edge of the cliff.

The attack is so sudden and startling, that he is at first unable to make any resistance.

But he comes to himself, and they struggle there.

He begs her to desist, but his words are unheeded, and then he cries aloud for help with all his might.

The contest is frightful. They stand on the very brink of the hideous precipice. The maniac designs that they shall both go over it together.

With a wild effort he shakes himself from her desperate clutch; she throws up her hands, and then totters.

He sees her no more. The place where she had stood is vacant.

There is silence, except that the sea-birds croak as before, and the hoarse murmur of the sea mingles with their sinister voices.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRUTH.

Half an hour afterward he knows the body has been found, by the faces he meets as he enters the study of the gloomy Hermitage.

Aurelie and Dr. Buzenval are there.

"How did she escape?" asks St. Lambert, after a silence.

"In spite of all our vigilance," answers Aurelie; "I followed after as speedily as possible, but came——"

"Too late!" he finished, sadly. "Well, Dr. Buzenval, I have killed my wife, the mother of my child. It was not a deliberate murder, but it is none the less true that she died by my hand. I threw her from me, and she fell."

"She died by the will of heaven, neither by your hand nor her own," answers the physician, reverently.

"Well," continues the other, "my poor boy is, indeed, without a mother now."

"No," answers Aurelie; "not while I live."

St. Lambert does not seem to attend to this speech. Dr. Buzenval advances.

"My friend, by the letter which I dropped in the grounds to-day you discovered a secret," he says. "You have blamed me for the deception. The time has arrived, St. Lambert, when you must learn the full truth."

The young man looks at them both, puzzled. Is this all some fantastic dream?

Dr. Buzenval proceeds:

"You are not a widower, St. Lambert; your son is not without a mother."

St. Lambert makes a gesture of impatience.

"This is not the time for riddles; besides, they are amusement for children," he rejoins.

"You were, as we deemed, on your death-bed when that marriage took place," continues the physician, more

rapidly, and passing by preliminaries. "By the will, you must marry Aurelie to obtain the legacy of your aunt; but you loved Diane. It was thought you would die, and what mattered it whom you wedded, so far as you yourself were concerned? You were blind, and could not tell one sister from the other. Forgive me, St. Lambert, but you married Aurelie."

St. Lambert turns pale, and staggers.

He sees in a dim corner of the room the old housekeeper, Madame Formey, and the valet Bordeau, who have come in.

"There are the witnesses to the truth of my words," says the physician, pointing them out.

"Aurelie, my wife!"

"You recovered, but never knew the difference. With Aurelie, you were as perfectly happy as you would have been with Diane had Diane not been afflicted. What atonement, then, was it for my deception when I was aware that poor Diane was mad!"

"I suspected something, but not the truth," murmurs St. Lambert, like a man dreaming.

"The legacy was also still yours. You see, my friend, if you had died it could not have passed from the family, and those two girls, so incapable of making a subsistence for themselves, would always be sure of a competence. That, you will admit, was worldly prudence."

"It was wise and friendly to think of it," the young man returns.

"The child was born. There was another comfort—no danger of his inheriting a mother's madness."

"Thank God!" whispers St. Lambert.

"And, finally, poor Diane is no more—she is, by the mercy of Heaven, at peace. You have still a true wife who loves you, and your son has still his mother." St. Lambert seizes Aurelie and presses her to his bosom, and her tears are falling fast.

Then he steps away, and is about to offer his hand to Dr. Buzenval, when a thought strikes him.

He starts back.

"You have deceived me once—how can I know that this is not deception? How am I to be assured, sir, that this lady is my wife, and the mother of my child?"

The doctor signs to Madame Formey.

She opens the door, and a boy enters. It is little Victor.

He catches sight of Aurelie, and cries:

"Mamma, mamma! you have come back at last!"

A sob, a step, and they are clasped together.

Then it is that St. Lambert shakes the honest hand of his old friend.

"Forgive my doubts, doctor. The child's heart speaks a truth that none can gainsay, and God has known best!"

THE CAT AND THE BELL.

THE CAT AND THE BELL.

In a cloister in France, where the hours of meals were announced by the ringing of a bell, a cat was always in attendance as soon as it was heard — that she, too, according to custom, might be fed. One day it happened that pussy was shut up in a room by herself when the bell rang, so she was not able to avail herself of the summons. Some hours after, she was let out, and instantly ran to the spot where dinner was always left for her, but no dinner was to be found.

Pussy did not like the idea of going without her meal, so, fancying if she could ring the bell it would be served up, she ran to the bell, and set it ringing. The inmates of the cloister, hearing the bell at an unusual hour, came to see what was the cause of it. How great was their sur-

SCENE FROM THE "AGAMEMNON," BY ÆSCHYLUS.

prise when they found the cat striking the bell with her paw, and making known her want as well as she was able!

THE CLASSICAL DRAMA.

THE recent triumph at Harvard, where the "boys" performed the Œdipus of Sophocles in the Greek, has drawn a good deal of attention to the classical drama, and as the subject is ever ancient, yet always new, I propose to speak of the plays as done in "colleges of renown" on both sides of the Atlantic.

The form of the drama which is accepted and followed in Europe, divided chiefly into tragedy and comedy, was the creation of the ancient Greeks. The religious festivities of Bacchus were believed to have been introduced into Greece by Melampus. In the Bacchic ritual an ode in honor of the god was recited; to produce the best ode, which should be selected by the priests to be inserted into their ceremony, became a favorite contest among the poets. A goat was either the principal sacrifice at the altar, or the prize awarded to the successful competitor; thus, from the two words, *tragos*, a goat, and *ode*, song, came a fresh word, *tragodia*, tragedy (literally, goat and song).

The Greek drama sprang

SCENE FROM THE "ANDRIA," BY TERENCE.

SCENE FROM THE "PAX," BY ARISTOPHANES.

from the ode. The dialogue was ingrafted on the chorus, and naturally partook of its character. The genius of the greatest of Athenian dramatists co-operated with the circumstances under which tragedy made its first appearance. Æschylus was, head and heart, a lyric poet. Sophocles, whom the Harvard boys have so successfully wooed, made the Greek drama as dramatic as was consistent with its original form. His portraits of men have a sort of similarity; but it is the similarity, not of a painting, but of a bas-relief. It suggests a resemblance, but it does not produce an illusion. Euripides attempted to carry the

reform further. but it was a task far beyond his power —perhaps beyond any power. Instead of correcting what was bad, he destroyed what was excellent. He, as Macaulay has so happily hit it, substituted crutches for stilts, bad sermons for good odes.

Susarion, 750 B.C., recited an ode at Athens. In 535 Thespis recited an ode, with responses by a dithyrambic chorus, and in this we have the first germs of dialogue.

Out of these rude elements Æschylus, about 500, created the drama as we beheld it at Harvard. Nothing essential has since been added to its structure. He removed the chorus into the background, and used it only as an auxiliary. He brought a second actor upon the scene, and introduced a dialogue; thus the drama became an action instead of a narrative. From Æschylus we have the dramatic rules known as the "unities." Thirty years later Sophocles introduced a third actor, and thus diffused the dialogue and fertilized the action. As a dramatic poet he surpassed Æschylus by a noble grace and a sweet majesty. Fifteen years afterward, Euripides enabled Greece to behold as contemporaries the three greatest purely tragic poets the world has produced.

The dramas of Æschylus are dark, gloomy and terrible; thunder and lightning are their atmosphere, and demigods their *dramatis personæ;* his human beings are gigantic in moral stature, and removed above our sympathies. Sophocles drew human nature as it ought to be; Euripides depicted men and women as they were. The origin of the drama is popularly but erroneously ascribed to Thespis. This *improvisatore* did no more than improve upon the dithyrambics; he first organized a regular chorus, and invented dances of peculiar energy and grace; but his performances were a kind of ballet-farce. The tragedy of the Greeks was a fable, or a series of events begotten of each other in a natural sequence. It began with a simple position, so selected that the auditors required no explanation to understand the present condition of affairs. The development of the characters was required to be simultaneous with the action, the one being involved in the other. The action should not stray from the one place beyond such a limit as the time employed in the performance might naturally permit; nor should a lapse of time take place during the piece longer than a day. These unities of action, time and place, so strenuously insisted upon by the French dramatists, were not always strictly observed by the Greeks. The Greek tragedy was often composed in "trilogies," or three distinct plays, all connected—such, for example, was the trilogy of Æschylus, formed of the "Agamemnon," the "Chöephori," and the "Eumenides." In the first, Agamemnon, returning from the siege of Troy, is murdered by his wife Clytemnestra; in the second, Orestes, Agamemnon's son, avenges his father by the slaughter of his mother; in the third, Orestes is pursued by the Furies for the unnatural deed—the gods cannot agree upon his case, until Minerva decides in his favor, and releases him from the torture of the avenging divinities. These three conjoined formed a complete action.

The early history of comedy is more obscure than that of tragedy. The earliest comic poet of whom we have remains is Aristophanes, who flourished nearly a century after Æschylus. He was the last of what was called the old school. Comedy was divided into three forms—the old, the middle, and the new. In the first or old comedy, the characters were real living personages, who were freely satirized under their real names. This license was soon so abused that a law was passed, forbidding the names of real personages to be used in comedy. This impediment produced the second or middle comedy, where the prohibition was evaded by giving fictitious names to the real characters, and distinguished the individual intended to be satirized by a mask, or by some unmistakable inference. The middle comedy lasted about fifty years, when it was superseded by the third or new comedy; in this form the characters and the subject were fictitious; and as the old satirized and ridiculed statesmen, orators, and generals under their real names, so the new was aimed at abstract vice, and not at the individual offender.

The Romans derived their drama from the Greeks. Terence, Plautus and Seneca are the only Latin dramatists worthy of mention, and these are but translators and imitators of the Greek. The only element introduced by the Romans into the drama was farce, an invention of the Tuscans; buffoonery became more popular than wit. In truth, the Roman people took little pleasure in pure intellectual amusement; they preferred to watch the agonies of the body suffered in the circus, rather than sympathize with the woes of the soul simulated in the theatre. Thus ended the first or classic age of the drama.

As the Westminster Play has come to be regarded as the classical drama at its very best, I propose to say something about it ere I come to the Harvard triumph of this year. The fine old, original, legitimate, classical drama was invented more than two thousand years ago, and nightly performed before an admiring Roman audience, under the distinguished patronage of Scipio Africanus and C. Lælius, esquires, who were mightily taken with a clever young playwright of the day, say, for example, one Publius Afer, a born slave in the service of Mr. Senator Terentius Lucanus. That worthy magistrate, perceiving his *protégé* to be a youth of promise, gave him his freedom and his own name at the same time; and he did wisely, for the name has lived for twenty centuries, and will live as long as mortal lips can speak—as long as ink and paper can be found to print it.

Well, the theatre has nothing much to boast of in its external aspect. It was built by the great Lord Burlington, it is true, in an era of architectural magnificence, but it has undergone much alteration since that day, and from the side which we approach it looks, it must be confessed, rather dingy. There is a battered old door at the entrance, and young ladies who arrive there as visitors to the play look around them with a curious air, and wonder what manner of place this may be, which looks so much like a hospital, a guard-room, a union-house—anything but that College of St. Peter about which they have heard their brothers talk so much. Yet, St. Peter's College it is; and here it stands, under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, close to that venerable school where statesmen, poets, soldiers—hundreds who have won a name in the world's history—began their race in life. From this threshold young Warren Hastings stepped out on his brilliant career; so brilliant, indeed, that the first dark cloud which gathered round his fame was lost in the splendor of its sunshine. There was a puny, spirit-broken schoolfellow of his, who, after shaking hands with his boyfriend, and wishing him God-speed, I dare say turned away to muse alone in some dark corner of the cloister. It was William Cowper, whose delicate frame and sensitive disposition ill fitted him for the trials of a public school. Years afterward, when half Europe cried shame upon the Governor-general of Bengal, the pure, good, gentle boy had grown to manhood, and become a poet—a poet whose rhymes breathed nothing but of innocence and virtue, and who refused to believe that his old comrade, Warren Hastings, was anything but virtuous and innocent.

A century before this day, Master John Dryden was

cutting his name on the school-benches, with no doubt a well-thumbed "Virgil" at his side. Had he heard, I wonder, of the bricklayer's 'prentice who, thirty years before, turned up his nose at his stepfather's honest calling, and ran off to fight with the army in Holland? You may see that graceless truant's name in the Abbey over the way. He was brought up at Westminster—"O Rare Ben Jonson!" Lord Raglan, who died before Sebastopol, and Lord John Russell, were Westminster boys.

Let us ascend the grim stone staircase to the dormitory, over 170 feet long, the walls scribbled over with ten thousand names. We pass on to the end of the room, and underneath a huge scaffolding, where we are arrested by a barrier. Uttering the open sesame, "Old Westminster"—meaning thereby a man who has been educated at the school—we get in front of the proscenium. Dreary masses of black coats rise in tiers one behind the other, terminating in a nine-inch plank some dozen feet below the ceiling; and all along the narrow foot-board, packed as close as herrings in a barrel, three score of little gentlemen, whose ages vary from ten to fourteen, take up their positions and smile benignantly. These are "the gods," that nine-inch plank "Olympus."

And who is that superior but youthful deity of seventeen, in a college cap and white choker, who wields a cane with such an air of authority, as he casts a watchful glance up and down the celestial ranks? That is the god-keeper, Saturnian Jove himself, *regnator Olympi*. Have we not all heard of his awful nod? I tell you, the "gods" themselves tremble before him and his pliant sceptre. When that dread weapon is upraised during the performance their divine majesties must applaud—ay, and continue the approbation until the Thunderer bids them cease.

Black coats at the foot of Olympus—those are the visitors; black coats in the body of the hall—those are the "Old Westminsters"; black coats on the seats to the right of the stage—those are the old Westminsters of a younger sort; black coats to the left of the stage—those are old Westminsters of an *older* sort. Black coats, in short, everywhere. What! no crimson, and blue, and white, and yellow opera-cloaks? no *frou-frou* of silks and satins, no gorgeous headdresses, nor golden wavy hair, or auburn, or chestnut, or raven, to enliven the scene?

Yes, a few, very few, ladies, about twenty-five in all, sitting together, according to a venerable tradition, on the right of the stage. These are relatives of the dramatic company, and I question whether any other fair visitors would care to sit three hours on not the most comfortable bench, and listen to a Latin play.

The head master enters and takes his seat, surrounded by the under masters and his friends and guests, and a minute or two afterward the tinkling of a bell is heard, the curtain is raised, and a young man, dressed in full academical, with knee-breeches and black silk stockings, steps upon the stage. It is the captain, or head Queen's scholar of the school. He bows toward the centre of the auditorium, then he takes a few steps to the right and bows again, then he goes to the left and repeats that ceremony; all this time the little *claqueurs* above have been hard at work, until one would think their hands must be quite sore. At last a signal is given, and silence is established. *In cœlo quies;* the gods are hushed, and the captain begins his prologue.

The prologue delivered, the curtain rises again; this time upon the play itself—let us say the fine old classical comedy of the "Adelphi." How shall I describe the plot, recount the various incidents of the piece, and help you to imagine the humorous "situations" which constitute the chief excellence of the Terentian Drama?

Two thousand years have passed away since Afer wrote. Two thousand years! What are your associations with that remote and eminently classical age?

Pshaw! the great comedy of life was then what it is now—full of intrigue, of plot and passion, of love and hate, of injured innocence and roguery. Old heads wagged in counsel, and young hearts throbbed with ardor, over the pallium and beneath the tunic, just as ours do to-day in modern dress. *Davus* and *Geta* played their tricks with somewhat more impudence than New York servants; but *Pamphilus* and *Antipho* sighing over their mistresses, *Captain Thraso* joking with *Miss Thais*, poor *Nausistrata* bewailing her wrongs—are not these parts acted over and over again in our own times? But let the boys begin the play. Here is its story:

Demea and *Micio* are two old Grecian brothers of different pursuits, philosophy, and temperament. *Demea* is a country gentleman and widower, with old-fashioned notions of discipline, and a somewhat choleric disposition, who has two sons, *Æschinus* and *Ctesipho*. *Micio*, on the contrary, who lives at Athens, is an easy-going bachelor, indulgent to youth, but with enough worldly wisdom to win the respect of *Æschinus*, his nephew—a sad scapegrace of the *Charles Surface* type—whom he has adopted. The escapades of this young gentleman are a source of anxiety to his father, who is continually taking *Micio* to task for over-lenience to his son. He contrasts the young reprobate with the sober, thrifty and prudent *Ctesipho*, whom he looks upon as a model young farmer, and whom he has brought up on his own place.

Micio—who reasons like Colonel Pendennis in a toga—defends himself by saying that young men will be young men, preach as you will, and reminds his brother that he might have been no better himself forty years ago if his purse had not been too slender then for a fast life. He argues, moreover, that by avoiding severity he has secured the confidence of his nephew; which, by the way, is more than *Demea* can say of his other son.

Indeed, if *Æschinus* may be compared to *Charles Surface*, the resemblance between *Ctesipho* as Mr. *Joseph Surface* is not less striking. While appearing in his father's eyes a miracle of propriety, he has secretly meditated an intrigue with a music girl, whom he persuades his brother to carry off for him. This flagrant act becomes the town-talk of Athens, and poor *Æschinus* has not only to bear all the blame of his father and uncle, but incur the high displeasure of Miss *Pamphila*, a young lady whom he ought to have married long ago.

While all this is going on there is a good deal of comic business introduced by one *Syrus*, a faithful servant of the family, who has but one weakness, which, being one of a bacchanalian character, only serves to sustain his character as a wit, and certainly makes him no less a favorite in the eyes of his audience. In fact, *Syrus* plays a very important part in the piece. He cudgels *Sannio*, a gentleman of doubtful character, who tries to interfere with his plans. With the utmost good nature he helps the young men through their difficulties, and with not more lies than are absolutely necessary to the plot. He sends old *Demea* half over the town on a fool's errand in search of his brother, and makes himself generally amusing.

However, in the fourth act, he is overtaken in his cups, and the rustic father, who comes back furious, pounces upon Master *Ctesipho* unawares. Then, of course, ensues a tremendous *dénouement*. The young farmer appears in his true light, and *Demea*, enraged at finding that his favorite son has deceived him, forgets that this is due to his own severity, and lays the whole blame on *Micio*, who defends himself and the boys.

TIRESIAS' PROPHECY.

The play concludes with the reconciliation of *Demea* to his sons, after a long soliloquy, in which he proves himself so much a convert to his brother's teaching that we begin to fear he may, like most converts, let his new doctrine lead him into excesses. *Æschinus* proves himself a constant lover to *Pamphila*, and is rewarded by that lady's hand in marriage. *Syrus* not only obtains his own freedom, but that of his wife likewise, and sets up as a private gentleman. *Ctesipho* takes his sweetheart home to the paternal roof, where, let us hope, in due time she becomes *Mrs. C.* Old *Micio* turns Benedict, and marries an elderly buxom widow.

Thus, on the good old comedy plan—so good, we see, that it has lasted two thousand years—everybody is married, and lives happy ever afterward.

The play is succeeded by an Epilogue, written for the occasion by an "Old Westminster," which always takes the form of a Latin burlesque, and is usually a facetious adaptation of the characters of the piece to some popular topic of the day. And now arises a cry of "Cap! cap!" from the body of the auditorium. A brand-new college "trencher" passes round from hand to hand among the "Old Westminsters," and the chinking of gold on all sides shows at once their appreciation of the performance, and a well-cherished memory of bygone days.

ŒDIPUS BLINDED.

Between the acts, in accordance with a time-honored custom, the ladies are supplied with ices and negus, by one of the Queen's scholars, selected for that graceful office; and when the curtain finally falls there is a rush of "Old Westminsters" behind the scenes, where sack whey, a traditional, delightful, and highly unwholesome beverage, is ladled out for their consumption. After the play, and when the *corps dramatique* have changed their buskins and togas for caps and gowns, a gorgeous supper takes place in the college, to which the boys' friends are bidden.

ŒDIPUS AND CREON.

Now for a leap from Athens to Boston on the night of the 17th of May, 1881.

The Harvard boys resolved upon doing a Greek play. Why not? The Greek play was an institution in English universities, and, assuredly, Harvard was not one whit behind the schools in Merrie England. The various Greek dramatists were brought under discussion, from Æschylus to Aristophanes, for the broad buffoonery of the latter is more in keeping with the spirit of the period; but Sophocles won on his "Œdipus Tyrannus," and the selection was a wise one.

SCENE FROM THE "ŒDIPUS" OF SOPHOCLES, AS PERFORMED AT HARVARD COLLEGE ON MAY 17TH, 1881.

Sanders' Theatre, which forms one wing of the Memorial Hall at Cambridge, is a semi-circular amphitheatre, facing a very shallow stage. The scenery was not shifted throughout the performance, and represented the kingly palace at Thebes. A wall of huge blocks of stone supported a frieze representing a series of graceful bas-reliefs, the figures being white on a dark-red background. Upon this frieze stood sixteen columns of the Ionic order, which again supported an architrave. The great height of the façade thus obtained, in comparison to the scenery of most theatres, was very effective, especially as there was no curtain, and the roof of the theatre was of dark wood —so that the palace seemed to stand out in its massive outlines against an unlimited background. There were three doors in the front, the middle one being larger than the other two. They were of the ancient type found in Egypt and lately in Mycenæ—three blocks of stone, two of them inclined inward and the third laid across the top. Immediately in front of the palace was the shallow stage, from which two steps led up to the middle door, the side-doors not being used in the performance. Upon this stage were three altars, and here the principal action took place. In front of this acting stage, and about five feet lower was the open space where the chorus moved, as did the *Choragus* in the Passion Play at Oberammergau, for a full description of which see the August number of this magazine of last year. It was semi-circular, so as to form the centre of the amphitheatre. There was an altar in the middle, and a broad way leading right and left off the stage. The orchestra and supplementary chorus sat in a semi-circle round this lower stage, separated from it by a wooden barrier as high as a table, and from the audience by a height of about six feet. The footlights were placed along the front of the upper or acting stage.

All the costumes were those of the Athenians of the age of Pericles, for, as the personages in the play are mythical, they could not be represented with strict historical accuracy. It was the Dorian style of costume, as the wearing of clasp-pins, for example, indicated, the Athenian women having been forbidden to wear such pins, because on one occasion they used them to put out the eyes of unsuccessful warriors returning home from an important expedition. In this play, *Œdipus*, in the agony and despair of his misfortune, puts out his own eyes with the clasp-pin which he takes from the wedding garment of his mother, wife and queen, *Jocasta*.

Mr. F. D. Millet, of Harvard, 1869, undertook the very difficult and æsthetic task of designing and turning out all the costumes. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.* He did his work to perfection. The costume, modified according to the individual characters, consisted, in general terms, of two garments: a *chiton*, or tunic, and an *himation*, or mantle. The *chiton* is a simple, straight sack of thin cloth, without sleeves, gathered at the shoulders; the *himation* is a square piece of cloth twice the height of the wearer in length, and once his height in width. The tunic is gathered at the waist. The mantle is thrown much the same way as the Roman toga. The sandals, in various styles, are generally simple soles with lacework covering the heels, and bound to the ankles by strings. The traveling personages wore the *chlamys*, or short cloak. With this is worn a short tunic and sandals of a peculiar shape, lacing up to the knee. The *petasos*, a strange-looking broad-brimmed hat, was also worn with this costume. The shepherds wore rough skins. Whatever the care given to the ornamentation and choice of colors, nothing proved so charming as the simple cream-white garments of the priests. All these costumes were modeled on the exact pattern of their date, as nearly as could be ascertained, and the picture made by the characters as they stood in front of the Greek palace was unique and exceedingly interesting. The actors wore their garments just as the Greeks did, with no artificial contrivances for looping or holding the folds (except the simple clasp-pins used then), and with nothing under the costumes that could in any way interfere with the hanging and action of the drapery.

The tragedy is founded upon this story: *Œdipus*, a mythological King of Thebes, was the son of *Laïus* and *Jocasta*. An oracle having informed *Laïus* that he should be killed by his son, the infant was exposed on Mount Citheron, with his feet pierced and bound together. He was found by a shepherd and brought to *King Polybus*, of Corinth, who, being childless, adopted him, and called him *Œdipus*, from his swollen feet. He grew up in ignorance of his birth, and once, being taunted with not being the son of the King, he consulted the oracle at Delphi, which answered: "Avoid the soil of thy country, or thou wilt be the murderer of thy father, and the husband of thy mother." Supposing Corinth was meant, he determined not to return. On the road between Delphi and Daulis he met *Laïus*, and was ordered by the charioteer to make way; an affray ensued, in which he killed both his father and the charioteer. At this time the Sphinx was laying waste the territory of Thebes, proposing a riddle to any passer-by, and devouring all who were unable to solve it. The Thebans offered the crown and the hand of *Queen Jocasta* in marriage to him who should free the country from the monster. *Œdipus* undertook the task, and the following riddle was given to him: "A being with four feet has two feet and three feet, and only one voice; but its feet vary, and when it has most it is weakest." *Œdipus* announced that it was a man, who in infancy crawls upon all-fours, in manhood walks erect, and in old age supports himself by a staff. The Sphinx hereupon destroyed herself, and *Œdipus* obtained the crown and married his mother, who bore him two sons, *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, and two daughters, *Antigone* and *Ismene*.

A pestilence desolating the land on account of this incestuous alliance, the oracle ordered the expulsion of the murderer of *Laïus*, and a proclamation was issued announcing a curse upon the unknown criminal, and declaring him to be an exile. *Œdipus* is informed by the prophet *Tiresias* that he himself is the parricide, and the husband of his mother. *Jocasta* hanged herself, and *Œdipus* put out his eyes.

The acting was admirable, Mr. Riddle's performance in the *rôle* of *Œdipus* portraying close study and a thorough perception of the character. The orchestra and chorus were flawless. The Harvards have won their laurels.

We illustrate a scene from the performance of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, at Balliol College, Oxford, produced last season, and which was considered a bold experiment—one that has seldom been attempted. In the prologue two of the actors disclaimed any intention of producing a *fac simile* of a Greek drama, but stated that they had been guided throughout by the one desire of giving the work the best dramatic expression in their power. Thus, there were no masks, and the drama was curtailed, Hermann's text being adopted. Our illustration shows the last scene, when, after the murder of *Agamemnon* by *Clytemnestra*, she turns to *Ægisthus*, and speaks the final words:

> "Heed not their idle barking; thou and I,
> Ruling the palace, fitly will ordain."

We also illustrate scenes from Terence's "Andrea" and from the "Pax" of Aristophanes, where *Trygœus*, on his horse-beetle, mounts to Olympus, in order to seek peace amongst the gods.

HYAS—A CLASSIC LEGEND.

RAPT up to the heavens amid the Constellation, Fridolin, a little student, guided by the Moon, heard the Hyades thus bewailing their brother. If you listen you will hear his whole story:

"Fair amongst lands wast thou, O Mauritania! rich were the fruits and flowers that sprang from thy fertile soil, and tall and spreading were thy broad-leaved trees, land of our childhood! wherein we lived a happy life, unshaded by a single care, until we lost thee, Hyas. Then was there joy no more when thou wert gone: dark grew the sunny skies, the trees bowed down their heads, the flowers we gathered withered away, and the fruit grew bitter to our taste. Thou didst take our happiness with thee, O Hyas, and there is no joy since thou art gone!

"Great, too, wast thou, O Atlas, King of Mauritania! Thy thousand flocks fed amidst emerald pastures. Who was so rich, who like unto thee, O Atlas, our father? Fair wert thou, O Pleione, daughter of Oceanis, mother of twelve fair daughters and of one fair son—our mother, and the mother of Hyas!"

Then Phaola broke off, and the wailing chorus rose:

"O Hyas! beautiful Hyas! there is no peace since thou art gone!"

Then the next sister spoke:

"A lofty mountain rises in Mauritania; widespread are its foundations, and its summit reaches to heaven. Majestic it stands, and with a kingly mien looks down on the desert land around. For thou art still a king in nature, O Atlas, our father!

"When the victorious Perseus, returning from his conquest, strewed the land with serpents, he, with the Gorgon's head, turned thee into a mountain, and from the skies he looks upon thee as a monument of his glory, and thou, raising thy head, dost say:

"'I thank thee, Perseus, that thou hast rendered me immortal in my own loved land. Now shall I never leave the spot where rests the dust of Hyas.'"

And then the wail was heard again:

"There is no joy since Hyas is gone!"

Then Fridolin said to the Moon:

"Why do not the Pleiades weep also for Hyas?"

And the Moon answered:

"They had other cares that weighed more heavily upon them. But listen! another is taking up the song."

Then Eudora struck a melancholy chord upon the harp, and sang:

"O Hyas! beautiful Hyas! there was none like thee in the land—fair as Adonis, swift as Mercury, graceful as Apollo, who could compare with thee? Foremost in the chase, thine arrow with unerring aim brought down the prey. No fatigue could daunt thee, no danger move thee. Ever the woods rang with the notes of thy joyous horn, and the dogs greeted with a delight the sound of thy voice. Eager they awaited thy commands, and pursued the game as none other but Actæon's hounds could have done. No beast of the forest was fiercer than thou wert in the battle; thy spear dealt death to many a savage foe."

There was a pause; the Hyades played no more upon their harps, but in a sort of recitative chanted:

"The day broke, and the black night-clouds fled away. The sun sent slanting rays through the dark forest boughs, and cast a thousand flickering shadows on the tangled brake, and lighted up the dew-drops till the leaves seemed gemmed with diamonds. The birds woke up and made the thicket ring with their clear, thrilling notes. And Hyas rose and girded himself for the chase.

"We saw him depart in the pride of youth and beauty, so full of life and vigor that he seemed to us immortal. He took his bow, he took his quiver, he took his long gleaming spear.

"Fair was Hyas when he went forth that morning, fairer still when the evening sun shone upon him. He went forth in life, he returned in death! The wild boar turned upon him, and Hyas fell. The savage beast gored him, and the crimson blood dripped over his white skin—it trickled in ruby streams over his ivory body; and they bore him home, cold and dead.

"Whiter than marble, fairer than any chiseled statue, more beautiful in death than even he had been in life, Hyas came home to us.

"We looked upon him, and we wept. We gazed upon him till his image was engraven on our hearts, and nothing can take it away.

"Hyas! Hyas, there is no joy since thou art gone!"

MIST AT MORN.

BY HUGH W. GRIFFITH.

BELTS of woodland circling around
Luxuriant masses of green,
Zone after zone of rolling mist
Wavering up between.

Zephyrs dancing down through its depths,
While the sweep of their dresses whirl
The rolling mist in a thousand
Eddies of graceful curl.

Like him who dipt in the Lydian stream,
The morning beams bathe in the mist;
Like him, turning to molten gold
The vapory amethyst.

Marshaled in many columns, the mist
Resists the attack of the sun;
Down he comes with his golden lance,
Driving them one by one;

Backward they glide, upward they roll—
Dissolve in the ambient air;
The sun is victor—holds the world-
His beams are everywhere.

Only belts of woodland circling round
Luxuriant masses of green;
Gone are the zones of rolling mist
That wavered up between.

A TILT WITH THE TIDE.

ALTHOUGH scarce a dozen miles from the stirring seaport, a wilder or more desolate sweep of coast I had never met in any land. I had been skirting it all day, a solitary voyager in an open boat, but so rocky and sterile was it, that no human habitation cheered its solitude, save, at long intervals, the hut of some fisherman that served but to sentinel its loneliness. For miles together the beetling rocks hung frowning over the sea, and notwithstanding that I had gained a point almost within sight of the cloud of smoke that brooded over the busy mart that I was approaching, no more signs of life or civilization obtained than I had witnessed at early dawn, further away from the noisy haunts of men.

The sun had set, and as threatening piles of clouds began to climb the western sky, I ran my bark ashore, furled my light sail, and stretched myself beneath the sheltering cliffs of a picturesque promontory, to await the return of the tide, debating with myself whether I should pitch my snug little tent and light my wonted fire, or,

MIST AT MORN.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 235.

dark as the night promised to be, endeavor to reach my destination, where my favorite sister and some near relatives, whom I had not seen for five long years, had, as I well knew, been anxiously expecting me for days.

Since we last met I had wandered on many a foreign shore; and always remembering her with the deepest affection, I had picked up, here and there, such little tokens of my love for her as I thought would be most acceptable, and gratify her romantic disposition. Amongst other things in this relation, I managed to obtain the toilet-case of an Eastern lady, together with one of her gorgeous costumes, to the minutest particular. These, I was well aware, would delight my dear Clara; and these, with various other valuables, now formed a portion of my light freight.

It was calm and warm, as the slight breeze I had been taking advantage of for hours had died away, and I could have recourse to my oars; but then there were faint flashes of lightning and low mutterings of thunder in the distance, while an occasional heavy sigh came over the fading waters, as though the winds slept uneasily in their mystic caves. Being slightly fatigued, my eyes closed involuntarily while in this state of uncertainty, and before I had arrived at any conclusions as to the course I should pursue I was lost in the most profound slumber.

How long I had remained in this state of unconsciousness I am unable to say; but when I awoke I was impressed with the idea that my repose had been broken by a cry for help from some point not far distant from where I lay. I was not mistaken, for no sooner had I bounded to my feet than I heard, with the utmost distinctness, a wild wail of distress from an inlet of the sea to my left, or rather from a treacherous waste of quicksand, alternately covered and deserted by the tide, that lay between the headland on which I stood and a small promontory, scarce a mile distant from it. Some one had evidently become entangled in the dangerous meshes of the place, and was now crying aloud, at intervals, for assistance, as that portion of the shore was being again steadily submerged beneath the returning waters. There was not a single moment to be lost; so, hurrying through the almost impenetrable gloom to where I had moored my boat, I leaped into it, seized the oars, and was soon out once more on the face of the viewless deep.

I had often heard voices of singular power and beauty, but no such one as that which now led me on through the darkness had ever reached my ears, or rather my soul, on any former occasion. So pure and silvery the appealing cry, it seemed as though it were the very anguish of music, or the lone agony of some angel shorn of its wings. It was evidently the voice of a woman, for that of a man never was possessed of such wondrous color, sweetness, and carrying power; and the nearer I approached it, the more impressed was I with this conviction.

Before I had gained the precise spot whence I was sure it proceeded, however, its struggling utterances, notwithstanding my cheering exclamations, grew fainter and fainter, until at last they died away within a few feet of me.

I became almost frantic, and made the gloomy waste of waters ring with my repeated cries, while searching the waves on each side of me, in the impenetrable darkness, with the blade of my oar. There was one heavy, convulsive sob right alongside the gunwale, and the next moment I dragged, by the long, silken tresses of her hair, the unconscious or lifeless form of a female into the boat.

On placing her head in such a position as I thought might best tend toward her restoration, if the vital spark had not already fled forever, I immediately grasped her small hand, and was thrilled with delight to find that her pulse had not yet ceased to beat. I now chafed her temples, and groping among my stores I caught up my spirit-flask, although I could not lay my hands on anything wherewith to strike a light. However, I managed to get a few drops of the liquid between her lips, which seemed so to antagonize with her feeble respiration that a shudder passed through her whole frame, as it were, and the next moment she returned to partial consciousness, with a long, deep-drawn sigh.

Scarcely had I seated myself again at the oars, when my eye caught a sullen twinkle of crimson light directly under the headland I had so recently left, and from which I was now about half a mile distant. For this point I was determined to steer at once, and had made some progress in its direction, when my helpless companion murmured sufficiently loud for me to comprehend her:

"Oh, God! where am I?"

It was the same sweet, silvery voice, but so tremulous and feeble that I rested on my oars so that I might be able to catch its faintest whisper, which I was unwilling to lose. From the extreme darkness that surrounded us I was unable to distinguish a single feature belonging to her; but, at last, in answer to her interrogatory, which she again repeated with more clearness, I replied:

"Don't be alarmed, lady, who ever you

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THE SPELLING-LESSON—A HARD WORD.

may be. You are in the boat of one who has always been ready to protect the weak, and who heard your cry for help from yonder invisible headland, and was fortunate enough to rescue you from a watery grave just as the returning tide had submerged your whole form. Toward that headland and the light beneath its rocks I am bearing you, where I trust you will meet that kindness and attention of which you stand so much in need."

She was silent for a moment as if endeavoring to collect her scattered senses, and appearing to comprehend the substance of my reply and the position in which she was placed, she rejoined, with all the energy she could command :

"Not toward that light ! Not toward that light ! Make for the opposite headland ! Not toward that light !"

She here became exhausted, or, perhaps, unconscious again ; but, believing she had powerful reasons for avoiding the point whence the sullen, smoky ray emanated, I altered my course, and pulled with all my might and main for the promontory opposite the one upon which I had so lately slept, and whose huge, black outlines I thought I could discover through the gloom.

Although a tourist of means and leisure, and no misanthropist, I was a veritable lover of solitude. Hence I traveled much alone, and in my own way, always carrying with me the necessaries for a bivouac on any solitary coast or waste. Not being very much pressed for time in the present case, I had purchased for a small sum a bit of a boat, for oars or a temporary mast, in which I started on a journey of many miles along the seaboard upon which I now was, and which I had already traced to within a short distance of the residence of my relatives.

This little craft I provisioned most amply in every respect ; and now, as I leaped ashore, after gaining, more by good luck than good guidance, the extreme point of the promontory for which I was bound, I instantly started in search of some brushwood, with a view to kindling a fire.

Looking across the treacherous inlet, however, I perceived that, for the purpose of avoiding the observation of the gentry of the blood-stained gleam, on the other side of the bay, whoever they might be, it was necessary to take the boat round the headland, and light the fagots completely out of their range, and at some point among the rocks walled in on every side.

This once decided upon, and as I now found the means of striking a light, without much difficulty, the brushwood was soon ablaze quite close by the shore, but so concealed by some overhanging cliffs as not to be discernible from the sea, or the promontory, at least.

On accomplishing this, I sped back to the boat, for the purpose of carrying, as best I could, my feeble charge to where light and warmth might serve to restore her, if she were still insensible. To my utmost surprise, she was sitting in an upright position ; and as I was about to lift her in my arms, she begged to be allowed to walk, as she thought she could do so, if permitted to move slowly.

It was pitch-dark still, and remembering that I had a pocket-lantern in my little locker, I procured it instantly, and, for the first time, gazed upon the features of the being I had snatched out of the very jaws of death.

I was entranced with her ineffable beauty, and saw that she was a lovely creature, in the first flush of womanhood, superbly formed and molded, and with eyes and hair as black as the night that walled us in.

On noticing how ardent was my gaze of silent admiration, she turned her angel face toward me, and placing her hand in mine, with great difficulty and diffidence she murmured, while a slight blush suffused her pallid cheek :

"Befriend me further, for I am now very helpless, and God will remember you in the hour of your necessity."

If ever an angel stirred within me, it was at that moment, for those few words and that appealing look seemed to have burned up, in an instant, the whole dross of my nature, and to have so purified my soul as to have given me a thorough love and appreciation of all that dignified humanity. I comprehended her at a glance, and a tear of gratitude gathered on her long, dark, silken lash, and the blood glowed deeper on her cheek as I exclaimed, with the most passionate emphasis :

"By the heaven that bends above us, no harm shall come to you through me, or others, so long as I have power to defend you. I shall stand between you and ill to the last drop of my life-blood, until you are restored to your friends, or natural protectors !"

New light came into her eyes and life into her being as she now rose slowly to her feet, and, extending both arms to me, I lifted her on the strand, where she now stood, leaning on my arm, and trembling like an aspen leaf. We turned slowly in among the rocks, where I at once placed her beside the cheerful blaze, while I returned to the boat, and brought up all my stores, including my camp-stool, tent, and the case containing the presents for my sister.

It took me but a few moments to pitch my tent, and seating her on the camp-stool, I perceived how dangerous it could not fail to be were she, in her present weak state, permitted to remain any longer in her cold and dripping garments. This could be remedied but in one way only, and as the manner of meeting it flashed across my brain, I speedily had the contents of the case destined for Clara spread at her feet. As she glanced at the costly combs, mirrors and brushes, so small but yet so rare, and saw the resplendent costume, and all the other articles worn by the ladies of India, a slight flush again passed over her exquisite features ; but purporting not to notice her embarrassment, I insisted on her taking a little wine ; and tossing all the silks and satins, etc., into the tent, I begged that she would divest herself of her dangerous garments, that clung to her beautiful limbs like cerements, while I returned to the beach and concealed my boat, lest it should attract the attention of some person or persons who might be prowling about the shore during the night.

As yet, I neither asked nor desired to know the particulars of her fearful adventure, nor did I even ask to be informed of her name. She was, as I well knew, a pure and lovely being, in distress, and that was enough for me. Handing her the lamp, then, I led her to the opening of the tent, where she paused for a moment, and thanked me with such a look of gratitude as set my heart all ablaze with pure though undefined feelings and aspirations, as I bent my steps once more toward the beach.

After secreting my faithful little craft, and indulging in a sweet reverie for nearly half an hour, seated on its gunwale, I again retraced my path to the point where my fair *protégée* had by this time, doubtless, completed her novel toilet, when, on turning an angle of the rock, an apparition burst upon me, of such surpassing loveliness as to completely beggar description.

There, full in the crimson glare of the flaming fagots, stood the beautiful creature, with her long dark tresses falling over a gorgeous robe of Indian silk, that half concealed the embroidered slippers that incased her tiny feet, and that was fastened about her waist with a dazzling zone of costly and curious workmanship. Never, even in my wildest imaginings, had I pictured a creature of such transcendent beauty, and I suddenly paused as I approached her, to drink in her supreme loveliness, heightened by the romance that surrounded her. She soon discovered me, however, and stepped forward, as if to greet me, even after so short an absence.

I was but five or six years her senior, and as we again stood by the fire, I felt that already my destiny was strangely entangled with hers, and that the chances of a certain young lady, who, as poor Clara declared repeatedly in her

letters to me, was destined by heaven to be my wife, had become beautifully less within the last hour. But, then, Clara was a most romantic creature; and as it was not at all probable that this "Tuberose," as she fancifully called her—for she never vouchsafed to disclose her real name—was to be compared to the creature that now entranced me; it was not to be supposed that I could be expected to keep my heart in abeyance for a sweet maiden who was, to me at least, a myth, and who appeared to be just as silly as my dear sister, upon whom, as I learned, she conferred, in return for this absurd epithet, that of "Honeybee." The ridiculousness and, doubtless, inappropriateness of such names had, I must admit, never struck me so forcibly before; but now that my eyes had become suddenly open to all the follies of youth, I turned away from such trifling, to find truth and taste and judgment in the refined being who stood by my side, who was obviously above such nonsense, and who was evidently not the less a lady of the highest culture and refinement, as her manners and language evinced in a marked degree.

But, perhaps, I was standing on the brink of a volcano. How was I to know whether the heart I was beginning to appropriate to myself so leisurely did not belong to another? A pang, such as I had never felt previously, shot to my very soul, and I almost lost my coherence for a few moments.

Recovering myself rapidly, however, I indulged in a ghastly smile at my folly, and set about preparing some refreshments for my beautiful waif, experiencing the greatest satisfaction that the night, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the evening, was, with all its darkness, both warm and calm. In addition, it was a source of great pleasure to me that the case contained all that was necessary to her present comfort and immunity from cold, and, perhaps, sickness; and as I referred to the happiness I experienced at being so fortunate as to have it in the boat, she replied, with great sweetness, as she watched me moving about the fire, with, what I thought, some interest:

"I should regard this as the work of the genii were I not convinced that it has been directed by a Higher Power. I have, indeed, been sorely wronged and tried, and were it not for your timely and providential interference, a very wicked man would have triumphed tonight, and I should have been buried, with all the traces of his guilt, beneath the merciless waves. However, as the being to whom I now owe my life, you are entitled to a full disclosure of the circumstances which led me into the awful dilemma from which you have but just rescued me; and as I am now sufficiently restored, thanks to your brotherly care and affectionate humanity, I will, if you can only spare a short space to listen to it, relate to you all the particulars of my brief but eventful history."

I was greatly moved and interested through what now fell from the lips of my charming and confiding companion; but as I felt that she stood in need of more solid refreshments than a mouthful of wine afforded, I begged that she would gratify me in this relation before commencing the narration she so generously volunteered. To this request she readily acceded; and, on satisfying her appetite, fearing the night air might prove still further injurious to her if she had already suffered from it, I prevailed on her to withdraw within the opening of the tent; and seating myself at her feet on the outside, I awaited the promised disclosure, which she began as follows:

"I am an orphan in the fullest sense of the term. On the death of my parents, whose only child I was, which took place three years ago, when I was just fifteen, I was intrusted to the guardianship of a distant relative by marriage, whose family consisted of a maiden sister, and a son, who, like myself, was an only child, but many years my senior. This latter person I soon detected to be a hypocrite and a gambler, nor had I any reason to suppose that these characteristics were unknown to his father or to his aunt.

"On perceiving the large property that had come into my possession on the decease of my widowed mother, a deep plot was laid to entrap me into a marriage with this loathsome *roué;* but had I not detested him from the first moment I became thoroughly acquainted with him, I soon heard sufficient of his disreputable brawls and conduct to set an insuperable barrier between us for ever. Of this design upon me, I, of course, knew nothing for some time, although on one or two occasions I thought I discovered something in his manner toward me that pointed in the direction of an alliance with him; but then so utterly did I despise and loathe him, that I could scarcely bring myself to believe that he would dare to make a proposition of his hand to me.

"Happily my property was so secured that not a dollar of it could be made available without my signature, and as this could never be obtained to meet what I felt to be the necessities of a scoundrel, he, after repeated attempts to procure it, came to a final understanding with me by declaring himself, and asking me to become his wife—with what success you may readily imagine.

"From the moment I had refused his hand, which he, notwithstanding my long residence beneath his father's roof, only had the boldness to offer to me formally a few months since, the whole family became intensified in their hatred toward me; but as I could not separate myself from them until I had attained my eighteenth year—upon the very threshold of which I now stand—unless some overt act of hostility had been manifested against me, for the sake of society I bore my discomforts in silence, assuring those who caused them, as the hour of redemption drew nigh, that when it arrived I should quit their roof for ever.

"To put this resolve into execution was but to terribly embarrass them all, as the sum arising from their guardianship was mostly what they had now to depend upon, as the gambler had long since exhausted both their credit and finances. As, then, this period approached, the *roué* became sullen and thoughtful, until one night, while I was returning unattended from a little mission of charity, and when I had made up my mind to relieve his father's necessities for the twentieth time, I was suddenly seized by a gang of ruffians, who pounced upon me in a lonely street, was borne off to the seashore, and hurried on board a vessel, which immediately weighed anchor for some point to me unknown.

"I could not but comprehend the source of all this villainy, and the more so as his father was the only person, so far as I am aware, who could lay claim to the property in case of my demise. However, I had been at sea several days before I became aware of the disposition intended to be made of me, and this I understood from an old negress, who soon became attached to me, and who stole one midnight to my miserable little cabin, and informed me that the gambler and his father had employed a desperate gang of cutthroats, who were pirates and smugglers by turn, to take me out to sea, knock me on the head, and throw me overboard, with a bag of sand tied to my feet.

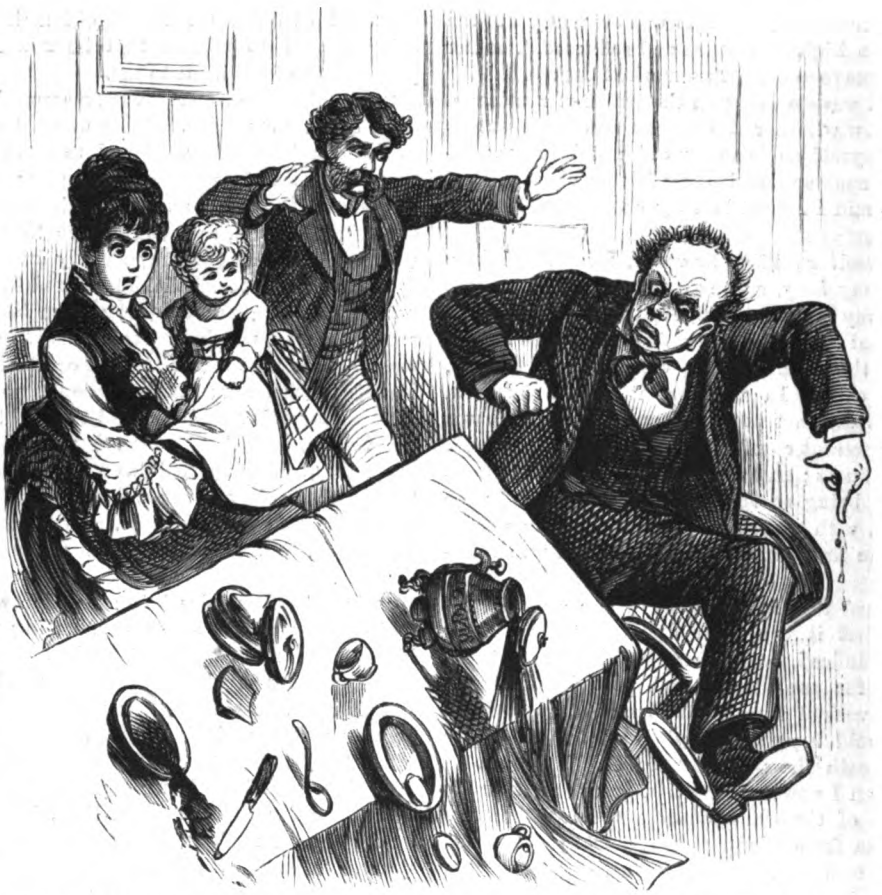
"I was horrified at this disclosure; but the poor black woman informed me that I might escape the fearful doom that awaited me, as 'Burly Dick' liked me, and wanted me for himself, and swore that 'Bloody Derrick' should

not murder me, or hurt a hair of my head either. This intelligence was infinitely more horrible to me than the former, and I at once possessed myself of the means of terminating my existence instantly, should the necessities of the case require it.

"In this dreadful state of suspense I had remained for several days and nights, listening, at times, to the terrible brawls of my captors, in which I heard my name mentioned, when suddenly the night before last I heard the man at the helm cry out: 'A revenue-cutter on the starboard bow!'

"My heart leaped to my mouth, for I thought the hour of my release was at hand; but it died within me again when I learned that the vessel had lost sight of us, although we were constrained to give her a wide berth, and make for land, as it was feared she might get on our track again.

"Long before morning, then, we found ourselves under the lee of the promontory, where you recently noticed the crimson light, and soon I saw myself, with the negress and some of the crew, in a spacious cavern beneath the beetling cliffs on the shore. Here I perceived, in the light of some huge logs of wood that were burning on the solid rock, three or four women, who evidently had long forsaken the paths of virtue, and given themselves up to a life the most abandoned. When they perceived me, all but one of them received me with terrible taunts and jeers, until the poor negress, hurrying me away into a remote corner of the place, whispered to me to give her all the trinkets and money in my possession, so that she might distribute them among the unfortunate creatures.



RESULT OF ASKING UNCLE JONAS TO PUT HIS FINGER IN BABY'S MOUTH, AND FEEL HER NEW TOOTH.

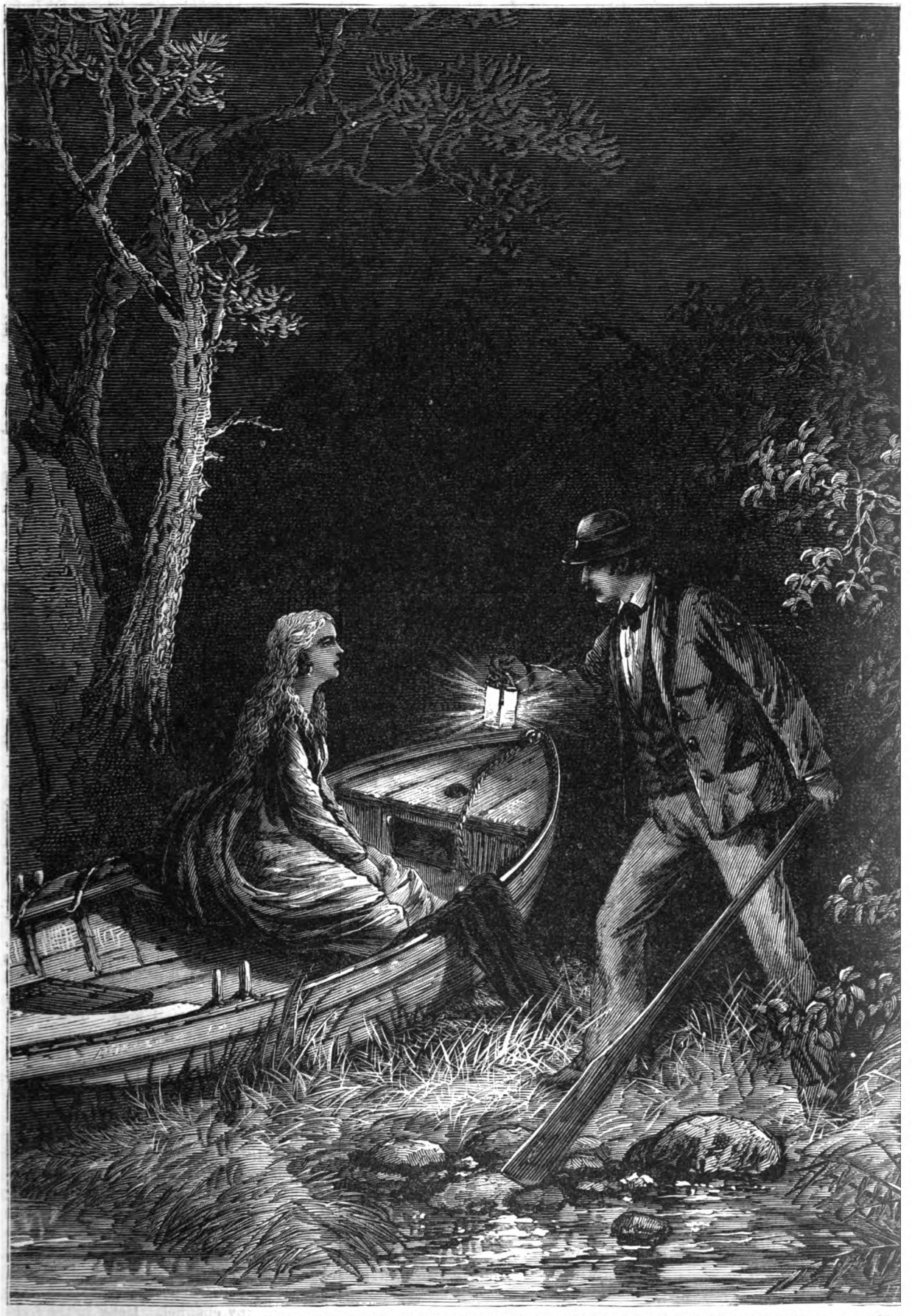
"Anxious to conciliate even the most degraded of my race, so utterly horrified was I, all my jewels were instantly scattered among the women; while the men, on some sudden call or alarm, rushed from the cavern without having observed what had taken place. The effect was electric, and in one case inexplicable; for while three of the miserable wretches approached me with loathsome blandishments, the fourth stole up to me when they had retired, and placing her share of the spoils in my hand again, whispered in my ear:

"'Bloody Derrick, Burly Dick and the rest of them are off again. They have to run out to sea before daylight, or the boats of the revenue-cutter will catch them and their vessel in a trap. We received this intelligence a few moments ago, and if they don't return before to-morrow night, you can make your escape across the inlet when the tide is out, if it be dark enough. You must, however, keep well out, for fear of the quicksand; for should you get entangled in that, you are lost, as you would be unable to extricate yourself from it before the return of the tide, which buries it fathoms under water. Don't attempt to fly along the shore, or at all, unless it is as dark as pitch; for there are those abroad, who never enter this cave, who will divine your purpose, and soon silence you before you go far.'

"I took the unfortunate by the hand, and thanked her with the silent pressure of mine as she returned to her companions, who were now admiring the trinkets and lauding my generosity; but being weary beyond measure, I longed to stretch my tired limbs in an out-of-the-way nook of the horrible den. I consequently, when opportunity served, requested the negress to lead me to some secluded nook; and soon had a sort of weird and fearful satisfaction to find myself stretched on a bed of branches, behind the *débris* of numerous old cases and casks that were piled up at some distance from the fire.

"It was late this morning, for you tell me it is not yet midnight, when I awoke from a sound, and, strange to say, dreamless sleep. On opening my eyes, my first thought was in relation to the state of the weather, for I perceived that the pirates had not yet returned. In relation to it, however, I found, to my utter dismay, that it was clear, bright and almost calm, and that the possibility was, this very night would be so filled with stars, as to reveal my flight to the sentinels on the headlands, should I attempt it.

"After a terrible and anxious day, nevertheless, I learned from the negress, who was apprised of my intention toward evening, that the west was being piled up with clouds, and that the probability was, the night would be as dark as the tomb.



A TILT WITH THE TIDE.—"REMEMBERING THAT I HAD A POCKET-LANTERN IN MY LITTLE LOCKER, I PROCURED IT INSTANTLY, AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME, GAZED UPON THE FEATURES OF THE BEING I HAD SNATCHED OUT OF THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH."

"This was blessed news, indeed, which was verified to the letter, for at eight o'clock a dense gloom covered land and sea. It was nearly or quite nine, nevertheless, before I ventured to glance even toward the mouth of the cavern; but perceiving my two friends already beckoning me to it, while the other women were engaged about the fire, I crept cautiously forth unobserved, and receiving a small bundle, which, I suppose, contained food, I shot forth in the direction in which they pointed, hearing only the low-whispered words:

"'The tide is out; run for your life!'

"As you may readily suppose, I needed no incentive to hasten my flight, and I did not stop to pick up the small bundle, which I dropped in endeavoring to preserve my balance when I once stumbled.

"On I dashed, with all the speed that my energies could command; but, alas! in my haste and anxiety I forgot all about the quicksand, and remembered it only when I got hopelessly entangled in it. Knowing that to be caught or to return was certain death, on I plowed in silence, but at such a snail's pace, that the tide began to return before I had half crossed the inlet. And now, so fully and with such power did the dread of a terrible fate come upon me, that the memory of my former imminent danger was lost sight of in the presence of my nearer destruction.

"Unable to move forward a single pace further then, so exhausted and alarmed had I become, I gave myself up for lost, until the cold tide, steadily submerging me, loosened my palsied tongue, and constrained me to cry aloud, in the hope that I might be heard and succored, for a single moment, by even my intending murderers. You know the rest, and more than I can inform you of; for I had become insensible or bewildered before I heard your voice more than twice or thrice. However, under heaven, you are my deliverer, and I am your debtor so long as a single pulse stirs within this throbbing heart of mine."

During this thrilling recital her loveliness grew on me like sunrise, and I began to hope that her heart was disengaged; for I felt that she was as pure and elevated in every relation as she was beautiful. How to arrive at any certainty in this direction, however, was the difficulty; but, notwithstanding all the embarrassments surrounding the attempt, I was determined to make it. So, commencing with all the adroitness at my command, I inquired whether she had not some trusty friend upon whom she could rely for assistance and advice in her present emergency.

"No," she replied; "not in this part of the country, I suppose, for I really don't know where I am; although I have some friends, and very dear ones, but they are traveling at present. They are expected to return immediately, when I shall pay them a visit, on being apprised of the point at which they may take up their abode. They have not been long absent, and will, I have somehow learned, on their arrival, reside on some new and valuable property of theirs, some distance from where I first had the happiness to make their acquaintance. However, as I unfortunately have no male friend in the world to whom I could apply properly in the present case, I fear I shall be obliged to tax you still further, and beg that you will place me in proper keeping until I can hear from my bankers, who are well known throughout the length and breadth of the land."

I closed my eyes for very happiness, as I inferred from her observation that she was still free, and assured her that not only would it be my greatest pleasure to meet her views in every relation, but that, on reaching the neighboring seaport, to which I had been wending my way, I should place her in charge of my dear and only sister, who, like myself, had a very ample fortune, and who was residing with some very wealthy and influential relatives that had quite recently taken up their abode there.

She thanked me with a grace and eloquence the most fascinating; but as it was now wearing late, I begged her to take some repose, as we should start for our destination long before it was day, so that we would be able to evade any of the pirates that might be on the lookout, with a desire to attack us at such a lonely point even in open daylight. Upon this she arose from her seat, and, presenting me her hand, referred with great delicacy and consideration to the still further inconvenience she was subjecting me to; but, raising her taper fingers to my lips, I would not hear another syllable on this head. So, with a low "good-night," in which her pure, silvery voice became more entrancing than ever, the curtain fell on her, and, with a prayer of gratitude and thanksgiving in her heart, she sank to repose on the bed of moss and leaves that I had already prepared for her.

I was regularly in for it, and felt that poor Clara might dispose of Miss Tuberose in some other direction, if she really had any serious intentions of bestowing her upon me. But then I loved Honeybee, and I was satisfied that any romantic project she might entertain in this relation could not fail to give way before the superior claims of the lovely being that fate had thrown in my way, if perchance she should look favorably upon a suit that I was determined to press, when I could do so without offending the laws of chivalry and every generous sentiment. Full of this latter resolve, I stretched my limbs upon "the cold, flinty rock," and began to review the past, as well as endeavor to raise a corner of the vail that hung between me and the future. Soon I was led in memory to the shores of the Mediterranean, where I, too, once had a narrow escape of my life, although the friend who threw himself between me and the dagger of the assassin lost his through his generous interposition.

The occurrence took place in the Greek Archipelago, where we once lay becalmed, and were boarded, in the middle of the noonday, by a pack of cutthroat pirates. We had fought the villains for a considerable period, and were getting the better of them, when their leader, who was called Paoli, rushed upon me as I missed my footing on the deck, and aimed a deadly blow at me, which would have ended my existence had not my poor friend leaped between us and received the fatal thrust that was intended for me. I saw him fall, and comprehending the magnitude of the sacrifice, I became absolutely blind with fury and a thirst for revenge, and, as I afterward learned, avenged him fully, although not on the person of his murderer, who, with all that was left of his crew, bounded overboard minus his right ear, and horribly disfigured by a cutlass-wound across the cheek and nose. The fellow was not a Greek, I was confident, nor were all his companions of that nation; for I heard him speak in excellent enough English to some of his men, and noticed, particularly, that all his oaths and imprecations were in that language, as he stood in the bow of his boat and was rowed off to a distant island.

I was cogitating upon this circumstance when my attention was arrested by some voices on the beach, quite convenient to where I lay. Fortunately the fire had failed; and as there was not a single gleam of light to disclose my person or attract the observation of whoever were speaking, I crept cautiously between two rocks, where I had perceived, at an earlier hour, that I could get, if necessary, a view of the shore, should there be any danger in that direction visible through any channel. Here, in the light of a dark-lantern that they occasionally flashed among the

rocks, I perceived two men in angry discussion, every word of which reached my ear with the utmost distinctness.

"I tell you what, Burly Dick," said the taller of the two, "this is a bad job, and it is all your fault. If you had let me knock the girl on the head, and toss her overboard, all would have been right; although the old negress and the rest of them say that they heard her cries when she was caught in the quicksand, and that the tide had returned before she was half across the inlet. Still, she may have escaped; and if she has, rely upon it you will have done for the whole of us."

"I don't care, Derrick," replied the other; "I wanted that gal for myself. She was a nice un, and I took a fancy to her; and as to puttin' her out of the way, I could ha' kept her where she'd had no chance to peach durin' her nat'ral life; and you know, as well as I do, that the old man and the young cove as employed us to do for her are a-comin' in for all her fortin'; because as how I swore as I seed her fall off the cliffs near their house, and knew she was drowned long afore I could reach her with a boat, and that, besides, I staid rowin' about the spot until the tide went out and took her dead body to sea for ever."

"Didn't they ask you if you knew her personally?" returned Derrick; "for, I fancy, before they would think of disposing of her property they would be fully satisfied on that head."

"Bless 'ee," rejoined Dick; "they brought in a dozen pictures, with hers among the rest; but the young chap eddicated me with her portrait at home, and I picked it out at once, which satisfied 'em all, and set things in the way of bein' all right for him."

"Well, I wish we had the money," resumed the other; "and then we should quit this coast, for I am afraid it has become too hot for us, ever since we scuttled the schooner and made away with her crew."

"You are about right there," observed Dick; "and, besides, the revenue-cutter was near doin' for us last night, and now that she has got into our wake, she'll follow us up, you may depend on it."

"That's about the truth," replied Derrick; "but what are we to do with the women? They are dangerous goods to leave behind, and expensive to take along with us, and not over desirable, seeing there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. I think, therefore, as they allowed this girl to escape, and perhaps aided her, also, we'll just give them one jolly night of it, and send them to kingdom come when they have swigged enough of brandy not to know or care which world they are in."

"You are a hard un, Derrick," rejoined Dick, "if you would kill the young un that's the gentlest of them all, and that gave the gal back her trinkets when the rest of 'em stripped her as bare as a herrin'-bone."

"Well! well! you know they call me Bloody Derrick," retorted the villain; "and I may as well do credit to the name. Therefore I have made up my mind on the subject, and shall put my project into execution before they are many hours older, supposing even we have to put to sea without a penny for this last job, that has been so dreadfully bungled; although I incline to the belief that the girl will never trouble her kind and affectionate relations again."

I was within close range to the two scoundrels, and so dreadfully infuriated was I at all I had heard, that I determined, on the first gleam of light that revealed him, to drive a bullet through Derrick, and take my chances with his companion. My better reason, however, suggested a different course, and I permitted the villains to regain their boat and push off once more into the bay, without the slightest suspicion that they had been overheard or seen.

When I could no longer hear the sound of their oars I groped my way back to the smoldering fire, of which but a few sparks beneath the ashes now remained, and, replenishing it, I again stretched myself beside it to watch the first glimpse of dawn, for I felt that sleep was now totally out of the question. It came at last, and, bounding to my feet, I began to prepare a hasty breakfast, so that my fair companion should not proceed on her journey fasting. She was awake, and, perceiving me moving about the fire, she came forth much refreshed and radiant in all her beauty, and insisted on aiding me to prepare our repast. Her occupation and her costume scarcely harmonized; but then there was that about the whole which savored so strongly of romance that the absurdity of its details never obtruded itself upon us. I did not relate to her what I had heard and witnessed during her slumbers; but as soon as we had disposed of our pleasant meal I prepared to launch my little boat once more; but this time, in reality, with "Cæsar and his fortunes."

In the gray light of dawn, and while the sea was as calm as a mirror, I wrapped my charming young *protégée* in a huge although light traveling-cloak, which enveloped her figure from head to foot; and, striking my tent, I gathered up my traps and stores, and soon had them all snugly stowed away in my craft. I was now obliged to have recourse to my oars, and being desirous of placing as wide a strip of blue water between me and the pirates' den as possible, I made my craft spin through the deep at a racehorse pace, until I felt myself secure from pursuit, and in the midst of passing and repassing vessels.

Opportunely, as I lay on my oars to enjoy the rising day and the conversation of my sweet companion, a revenue-cutter passed close alongside. I hailed her, and begged that she should lower a boat, as I had something of great importance to communicate to the captain. In a few moments that officer himself was informed by me of all that had occurred, as well as of the further murderous intentions of the pirates, and of the precise point of their rendezvous. He thanked me, and told me that he was already on the lookout for them, and that he should at once make preparations for a descent on them both by land and by sea.

Strange as it may appear, in the hurry and excitement that had been crowded into the last few hours, neither I nor my fair *protégée* ever thought of mentioning our names one to the other, or of making any inquiry whatever regarding them. So absorbed were we in the contemplation of the fearful events that had but just occurred, and in providing for our future safety, this completely escaped our notice; and now, as we approached the end of our journey, the inquiry involved such awkwardness, that we both, I presume, had determined to leave its being answered to chance.

As we neared a dock on the outskirts of the town, however, she intimated, with great consideration and delicacy, that she, a stranger, and appearing under circumstances so singular, might not be acceptable to my friends, until some inquiry had been made as to her respectability and family.

"However," she observed, in continuation, "the difficulty can be at once removed, for I perceive that, in this very town we are now about to enter, and whose name I have only caught this moment, one of my bankers, and a very old friend of our family, resides."

This was pleasant enough for her, although it had no weight whatever with me, for I was well assured that both my sister and all my relatives would receive, with open

"COME HOME."— SEE POEM ON PAGE 247.

arms, one so lovely, and whose misfortune must have already reached the public ear, in so far, at least, as her alleged sudden death was concerned. On this head I reassured her fully, and was repaid by one of her sweet smiles, and a sudden glimpse of her showy costume. I comprehended her, and helped her to land at a point where we should not attract any notice, and where I ordered a carriage, after placing my little craft in safe keeping.

Soon we were whirling along toward Blenheim Manor, the new residence of my uncle, and now the abode of my dear sister, whom I had not seen for so many years, and whose long-spoken-of presents I was conveying to her under most novel circumstances. Before reaching the gate, my companion begged that I should alight when we entered the grounds, and proceed to the house, and prepare my relatives for her reception, while the carriage made a circuit of a beautiful drive, which terminated before the hall. To this request, I, of course, acceded at once, and was quickly beneath the portico, thundering at the bell.

It was yet early when I found myself in the arms of my uncle, who wept for very joy on seeing me. Hard on his footsteps came Clara, now a beautiful girl of nineteen; but so completely overcome was she, that, with a loud cry, she swooned away in my embrace. In an instant I was nearly devoured; but feeling that I had no time to lose, when my sister became conscious again, and had kissed me a thousand times, as I really supposed she had, I begged her to accompany me to her own private apartments, as I had something of importance to say to her, which must be said at once. I was, however, surprised to find that she was in mourning, and when we were alone I referred to the circumstance, but she avoided the subject, and simply said it involved a sad story, of the particulars of which she would inform me at another time. I then related briefly the history of my last night's adventure, and asked her to receive my sweet waif as a dear friend, as she was a lady of both wealth and education, who had been sorely wronged, and who would, with her own lips, tell the story I had now no time to relate fully. To all my suggestions she replied:

"Bring her to me instantly, dear Henry, and see whether I shall not indorse your good opinion of her, by taking her to my heart as if she were my own sister."

I kissed her again and again, and rushing down-stairs, I reached the hall-door as the carriage drove up to it. I had motioned the servants to quit the hall, and handing my lovely guest from her seat, I whispered in her ear:

"You are now at home, for my dear sister awaits you in her room with outstretched arms, and is quite prepared for the novelty of your costume," although, in reality, so full was I of the love of romance and adventure, I had not said a single word about the latter.

Clara's maid was waiting at the foot of the stairs, to show the fair stranger to her mistress, and I, anxious to let the introduction take care of itself, followed slowly, with a view to learning, from any exclamation or outburst of admiration, what effect the beautiful apparition would have upon the romantic Honeybee.

The door of the apartment opened and closed, and the next instant I was startled by a cry so wild that I bounded, in dire dismay and alarm, into the presence of the two fair girls, whom, to my utter bewilderment, I found locked in each other's arms, and sobbing, alternately : "Oh, Tuberose ! oh, Honeybee ! oh, Honeybee ! oh, Tuberose !"

On the following morning, I learned that Derrick and all his gang had been captured, and that there was no necessity for Mr. Henry Blenheim or Miss Florence Somerville to give evidence against them, as there was sufficient already on record to insure the capital punishment of many, if not all of them. I attended their trial, however, and when Derrick was placed in the dock, I recognized in him at a glance the pirate of the Mediterranean, whose ear I had lopped off after he had murdered my friend. He was, of course, condemned to death, as were all his crew, Burly Dick excepted, as well as the women—two of whom I had placed in houses proper to their condition, for reasons that may be divined by the reader. Burly Dick, although he escaped the gallows, was imprisoned for life ; while the instigators of all Miss Somerville's misery, on learning of her miraculous escape, and the capture of the gang, instantly fled the country, and never were heard from afterward.

There is, I suppose, not much necessity for going into the particulars of my own case, or for relating, very circumstantially, how I speedily indorsed the good taste and judgment of my sister, and came ultimately to sit, as I now do, in the midst of a whole cluster of "Tuberoses."

HUSH-A-BYE, BABY.

"Hush-a-bye, baby
On the tree-top.
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall—
Down will come cradle and baby and all!"

Once upon a time there was a countess whose husband was killed in the wars, and her own house burnt over her head by the enemy, so that she had to run away by night with her baby in her arms. She fled away, not knowing where she went, until she came to a deserted hut, hidden in some trees by the side of a stream ; and here she determined to stay until the enemy should leave the country. She had saved nothing from her burning house except her baby, and a little silver cross which she hung round the baby's neck. So she tried to get her living by weaving baskets of rushes and filling them with the wild strawberries that grew on the river-bank. These she sold in a town that was near her hiding-place.

She had made a cradle of rushes for her baby, and while she wove her baskets, or gathered her strawberries, she hung the baby in its cradle to the branch of a young ash-tree that grew near the stream. And the wind rocked it to and fro, and rocked the baby to sleep, while the mother sang to it :

"Hush-a-bye baby
On the tree-top.
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall—
Down will come cradle and baby and all!"

But she never thought that this would really happen, for the branch was tough and strong, and waved gently over the child as though it liked its burden.

One day the countess had wandered further than usual in search of wild strawberries, when she heard in the distance a sound of drums beating and people shouting. She called out to a woodman who was running past :

"What is this noise of drums and shouting that I hear ?"

"It is the Earl of Castello Marino's army," replied the woodman. "He has driven away the enemy who killed his sister, and is now marching home again."

"Oh, it is my brother !" cried the countess. "Which way is he gone ?"

"Out yonder," said the woodman ; "but make haste if you want to see him, for the army is already gone by." And then he ran on.

The countess looked back. She was already some way from where her baby was sleeping. If she ran back to fetch it, she should never be able to catch her brother

HUSH-A-BYE, BABY.

before he passed out of reach; and she must make the long journey to his castle on foot, and perhaps her baby might die of cold and hunger on the way. The shouts were already dying away in the distance. She looked back once more, and cried:

"O waving trees, O rushing water,
Guard from harm my little daughter!"

And then she ran as fast as she could after the army. But when she reached it they told her that the earl was being carried on in front in a litter, badly wounded. So she ran on again, but it was hard work, and it took her a longer time than she had thought to get to him.

The wounded earl was very glad to see his sister, whom he had believed to be dead, and he made his army halt, and sent back ten of his body-guard with the countess to fetch her little daughter. But as they were going back the wind rose and a storm came on, and the mother was sadly alarmed for her baby. And when they got to the place where she had left it, behold, the bough was broken with the wind, and cradle and baby and all were gone. Not a trace of it was left, only one of the soldiers, after searching down the stream, brought back a bit of the broken cradle, which he had found caught in the hanging branch of a willow. The poor mother sat down and wept, and wrung her hands and said:

O faithless trees, O cruel water,
To guard so ill my little daughter!"

And the trees sighed and tossed their arms, and the waters sobbed and murmured. But if the countess could have understood what they said, they would have told her that they had done all they could for the baby. For when the strong wind came and broke the bough, the ash-tree tossed the cradle out toward the stream, which raised its white arms and caught the child, and carried it safely over rock and stone as it rushed foaming on.

But the baby must soon have been drowned, for the stream could hold it up no longer, if it had not chanced that a water-nymph wandered that morning up from the sea to gather some water-lilies that bloomed in a still, shady bend of the stream. She saw the little baby just as it was sinking, and caught it gently in her arms and bore it down to the sea, and into a cave which no one knew of but herself. She knew that the little human baby could not live under water as sea-nymphs can, so she made it a bed of cotton-rush, and brought it the daintiest food she could prepare, and nursed and tended it in the secret cave. And the little girl throve and grew until she could run about with her little bare feet on the white, sandy shore of the cave, and play with the crimson seaweed and many-colored shells which her kind foster-mother brought her.

The sea-nymph called her little charge Rivula, because she had found her in the river. Little Rivula could not remember her own mother, or the time when she rocked on the tree-top, and she lived very happily in the cave with the kind friend who had saved her. Often on a fine moonlight night the sea-nymph would take Rivula in her arms and float with her far out to sea, while she sang to her of shining gems and coral caves, far beneath the dark blue waves. And the phosphorus-light parted round them and closed again, and the cliffs looked dim and dreamlike, and Rivula thought that there never was anything more beautiful or more enchanting.

When the tide was low Rivula would come out and wander among the rocks or along the wooded banks of the stream, but she always went back to her cave again before the tide came in.

As years went on a report was spread abroad that the coast was haunted, for now and then sailor boys wandering along the shore had caught sight of Rivula's white dress in the distance; or fishermen sailing home at night had heard snatches of the sea-nymph's song. So the country people did not like to go near the place, and Rivula wandered undisturbed.

Not far from Rivula's secret cave there stood a castle in which a young earl lived. When he was quite a boy his father had died of a wound that he received in war, and his mother died of grief soon after. He was brought up by a widowed countess, who was his aunt; but though she was very kind, she was always sad. People said that she had never got over the death of her only child, whom she had lost in some sad way. And the young earl, having no other companion, felt lonely in his grand castle and splendid gardens, and he took to wandering for hours about the country. In one of his rambles he met an old fisherman, who warned him not to go any further along the coast, because it was haunted by an old witch, who was so much feared that nobody dared go near her.

The young earl immediately made up his mind to go and find the witch, and went straight to the haunted coast. He looked for her all that day and for many other days, in vain. Once he thought he saw something flutter behind a rock, but when he reached the place it was gone. At last one Springtide he clambered round into a little bay that he had never been able to reach before, and there he beheld, not the wrinkled old witch that he expected to find, but a beautiful bare-footed maiden. She was bending over a clear, rocky pool which she had made into a little ocean-garden by planting it with bright-colored seaweeds and fernlike coralline. So busy was she with it that she did not see the young earl until he came quite close to her.

Rivula had never seen a man before, but he looked so kind and spoke so gently that she was not at all afraid, and before they parted she had shown him all her treasures—the sandpiper's nest with its five round eggs; the little silver-scaled fish that she had found nearly dead on the shore, and had nursed in her garden-pool until he was well and merry again; and the queer old hermit crab who lived in a little cave of his own, and never came out except to mow the green, grass-like seaweed with his strong, hooked claw.

Rivula never was lonely, for she made friends with all the birds and fishes round her, and gave them names and fed them, until they were so tame they would come at her call.

The young earl was delighted with her, and promised to come again the next day, and bring her rare fruits and flowers from his hot-houses.

"Dear mother," said Rivula to the sea-nymph that evening, "you told me to beware of men because they were often rude and rough; but one came to me to-day, and he is so kind and beautiful I should like him to be always with me."

And the sea-nymph, who had watched them from a creek close by, smiled as she combed Rivula's shining hair, and sang her a song that she had never heard before, of a merman who had found her lost amid the drifting foam, and had thrown his arms around her, loved, and made for her a home. Some days after this Rivula told the sea-nymph that the young earl had asked her to go and live with him in his castle.

"Did you say you would go?" asked the sea-nymph.

"And leave my dear ocean-mother?" said Rivula. "Oh, no. I told him that I could never leave you. And yet I did not like saying No, because it made him sorry."

"You need not say No, my child," said the kind sea-nymph. "You know that all my kindred live far away in warm seas, where feathery palm-trees wave above their coral reefs. They have long wanted me home, and only yesterday a porpoise brought me a pressing message from them to come. So you shall marry the earl, and I will go back to my kindred, and every Summer I will come and visit my child in her grand castle by the sea."

The young earl was rejoiced when Rivula told him the next morning that she would come to him, and he hastened to make ready the castle for his bride.

When the wedding morning came he went down to the shore to meet her; but he would scarcely have known his barefooted damsel in the beautiful maiden who came toward him. She wore a wonderful lace vail, woven by the sea-fairies of the finest and whitest corallines; her shoes were of the most delicate mother-of-pearl, her robe was trimmed with petrified foam-flakes, and on her shining hair was placed a coronet of pearls. She wore no ornaments but pearls, except that beneath the splendid pearl necklace there hung the little silver cross that her mother had tied round her neck when she was a baby, cradled on the tree-top.

All the earl's vassals shouted for joy when he led in his lovely bride. The widowed countess was waiting on the steps to welcome her. But when she saw the little silver cross she threw her arms round Rivula's neck, crying: "Oh, my child, my little daughter whom I lost!"

She was, indeed, Rivula's mother. After searching in vain for the baby that the wind had tossed from the broken tree-top, the soldiers who were with the countess had brought her to the castle of her brother, the wounded earl. When he died, she had stayed to take care of his little boy, now the young earl who had married her daughter. So Rivula was comforted for the loss of her kind sea-nymph friend by the love of her own dear mother.

And every year, when Summer seas grew warm, there came a sound of sweet and wondrous singing across the starlit waves, and Rivula flew down the terrace steps to greet her ocean-mother once again.

In course of time the earl and his fair wife were blessed with several children. The widowed countess loved them so dearly that they were scarcely ever away from her. Every evening she lulled them to sleep with the song that she had sung to their mother years ago:

"Hush-a-bye baby
On the tree-top.
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall—
Down will come cradle and baby and all!"

And thus it is that the countess's song became a nursery lullaby.

THE OLDEST PICTURE IN THE WORLD.—In Mr. Loftie's "Ride in Egypt" is a woodcut of what is called "the oldest picture in the world," a fresco from a tomb at Maydoom, now in the museum at Boolak, wherein are represented six "pasturing geese." Two of these are undoubtedly *Anser Albifrons*, two probably *A. ferus* or *A. Segetum*, and the other two seem to be the rare *A. ruficollis*, from Northern Asia.

THE better a man becomes, the stronger does the hope of "the glory of going on" take hold of his nature. The instinctive expectation of life beyond the grave strengthens with the increase of virtue in the soul. The man who lives best most keenly feels that life is worth living, most resolutely turns away from the thought of its extinction.

"COME HOME."

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

IT was a golden Summer world, and birds and bees were gay;
How merrily the children played amid the new-mown hay!
But one ran onward through the field, and up the ferny lane,
While all his blithe companions bade him linger there in vain;
A mother's heart was waiting, and the schoolboy would not roam
Afar from that beloved voice, that said, "My child, come home."

Years passed, and on her grave the grass was green for many a day,
And strangers crossed the fragrant field and trod the ferny way;
The little lad had grown a man, and comrades gay and bold
Called back the eager feet that sought the truthful paths of old;
They told him of their higher dreams, they flattered and beguiled,
But still the mother seemed to say, "Come home, come home, my child."

And we who bear the Christian's cross, and strive with doubts and fears,
What tone shall tempt us from the path we loved in early years?
Oh, by the true and "living way" access to God is found,
And angels warn the pilgrim feet from life's enchanted ground;
The strife is hard when earth and sin are luring us to roam,
But clearly speaks the Father's voice, "Come home, my child, come home."

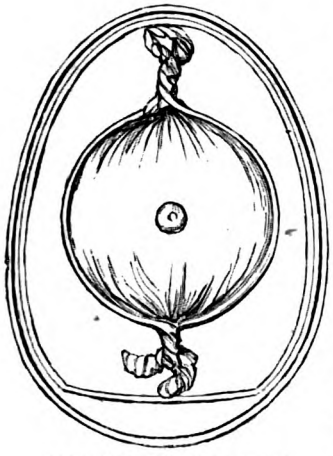
ESQUIMAUX WOMEN.

THE Esquimaux women are exceedingly expert in the use of the needle, and make many ornamental pieces of clothing, as well as bags for various purposes. They have not yet reached that degree of civilization that makes pockets a necessity, and so each man carries a bag—more or less ornamental, according to the taste or skill of his wife. Some are very pretty, indeed, exhibiting agreeable contrasts of color by using skins from different parts of the same animal. Since the advent of the whalers in the northern waters cloth can occasionally be obtained for the purpose of bag-making; and some made of that material show excellent taste and judgment in the choice of beads of various colors with which they are often profusely adorned. Reindeer's teeth are also used for ornament, and dangle from the fringe that decorates the hunter's pouch or adorns the beadwork breastplate upon his wife's coat; as may be imagined, these present a ghastly appearance, owing to their resemblance to human teeth. The hunter does not usually wear the pouch or bag hanging in front of him, by passing the string over the back of his neck, but passes the string around the front of his neck, and lets the bag dangle behind. In this receptacle he carries his pipe and tobacco, his matches or flint and steel, his box of caps, and the little box containing *et-tu-mo-yer*—the leaves of a small vine dried and chopped fine to mix with his tobacco.

It is only when hunting or traveling alone that he carries the bag at all. When his wife is with him she must carry whatever is necessary, and for this purpose she uses her hood, which is unnecessarily long, or puts the articles in her loose stocking. When the lord and master wants his pipe he turns to his obedient slave, and says: "*Pay-u-let-e-now?*" (Where is the pipe?)—whereupon she cuts the tobacco, fills and lights the pipe, and after a few puffs as reward, hands it to her majestic ruler. He would, perhaps, find the cold wind disagreeable to his hands should he remove his mittens to prepare the pipe, so the wife must suffer.

When building their snow huts the men wear long mittens of reindeer fur, made like gauntlets, to cover the end of the coat-sleeve, where they are tied down to keep out the snow while they are cutting and handling the blocks. These are carried on the sled during a march, and, of

HUNTING FOR HENS' EGGS.



EGG READY FOR INCUBATION.

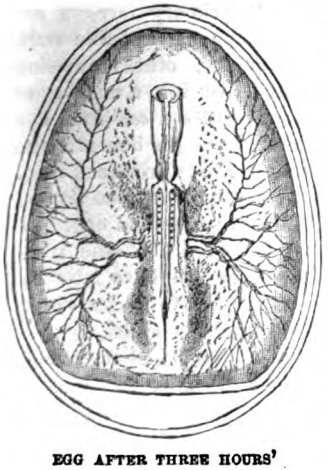
course, through the day are frozen stiff. Shortly before halting the humble wife has to put these frozen mittens inside the bosom of her dress, and next to her bare skin, that they may be thawed out and warm by the time her husband wants to wear them. Or, if this precaution be neglected, she must put them upon her own hands first, and thaw them in that way. While the men cut the snow blocks and build the house the women chink the cracks, and if it is very cold or windy weather, cover the building with snow by means of a wooden snow-shovel. When it is completed the women arrange the beds, light the lamps and make the habitation as comfortable as possible. The husband's frozen shoes and stockings are passed over to the wife to beat off the snow and ice, and to place them over the lamp to dry. This duty often keeps the weary woman awake nearly all night, while the husband sleeps away his fatigue, and arises to put on dry stockings in the morning. No wonder that the Esquimaux seldom travel without their women!

THE HISTORY OF A HEN'S EGG.

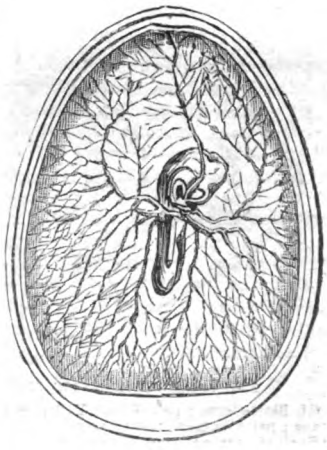
By Thomas Dunman.

Amongst the numerous natural objects with which we are daily brought into contact, none is, perhaps, more generally familiar than the egg of the common fowl; nor can there well be found a study more replete with interest and instruction than the history of its origin and of the wonderful changes by which, during the process of hatching, it becomes converted into a chick. To place our readers in possession of a few of the more important stages in this wonderful history, is our object in the present paper.

Before considering the manner in which the egg is first formed in the body of the hen, it will be well to notice briefly the structure of the egg as we ordinarily find it when just laid. First, then, we have to notice in the new-laid egg that it is invested by an outer porous covering, the *shell*, composed of salts of lime deposited in an organic basis. Upon examination, the shell will be found to be lined with a toughish, opaque membrane — the *shell-membrane*. In perfectly fresh eggs, this shell-membrane appears to consist of only a single layer, but close examination shows that it is really composed of two — a fact which is easily ascertained in an egg that has been kept for a few days, as the two layers of membrane tend to separate from each other at the broad end of the egg, and to develop between them a small cavity, into which air passes, and which is termed the *air-chamber* (*a ch*, Fig. 1). As this air-chamber, when present, is easily visible when an egg is held up to the light, it forms a ready means by which the careful housewife may test the freshness of the eggs with which she is supplied. The development of this air-chamber is due to the shrinkage of the albumen or white of the egg, consequent upon its evaporation through the porous shell.



EGG AFTER THREE HOURS' INCUBATION.



APPEARANCE ON THIRD DAY.

Next to the shell-membrane we come upon the white of the egg, or, as it is technically termed, the *albumen*. This material is of two kinds, one rather more fluid than the other. A layer of the more fluid kind lies next to the shell-membrane, and a similar layer invests the yelk. Between these two layers, the albumen is made up of the less fluid material, which consists of a kind of fibrous net-work, the meshes of which contain fluid.

Extending from the yelk on either side nearly to the shell-membrane, are to be seen, in the albumen, two opaque, somewhat woolly-looking twisted cords. These, when examined with a lens, appear to consist of opaque white knots banded together, and have consequently received the somewhat fanciful name of *chalazæ*, or hailstones. The use of these chalazæ is probably to act as elastic pads to keep the yelk in position.

Turning to the yelk, we find it consists of a mass of yellow material inclosed in a very thin and delicate membrane, which is easily creased, and which is termed the *vitelline*, or *yelk-membrane*. The yelk itself is made up entirely of cells, of which there are two kinds, one lighter in color than the other. These lighter-colored cells constitute the so-called *white yelk*, while the others form the *yellow yelk*. By far the larger portion of the yelk is composed of the latter, through which the white yelk is disposed in the manner shown in our diagram (Fig. 1). First, immediately beneath the yelk-membrane there is a thin layer of white yelk, and this is connected with a somewhat flask-shaped mass of the same material occupying the centre of the general body of the yelk, while several thin layers of white yelk are arranged through the mass concentric with the external layer. Resting on the yelk, immediately beneath the yelk-membrane, will be seen a small, whitish, disk-like body, about one-eighth of an inch across. If this be examined with a lens, it will be seen to exhibit two more or less well-defined parts—an outer

VIEW OF EGG IN THE CAMERA ON SIXTH DAY.

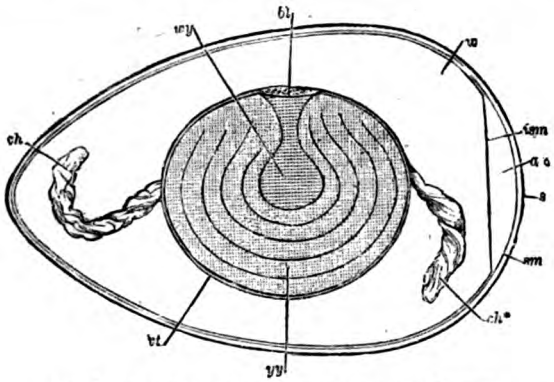


FIG. 1.— DIAGRAMMATIC SECTION OF A FOWL'S EGG.

(*bl*) Blastoderm ; (*wy*) White Yelk; (*yy*) Yellow Yelk; (*vt*) Vitelline Membrane ; (*w*) Albumen; (*ch*) Chalazæ; (*a ch*) Air-chamber; (*ism*) Internal Layer of Shell Membrane; (*sm*) External Layer of Shell Membrane; (*s*) Shell.

white ring, and an inner transparent circular space, in which dots of white are usually seen (Fig. 2). This disk is the so-called *blastoderm*. From it, and *from it alone*, the future chick will be developed, the remainder of the yelk serving only as nutriment for the chick until hatched. The central clear space is called the *pellucid area*, the outer white ring the *opaque area*. It is in the pellucid area that

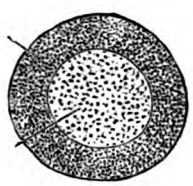


FIG. 2.— BLASTODERM AS SEEN FROM ABOVE.

(*oa*) Opaque Area; (*pa*) Pellucid Area.

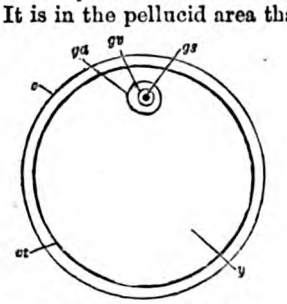


FIG. 3.— OVUM IN CAPSULE OF OVARY.

(*c*) Capsule; (*vt*) Vitelline Membrane , (*y*) Yelk; (*gd*) Germinal Disk; (*gv*) Germinal Vesicle; (*gs*) Germinal Spot.

the chick is developed, the opaque area giving rise to certain temporary structures, which serve a purpose ending with the hatching of the egg. As shown in the diagram (Fig. 1), the blastoderm rests upon the top of the flask-shaped mass of white yelk, between which and its lower side is a small cavity filled with clear fluid, in which a few cells may be seen floating. The blastoderm itself consists at this period of two layers of cells, and the upper layer, extending beyond the edges of the lower one, rests directly upon the white yelk, and gives rise to the opaque area.

These are the structures present in the hen's egg when laid ; but in order to thoroughly comprehend their history and relative importance we must go back to a much earlier stage, and trace their formation in the body of the hen.

As every one knows who has ever prepared a fowl for cooking, there is always found in the body of a laying hen a structure commonly known as the "egg-bag," which contains several small yellow spherical bodies, inclosed in delicate capsules. Each of these yellow spheres resembles the yelk of an egg in being composed of yellow and white yelk-cells, and also in being inclosed in a delicate yelk-membrane. Each of these spheres is a so-called *ovum*, or egg proper, and is found to contain a small disk, the *germinal disk*, inside which is a small bladder-like body, which is the *germinal vesicle*, while inside this again is a small spot, the *germinal spot* (Fig. 3).

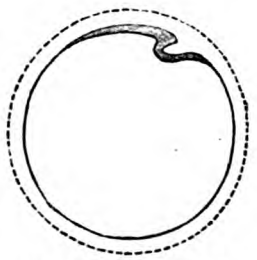


FIG. 5.— THE HEAD-FOLD.

When the ovum is quite ripe the capsule bursts, and it is discharged into a long tube with muscular walls, which is termed the *oviduct*. In this tube the accessory structures are added to the ovum, so as to convert it into the egg ready for laying. In the upper portion of the oviduct the white of the egg is deposited round the yelk ; next the chalazæ are formed. A little lower down the shell-membrane is deposited, and lower still the shell is formed by the pouring out of a thick white fluid, in which mineral matter is deposited. After this last process, which takes some twelve or eighteen hours, the egg is passed with its narrow end downward to the exterior, and is, as we say, *laid*.

These are, however, by no means the only changes which take place in the ovum during its passage down the oviduct. As soon as the ovum enters the oviduct the germinal vesicle and germinal spot disappear. At the same time, remarkable changes take place in the germinal disk. First a furrow makes its appearance, crossing the disk and

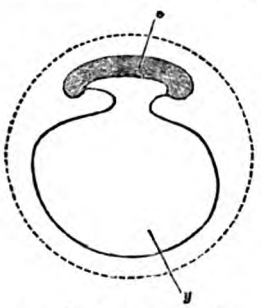


FIG. 6.— HEAD AND TAIL FOLDS.

(*e*) Embryo; (*y*) Yelk-Sac.

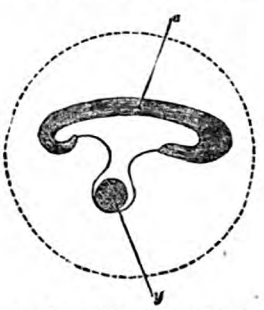


FIG. 7.— DISAPPEARANCE OF YELK-SAC.

(*e*) Embryo; (*y*) Yelk-Sac.

dividing it into two ; this is followed by a second furrow at right angles to the first, and so the disk becomes divided into four segments. These primary furrows are very speedily followed by others, some passing like radii from the centre to the circumference, others crossing these, and so cutting the germinal disk into a number of small segments, each of which constitutes a *cell* (Fig. 4, A B C). A somewhat similar process goes on beneath the surface of the disk, and eventually there is produced from it the blastoderm, with its two layers, such as we find it in the laid egg.

It will be observed that the blastoderm, which, as we have already said, is the only part of the egg which is developed into the chick, is produced by the method just described from a single cell. This cell, like all other cells, is composed of that substance known as *protoplasm*, which is present as an essential constituent in

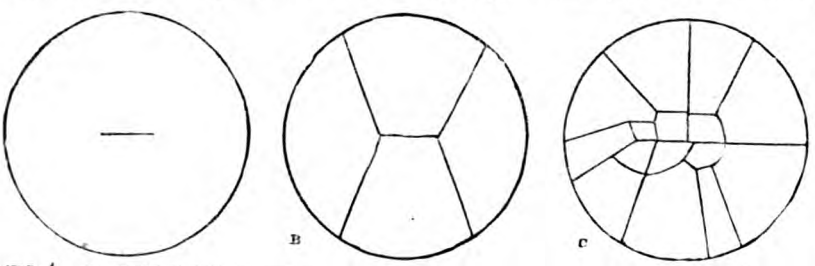


FIG. 4.— SURFACE VIEWS OF THE EARLY STAGES OF THE SEGMENTATION OF A FOWL'S EGG.

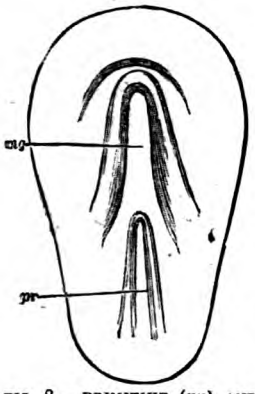


FIG. 8.—PRIMITIVE (*pr*) AND MEDULLARY (*mg*) GROOVES.

all living beings. The process of splitting up, by which the germinal disk becomes converted into a blastoderm, with its upper and lower cellular layers, is known as *segmentation*.

We have thus traced the history of the hen's egg from its earliest appearance in the body of the hen down to the time of its being laid; we have next to see what happens in the course of its development into the perfect chick.

When the egg is laid, the processes which we have been describing cease, unless the egg be submitted to an amount of warmth similar to that in the body of the hen; this may be brought about either in the natural way, by the hen sitting upon the egg, or by some artificial method of incubation. Whichever method be adopted, the subsequent changes are the same.

As soon as incubation commences, the pellucid area gets much more strongly marked off from the opaque area; it, moreover, gets first oval and then pear-shaped, the long axis of the pear lying across the long axis of the egg, at right angles to it. The broad end of the pear-shaped pellucid area will be developed into the head, and the narrow extremity into the tail, of the future chick. At the same time, the blastoderm, which, as will be remembered, consisted at starting of only two layers, acquires a third layer, which becomes interposed between the other two. To the three layers of which the blastoderm is now composed special names have been given. The outer layer is termed the *epiblast;* the middle layer is termed the *mesoblast;* the lower layer is termed the *hypoblast.* As will be seen, these names, however formidable they may appear at first sight, simply signify respectively the layer which is on top, the layer which is in the middle, the layer which is underneath.

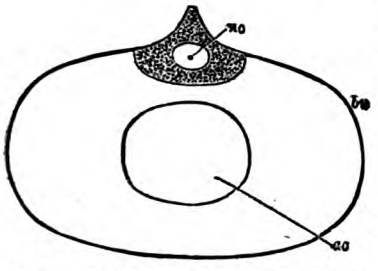


FIG. 9.—TRANSVERSE SECTION OF BODY OF CHICK.

(*nc*) Neural Canal; (*ac*) Alimentary Canal; (*bw*) Body-Wall.

From the upper layer will be formed the outer layer of the skin, with the feathers, claws, etc., the brain and spinal cord, and the principal parts of the eyes, ears, and nostrils. From the middle layer will be formed the bones, muscles, tendons, nerves, true-skin, blood, blood-vessels, and the outer coats of the gullet, stomach, and intestines. From the lower layer will be formed the lining membrane of the gullet, stomach and intestines, and of the lungs. We see, therefore, that each layer has a definite and distinct function to perform in the process of development.

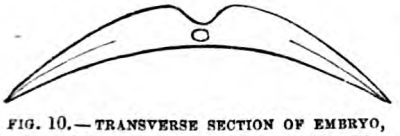


FIG. 10.—TRANSVERSE SECTION OF EMBRYO, SHOWING CLEAVAGE OF THE MESOBLAST.

As soon as these three layers of the blastoderm are established, a very important process takes place, by which the embryo becomes folded off from the rest of the blastoderm. The manner in which this is effected will be made clear by Fig. 5, which is intended to represent a section taken in a vertical direction from head to tail through the future embryo. The pellucid area, which is at first quite flat, soon becomes marked off from the rest of the blastoderm by a groove, which is represented in section in the diagram, and is roughly in the form of the letter S. This is known as the *head-fold,* and is speedily followed by the appearance of a similar fold at the opposite side of the blastoderm; this latter is known as the *tail-fold.* These two folds grow gradually toward each other, the head-fold backward, the tail-fold forward, and thus tend to divide the yelk into two portions, as seen in Fig. 6. Lateral folds also grow inward from each side. The upper sac, which is something like an inverted boat, is the *embryonic sac,* the lower is the *yelk sac;* these two sacs being connected by a gradually narrowing stalk, the cavity of which speedily becomes obliterated. The embryonic sac grows at the expense of the yelk sac, the latter supplying nutriment to the former; and a day or two before the chick is hatched the yelk sac, which by this time has become very small, is slipped into the body of the embryo—that is, the very young chick (Fig. 7).

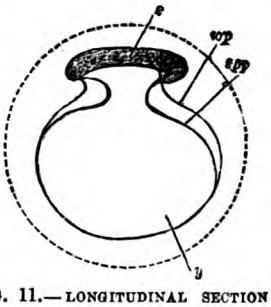


FIG. 11.—LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF EMBRYO, SHOWING CLEAVAGE OF THE MESOBLAST.

(*e*) Embryo; (*y*) Yelk-Sac; (*sop*) Somatopleure; (*spp*) Splanchnopleure.

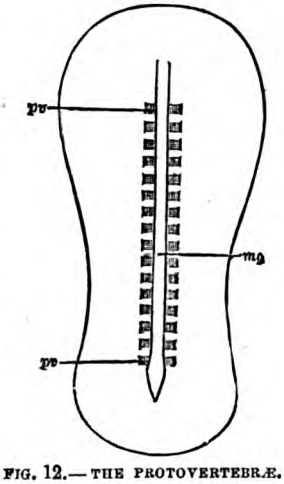


FIG. 12.—THE PROTOVERTEBRÆ.

(*mg*) Medullary Groove; (*pv*) Protovertebræ.

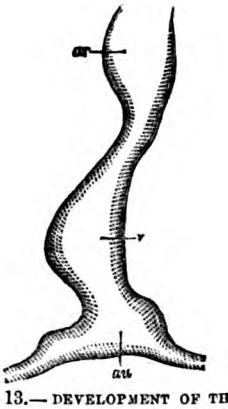


FIG. 13.—DEVELOPMENT OF THE HEART OF THE EMBRYO.

(*ar*) Arterial Bulb; (*v*) Ventricle; (*au*) Auricle.

While all this is going on, important changes are taking place in the pellucid area itself. First there appears a narrow groove near its hinder (narrower) end—this is the primitive groove (Fig. 8, *pr*). This groove, however, soon disappears, and serves no apparent purpose. In front of it another grove, destined to be permanent, subsequently appears—this is the *medullary groove,* and by the side of it

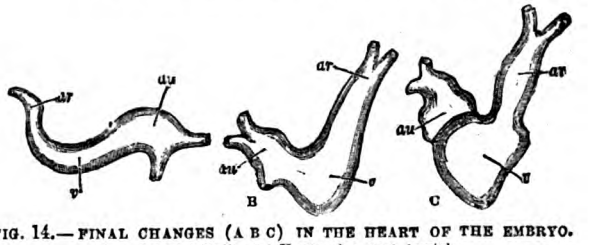
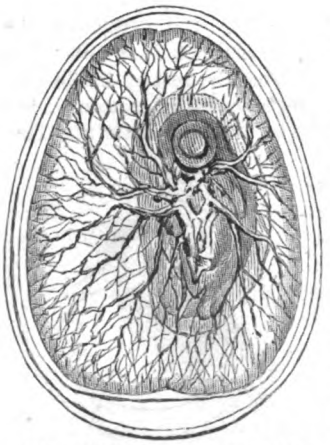


FIG. 14.—FINAL CHANGES (A B C) IN THE HEART OF THE EMBRYO.

(*ar*) Arterial Bulb; (*v*) Ventricle; (*au*) Auricle.

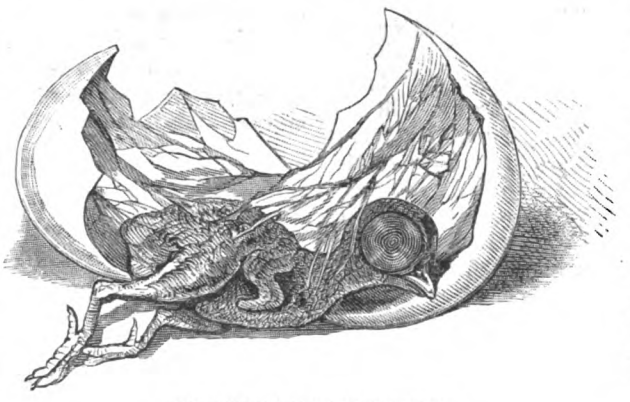


INNER APPEARANCE ON SIXTEENTH DAY.

the blastoderm is raised up into two folds, known as the *medullary folds.*

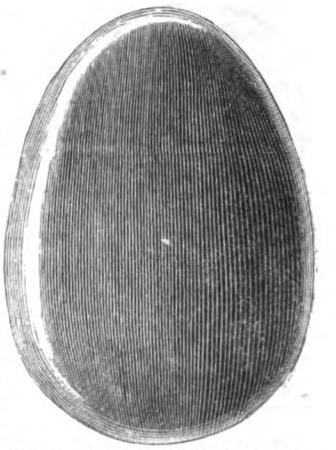
Immediately beneath the bottom of the groove is formed a small, flattened, elliptical rod, which is known as the *notochord.* This forms the axis round which the future segments of the backbone will be developed. The medullary folds, rising up by the side of the medullary groove, gradually bend over toward each other, and, meeting in the middle line, convert the medullary *groove* into a *canal.* In the front part of this canal, which subsequently becomes closed at both ends, is developed the brain, while in the hinder portion the spinal marrow is formed.

Contemporaneously with these changes the blastoderm commences to grow, and gradually extends itself, immediately beneath the yelk-membrane, over the whole of the yelk. This process, combined with those just described, will tend to produce a structure consisting of two tubes—one formed from the medullary groove in the manner just described, the other formed by the closing in of the blastoderm, and the gradual disappearance of the yelk-sac. If, however, we consider for a moment the structure of the body of the perfect chick, we shall find that it consists of a single tube in the region of the back, containing the brain and spinal cord, and of a *double tube* below, formed by the body-walls inclosing a second tube formed by the digestive canal. If a cross-section of the body of the chick be taken, the appearance will be that shown in Fig. 9. Evidently, then, some further change must take place in that portion of the blastoderm which is to form the lower tube, as, under present circumstances, it will form only a single tube beneath the one developed from the medullary groove. This further change consists in the splitting of the middle layer into two, the outer portion uniting with the epiblast, the inner portion uniting with the hypoblast. In this way the blastoderm is made to consist of two leaves, which, by gradually developing a space between them, become perfectly distinct from each other. The process by which this is brought about is known as the *cleavage of the mesoblast.* This cleavage commences in the region of the back, at a little distance on either side from the medullary groove, so that on each side of the latter there remains a narrow plate of the blastoderm which is not split. In the same way the blastoderm in the region of the head remains uncleft. A reference to Figs. 10 and 11 will make this clear. Fig. 10 represents the embryo cut across, showing the primitive groove, notochord, and the points where the cleavage of the mesoblast commences. Fig. 11 represents a section cut lengthwise through the axis of the embryo.



FIRST INDICATION OF FEATHERS.

When these two definite sheets of the blastoderm are established, the latter continues to grow over the yelk-sac and to be folded in as before; but the inner sheet is folded in more quickly than the outer, consequently the space between the two sheets gradually increases. The inner sheet will eventually form the walls of the digestive tube, and the outer sheet will form the body-walls; consequently the former is known as the *visceral* sheet, or *splanchnopleure,* while the latter is termed the *body-layer* or *somatopleure.* It will be clear that the space between these two layers will represent the space existing between the body-walls and the viscera in the perfect chick (Fig. 11).



OUTER APPEARANCE ON SIXTEENTH DAY.

We must now return to the back or *dorsal* region of the embryo. It will be remembered that on either side of the medullary groove, the blastoderm remains unsplit for some little distance. Consequently there is on each side of the groove a narrow plate of blastoderm differing from the rest. At an early period these plates, which are termed the *vertebral plates,* become marked out into a number of small square plots by the development of transverse partitions. These little square plots are the so-called *protovertebræ,* or first vertebræ, and out of them will subsequently be formed the segments, or "joints" of the backbone, together with the roots of the spinal nerves and portions of the muscles of the back, etc. The protovertebræ extend backward from the region of the embryo which is to be the neck of the future chick, but are never developed in the region of the head (Fig. 12).

All the processes which we have as yet described are initiated during the first day of incubation, and, as will be seen, they result in the laying down, as it were, of the general lines upon which the body of the chick is to be constructed. It will, however, be understood that all these changes go on more or less contemporaneously for, in most cases, the whole of the period during which the chick remains within the egg. There is no necessity for us to trace them further, as it is easily seen that if they are continued until complete, they will result in the production of a creature bearing a general resemblance to a fowl; we shall, therefore, devote the remainder of this paper to a brief description of the manner in which certain special organs of the chick are developed.

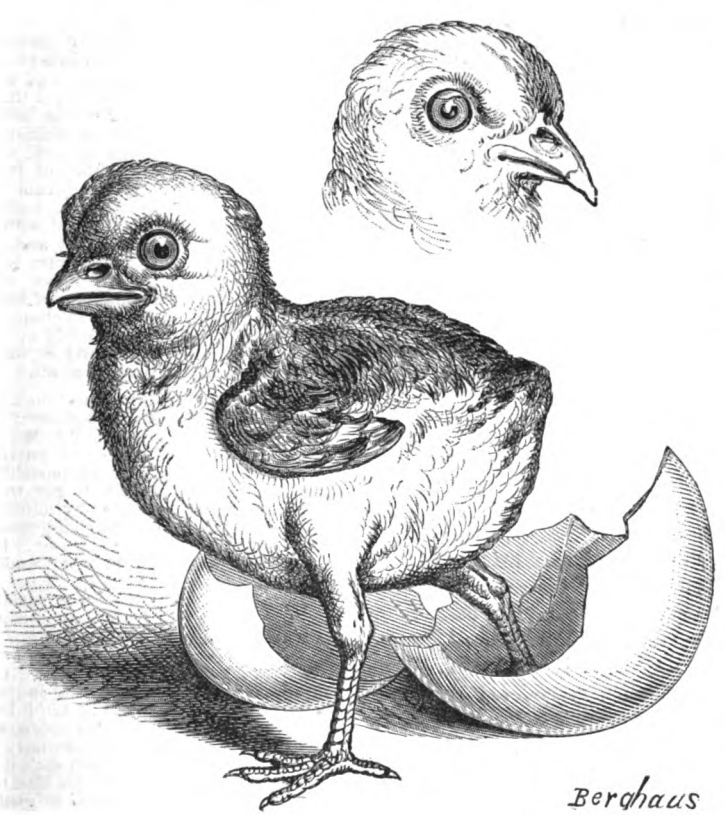
One of the most obvious requirements for the production of the perfect animal is the development of the limbs, for which, at present, we have seen no provision made. These first become distinctly apparent about the fourth day of incubation, as small, flattened, conical buds, which project outward from that portion of the

CHICKEN ON TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

blastoderm where the cleavage of the mesoblast commences. The front limbs or wings are the first to appear, and for some time their development keeps in advance of that of the hind limbs. About the tenth day both limbs are, so far as mere shape is concerned, perfect, but are destitute of feathers and nails, which do not appear till the thirteenth day.

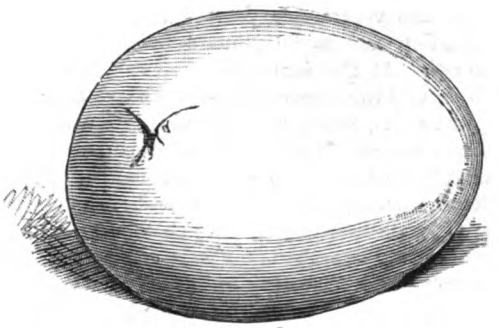
One of the most interesting features of the development of the chick is the formation of the heart and blood-vessels. It must be borne in mind that at the close of the first day, the embryo is nothing but a mass of cells which have all been produced from the single cell of the ovum, as found in the ovary of the hen; at this stage, therefore, the embryo chick is precisely comparable with the cellular embryo contained in the seed of a plant. One of the most interesting and important results of the study of embryology has been the tracing of the formation of the various tissues of the body from these purely cellular elements.

About the thirty-sixth hour of incubation there appears just beneath the region of the neck a small mass of cells, which is the rudimentary heart. The cells are formed entirely from those of the middle layer of the blastoderm, and are collected in the space between the body-layer (*Somatopleure*) and the visceral layer (*Splanchnopleure*) of the embryo. At first this mass of cells is solid, but it speedily acquires the form of a hollow tube, containing a small quantity of imperfectly formed blood. Considerable doubt for a long time existed as to the manner in which the rudimentary heart became hollow, but it seems now to be certain that its cavity is formed by the central cells of the mass becoming liquefied and forming blood, while the outer cells become gradually developed into its muscular walls. Almost as soon as the heart is thus laid down it begins to pulsate, slowly at first, but with the increasing development of the walls, the pulsations soon become more regular and more rapid.



FORMATION OF BILL—LEAVING THE SHELL.

To thoroughly understand the further steps in the development of the heart, we must remind our readers of its structure in the perfect fowl. The heart consists of a hollow muscular (fleshy) organ, somewhat in the shape of a blunt cone. Internally, the heart is divided into



FIRST PICK ON SHELL.

halves by a muscular partition, and these two halves are known respectively as the right and left sides of the heart; and they do not in any way directly communicate with each other. Each half of the heart is again divided into an upper and a lower chamber, which communicate with each other by an opening guarded with a valve so constructed as to allow of the blood passing from the upper chamber to the lower, but not in the opposite direction. The heart of the fowl will thus be seen to consist of four chambers, two upper and two lower; the former are the receiving chambers, and are termed *auricles;* the latter are discharging chambers, and are termed *ventricles.* Into the auricles the blood is poured by the great veins, from the auricles it passes into the ventricles, and from the ventricles into the arteries. The right side of the heart receives blood which has been all over the body and has become impoverished and impure; by the right ventricle this blood is driven into the *pulmonary artery,* which conveys it to the lungs (*pulmona,* a lung). In the lungs the blood becomes purified, and is returned from thence by the four *pulmonary veins* to the left side of the heart. Finally, from the left ventricle it is driven into the large artery, the *aorta,* by the various branches of which it is conveyed over the system generally.

Having seen the structure of the heart and its connection with the principal blood-vessels in the fowl, let us return to the heart of the embryo, which, it will be remembered, we left as a simple tube. The first step in its further

development is the marking off of the tube into three parts by constrictions, as shown in Fig. 13. The lower part will become the future auricles, the middle part will form the ventricles, while the upper part will form the roots of the great arteries (pulmonary artery and aorta). As development proceeds, the tube gets bent, so that eventually the ventricular portion comes to occupy the lower position and to be pointed toward the left side of the embryo. At the same time, the auricular portion is made to occupy the upper part of the heart, carrying with it the great veins, while the arterial portion occupies the front upper aspect. These changes are shown in Fig. 14.

Meanwhile partitions are developed in all three portions of the heart, whereby the ventricular and auricular portions are formed, each into two distinct chambers, and the arterial portion into two distinct vessels—the aorta and pulmonary artery. It is worthy of notice that the partition between the auricles remains for some time incomplete, so that before the chick is hatched there is a direct communication between the right and left auricles. At the time of hatching, this opening is closed up.

The formation of the blood-vessels is brought about, according to the observations of Messrs. Foster and Balfour, in the following manner: In the middle layer of the blastoderm a number of cells at different points are seen to send out long "processes" (protuberances), which, uniting together, form a rudimentary network, the cells answering to the knots of the network. These cells speedily multiply by dividing, and eventually the innermost cells become liquefied, and the outer cells are aggregated and modified, so as to form the walls of the blood-vessels at these points. In the same way, the "processes" between the cells become modified so as to give rise to blood inside and to the walls of the blood-vessels on the exterior. In this way that wonderful system of blood-vessels which permeates every part of the system is gradually developed.

We have dwelt somewhat at length upon the development of the blood system, because it affords one of the most perfect and most easily comprehended instances of the formation of a series of highly complex structures from simple cellular elements. The development of the other organs of the chick we can only briefly refer to. We have already seen that the gullet, stomach, and intestines (forming the so-called alimentary canal) are formed by the folding in of the visceral leaf (Splanchnopleure) of the blastoderm. As outgrowths of this canal, are formed the liver and other glands connected with the digestion. The lungs are also formed as outgrowths of the gullet, from which they subsequently become detached. The brain and spinal cord are formed in the medullary canal, as already stated, from the epiblast, the nerves being derived mainly from the mesoblast.

The ear and eye are formed partly by the folding inward of the integument, and partly by outgrowths from the brain, while between these two elements cells from the mesoblast are interposed.

We have here briefly summarized the principal facts connected with and explanatory of the history of the hen's egg, from its earliest formation to its complete conversion into a perfect fowl, and our readers will, we are sure, agree that it is a history as interesting as it is wonderful. But, however interesting it may be when considered merely as an isolated instance of development, it gains ten-fold in interest when we consider it in connection with the rest of the animal world; for it is one of the greatest triumphs of modern science that it has shown the development of the chick to be the type of the development of all the higher animals, including man himself. With some slight modification of details, all that has been said with regard to the developmental history of the chick would be equally true if applied to the development of the human subject.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

EOZOÖN CANADENSE.

Is it a fossil, or only a stone?
A difficult question to answer, I own;
First found by Logan—the subject of strife—
Dawson and Carpenter brought it to life.
Was it, oh, was it the chambered abode
Of animal jelly, or living sarcode?
Protruding itself through shell nummuline
In young pseudopodia? Oh, it was fine!
In form so perfect it filled with surprise—
This foraminifer of wonderful size!
'Twas no use to doubt, they cut up so rough,
And air'd their authorities—this was enough,
Though you felt in your secret heart it was stuff.

Carpenter, F.R.S.—not a mechanic—
Stuck to his guns—it was surely organic.
Two Galway professors, King and Rowney,
Held just as stoutly 'twas merely stony,
And under the microscope could divine
Nothing but calcite and green serpentine.
Vitruvius "ophite"—a very good name!
Oh! fighting it was for truth or for fame!
Cracks meant "canals," the "nummuline layer"
These pundits thought was not at all clear;
"Asbestiform," or something or other,
It was—one word 's as good as another
To the unlearned public, who thought it odd
Such strife should be stirred by extinct Rhizopod.

At last, as some thought not one whit too soon,
The world scientific killed Eozoön,
So sing those savans who can see by us
Or through the eyes of Monsieur Mœbius.
The creature of Dawn got its quietus
When he to the last discourse did treat us.
So geologists now will merely just mention
This fossil *extinct* found in the Laurentian.

A. Conifer.

Improvement in Silvering Mirrors.—Our readers are aware that the old method of "silvering" mirror-plates by covering them with an amalgam made of tin and mercury has been to a great extent superseded by the process of depositing a coating of real silver upon the glass, the metal being thrown down in a smooth film by adding oil of cloves or other organic substances to a solution of ammonio-nitrate of silver, retained upon the surface of the plate by a raised rim of wax or similar material. These silvered plates, although cheaper than those made by the old process, are inferior in lustre, the latter having the "black" color which silversmiths regard as indicating perfection of polish, while the others are yellowish in cast; and a process has long been sought by which the brilliancy of the mercurial coating could be imparted to the cheap and durable silver film. This has at last been accomplished by chemical reaction. After the silver plating is complete, the film is flooded with a weak aqueous solution of the double cyanide of mercury and potassium; slow decomposition takes place, and the mercury is precipitated, which immediately amalgamates with the silver film. The result is said to be very satisfactory, the amalgam of silver being quite as brilliant as that of tin, and less subject to change; while the new process has the advantage of being readily applicable to the largest plates, which, by the ancient method of manipulation, could be treated only with great difficulty, if at all.

Anecdote of a Dog.—The following happened not long ago at Shiveloung, in the Mongwa district of this province. Major G., the deputy commissioner, Mr. M., the assistant commissioner, and Mr. P. H., the director of public instruction, were strolling along the river-bank, when a pariah dog ran up to Mr. H.'s Newfoundland dog, and both began to growl at each other. The pariah being disposed to show fight, the Newfoundland gradually and in the most calm and deliberate manner edged the pariah down the bank and into the water. He then swam round the pariah, whose head he "ducked" under the water every time the drowning dog came to the surface. And this the Newfoundland continued to do until the poor pariah was drowned. The above was told to me by Mr. M., the assistant commissioner, who saw the whole process.—*Arthur Hough, Prome, British Burmah.*

A New Produ t from Birch Bark.—A French inventor has patented a method of improving india-rubber and gutta-percha by the addition of a distillate of birch bark. By distilling the outer layers of the bark, he obtains a dense black gummy matter which possesses the properties of ordinary gutta-percha with the additional quality of resisting both the action of the air and the strongest corrosive acids. He claims also that by adding a small proportion of the birch bark gum to gutta-percha or to india-rubber (one-twentieth part will suffice), the durability of the rubber or the gutta-percha will be greatly increased, the new mixture not being acted upon by the air or by acids.

PURE alumina chemically prepared has very strong phosphorescence. Sulphate of alumina is dissolved in water, and to it is added an excess of solution of ammonia. The precipitated hydrate of alumina is filtered, washed, ignited, and tested in the molecular stream. It phosphoresces of the same crimson color and gives the same spectrum as the ruby. Alumina in the form of ruby glows with a full rich red color, and when examined with the spectroscope the emitted light is seen to be discontinuous. Besides the ruby, other native forms of crystallized alumina phosphoresce. Thus, corundum glows with a pink color. The sapphire appears to be made up of the red-glow and the green-glow alumina. Some fine crystals of sapphire shine with alternate bands of red and green, arranged in layers perpendicular to the axis. Unfortunately, it is impossible to prepare a tube for exhibition containing this variety of sapphire, as it is constantly evolving gas from the numerous fissures and cavities which abound in this mineral.

SUNLIGHT FOR CHILDREN.—The *London Medical Times and Gazette* remarks: "Sir James Paget, in his address at Cambridge last August, suggested as a good subject for a scientific thesis the analogies between a green rose and a rickety child. In our opinion this is the direction in which inquiries must be made if we would solve the difficulties of this really important social question. Bearing in mind the effect of sunlight upon the nutrition and growth of plants, let us ask ourselves whether its privation may not be a most powerful factor in the growth and development of infants. Is it not very probable that an infant under the influence of air and ample sunlight may be able to develop and grow on a diet which, without sunlight, would be insufficient?"

AN IRON RAIN.—It is reported from Catania, in Sicily, that on the morning of March 27th last, a light rain of ferruginous sand began to fall there, and continued for twenty-four hours. The sky was covered with clouds, and the barometer rose sensibly under a strong northeast wind. A thunderstorm was anticipated, but only a few drops fell, leaving on objects small spots of a reddish-yellow color. All day a kind of fog hung in the air, causing pain to the eyes. Next day the leaves of the trees were covered with a fine powder, like brick-dust. S. Ercole found this substance composed of fine fragments of carbonate of iron, of irregular angular or spherical form. Very strong southwest winds had blown for several days previously.

GLOBULAR LIGHTNING.—A remarkable phenomenon of the nature of globular lightning was observed in August last by M. Trécul during a thunderstorm. A very bright, somewhat elongated ball passed out of a dark cloud, and into it again at another place; but just before disappearing it gave off a little of its substance, which fell vertically, like a body having weight. The falling body, which left a luminous track, divided, and was extinguished a little above the tops of the houses. Another phenomenon, which M. Trécul has observed frequently, but which does not seem to have been before described, is that of a weakly luminous band or sheet appearing momentarily in a street during a thunderstorm.

NEW VARNISH.—Fr. Theis, of Bissendorf, prepares a varnish consisting of 100 parts of resin, 20 parts of crystallized carbonate of soda, and 50 parts of water, by heating these substances together and mixing them with a solution of 24 parts of strong liquor ammoniæ in 250 parts of water. With the mass thus obtained, the pigments are levigated without the addition of linseed oil or turpentine; the paint dries readily without the aid of a drier, and looks very well, especially when varnished. The paint keeps well, even under water, and becomes very hard. The cost is said to be about one-third that of ordinary oil paints.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

TWO FRESHMEN in the library discussing English literature: *1st. F.:* "Do you like Dickens's stories?" *2d. F.:* "Oh, yes." those I've read. Especially 'Pickwick' and 'Oliver Optic'." *1st. F.:* "Yes; 'Oliver Optic' is a good book."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR (to teacher): "Did you say that the hairs of my head were all numbered?" *Teacher:* "Yes, my dear." *Sunday-school Scholar:* "Well, then"—pulling out a hair, and presenting it—"what's the number of that one?"

"WHAT," exclaimed Demosthenes, as he looked around upon his hearers, "can be more valuable to a great people than a free ballot, a full vote and a fair count?" "A bar'l!" growled Diogenes, as he put his tub on his head and moved on.

"MAMMA," said a little girl, "as people get old does their hair grow quarrelsome?" "Why, no, my child. Whatever put such a notion in your head?" "I thought it must be so, ma, because I heard that old people's hair is constantly falling out."

A SCOTCH nobleman one day visited a lawyer at his office, in which, at the time, there was a blazing fire, which led him to exclaim: "Mr. X., your office is as hot as an oven!" "So it should be, my lord," replied the lawyer—"it is here I make my bread."

A BASHFUL young man could defer the momentous question no longer, so he stammered: "Martha, I—I—do you—you must have—are you aware the Good Book says—er—that it is not g-g-good that a m-man should be alone?" "Then, hadn't you better run home to your mother?" coolly suggested Martha.

"THE land, my friends," said an Irish orator the other day at a meeting, "has belonged to the people from the days of Adam." "Adam, indeed!" replied a voice in the crowd; "do not speak of him. He was evicted from the Garden of Eden without compensation."

UNCOMPROMISING.—*Young lady* (to an orthodox old lady): "I declare, you are a dreadful fanatic, Mrs. McCizzon. I do believe you think that nobody will be saved but you and your minister!" *Old Lady:* "Aweel, my dear, ah whiler hae my doots about the meenister."

THERE was an old maiden of Rome,
Who very much wanted a home;
So she asked her friend Harry
If he would not marry;
He blushed, and said, solemnly, "No'm!"

THE FORCE OF HABIT. Scene, ladies' boarding-school; sergeant drilling class. *Sergeant:* "Heads erect, shoulders square, eyes looking straight to the front; lean well forward on the forepart of the feet, thumbs touching the seams of the trou—— Ahem! As you were!" General titter.

WHEN the old gentleman fell on the sidewalk they asked him: "Did you slip?" as they picked him up. "No," he growled; "I was trying to see if I could sit down on that coal-hole top hard enough to break it. I did it just for fun," and he glared savagely, while the spectator somehow felt foolish.

A GIRL asked a druggist friend to tell her an easy way to take castor-oil. He invited her to take a glass of soda-water, exclaiming, after she had drunk it: "There! you have taken the oil in that glass of soda-water!" "Oh, dear," she replied, "I am so sorry; for it was for my mother I wanted it."

A LADY, after correcting her little girl's pronunciation, said: "My dear, try not to talk so flat." That night the little one was found propped upright against the head of her bed, preparing to go to sleep. "Why is that, daughter?" asks the mother. "Mamma, I thought if I didn't lie flat I wouldn't talk flat."

AMONG the replies to the advertisement of a music committee for "a candidate as organist, music-teacher," etc., was the following one: "Gentlemen: I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

A CLERGYMAN once, while reading the burial service, came to the place where he must say "our deceased brother" (or sister). He did not know which; so, turning to a mourner, he asked whether it was a "brother" or a "sister." The mourner innocently said, "No relation at all, sir—only an acquaintance."

(STELLA BASBLEU, Vassar, '81, has just been relating some astounding astronomical facts and figures.) *A. Dullson Sloeman:* ("Never went in for that sort of thing, you know"): "I see how one can find out how large and how far away the stars are, but, by Jove! I don't quite see how they ever found out their names!"

SEVERAL young men were sitting together, and a young lady happened to approach the vicinity. One "real sweet" young fellow, seeing, as he supposed, the young lady looking at him, remarked, playfully and with a becoming simper: "Well, miss, you needn't look at me as though you wanted to eat me." "Oh, no," replied the young lady, "I never eat greens."

THE recent sentence on the man Perry—the Underground Railway robber—got somewhat "mixed" in its translation into the Russian papers. Instead of announcing that he had received twenty years' penal servitude and thirty strokes with the cat, the provincial journals of Russia stated that he had been sentenced to "twenty years' imprisonment with thirty cats."

"DEAREST HAROLD: I love you with all the deep devotion of my sex. Your image is ineffaceably engraven on the tablets of my memory, and in my heart the love I bear for you can never, never die. But I am extravagant, wildly ambitious to shine in society, to sit beside the jeweled queens of fashion, to dazzle all eyes with priceless gems—and so, dear, dear Harold, I must marry the plumber."

A GENTLEMAN traveling in a railway-carriage was endeavoring, with considerable earnestness, to impress some argument upon a fellow-passenger who was seated opposite to him, and who appeared rather dull of comprehension. At length, being slightly irritated, he exclaimed, in a louder tone: "Why, sir, it's as plain as A B C!" "That may be," replied the other, with unexpected alacrity, "but I am D E F!"

THE WONDERS OF TELEPHONY.—*Punch* has the following, which is good enough to be true: *The Principal* (from the city, through the telephone, to the foreman at the "works"): "How do you get on, Pat?" *Irish Foreman* (in great awe of the instrument): "Very well, sir; the goods is sent off." *The Principal* (knowing Pat's failing): "What have you got to drink there?" *Pat* (startled): "Och, look at that, now! It's me breath that done it!"

TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE.—A two-foot rule was given to a laborer in a Clyde boat-yard to measure an iron plate. The laborer not being well up in the use of the rule, after spending a considerable time, returned. "Noo, Mick," asked the plater, "what size is the plate?" "Well," replied Mick, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick and the breadth of my hand and my arm from here to there, bar a finger."

FOND MEMORIES OF HAPPY DAYS.

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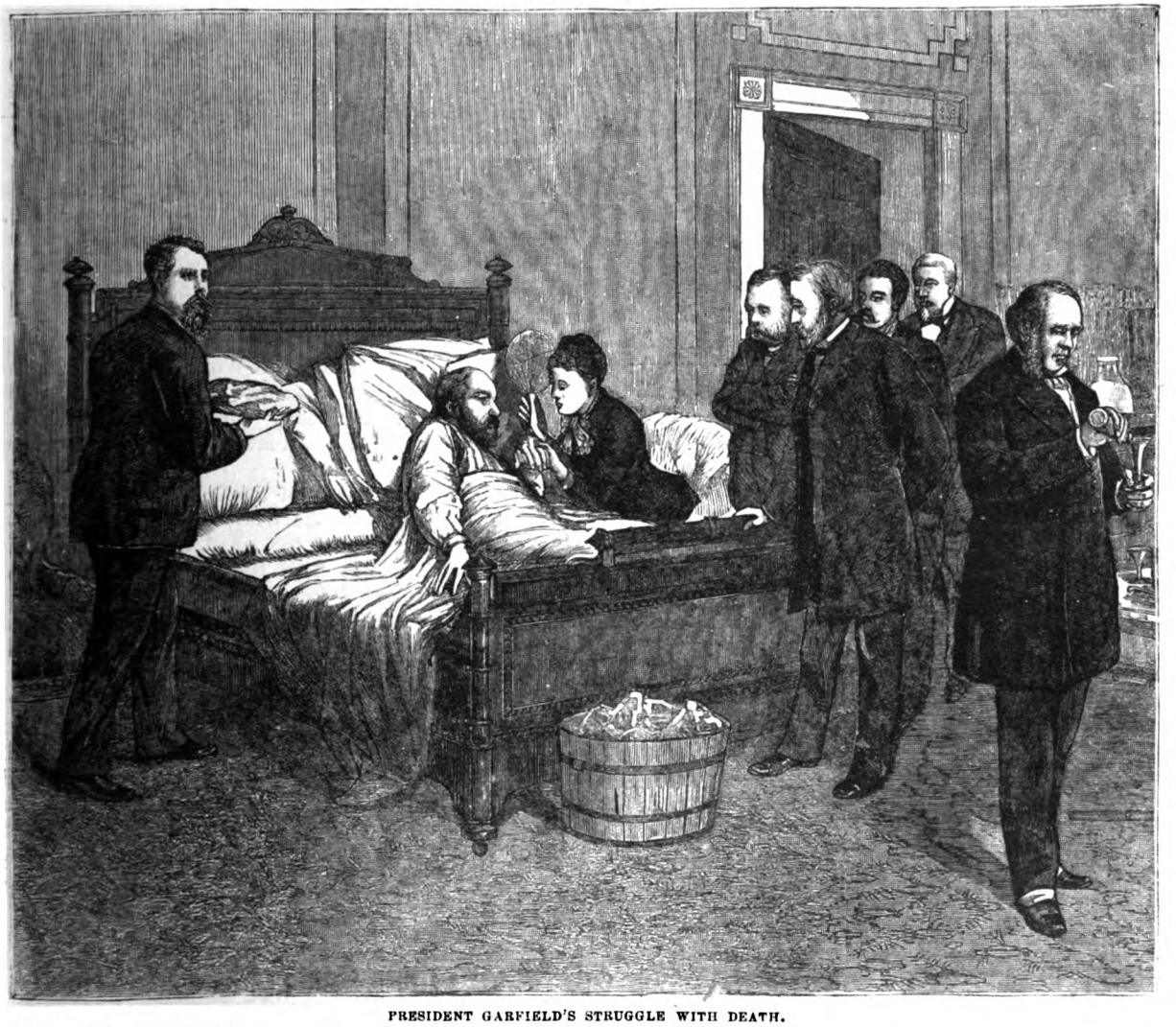
DAYS OF GLOOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

OUT of the fifty millions of people in our country, not more than two millions have ever seen the Executive residence and office in Washington City, except with the eye of the heart, which has been so constantly directed toward it since the assault on President Garfield's life.

The White House receives its name from the white paint which is annually put on the sandstone material of its walls. When the Government, in 1790, resolved to make its permanent capital on the Potomac, a quarry of soft sandstone, generally called "freestone," was purchased at Aquia Creek, some fifty miles below Washington; and of that stone, which is of a pale gray or yellow color, several of the large buildings about Washington were made. It could be brought up the river on vessels or scows, landed within half a mile of the positions of the buildings, and drawn up to them by oxen. This stone, when painted, has something of the look of marble.

The architect of the White House was James Hoban, an



PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S STRUGGLE WITH DEATH.

Irishman from County Kilkenny, who studied building and architecture in Dublin during the time that Ireland had an independent Parliament, and a public spirit and patriotism of her own. Near the close of the Revolutionary War, Hoban, who had seen the Irish Parliament House, Trinity College and the principal constructions of Dublin and Great Britain, sailed to Charleston, South Carolina, which was then rapidly springing up as the most important city in the South, abundant architectural signs of which remain, notwithstanding the ravages of war and fire.

After Washington City had been legislated for, Henry Laurens, a South Carolina statesman, gave Mr. Hoban a letter of recommendation to General Washington. Hoban took the prize offered for the best model of an official residence, with building specifications. General Washington rather thought the house was too large in Hoban's plan, but Jefferson, with some passion for architecture, retained its proportions, and under him, as Secretary of State, the work was undertaken. The year General Washington died the house was about fit to shelter a tenant, and therefore its walls and form, with the exception of the large carriage-way in front, stand much as Washington beheld them.

The architect of the White House, Hoban, lived till the year 1831, and his posterity inhabits the City of Washington. He was a devout Catholic, and has a monument in Mount Olivet Cemetery.

Washington, therefore, never inhabited the city of his name. He frequently lodged or took his meals within the present city, but generally stopped in Georgetown, which is now included in the capital, and called "West Washington." General Washington died at Mount Vernon, December 14th, 1799. His last words, spoken with difficulty, were: "I am fast going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead. Do you understand me?" His secretary bowed his head. "It is well," said Washington, and soon after died.

Nearly one year afterward the Adams family arrived in Washington, and inhabited the White House about the middle of November, 1800. Washington himself had frequently stood within the shell of this building, looking up at its proportions and observing the progress made by the masons and carpenters. But he never lodged in the house, and there was no roof upon it when his body was placed in the little family vault on the declivities of Mount Vernon, amongst the beautiful timber there.

Mrs. John Adams, who had driven from Baltimore to the new capital, and lost her way on the road amongst the almost impenetrable woods of that region, first complained of the labor of lighting the apartments, and of the numerous fires that had to be kept up to prevent the fever and ague. No bells were in the house, whose proportions were so large that the servants could not hear a call; the negroes never cut wood enough; no grates were set in the fireplaces, and there was no coal. Mrs. Adams, with Yankee practicality, took the East Room, which has since been used for receptions so many years, and hung clothes-lines in it to dry her washing. The stairways were not up at the time, and only six chambers were fit to inhabit.

This residence has ever since been the home and office of the American chief magistrate, except after the war of 1814, when the British burned the mansion, with the exception of the walls. President Madison then removed to a large brick mansion called the Octagon, which is about a quarter of a mile west of the President's house. There he signed the treaty of peace with England. The White House cost, in John Adams's time, $333,000. Nothing was saved from its contents but a celebrated portrait of General Washington.

When the building was rebuilt the present porticoes, front and rear, were added, and the total cost of rebuilding was $360,000, showing that in the space of twenty-five years wages and material had gone up in price. The beautiful *porte cochère* in front, which is of the height of the house, was of considerably later construction. There stood in the architect Hoban's time in Dublin, and still stands, though with alterations, a noble mansion belonging to the Duke of Leinster, which was the pride of Irishmen; and the arrangement of its windows and their form probably influenced him in modeling the front of the White House.

At that time classical style prevailed in private and secular constructions, and the White House has portico columns and a gallery all around the roof in its plan. It is 170 feet long by 80 feet deep. The front portico is double, so as to admit foot passengers and carriages also. There are only two stories in the building besides a basement, which is below the street line, though not sunken in the ground, since the front path to the White House rises upon a gentle hill, and leaves the basement on flatter ground, considerably below its level. The central hall at the White House front door is 40 feet wide by 50 deep. At the foot of the hall is a room 40 by 30, with side parlors opening out of it, 30 by 22 feet each. All these lower rooms are 22 feet high. On the right, as you enter, is the State Dining-room in the wing, so to speak, which is 40 by 30 feet. The East Room in the opposite wing was formerly called the Banqueting Room, and is 80 feet long by 40 feet wide. It would be in any country a very large room, and takes over 1,100 yards of carpet to cover the floor. Some of the original furniture placed in this house in Monroe's administration yet remains. The lower part is wholly used for receptions and public occasions. The upper part is divided in half, and that side to the left is appropriated to the public, and is overrun with office-seekers during the morning hours; while the rooms on the right, in which General Garfield has been lying for some time, are the family apartments, and are scarcely ever shown except to the family visitors. We may suppose that at the present day this White House would cost to build $750,000, and to furnish would require $50,000 to $100,000 more. For many years the grounds about it were not inclosed, and had a most negligent and forlorn appearance.

Four of the departments of the Government were built on the same square with the White House. In course of time, as they have proved too small for their purposes, two immense buildings have been built on the White House flanks, separated from it by private streets. The Treasury Department is on one side, which cost about $6,000,000, and on the other side, partially finished, is the magnificent building for the State, Navy and War Departments, which will probably cost $12,000,000 to $15,000,000. Since the Rebellion the grounds about the White House have been very much improved, and the flat fields in the rear, stretching off toward the Potomac, have been made higher by filling in, and will in course of time become parts of a splendid park, extending quite through the City of Washington, from the President's house to the Capitol. Here have passed eighty years of political and personal romance.

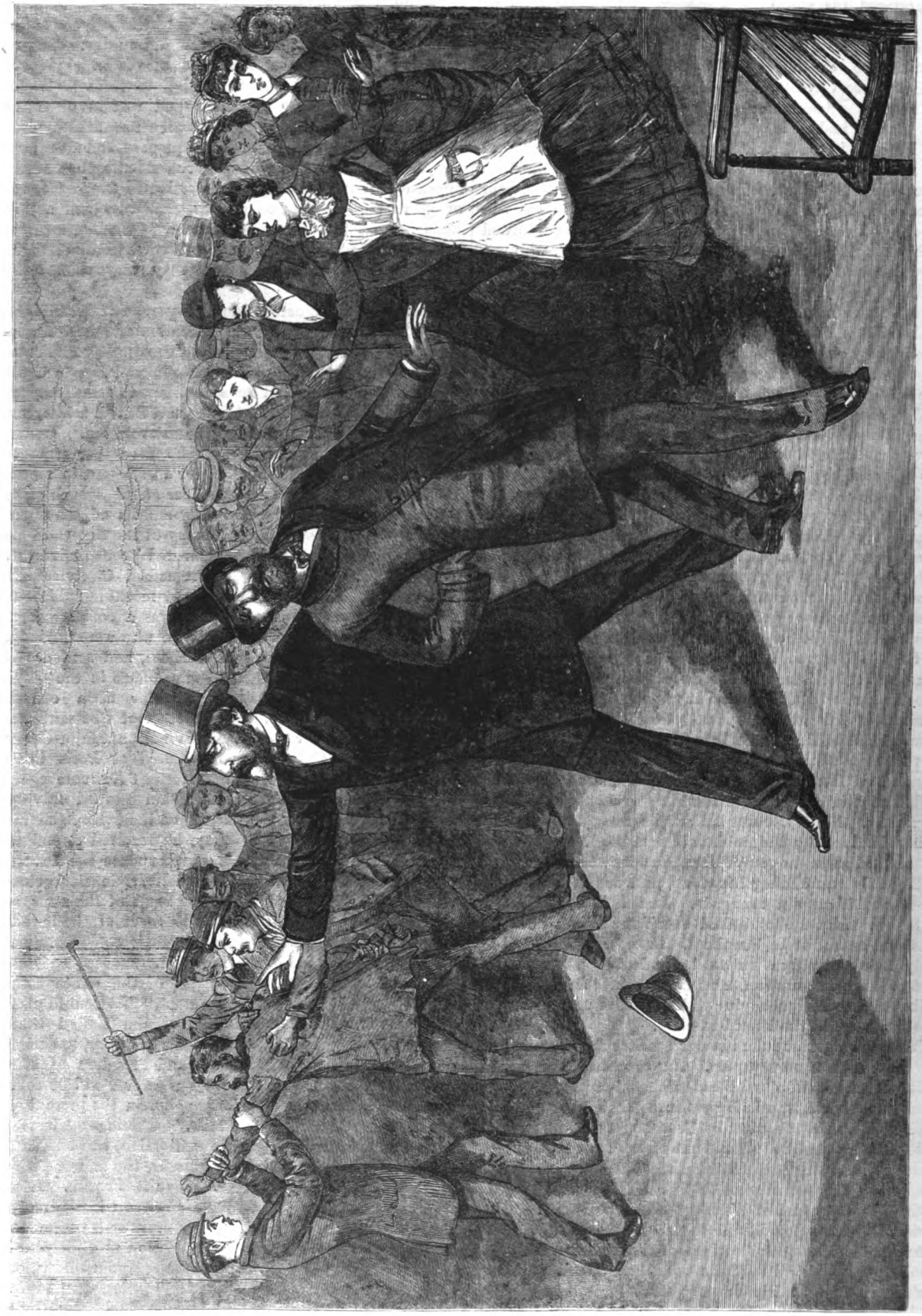
Several of the Presidents have been childless, or have been made so while in office. Washington, as is well known, had no children, and adopted those of his wife. Mr. Jefferson was a widower without sons, and his married daughter dispensed his hospitality. Madison had no

children of his own, but his wife had a son by a former marriage, named Payne Todd, who was a gambler and squandered his stepfather's money, and finally brought his widowed mother, after Mr. Madison's death, into almost complete penury. She had to sell her residence in Washington, on the square opposite the White House, and retire to Virginia. Mr. Madison's estate, like that of Jefferson, has been sought to be disposed of by a lottery. Mr. Monroe had no sons, and the most prosperous time of his life was in the Presidency, when he was in receipt of the salary of the office. With this money he obtained an agreeable estate about thirty miles from Washington, near Leesburg, Va., but his creditors seized it, and he was in absolute danger of imprisonment for debt. He returned to New York City and abode with his son-in-law, who was Postmaster of New York, and even this refuge became precarious, and the son-in-law got into trouble with his Post Office accounts and had to be dismissed. President Jackson lost his wife after he had been elected to the Presidency and before he took his seat. Some of his friends thought there was social compensation in this, as she was not an educated woman, and he had married her under some misapprehensions. The old President, however, always deeply regretted her loss to the end of his days, and revered her memory. His house was kept by his adopted son's wife. Mr. Van Buren was a widower, and inhabited the White House with his sons, whom he treated as his equals in age and intelligence. They became very accomplished men. Their mother was Mr. Van Buren's cousin. He was one of the most polite and agreeable persons who ever became master of the White House, and his nature was so deliberate and his speech so suave that he never provoked personal hostility. After he quitted the Presidency his ambition was nettled to return to the office, and he became considerably more aggressive than in earlier life. President Harrison was buried from the Executive Mansion, and it was the first occasion of a funeral of a President. Mr. Tyler lost his wife and was remarried while in the White House, an event that has never been repeated. He married the daughter of a gentleman from Brooklyn, New York, who had been killed at the explosion of the big gun on the ship-of-war *Princeton*. Mr. Tyler was an affable man, though much misunderstood by his embittered party, which had nominated him, as in the case of Vice-President Arthur, without sufficiently considering his views, and was then disposed to regard him as a renegade. James K. Polk had no children. Mrs. Fillmore died about one month after her husband ceased to be President. President Pierce lost his only living son by a railroad accident but two months before his inauguration, and some excitable people attributed it to design, saying that obstacles were placed on the track to kill the President-elect.

Violence against rulers in our country first commenced in the partisan newspapers. An eccentric poet named Philip Freneau, who had been employed on the New York press, was made translating clerk in Mr. Jefferson's office at Philadelphia, the office of Secretary of State, in 1791. He forthwith attacked all the measures of the Government except those which originated with Jefferson. From this beginning there was more or less violence in the public writings till the end of Washington's administration, when some of the irresponsible hacks around the seat of Government had the insolence to express delight that Washington could no longer "afflict his country." Soon afterward outrages commenced in France; the King was imprisoned and Lafayette confined in a dungeon. Next an insurrection broke out in the Alleghany parts of Pennsylvania, based on the resistance of the crude people there to paying any tax on the whisky they so bountifully consumed. For the first time Washington took up arms against his fellow-citizens, raised an army of 15,000 men, and put down the rising, one of the leaders of which was Albert Gallatin, afterward Secretary of the Treasury. The remarks of Washington at the close of the whisky revolt refer distinctively to the disposition to form plots and secret societies against the lives and welfare of rulers. "The insurrection," he said, "has been fomented by combinations of men careless of consequences and disregarding the unerring truth, who can arouse but cannot always appease convulsion, and have disseminated from ignorance or perversion of facts, suspicions, jealousies and accusations against the whole Government." Washington then denounced "self-created societies," corresponding to the Jacobin Clubs of France, and they very soon disappeared.

Among the foreigners around the person of Washington were several who figured in assassination schemes. Among them was Fieschi, a sculptor, who subsequently attempted to assassinate the King of France. Colonel Despard, who was executed in England for an attempt to assassinate the King and Cabinet in 1803, had been a British soldier and prisoner in America during the Revolution. General Pichegru, of the French Army, who was either strangled or committed suicide in prison, for an attempt to murder the First Consul, had been an officer of the French on the American side. Washington City and its adjacent parts became the place of refuge of many of the desperate men on the Continent who had endeavored to commit crime. Among them was a young officer named Cloriviere, who was concerned in the first infernal machine against the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. He was a courtier of the King, and by the aid of his relatives, who were influential in the Church, he got off to America, and settled right under the nose of President John Adams in the City of Washington, as the priestly director of a convent. Limoelan de Cloriviere, a schoolfellow of Chateaubriand, became a Chevalier of St. Louis and a Major-General under George Cadoudal. Implicated at Paris in the affair of the infernal machine of the 3d Nivose against the life of the First Consul, Limoelan escaped only by a kind of miracle from the pursuit of the police, and after being long concealed in Brittany, he resolved to emigrate to America. He built at his own expense the Academy and elegant Chapel of the Sacred Heart in Georgetown, and is buried in the middle of the vault of the nuns, and over his body is raised a tomb to serve at the burial of the Sisters as a resting-place for their coffins while the funeral ceremony is being performed.

John Adams, the first occupant of the White House, says in his "Thoughts on Government," that Count Pulaski, who was killed in the service of the United States, "planned an enterprise, much to his dishonor, to assassinate King Stanislaus of Poland"; and President Adams remarked, "No good cause ever was or ever will be served by assassination, and this is, happily, in the present age, the universal sense of mankind." President Adams received letters threatening his assassination, and one, of the date of 1799, is quoted in his works, the author saying: "Myself and family are ruined by the French. If you do not procure satisfaction for my losses when a treaty is made with them, I am undone for ever, and you must be a villain to your country. Assassination shall be your lot if restitution is lost to America through your means, or if ever you agree to a peace without it." Signed, "A ruined merchant, alas! with ten children, made beggars by the French." President Adams wrote to his Secretary of State: "If it is required of me to procure satisfaction for



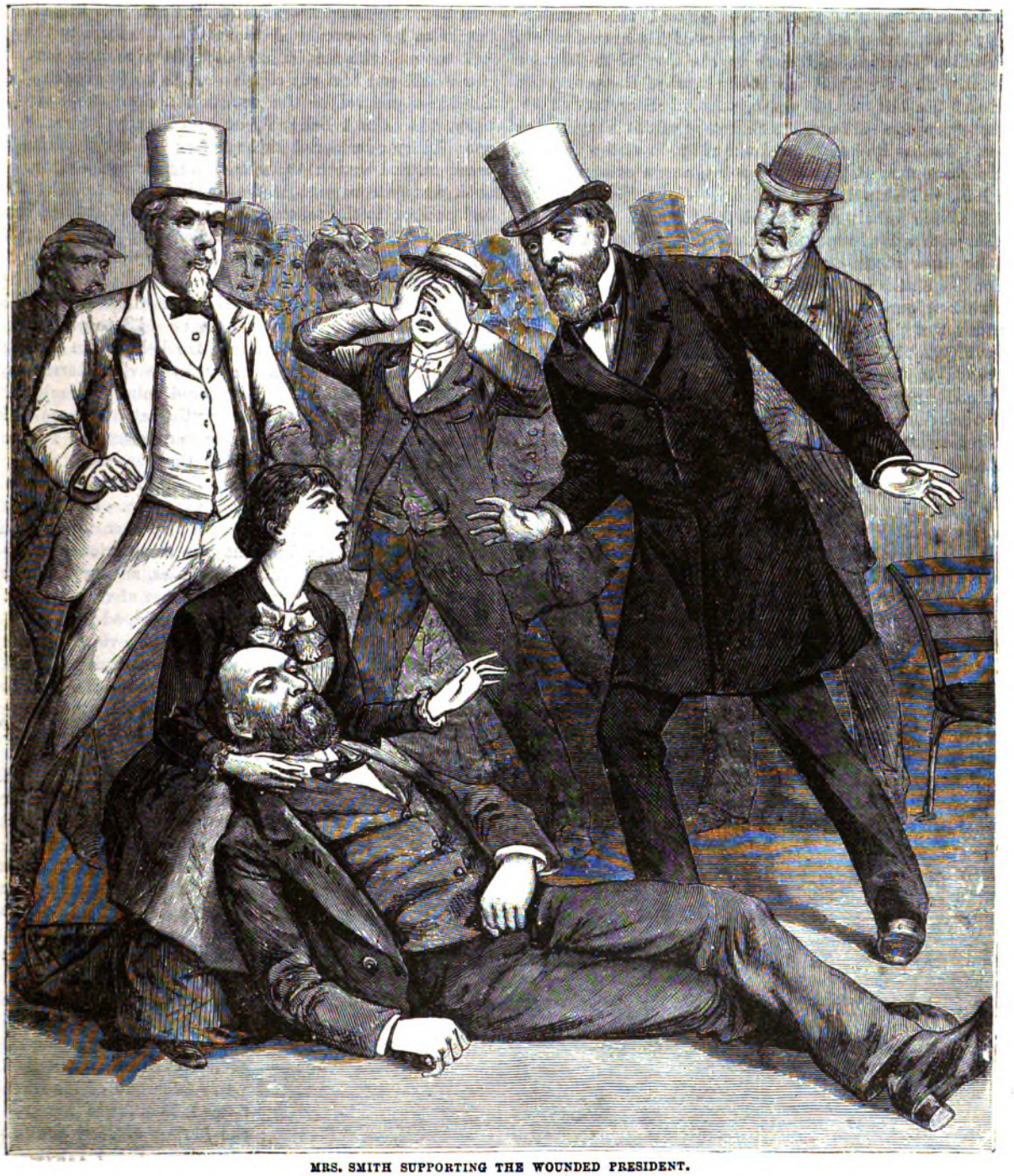
PRESIDENT GARFIELD SHOT DOWN BY AN ASSASSIN IN THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO DEPOT.

every family ruined by the French upon pain of assassination, I believe Mr. Assassin may do his work."

President Adams, on taking up his home in Washington, made a speech to the two Houses of Congress, saying: "May this territory be the residence of virtue and happiness. In this city may that piety and virtue, that wisdom and magnanimity, that constancy and self-government which adorned the great character whose name it bears, be forever held in veneration! Here and throughout our country may simple manners, pure morals and true religion forever flourish."

While this prayer has been answered in the main, cases of violence have not been uncommon, even around the President's person. Our early Presidents were, in general, relieved from the pressure of large crowds by the distance of the capital from the large centres of population, and by the cost of going there.

The first attack on the life of any President was that of Lawrence upon Andrew Jackson, in 1835, near the close of Jackson's administration. President Jackson was himself one of the first encouragers of violent behavior on the part of politicians and office-seekers around the City of Washington. A member of Congress opposed to Jackson, named Stanbury, from the State of Ohio, had said in debate that one of Mr. Jackson's secretaries had been removed for attempting to give a contract for Indian rations to Sam Houston. Upon this, Houston, with a stick, attacked Stanbury on his way down Capitol Hill, and beat him when lying down. Instead of being indignant, Jackson said that after a few more examples of the same kind,



MRS. SMITH SUPPORTING THE WOUNDED PRESIDENT.

members of Congress would learn to keep civil tongues in their heads. Houston was sentenced to pay a fine of $500, but the President officially pardoned the fine and took Houston out of jail. A Mr. Arnold, of Tennessee, was also grossly assaulted by a ruffian in Jackson's interest, who fired a pistol at Arnold. Some time after this President Jackson got into a violent discussion with a member of Congress of his own party, on the matter of a Federal appointment in Mississippi. He accused this member, George Poindexter, of having suggested his assassination.

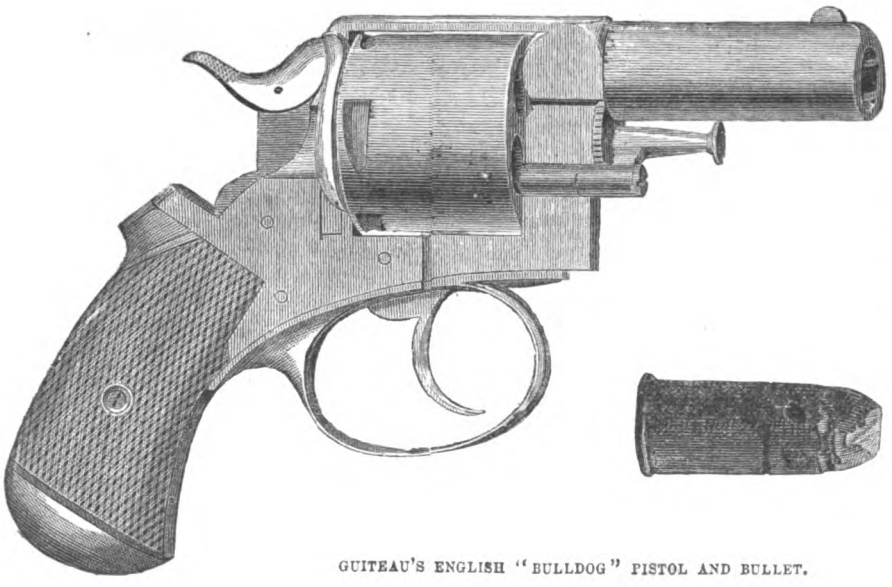
President Jackson had gone to the Capitol to attend a funeral. The President was at the head of the procession to escort the body to the grave, with his Secretary of the Treasury on one side and his Secretary of the Navy on the other. Just as he had crossed the rotunda of the Capitol, and was about to step on the portico, a man emerged from the hall, and at a distance of only eight feet leveled a pistol at his breast and pulled the trigger. The cap exploded with a loud report, without discharging the pistol, and he drew another, which he had held in his left hand under his cloak, which also missed fire. President Jackson rushed on the assassin with his stick uplifted, but a lieutenant of the navy knocked the man down, and he was taken to jail. The President was hurried to his carriage and conveyed to the White House. For some days his belief remained unshaken that the man had been set on to attempt his destruction by a clique of his political enemies. The prisoner proved to be a lunatic. His name was Lawrence, an English house-painter, long out of employment, who had heard on all sides that the country had been ruined by the measures of General Jackson. The physicians who examined him reported that "he stated that, believing the President to be the source of all his difficulties, he was still fixed in his purpose to kill him, and if his successor pursued the same course, to put him out of the way also; and declared that no power in this country could punish him for having done so, because it would be resisted by the Powers of Europe as well as of this country. He also stated that he had been long in correspondence with the Powers of Europe, and that his family had been wrongfully deprived of the crown of England, and that he should yet live to regain it, and that he considered the President of the United States nothing more than his clerk. We now think proper to add that the young man appears perfectly tranquil and unconcerned as to the final result, and seems to anticipate no punishment for what he has done."

Lawrence was placed in an asylum, and the affair, which at first had assumed portentous importance, soon ceased to be a topic of remark.

At the approach of the great Civil War, during Mr. Buchanan's administration, that President, according to a very probable rumor, was in considerable fear of his own life. Some of his friends attribute his negative behavior as he approached the end of his term to the idea that some of the hostile influences then making ready for war would put him out of the way, so as to give the Vice-President control of the country, and of the army and navy. It is not believed, of course, any person of responsibility considered this matter; but the Federal Government had grown to be such a tremendous affair, with such vast patronage, that the turning over of all its offices and powers to the representative of a party aroused great numbers of clerks and dependents, particularly from the Southern States, to the belief that they were to be unjustly dealt with.

Mr. Lincoln always believed, from the advices of his friends, that there was a scheme on foot to prevent him ever reaching the capital city. He behaved in a manner to show his faith in these rumors, by leaving Harrisburgh without notice in the night-time, and going through Baltimore in a sleeping-car, greatly to the astonishment of his fellow-passengers and the newspaper reporters. It is said that he was once shot at during the war, while riding to the Soldiers' Home unaccompanied. After that he was prevailed upon to take a trooper with him. Still he never expressed nor showed any signs of apprehension until the fatal bullet of Booth brought him unconsciousness, even while his face was wreathed in smiles, sitting at the representation of a play, with the sense of victory and the restoration of the country kindling his blood.

There is neither room nor occasion to review the causes of Mr. Lincoln's assassination. It is enough to say that a native of Maryland, John Wilkes Booth, the grandson of a Radical politician in England, and the son of a very erratic though gifted actor, formed the notion, during the latter part of the war, of making a prisoner of President Lincoln, and taking him either dead or alive through the Federal lines to Virginia, as a contribution to Southern independence. Many circumstances connected with this plot are known to friends of Booth still living, while many other alleged circumstances never existed but in the imaginations of their relators.



GUITEAU'S ENGLISH "BULLDOG" PISTOL AND BULLET.

Numerous friends and schoolmates of Booth had gone to the South. He had himself, while acting in Richmond in 1859, attended the execution of John Brown. About five years later one of his friends, named Beall, was hanged in the harbor of New York as a spy, despite the intercession of Booth, who spent a large part of the war in Washington City as a gallant around the hotels and an occasional actor. He contemplated seizing Mr. Lincoln on the day he was inaugurated the second time, and making a bold dash to cross the Eastern branch of

the Potomac, even seated in the Inaugural carriage. At this suggestion the band of vagrants Booth had sworn into his service took flight, and most of them dispersed. He then began to deliberately consider the propriety of killing the President, and about six weeks afterward, when the army of Lee surrendered, Booth in revenge concluded to shoot the President at the theatre, so as to make the occasion highly picturesque. Besides, he knew the stage of that theatre from having acted upon it, and was a favorite of its proprietors and laborers. Learning on the morning of the 14th of April, 1865, that Mr. Lincoln was to have a private box at the theatre, Booth went into the dark building during the day, bored a hole through the thin door of the President's box, and fitted a bar into another door, so as to shut out the audience from the box corridor. He then had his horse, which was kept in the rear of the theatre, prepared to make his flight that night, and gathering a few members of his band together, he sent them on various errands, and then went to the theatre, shot the President, leaped from the box on to the stage, and went out the back door into the alley, and although his foot had been fractured by leaping from the box, he mounted his horse and rode off. Nearly at the same hour of the night, Mr. Seward, who was sick in his residence, was stabbed by an unknown man. Another common person went to the Kirkwood Hotel, where Vice-President Johnson boarded, carrying a knife for the purpose of killing him. Not for about ten days was Booth overhauled, having made a circuit of nearly one hundred miles from Washington into Virginia. His excuse was that he had committed the crime for his country—meaning the Southern States. He was shot in a barn, and four persons concerned in the tragedy were executed on the scaffold, by the judgment of a military commission. Unquestionably the Civil War between the sections aroused the half-insane vindictiveness and passion for distinction which culminated in this memorable crime.

The death of the Earl of Beaconsfield in England only a few weeks before the attempted assassination of President Garfield recalls to our minds the eloquent remarks of that statesman, announcing in the House of Commons the murder of Abraham Lincoln. His inferences have a double value to us at present, since assassination, which appeared to be an exotic in our midst, has apparently been naturalized among us. "In the character of the victim, and even in the accessories of his last moments, there is something so homely and innocent that it takes the question, as it were, out of all the pomp of history and the ceremonial of diplomacy; it touches the heart of nations and appeals to the domestic sentiment of mankind. When such crimes are perpetrated the public mind is apt to fall into gloom and perplexity, for it is ignorant alike of the cause and consequences of such deeds. But it is one of our duties to assure them under unreasoning panic and despondency. Assassination has never changed the history of the world. Even the costly sacrifice of a Cæsar did not propitiate the inexorable destiny of his country. The violent deaths of two heroic men, Henry IV. of France and the Prince of Orange, are conspicuous illustrations of this truth. Let us not, therefore, sanction any feeling of depression, but rather let us express a fervent hope that from out of the awful trials of the last four years, of which the least is not this violent demise, the various populations of North America may issue elevated and chastened, rich with accumulated wisdom and strong in the discipline and energy which a young nation can only acquire in a protracted and perilous struggle."

The place where the assassin, Charles Jules Guiteau, inflicted almost mortal wounds on President Garfield, is one of the newest ornamental buildings in Washington. The railroad depot in our time has become almost what the forum was in the days of Rome. One of the English artists, Frith, has painted a most elaborate picture, engravings of which are found all over the world, called "The Railway Station." Among the hundreds of figures collected under the glass roof is a criminal, just being seized by the officer as he is about to depart on the train.

The railroad reached Washington from Baltimore about 1830, and was a single track until the time of the Rebellion. No other railroad departed from Washington, except the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to the South, which became the line of the movement of armies to the great battlefields of Bull Run, Culpepper and Chantilly. From Alexandria also departed a short railroad up the south side of the Potomac to Leesburg, near the field of Ball's Bluff. The State of Maryland, like many of the older States which had fallen under control of a single large corporation, the State itself and its principal city being stockholders in the railroad, opposed obstacles to the opening of any other line across its territory, and it was not until about 1870–72 that the Pennsylvania Railroad, through the aid of a local charter, was enabled to extend itself from Baltimore into Washington. The Government at Washington had been very desirous of some competing railroad route to the North and West, so as to stimulate better time, more conveniences, and lower fares. Congress gave extraordinary privileges to the new railroad, and allowed it to build a depot in the very centre of the City of Washington, only a few steps from Pennsylvania Avenue at Sixth Street. The right of way to this depot was accorded across the public park belonging to the Government. The Railroad Company, in recognition of this favor, put up the most beautiful depot building to be found south of Mason & Dixon's line in the United States. It is in style a Flemish hotel de ville, with Gothic pavilions, spires, balconies, and rich decorations in brick, iron, stone and slate. Not a very extravagant building in size, it was the only building of that style in Washington until the taste for Gothic houses was developed in more recent private residences. The depot stands at the corner of Sixth Street and one of the cross-streets at right angles, called B Street. The rectangular streets of Washington are numbered from east to west, and lettered from north to south. This depot stands right over the former creek, satirized by Tom Moore in 1808, in the line—

"And what was Goose Creek is Tiber now."

The Tiber was almost as great a nuisance to Washington in its day as the ancient Tiber to Rome, which is still puzzling the wits of Garibaldi to make it available to commerce. The Tiber at Washington has been made into a great sewer, which still occasionally overflows, and fills the cellars on Pennsylvania Avenue, and leaves the depot out on an island, to be paddled to in boats. This rich, almost florid, building, in which the prevailing colors are red and white, presents an interior of light and elegance. The principal entrance is on Sixth Street, but there is a ladies' room on the B Street side, and the ticket-seller has his office near the great entrance, between the main waiting-room and the ladies' room. A large restaurant, a smoking-room and other apartments open from the principal hall, and the gate or wicket through which passengers pass to the trains is immediately opposite the ladies' room, and separated from it by the general hall. The ceilings are high and ornamental.

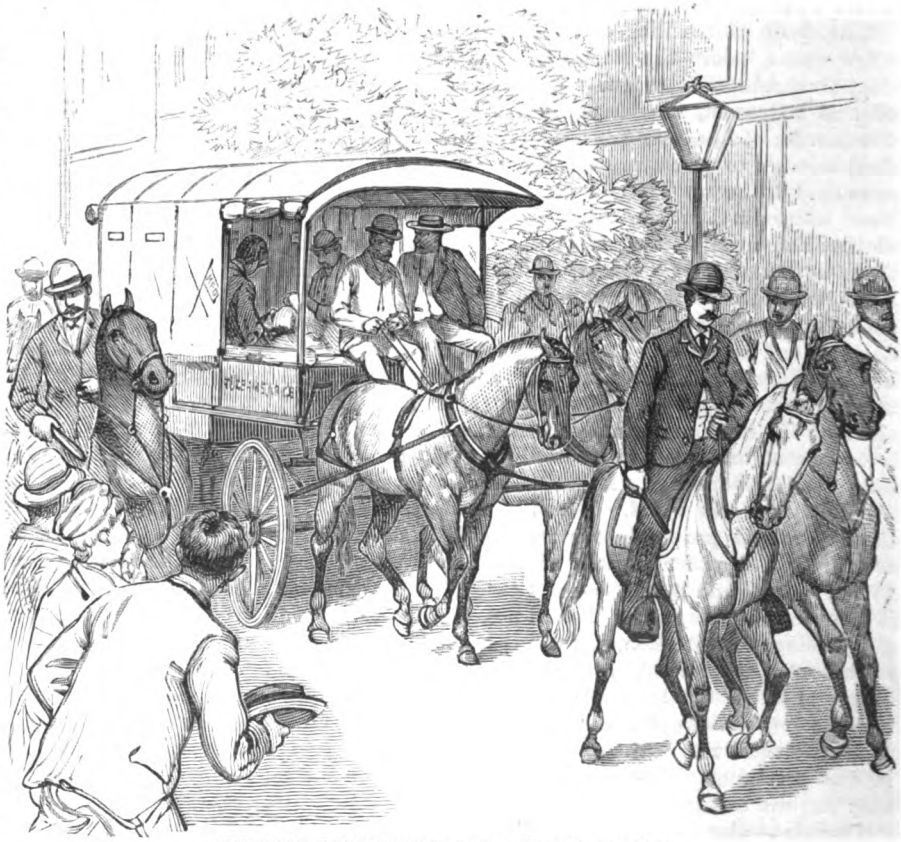
On the morning of the 2d of July, 1881, President Garfield came to this depot in a private carriage with his Secretary of State, who was to see him off on the limited

PRESIDENT GARFIELD REMOVED TO AN AMBULANCE.

express train, which leaves Washington at half-past nine every morning for New York. Accompanying this train was to be a private car for the use of the President, which was to leave the main line at Monmouth Junction and run to Long Branch. Several members of the Cabinet were to accompany the President, it being usual for him to travel with some part of his Government, and, besides, the Cabinet desired to leave Washington during the excessively hot weather, and enjoy the Fourth of July and the intervening Sunday at the seaside.

The President had not quitted Washington after his inauguration on the 4th of March, until a week or ten days previous to the time we are referring to. His wife had become worn down with the excitement and responsibilities attending his inauguration, and the enormous rush of office-seekers and visitors to the Executive Mansion, and had been taken, by the order of her physicians, to the Elberon Hotel, at Long Branch, where the President had remained with her a few days, and had then returned to Washington and spent four days in the White House, announcing, however, that on the morning of the 2d of July he would again join his wife, and spend a part of a week with her. This news, by means of the telegraph, had been disseminated all over the country for nearly a week, and the whole office-seeking element well knew that on that day, and at that hour, the President would depart. Probably over the whole surface of the United States there did not breathe a single human being, with one exception, entertaining the least idea that the head of the Nation was in danger. It certainly never crossed his mind. He was in almost enthusiastic spirits at the idea, so dear to a Western man, of getting by that great ocean again, inhaling its breath, looking out at the passing vessels—which had no applications for office to make—and driving through beautiful Monmouth County, among the potato-fields, the ripening wheat and the blowing corn.

On the way to the depot the President, in that warm, boyish, loving way he has, told his Secretary of State that he believed they had passed the danger-point of his administration, that the people and the leaders of the party had begun to understand and agree with the purposes of



THE AMBULANCE ON ITS WAY TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

DR. BLISS, PRINCIPAL PHYSICIAN.

SURGEON-GENERAL BARNES.

his government, and that he considered his Cabinet to be strong and concordant, and ready to do the work of the Government in the most efficient way. Mr. Blaine, whose enemies say that he is a born diplomatist, and whose friends claim that he is one of the most delightful companions in the world, responded to these remarks in the same spirit. The two men are not far from the same age, Garfield being two or three years the younger. He had been subordinate to Mr. Blaine in Congress, the latter, as Speaker of the House for several years, having had it in his power to dispose of Mr. Garfield upon the committees which do the minor and preparatory work of Congress. It is through these committees that Congressmen are placed in relation with public business, and obtain recognition from the country. General Garfield had been for about sixteen years the hardest worker in Congress, without any exception. His capacity for hard work, his willingness to distinguish himself and his passion for information and usefulness, had made him the wheel-horse of the majority, and when his party lost power in the House of Representatives he became the leader of the floor, and made most of the important speeches outlining the policy of his side of the House. Consequently these two men, Blaine and Garfield, were as perfectly acquainted as two public men could well be.

Both were men of enthusiastic dispositions, with great alertness of mind, and both men of large stature, large-limbed and athletic. They possess the military figure, the erect stature, the broad chests and the prominent foreheads we commonly see in distinguished military circles. Mr. Blaine has been the leading candidate of his party for five years, and had nearly received the nomination in 1876, and was a leading candidate in the convention where General Garfield was nominated. On Blaine's account the President had received some powerful opposition, designed to detach Blaine from his Cabinet. Rumors had been going around the country for a month that Mr. Blaine's position was uncertain. General Garfield for the first time assured him on this memorable morning that no evil talkers had altered their relations, and he believed they were going to work out the destiny of the country in harmony for the whole of the four years. The carriage

DR. J. J. WOODWARD.

DR. ROBERT REYBURN.

waited at the B Street entrance to the depot to take Mr. Blaine back to his office. After tarrying a few moments on the sidewalk, the Secretary of State and the President entered the depot together.

The ticket-seller and one or two other persons, including a policeman, who is always there on duty at train time, had seen a man for fifteen or twenty minutes previous to the arrival of the President hanging around the depot in a nervous, dogged way, as if waiting for somebody. He was a small man, neither very badly nor very well dressed, with a pale face and a somewhat evil countenance. He had very light eyes, of a restless motion; a rather uncleanly beard, which had been cropped, adhered to his chin. He was somewhat self-important, and had a crouching walk. One or two persons who looked at him curiously thought he might be in pursuit of somebody to borrow money from to pay his fare out of the city, a necessity very common among Washington office-seekers in the early months of a new administration. When the President finally entered the depot, which was all commotion at that hour of the morning, many persons hastening from the city to spend Independence Day among their families or friends, and many others making the annual departure for the springs and sea beaches, he walked with his usual bold and manly stride across the ladies' room, a distance of not more than twenty feet, until he reached the broad doorway leading into the main public room. He would have had about forty or fifty feet more to go to pass the wicket leading out to the platforms and sheds where the train was standing, with steam up, every car in it a Pullman, and the conductor with his watch in his hand, who had already received the signal that his last moments were passing. Mr. Blaine turned from the President, as if to go toward the ticket-office.

At this moment the furtive-eyed man already referred to stepped after the President, in a parallel line with him, and when within three or four feet of him thrust his hand into his pocket, brought out a revolving pistol, and with his head bent down, taking cool aim, he discharged the instrument into the President's body. A loud report and a puff of smoke filled the depot; the President himself seemed scarcely conscious that he had been shot at, and was still walking, when the assassin, following him right up again, fired another shot, making a loud report and smoke as before, and at this the President half turned and fell with all his weight of about two hundred and forty pounds on the floor, lying on his face. The little man who had fired the pistol then ran back to the B Street door the President had entered, as if to make his way out. A gentleman coming in to take the train, and somewhat late, sufficiently grasped the situation to spread up his hands, whereupon the assassin, in the same crouching way, with his smoking pistol in his hand, ran toward the Sixth Street door. The eyes of the ticket-seller were upon him, and those of several other persons. He was grappled with, and Mr. Blaine himself took hold of him, and the police officer on duty rushed up and seized the man's arms, and threw him on the floor. He at once asked to be taken to the jail, and behaved as if he was afraid of the vengeance of the crowd. The officer, not clearly comprehending the extent of a plot to kill the President, thought it best to take the man at once to the nearest station-house. Few persons followed, as all had turned to look at the fallen President of the nation.

The officer asked the assassin, however, what he had shot the ruler of the country for, and the man said he had explained his reasons in a letter to General Sherman, and also in other communications, which the public would soon get. "I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts!" he exclaimed.

In a very few minutes the door of the cell at the station-house closed upon him, and the streets were filled with rushing people from the neighboring hotels and saloons, who had heard that the President had been shot. The train was already ringing the bell, and there was just time to seek the platform and inform the Cabinet that the President was prostrated. In three or four minutes the train which was to have carried General Garfield to the North went steaming out of the depot, the passengers, wild with excitement, thronging the platforms, shouting questions, women wringing their hands, and everything in dismay.

It was not until the train reached Wilmington that any clear comprehension of the assassin and the motive of his crime reached the passengers. The President did not move where he had fallen. His face immediately turned an ashen color. His eyes took the hue of death and became glassy; his broad chest convulsively heaved, and he vomited over his face and linen and suit of black cloth. The Secretary of State spoke to him and raised his head. The Postmaster-General came rushing back from the car platform, where he had just heard of the w und, and assisted to raise the President's head. Some thirty or forty people gathered around, but as soon as possible the doors were closed both to the street and to the main depot. A few persons climbed in the window from the outside. In a very little while an enormous crowd of people besieged the depot on every side.

It was believed that the President could not live but a few minutes. A mattress was obtained from the Pullman car-room, such as is used to make up beds for sleeping passengers, and it was thought best to carry the President up into one of the second-story rooms of the depot, employed by the accountants of the company. Without voice or motion the head of the Nation was thus lifted up-stairs on the strong arms of the railroad employés, and surgeons were immediately sent for. His clothing had been unfastened on the spot where he first lay, and his shirt was exposed, covered with matter from his stomach, giving him the appearance of having been wounded in the bowels.

The first surgeon to reach the spot was Dr. Bliss, formerly from one of the Northwestern States, but a native of Auburn, New York, who had been a very prominent surgeon in Washington during the war, and in charge of one of the largest hospitals in the country, where his cool, skillful surgery had won him many friends and admirers. One-legged and one-armed and maimed and penetrated soldiers and officers all over the country had reason to thank him for the remnant of their bodies and their lives. He was a tall, dark man, in recent years changing to gray. A prominent surgeon of the army also arrived soon afterward. They discovered that the President's wound was on the right side, near the base of the spine, and on probing with the finger for the ball, found that it had gone beyond their reach, and a slight hemorrhage followed the attempt to probe it. There was then every reason to fear that the shot, which was a very large one, had penetrated the peritoneum or sack inclosing the entrails, the liver, etc., and that the ball remained in the abdomen. Its path was directly through the liver, if it had gone straight forward. It therefore seemed that the President had but a few moments or hours to live. Nevertheless, with the rapidity of thought and decision which characterizes surgeons, they resolved to take him to the Executive Mansion while he was yet alive.

An ambulance was procured, of which there are happily many in Washington remaining over from the war times, while the great, broad, flat avenue was swarming with people running by the hundreds and thousands from every direction toward the depot. A carriage was driven ahead

to open a path for the ambulance, and behind it, like any of the poor soldiers in the war, the inanimate carcass of the President was hastening toward that famous residence which has contained so much of pride, pomp, and misfortune.

From the depot to the White House is about one mile. As the ambulance turned from Sixth Street into Pennsylvania Avenue, houses and windows on every side looked out, as if full of almost forgotten memories. At the National Hotel, right across the way, Henry Clay had expired nearly thirty years before, and President Buchanan and many of his friends had been poisoned by vitiated air, though at the time some believed that a plot had existed to make away with the new President on the eve of his inauguration. Down that avenue the great armies of the Union had made their final parade, previous to disbandment. A few squares further on the great gable of the church and theatre where Mr. Lincoln had been murdered rose above the housetops. The great black iron gates standing between enormous granite columns at the White House grounds rolled to as the carriage and ambulance proceeded up the drive, and in a little while militia were dispersed among the walks and at the portal. Mystery overhung everything. The assassin was scarcely known to fifty people in Washington. The new Government had but just come into power, and had more than the usual hostility from a portion of its own party. Men's minds were seriously disturbed with the fear that ambition, revolution and revenge had caused this extraordinary deed.

The President soon revived, and recognized individuals. He said, in course of time, that his physical feelings when the ball struck him were as if some enormous trip-hammer or tilt-hammer had fallen upon him and pounded him to a mass. Immediate tidings of the crime were telegraphed to every portion of the world, and not even the recent murder of the Emperor of Russia excited such astonishment. In that case widespread motives existed to account for a crime successful only after repeated endeavors. In this case the President was one of the kindest men in the country, magnanimous and soft almost to the point of weakness. He had lived in Washington City for nearly twenty years, and had been an exemplary citizen in every private relation. He possessed property there. His walk and conversation were without offense to any person or class. Nobody could comprehend that in the brain of an American lurked the thought to assail this man. The Secretary of State, as soon as he obtained the name of the assassin, dispatched the general particulars to our Ministers in Europe. Messages began to pour in from every Court in Western Europe, and some even from Barbary and the Mohammedan States. The whole country that Saturday was in the wildest excitement, alternated with gloom. The news of Sunday was no better. The market for securities suffered an immediate decline. People began to wonder whether our institutions were tough enough to contend against acts of this nature. On the third day, however, the President, bearing a brave heart, being conscious most of the time and saying cheerful words, enormously inspired the people. He became, as at one bound, the most popular man in the nation.

The assassin on this occasion turned out to be a boarding-house dead beat by the name of Guiteau. As soon as his name was fully known, descriptions of him poured in from all the large cities of the country—from Boston, New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, and numerous smaller towns, describing him as the perfection of a petty scoundrel, without friends, without credit, without money, and possessed of nothing but an inordinate self-esteem which had been seeking for years some occasion for glory, but by vicious courses had been unable to discover any other than a monstrous crime. On the constructive side of life he was a dead failure; but he could commit a murder as well as anybody.

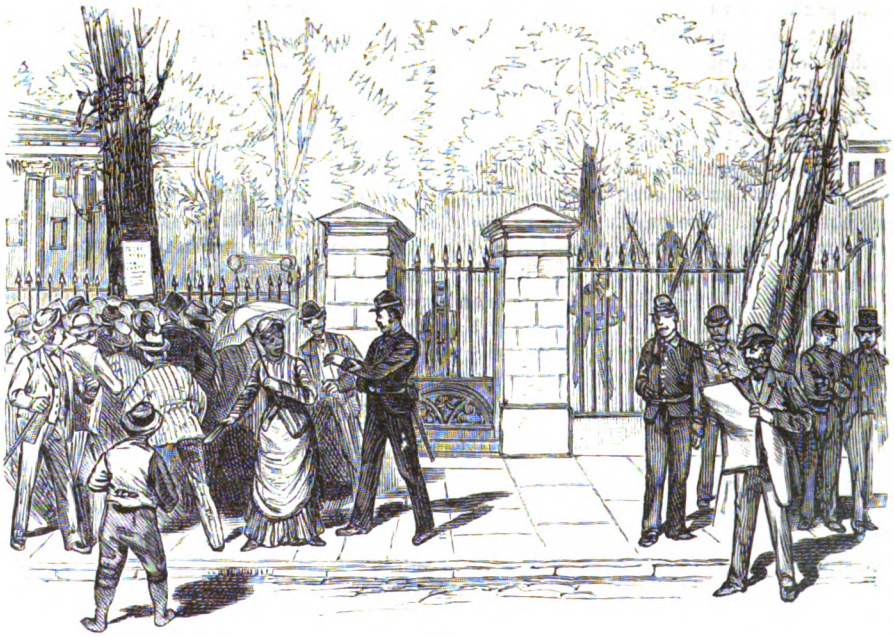
The idea appears to have seized him all at once to kill the President, and carry it out very soon, lest some other ambitious villain might hit upon the same idea and precede him. Fortunately, there was not in the country the match for Guiteau in badness. According to the district attorney in Washington, the assassin went to that city the day but one after General Garfield was inaugurated President. He spent his time beating boarding-houses out of his bill, meantime presenting himself at the White House or sending letters there, demanding in the most impudent manner an important mission, or a first-class consulate. The Austrian Mission he put in for in the first place, but finally dropped to the consulate at Paris. In some way he also connected his name with the consulate at Marseilles, France, by which fact the first dispatches from the capital city intimated that the murderer killed the President because he had been discharged from the Marseilles consulate. Indeed, at no time had Guiteau the least opportunity to be consul anywhere, bad as our system of making these appointments is. But the badness of the system had led such a moral deformity as Guiteau to seriously conceive that he could be either a consul or a minister if he were only impudent enough, and put in a plea of some political services during the campaign. He had, therefore, been hanging around the political headquarters during all the Summer and previous Fall, and had written one speech, of not more ability than the average "freshman" at college might write, which was committed to print but never delivered in any important place. This speech had been his entire capital to bank upon for a foreign mission. He had used the names of some of the Illinois Republicans as friends of his political purposes, but almost invariably without authority. The names of General Logan, Senator from Illinois; of Emory Storrs, a Chicago lawyer; of Robert Ingersoll, and even of General Grant, leak out here and there in his pertinacious endeavors to be recognized at the White House. He even took boarding-rooms in a house where Senator Logan lived, with the idea of getting his indorsement, which was refused. He undertook to borrow money from Colonel Ingersoll while inducing him to sign a petition for his appointment, and yet had followed Colonel Ingersoll only a few months before around the country with an abusive lecture, taking the theological side of Ingersoll's argument.

The passion for notoriety has scarcely ever been demonstrated so contemptibly as in this man Guiteau. Nothing else seems to have made the least impression upon him. He had been divorced from his wife, a respectable young woman, but it apparently did not give him the least concern; and one of the arguments he used why he should be appointed Minister to Austria, was his prospect of marrying a rich woman in New York City.

Guiteau is in his fortieth year, about ten years younger than President Garfield. His family originated in New York, and was of French extraction, and moving westward, reached the confines of the State, and Guiteau's father then settled in Freeport, Illinois, from the same general quarter which produced Grant, Washburne, Farnsworth, Burchard, Russell Jones and many other persons who figured prominently in Grant's administration. The father of Guiteau was the cashier of the County bank. The boy was sent to the common schools of Freeport, and then to the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, where his

father had once settled. Instead of entering the university, the headstrong, opinionated and sensual youth resolved to go into the Oneida Community, a socialistic concern in Central New York. His impudence and selfishness made him unpopular there, and after a quarrel with the Society he came out at the age of twenty-eight, having wasted the best years of his life, and began to study law in Chicago. As a lawyer, he was an unmitigated shyster, using his standing at the bar to diddle clients out of money and stir up litigation among friends. Somewhere in his nature was a passion for superficial theology. He met the young lady whom he married at a Christian Association's rooms, and forthwith employed her to borrow money for him on various humane or needful pretexts. He was soon wound up in Chicago, and then came to New York and pressed into the bar, and quickly got into jail for swindling.

A MILITARY GUARD BEFORE THE WHITE HOUSE.



GATEWAY OF THE WHITE HOUSE—PEOPLE READING THE BULLETIN.

The key to his character was to take hold of anything which he could talk about, and become regarded as the man of one idea, and an original idea at that. Both the Jewish and Christian theologies indicate that Christ will come to the earth again, as He once did, and Guiteau professed to have discovered from the Scriptures and history that this second coming of Christ had already happened, only seventy years after Christ's birth, when Jerusalem was destroyed. An impudent, talkative man, with one queer idea like this, can always attract some attention among the duller classes of society, and Guiteau took around his idea like an elephant coming into town at the head of a circus. He became ten times more inflated with the idea that he was one of the great theologians, like Jonathan Edwards or Mohammed. Consequently

when he struck down the President he said he was a lawyer, theologian and politician, which caused one captious newspaper to remark that it was a mighty mean combination.

Guiteau was a smallish man, weighing about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and not much over five and a half feet high. He had light eyes, rather wide apart, sunken cheeks, thin beard a little grizzled, and a squarish, Gallic forehead. His fugitive life, which he had followed more than ten years, of drifting around from boarding-house to boarding-house, swindling his way through the world, had made him almost impervious to assaults and rebukes, except in the way of snarling in response, like one of the mongrel dogs, too ugly to be taken in anywhere, that will fawn about the legs of people all along a block, and when kicked at will show its teeth, but feel no deeper sting. Such a man could only be roused to a really great crime by his passion to be notorious. He knew not the difference between notoriety and fame. Infamy, if broad enough, would be consonant to fame for him. It soon became evident that he was not going to get any office. Even his thick skin was penetrated by this conviction at last. The Secretary of State told him that he could not give him the Austrian mission, the French consulate, nor anything whatever.

THE AFFLICTED LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

About this time a serious division occurred in the Republican Party, arising out of the old contest in 1880 to renominate General Grant. Senator Conkling of New York, assisted by Senator Logan of Illinois and by some other Senators, had resolved to beat Mr. Blaine and Secretary Sherman for the Presidential nomination, by reviving the military popularity of General Grant in the Republican convention. They were not strong enough to carry their point, but they did sweep away all the other candidates, and brought on a deadlock, so called, out of which General Garfield emerged as a candidate, almost unthought of previously.

After Garfield took his seat as President he gave most of his patronage in the line indicated by the Senators; but with respect to the office of Collector of the Port of New York, which he considered more than a State office—indeed, as the great gateway of importations into the whole country—he selected an eminent member of the party in New York State, who had been in Congress, in the Legislature, and on the Bench. This man, Judge Robertson, was very distasteful, however, to Senator Conkling, who tried in every way to have the name withdrawn, and failing, endeavored to have Judge Robertson rejected in the Senate. Several weeks were spent in this intense dispute, and meantime the Senate was kept in session long beyond the wish or design of the President.

When Robertson was confirmed, Mr. Conkling resigned from the Senate, to obtain some kind of vote of approval from the Legislature of New York. His name was presented again for the Senate, and while the contest raged at Albany the President scarcely made any nominations. Washington was filled with office-seekers, unable to have their cases acted upon, and communicating their complaints to each other. Living in that hot atmosphere, getting no idea of public opinion but among those office-seekers, Guiteau seized on the notion, about the middle of May, that he would kill the President with a pistol, and thus elevate to his seat the Vice-President, General Arthur, who was in sympathy with Mr. Conkling, and what is called the Stalwart element of the Republican Party. More than three weeks before the murder he

bought a pistol for $10, practiced with it a while at a mark, and kept dogging the President and the Secretary of State around the city, undertaking at one time to shoot General Garfield in church. Once he dogged him around the steps of the White House. He went on two different occasions to the depot in question to kill him, and finally, on Saturday, July 2d, did shoot him down.

Out of the miserable man who did this abominable deed there is no lesson to be drawn, except that of the wolf, which, according to tradition, was once the same species as the dog, but having vicious appetites, incapable of restraint, it took to the fields and the plains, became lean with famine, mendacious and cruel, and at last butchered domestic animals and even men. The conditions in our society, however, which lift this wolfish nature into the delusion that by assassinating the head of the country it can become respectable, and even influential, are worth considering beyond the scope of this article.

The murderer had the impudence to write his life in advance, to nominate a Cabinet to the President in succession, and to pass some remarks upon the smallness of death and the irrelevancy of the time when a man must die; views which a large portion of the community shared with respect to himself. He may have served by his miserable character to make assassination hereafter contemptible whereas his predecessor, Booth, had almost made it picturesque.

ON HEALTHY EXERCISE.

By a Family Doctor.

It is curious how many persons one meets, almost daily, who seem entirely ignorant that a great difference exists between adipose tissue—fat, in fact—and muscular flesh. This is simply one more proof of how much a really useful education is neglected at our schools. Were the persons I refer to only found in the lower circles of life, we should not marvel so much; but it is just as often all the other way. I was out fishing a few days ago, in company with a well-to-do merchant. It was with a feeling of pride that nearly made his eyes water that this gentleman, having had occasion to take off his coat and roll his sleeves up, slapped himself on the forearm, as he made the remark:

"Look there, doctor. You don't see the like of that every morning—eh? There's flesh for you. There is solidity."

It would have been a thankless task on my part to have striven to convince him of his error. I busied myself with a jack instead. But there was positively not more solidity in his arm, strong though it looked, than there is in a bladder of lard or a prime ham.

If this merchant wished to acquire real muscle, he would have to begin at the beginning, by taking "off his flesh and sitting in his bones." And still my friend is not an obese man; not more so, at all events, than tens of thousands of people we see going about their usual avocations, and flattering themselves with the idea that, so long as their bodies are in good condition, so long as they have something to show, they are in excellent health. Were men of this sort to attempt to carry a sack of potatoes up an ordinary flight of stairs, the truth, I think, would soon manifest itself to them. Again, when such men are confined to the house for a few weeks with illness, how very quickly they go down-hill! This, for the simple reason that their bodies possess no staying power; for not only is the solidity of which they were erst so "vaunty" nearly all fat, but the little flesh with which it is mixed, so to speak, is poor, worthless, flabby stuff, and can no more be compared to the hardy red muscle of your healthy spare man, than can a worsted thread to a telegraph wire.

Now, how is a man to know when his muscles are in proper condition? Probing one's arm is scarcely practicable. Well, I mean presently to try to explain what good muscle means, so that it will be as easy for you to tell it from the spurious article as you can a silver half-dollar from a pewter dime.

But I may as well mention here that it is always a suspicious sign when a man weighs either much over or much under the standard of weight with reference to height. In persons, too, whose muscles are flabby and overloaded with fat, you will usually find slight shortness of breath on exertion, clearly proving that the heart itself, which ought to be the strongest muscle in the body, partakes in some measure of the general deterioration.

I must now beg the reader kindly to follow me, while I give a very simple description of muscular tissue. Muscle is simply flesh, to begin with—flesh apart from fat, remember. With the involuntary muscles of the body I have at present nothing to do. I deal at present with those muscles we use in voluntary exercise. The biceps of the arm, which we all know, is a very good example of a simple voluntary muscle. In the middle there is the red fleshy part; at either end it is sheathed in strong fibrous tissue, which ends in tendons; these tendons are fastened, the lower in the forearm, the upper in the shoulder. Now, the lower ends of the tendons being fixtures, it is evident that if we shorten by nervous force the centre or fleshy portion of the biceps, one of two things must happen—either the forearm will be bent at the elbow, and the hand drawn toward the head, or, if the hand be clasping a beam over-head, the body will be drawn up toward this beam till the chin touches the hand. Now, if we examine the fleshy part of the biceps anatomically (or any other muscle, for that matter), we shall find it does not consist simply of a red, homogeneous mass, but of a whole collection of longitudinal fibres, joined together by a cobweb-like tissue, called the areolar or connective. In these you have only to bear in mind that the minute or ultimate fibres of the nerves, and the extreme ramifications of the blood-vessels, are spread out, the arteries conveying to them blood for their nourishment, and for that of the nerves which supply them with stimulus to action. The action of a muscle is to contract; in a state of contraction each individual fibre of the muscle is shortened, and being shortened is thickened, and the ends of the muscle are consequently drawn more closely together. Now, to produce a healthy contraction of any muscle, three things are required: first, the fibres of the muscle must have an average degree of bulk or substance in them—that is, they must not be attenuated; secondly, the muscle must not be clogged with fat, but possess merely enough of that substance around it to retain the animal heat; and thirdly, there must be sufficient nervous force. Now, while on the one hand we know that good health is conjugate only with a well-conditioned muscular system, it is pleasant on the other hand to remember that this can be attained by most of us by a course of carefully regulated bodily exercise; and also that the custom of taking judicious daily exercise has been proved, beyond a doubt, to tend to longevity.

Let me endeavor, then, in a few words to explain to the reader what the conditions of healthful, beneficial exercise really are. In order to obtain good results from exercise, there are several things we must always bear in mind.

Exercise must be taken in moderation, and extend over some considerable time. "Spurts," and that amount of exercise which borders on fatigue, should be avoided.

Whenever the body becomes tired, exertion, instead of being any longer of value as a tonic to the muscles, becomes a positive depressant, and results in evil not only to the muscular, but to the nervous system as well.

A course of exercise, no matter what the kind of it is, ought to be begun and carried on by easy stages. Take the exercise of walking as an example. Here the strength should never be taxed, but the distance is to be increased day by day, till the person finds himself capable of performing a moderate journey in a reasonable time, and that distance ought to become his daily standard.

Do not forget that exercise is a tonic, and, like all tonics, benefit is not to be expected from a single dose. Its effects are gradual; hence exercise should be taken *with regularity*. If you are a pedestrian, the same hour every day ought to find you enjoying your round of "pedal progression"; and you must never, if possible, omit it the one day and take it the next. Look upon your daily walk as a duty, and let neither rain nor sunshine, snow nor hail, keep you from performing it. Of course I am supposing myself addressing those in ordinary health; and even they ought to protect themselves from inclement weather. Only pray don't patronize india-rubber emporiums; also leave respirators to quiet repose in the druggist's shop-window.

Never hurry your exercise. With the exception of getting out of the way of a mad bull, and one or two other odds and ends, everything in this world, I think, is better done leisurely.

The time at which exercise should be taken is of considerable importance. It ought to be, as nearly as possible, the same time every day. One should never take hard exercise either immediately before or soon after a heavy meal. I should be inclined to give Dr. Abernethy's advice, and say: "Rest for three hours after dinner."

Always take your exercise *in the open air*.

Exercise ought to be taken in clothes which are neither too cumbersome nor too heavy; and, if heated in the intervals of rest, be very careful you do not catch cold.

Work is not exercise. This may seem strange, but it is true. I tell my patients, "I do not care how much you run about all day at your business, you *must* take the exercise I prescribe quite independently of your work." There are, perhaps, no more hard-working men in the world than the Scottish plowmen—wearily plodding all day long behind their horses, in wet weather or dry; no sooner, however, has the sun "gane west the loch," and the day's work is done, than, after supper and a good wash, those hardy lads assemble in the glen, and not only for one, but often three good hours, keep up the health-giving games for which their nation is so justly celebrated.

It is of paramount importance that you should bear in mind what I am now going to say. Very kindly do so, reader, or I shall have written this paper in vain.

I have endeavored to show you that work is not exercise; do your utmost, therefore, to prevent your exercise becoming work. If all that were expected of exercise were merely the increasing the bulk and firmness of the muscles, then a course of dumb-bells, and the performance of a few gymnastic feats daily, would be all that would be required. But proper exercise is meant not only to strengthen the muscles, but the nerves as well, and the brain and mind itself. Consequently your mind must go along with the exercise of the body. A long walk with a book will not do you one-half the good that half the distance walked with a genial friend would. My advice then is, choose what or which form of exercise you please; I do not care whether it be lawn-tennis, quoits, walking, or riding, but it must be something which interests you.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

WHIRLED on high or rustling low,
Hurried past or circling slow,
Full of meaning as they go,
Drive the Autumn leaves.

Like the burden of a strain
Often heard and lost again,
Comes the fitful, wild refrain
Of the Autumn leaves!

Once as full of sap as we,
Sere and withered though they be;
And a future time shall see
Us like Autumn leaves:

Scarlet leaves that cannot fade,
Mixed with those of sadder shade;
Some in evergreen arrayed,
Even Autumn leaves.

As we sweep adown the stream,
Shall we bright and cheerful beam,
Or morose and thankless seem?
Ask the Autumn leaves!

Let the Life adorn the lot:
Joyless is the fairest spot
If a smile illume it not,
Teach the Autumn leaves.

Summer may be on the wing,
And aside the livery fling;
Still there were no joyous Spring
But for Autumn leaves.

AN ESCAPE FROM SIBERIA.

I HAVE obtained (writes a correspondent) from M. Debagorio Mokrievitch, the Russian socialist, a personal narrative of his escape from Siberia. M. Mokrievitch is about thirty-three years old. He is the son of a country gentleman, and highly educated. In 1873 he joined a secret political society, and for six years was actively engaged in what he calls the revolutionary propaganda of Southern Russia. Although constantly tracked by the emissaries of the third section, it was not until 1879 that he fell into their hands.

In January of that year he was at Kieff, conducting a secret printing office, which, one day during his absence, was entered by the police. Three of Mokrievitch's companions, Brandtner, Ossinsky, and a third, who died without disclosing his name, drew their revolvers and made a vigorous resistance, but were finally captured, and Mokrievitch was taken the next day. All four were tried by court-martial. Brandtner, Ossinsky and the unknown were hanged, and Mokrievitch was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude in Siberia. In June following, he and some other State convicts were sent to the central jail of Mtzensk, whence early in July they set out on their long journey for Oust Kara, where they had to undergo their sentences. They traveled part of the way *via* Nijni Novgorod by railway, boat, and on horseback. The remainder of the journey, 1,450 miles, had to be done on foot and in chains. They marched at the rate of about fifteen miles a day, the nights being passed in so-called *etapes*, small houses swarming with vermin and unspeakably filthy, where all classes of prisoners, of both sexes, were compelled to sleep huddled together on bare boards. Between Krasnoyarsk and Irkoutsk, M. Mokrievitch and two of his companions, Izbitzkey and Orloff, changed names and dresses with three ordinary convicts, who were under sentence of perpetual exile. This, M. Mokrievitch

assures me, is a very common expedient, and can be effected at a cost of a few rubles.

His destination was now that of the peasant whose name he had taken, a settlement in the province of Irkoutsk. Izbitzkey and Orloff got away before reaching Irkoutsk, probably by the connivance of the guard. Orloff was soon recaptured. Izbitzkey has never been heard of since, and is supposed to have perished of hunger or been devoured by wolves in the trackless forests of Eastern Siberia. On November 13th, 1879, a few days after leaving Irkoutsk for Balaganask —his final destination— M. Mokrievitch also gave his escort the slip. As soon as his flight was discovered a number of Bouryats, half savage Mongol horsemen, as keen as sleuth-hounds and as cunning as red Indians, were sent after him, but he succeeded in evading their pursuit and reaching Irkoutsk. To avoid recapture, which had he gone west would have been almost certain, he made off toward the Chinese frontier, and after a walk of seven hundred miles in the depth of a Siberian Winter, he doubled back in the direction of European Russia, which he reached after a journey of four thousand miles, performed mostly on foot. He underwent terrible hardships, and met with many adventures.

THE ASSASSIN TAKEN TO JAIL.

Without the frequent aid and generous hospitality of the country people, who are noted for their kindness to fugitive convicts, he could not possibly have made good his escape, and lest, to the vengeance of the Russian Government, he should expose those who helped him, he does not desire to make public the exact direction which he took.

M. Mokrievitch's journey across Russia, though not unattonded with difficulty and risk, was very easy compared with his walk through Siberia. Furnished by his friends with false papers, he succeeded in getting safely out of the country, and a few days ago reached Switzerland, where he feels free to breathe and call himself by his right name. Except Wiotrowsky in the last century, M. Debagorio Mokrievitch is the only state prisoner condemned to hard labor that ever escaped from Siberia. Lapatia, who escaped from Irkoutsk, was an unconvicted exile; and Bakounnie, an involuntary settler on the Amoor, was taken away by an American merchant ship.

DAYS OF GLOOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.—MRS. EDSON, SEE FRONT PAGE.

It is wonderful how silent a man can be when he knows his cause is just, and how boisterous he becomes when he knows he is wrong.

Other men's pains are easily borne.

THE STRANGE PERFUME.—"TRIPPING ON AN UNSEEN FOOTSTOOL, HE FELL HEADLONG INTO THE ROOM, WHILE THE ROBBER VAULTED THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW." . . "AS GEORGE SAT PONDERING OVER A LETTER FROM HIS MOTHER, HE WAS ROUSED BY THE ENTRANCE OF A LITTLE MAIDEN."

THE STRANGE PERFUME.

A TALL, fair-haired young man lounged carelessly in an arm-chair, his eyes fixed on a lady beside him with an open letter in her hand. He was large-limbed, heavily built, if not positively clumsy, and yet there was an open candor in his clear gray eye, an honesty of purpose and cheerfulness of manner about him, which came over the household atmosphere like the fresh breezes of Spring.

"What have you there, mother?" he said, throwing his arm around her in a caressing way. "That smile makes you positively young, I declare."

It was a pale, placid face, and patient, too, which turned toward him, retaining but a little of the golden-haired beauty which had fascinated the gallant Captain Roberts at a country ball so many years before, which fascination had been consummated by the folly of an elopement and marriage shortly after, leaving her at his death disinherited and penniless.

Strong only in the domestic affections, one need but glance at her to see that not from her came that persistent will, that innate powerful genius determined to make itself felt in the world, combined with all the refinements of a gentleman, which life had developed in her son.

Losing his father in India when a child, a small legacy

from his grandmother had, with the most severe economy, given George Roberts a liberal education, while his mother had her small pension alone to depend upon.

Long years had passed; her father was dead, and her only brother, who inherited the estate, had ever refused any overtures toward a reconciliation. Not even in her wildest day-dream had Mrs. Roberts hoped to behold her childhood's home again.

No wonder then that her cheek flushed and her eye brightened over the letter in her hand, for it contained an invitation for herself and son to spend the Christmas week at Locksley Grange. Though expressed in cold and formal terms, it was courteous, and the buried years of the past were not alluded to.

The young man took the letter, which she gave him without comment, and glancing through it to the signature—"Paul Edward Hallowes"—looked up at his mother.

"Your uncle, my son," she said.

A flush of indignant feeling passed over the pleasant face. Was this cold and haughty uncle, who had so long ignored their existence, to summon them to his presence by a wave of the hand? By hard study and perseverance George had won a place at the bar, and he was content to labor, trusting to time. But it was with an inward struggle, as he looked at the eager expectation on his mother's face, and thought of her lonely life, that he controlled his resentment.

"You would like to go, dear mother?" he said, pleasantly.

"Yes, my boy; it seems as though I could die happier if I saw the old place once more."

"Then we will go," he said. "I will make my arrangements for a holiday, and we will leave town on Wednesday;" and with a kiss he left her.

The master of Locksley Grange, a tall, erect old man, of most imposing presence, with snowy hair and whiskers, and brilliant, piercing, deep-set black eyes, shaded by shaggy eyebrows—like fierce fires overhung with jagged snow-crags—greeted his sister and her son with stately courtesy, although no light of love beamed from his eye to the gentle woman who had been his childhood's playfellow.

One sharp glance he shot at his nephew as he made some comment on the journey, and then bade a servant usher them to their apartments.

When the dinner-bell sounded, George conducted his mother—looking so fair and gentle in her soft gray silk, still with the delicate flush on her cheek—into the state drawing-room, where they were duly presented to the rector of Locksley and his curate. Still they waited, and in a few moments a young girl entered the room, of such unusual beauty that George Roberts stopped short in the middle of a sentence, addressed to the curate, and never completed it.

She might have been about seventeen, with a slight form, graceful as a deer, hair of a paly gold, which deepened into shadows of tawny sheen under the mellow wax-lights, and soft brown eyes, shaded by curling golden lashes. A dark silk dress, without ornament, displayed and heightened the delicately tinted skin and perfect figure. She approached the group timidly, and George, glancing at his uncle, saw, to his astonishment, a scowl sweep over his face as his eyes rested on the fair vision.

"Miss Kedar," he said, carelessly, presenting the young girl to his sister, with a wave of his jeweled hand; "a penniless orphan whom I keep out of charity, as her mother was an old friend of mine. She made a *love* match," he added, with a sneer. "You can take her in to dinner," he said to his nephew, with another wave of the white hand, as he turned to his sister with formal politeness.

George felt his indignation stir, as he saw the deep flush rise on the young girl's face, and then fade to a marble paleness. But she did not raise her eyes to see the sympathy expressed in his.

The dinner passed pleasantly. The rector was a fluent and graceful conversationalist, and the host excited young Roberts to bring forward his knowledge of men and things, in his manly, earnest way, by the display of his own versatile powers to draw him out.

The young man had almost forgotten the silent beauty by his side, until a glance from her soft brown eyes, lighted with appreciative feeling, met his, and revived the sympathy and wonder he had felt at his uncle's cruel nonchalance in alluding to her dependent position.

When the ladies retired, and the political questions of the day came up, the young lawyer so startled the older men with his brilliant eloquence, with his fresh and racy opinions so powerfully put, that they felt themselves in the presence of a master-spirit, which would soar far upward when its wings were fledged.

Long did George Roberts sit by his flickering fire before he retired to rest, wondering what might be the tie between his uncle and that lovely girl—what the cause of the singular hatred evinced toward her in so many trifling things.

He awoke early the next morning, with a sudden wonder at his gorgeous surroundings as they met his eyes. Had the genii of Aladdin's Lamp transported him thither? Then the truth came to him, as his mind cleared from the mists of slumber, and he prepared to meet the day with the keen zest of youth.

His uncle's greeting was cordial and kindly, seeming to have lost that disagreeable air of patronage which had so grated on his manhood the day before.

After breakfast he accompanied him on a ride over the estate, to view its improvements, and as they went, the old man skillfully drew out the particulars of his nephew's life, his views and feelings, his plans and hopes.

In the afternoon George accompanied his uncle into a little office adjoining the library, and saw the tenants come in with their yearly rents, where the bags of silver and gold were deposited in an iron chest. In this were secured the most valuable papers and the family jewels. The little room was strongly protected with bars and bolts, as it contained other articles of value.

The next day a grand dinner and ball were to be given, to which all the gentry of the country were bidden, and the lower hall was also to be enlivened with a dance for the tenants and servants.

Years had passed during which Locksley Grange had been closed to the outer world.

Considerable was the excitement, therefore, on this sudden opening of its doors, and many a young belle prepared to enter its gray, time-honored walls, with a curiosity awakened by the tales of a mother or aunt.

Virginia Kedar, simply dressed in a delicate robe of white muslin, with a wreath of scarlet berries on her silken hair, was the beauty of the whole assemblage, and many were the whispers as to her birth and parentage.

George Roberts had become more and more fascinated with her, and this evening completed his enthrallment. For the first time in his life he was in love. Yet, he could not but notice how his uncle scowled at him when he danced with her, and his mind was filled with a thousand perplexities concerning her.

He lay wide awake till he heard the great hall clock

strike three, his heart too full of the blissful dreams which come *but once* in a lifetime, to wish for slumber. Happy visions flitted before his eyes, in which he and Miss Kedar played a prominent part.

Suddenly he heard a faint grating noise in the silence of the night, although he could not tell from which direction it came, and listening attentively as it continued, he softly opened his door. It sounded louder, and he perceived that it came from the library. The chest and its valuable contents flashed before his mind, and without pausing an instant, he stole down the stairs. The noise had ceased by the time he reached the foot of the staircase, but he hastened into the library as silently as possible. The door into the office was ajar, and a faint light perceptible. As George looked through the crack he saw a dark figure bending over the chest, examining papers. A slight exclamation escaped the robber as he took up a packet of letters tied with a broad blue ribbon and thrust it into his breast. Then he rose from his kneeling posture, put a bag of gold in each pocket, and as the light from the dark lantern in his hand flashed for a moment in his face, George saw a deep red scar on the cheek, where the black mask had slipped one side. The young man sprang toward the robber, calculating on the suddenness of the attack to be able to knock him down, but tripping on an unseen footstool, he fell headlong into the room, while the robber vaulted through the open window as lightly as a cat.

When George picked himself up there was no sign of the thief, and while he hesitated a moment whether to give chase or not, his uncle, roused with the noise of his fall, entered the room. He shivered when George described the robber, and still more when the young man picked up a glove on the floor, a small, gray glove, delicately yet singularly perfumed. Grasping it in his hand, the old man groaned bitterly, and paced the floor irresolutely for a time, while his nephew watched him in amazement. Presently he turned to the window and refastened it, shaking his head as he examined the bolts, and saw them all unbroken. The thief had evidently had assistance from the *inside* of the mansion.

"Don't say anything about it, George," he said, in anxious tones, "I know the man; no common thief," and another groan escaped his lips. "Now go to bed. I'll tell you more to-morrow."

With his mind full of this new mystery, the young man fell asleep. When he had breakfasted, a message came from his uncle in the library, and George hastened to obey. Motioning his nephew to a seat, he plunged into the subject on his mind without further reflection.

"Those papers taken last night, George, from the iron chest, were of incalculable value to me," the old man said, vehemently. "Restore them to me, and you can command anything I own. Renounce your profession for a time, devote your life to the search, if need be, and Locksley Grange shall be your reward. I will make my will this very day;" and he rose from his chair, regarding the young man with eager gaze.

George hesitated, overwhelmed with the idea. Ambition was strong within him, but life was before him, and the reward great.

"But Miss Kedar?" he murmured.

"You love that girl?" said the old man, with a sneer. "Oh, fate! fate!"

"Yes, Uncle Paul, I *do* love her," said George, boldly. "Add her hand to your offer, and I will give myself up to do your will."

A great struggle seemed raging within the old man's breast, and he paced the floor rapidly.

"Young man, you are honorable," he said, with a piercing glance at his nephew; "promise me on your *honor*, that you will not seek to marry Virginia Kedar until you find those papers, and restore them to me if I am alive, or if not, burn them unread."

"I promise," the young man answered, solemnly.

"Listen, then," his uncle said, with an air of relief; "the robber was a *woman*. All your legal skill and sharpness will be needed to trace her, but the perfume of that glove is the strongest clew. I will give you a written description to aid you, and you must start at once."

When George Roberts left Locksley it was as his uncle's acknowledged heir, and what was of infinitely more moment to him, the accepted lover of Virginia Kedar. With the little gray glove treasured carefully, he proceeded to London, secured an accomplished detective, and pursued his search. His mother was to remain at the Grange.

First they endeavored to find a name for the singular scent, but no perfumer in London or Paris could explain it. Both cities were searched, and every possible or impossible clew taken up, as the days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months.

When Summer emptied the cities they sought the watering-places—Baden-Baden, Homberg, and so on, but all seemed in vain.

One evening, as George sat in his bedroom, in one of the strange little German towns, pondering over a letter from his mother, which described his uncle's failing health and growing irritability, and almost cursing his own folly in thus giving up everything to gratify an old man's insane whim, he was roused from his despondent gloom by the entrance of a fresh little maiden with his clean linen. As she sorted out her snowy burden on the bed, a subtle, strange odor saluted his senses.

Good heavens! the perfume—the glove! Striving to conceal his excitement, he approached the girl, as if to examine her work, and perceived a small parcel lying one side, from which the odor came. He did not speak German; how to obtain any clew from it? With a sudden movement he managed to overturn a small table covered with books and papers, and while the girl, with great good nature, assisted in replacing them, he dexterously rolled the parcel under the draperies of the bed.

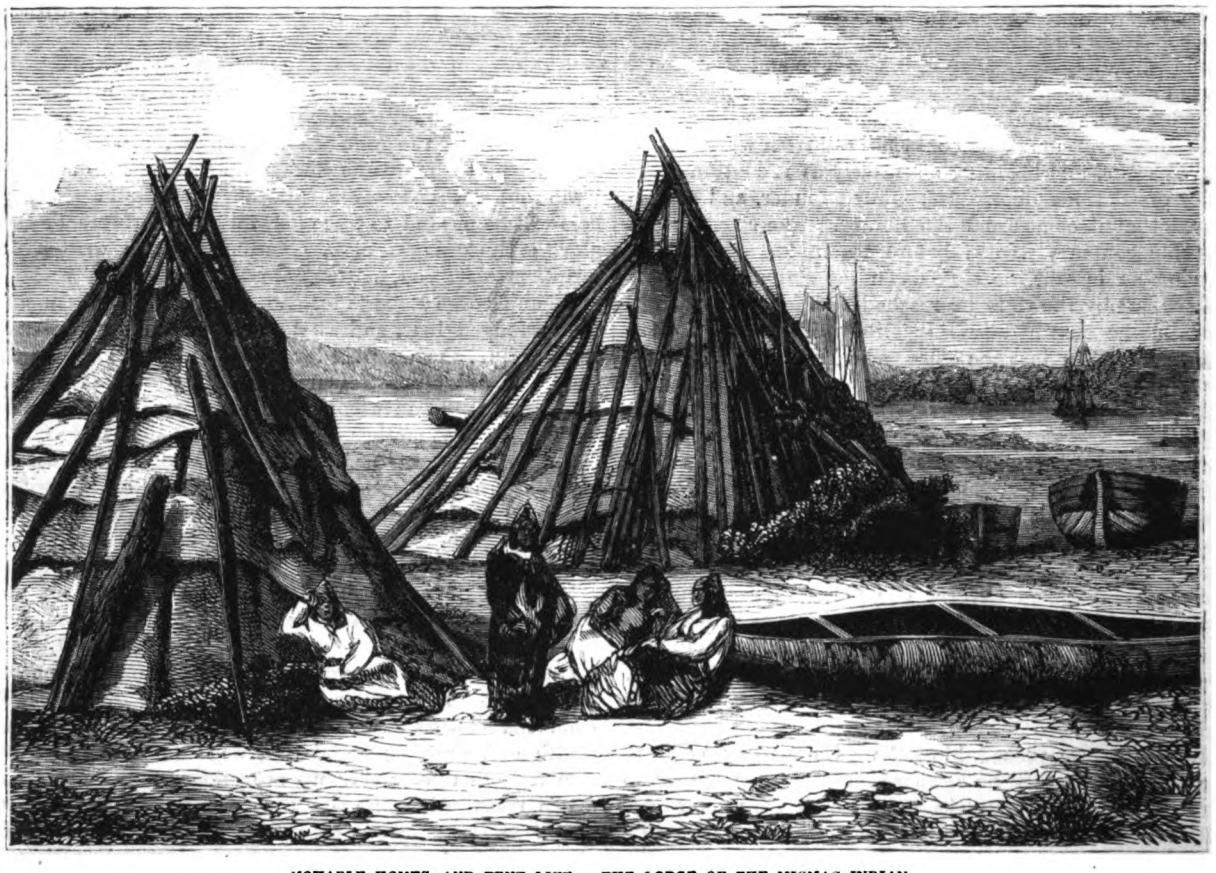
She went away without missing it, and George instantly summoned his ally to consult over this unlooked-for good fortune. When she came back in a few hours, in search of it, the detective soon ascertained that the laces belonged to a sick lady, named Madame Bernastine.

The clew was rapidly followed up. Pratt formed an acquaintance with the invalid's maid, who was English, it seemed; found from her sufficient proof of her mistress's identity with the woman they sought, and in a few weeks' time, during which Madame Bernastine failed rapidly, gained access to her private desk, and secured the package of letters, still tied with the blue ribbon. Next day the maid found herself heiress to all her mistress's effects, for the adventuress lay dead, and there was no one to claim her goods.

George flew back to Locksley Grange, to find his uncle dying. The old man roused from his apathy when he saw the letters, bade his nephew burn them before his eyes, and with his last remaining strength drew a sealed paper from under his pillow, placed it in his nephew's hand, and fell asleep, never to awaken.

George opened the papers. "That woman was my *wife*—an artful fiend. Virginia Kedar Hallowes is my lawful daughter. I hated her mother, and I hate her."

Accompanying this were a marriage and birth certificate. That was all.

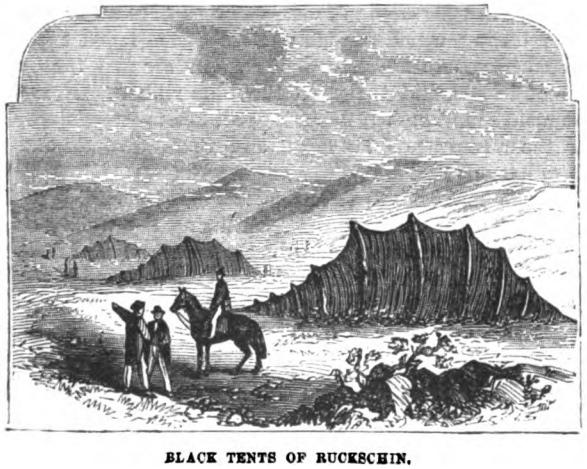


MOVABLE HOMES, AND TENT LIFE.—THE LODGE OF THE MICMAC INDIAN.

MOVABLE HOMES, AND TENT LIFE.

MOVABLE homes and tent life are as old as the creation of man. The very earliest traditions and historical records describe man, in his normal condition, as a nomad. A divinity inspired him to seek shelter, and the most convenient at his disposal was the boughs of trees first, and then the rude trunks. These and similar devices served his purpose in the wandering condition in which he found himself in tending his flocks and herds. Even at this day such temporary habitations, constructed of rude logs or the trunks of trees set up on end, and leaning against a horizontal beam, are used by the Navajo Indians of New Mexico. These shelters are set up in the Spring of the year, near their place of planting; and in the Fall, after their crops are gathered, the logs are cached, and the Indians seek grass for their flocks and herds in the recesses of the distant mountains, and thither accompany them.

But it is upon the deserts of the distant Orient, and upon the plains of this, our Western Continent, that the true nomad finds his home. Their pastoral lives—the one attending his domestic flocks, the other the herds of buffalo—it is that has created this natural propensity to roam from district to district in search of food and raiment. In the Orient, the goats and camels supply the material from which they manufacture their tents; and to Abraham, perhaps, they are indebted for this most useful and ancient



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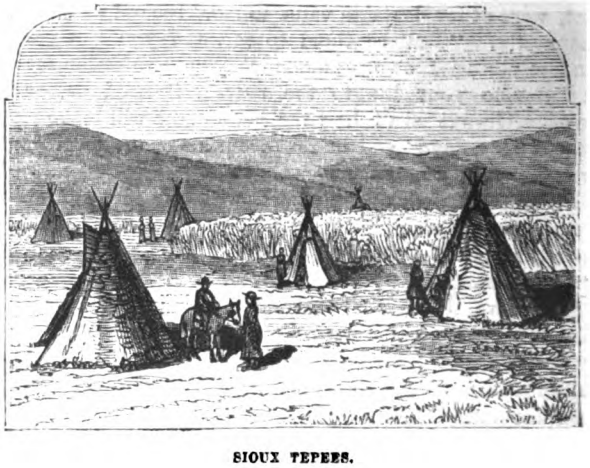


SIOUX TEPEES.

movable home. The camel's and the goat's hair was spun into yarn and woven into cloth, and from this sheltering habitations were manufactured, more or less elaborate.

The Arabs, who inhabit the "desolate places" in Mesopotamia, near the sites of ancient Babylon and Nineveh, and the Bedweens, who inhabit the deserts of Egypt and Palestine, use a shelter-tent made of goat's-hair cloth. It consists of a single cloth, having a piece of leather or wood fastened in the middle, on which a central pole, about five feet long, rests, the sides being fastened to stakes driven in the ground. This serves simply as a shelter from the sun, rain never occurring in their country. And I presume, as the Arabs have never been known to change their manners and customs, that it is the same tent used by Abraham and their fathers in their pastoral and nomadic existence.

The Bible teaches us that the Jews, in their wanderings from Egypt through the deserts and mountains of Sinai, lived for forty years in tents; and I have no doubt they learned the art of making them from the ancient dwellers in the desert. This people wandered gradually to the promised land, dwelling occasionally for months, we may suppose, in one locality, fed by the hand of God on quails and manna. And it is matter for serious reflection how readily they abandoned their nomadic existence for habitations in cities. The last type of their vagabond life—the Tabernacle—was pitched at Shiloh; thus ending the drama of a generation in tents, without a struggle or without a sigh, save that they instituted a feast of the Tabernacle to commemorate the event.

A TENT IN A TURKISH CEMETERY.

Let us turn now to the nomads of our own continent. They are found occupying the great plains of the West, tending the immense herds of buffalo God has intrusted to their care. From these they derive their food and the material for constructing their movable homes, lodges, or *tépées*. Amongst the Comanches these are called lodges; amongst the Sioux and Cheyennes, *tépées*. But both are alike, and constructed in like manner.

Some ten, fifteen, and even twenty, buffalo hides are taken by the women, denuded of the hair, and firmly stretched and pinned to the ground, the fleshy side uppermost, and allowed to dry in the hot sun. Then, with an instrument resembling a rude adz, they carefully chip the thick parts until the entire hide has been brought to an even thickness, about three-eighths of an inch. The hide is then dressed with brains, and rubbed until it becomes soft. The different hides are then deftly fashioned to form a cone, sewed together with deer-sinews, leaving one entire side open, so that the fabric may be laid around fifteen or twenty eighteen-foot poles, set up in a circle, and leaning and resting against three others, secured together at the apex. The open side is then secured with a leather thong, as low down as the door, and this is secured with a flap of stiff hide hanging from above. The lodge-poles are procured from a nursery—provided by an All-seeing Providence—situated at the head of Lodge-Pole Creek, at the eastern entrance of Cheyenne Pass, where acres upon acres of small, slender pines, thirty feet high, grow on the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, as thick, almost, as a Southern cane-brake. To this lodge-pole mountain the Indians of the plains resorted of yore to procure lodge-poles for their *tépées*; and here tribes hostile to each other would meet, and fight for supremacy. The Crows, Pawnees, Cheyennes, Sioux and Comanches have left many traces of their battles and sieges, in the shape of rude log inclosures.

The lodge or *tépée* is the most comfortable and salubrious of all barbaric tents. The hole at the top for the issuance of smoke from the fire within, gives it thorough ventilation, enables the occupants to cook under shelter, and affords quite sufficient warmth in cold weather.

A camp is moved by stripping the covering from the poles; these are then tied together at their small ends, and slung across a saddle, the butt-ends resting on the ground. Then the *tépée*, in a bundle, is made fast on to the lower ends, together with such other *impedimenta* as pertain to the family, such as cooking utensils, children, etc. The whole train then moves in single file across the prairie, leaving behind it a broad, well-defined trail, following the buffalo, north or south, in their migrations. The hunting camps of these nomads are still more primitive. In these the shelter is constructed of bushes, forming mere arbors. Frequently I have seen these made of willows bent over, intertwined and covered with flitches of buffalo meat, which the fire used for cooking cures and dries ready for their Winter supply, and at the same time affording the requisite shelter. All such are called *wigiups*.

The Indians of the wooded country dwell in more permanent villages. They construct their conical wigwams by bending poles, stuck into the ground, until they meet a hoop at the apex, to which the ends of the poles are attached. These are then thatched or covered with bark or grass, whichever material is most convenient; a small doorway, covered with a flap of hide, having been left at the side. They are without order, but simple aggregations of huts. The fire is built in the centre, the smoke ascending through the opening at the top. Canvas is sometimes used by these Indians, but only on their hunting excursions.

The nomads of the earth—the Gypsies—for they inhabit every quarter of the globe, and have had various origins assigned to them by philologists and antiquarians, are simply the world's Bedweens. They have lived a nomadic life and dwelt in tents from the beginning of the world's history. Like the Bedweens, their tents are mere shreds of cloth overspreading upright poles, the centre one, or the two centre ones, the highest; their fires for cooking and for warmth being at the edge of the shelter. These people lead a wandering, vagabond life, migrating from north to south with the changes of the season, and locating with their caravans in localities where their petty thefts can be most readily accomplished without detection.

Thousands of other people in the world live in tents, but their habitations are very much more permanent than those of the nomads above described. Among these may be noticed the Tartar felt-tents. These are simply abodes erected for protection against wind and weather. They are constructed in a very similar manner to our North American Indian wigwam, except that they are covered in with felt, a cheap material manufactured by themselves, of the hair of goats and of wild animals. They are said to be very warm in Winter and cool in Summer. The fires are built in the centre, the smoke escaping from a hole at the top.

The tribe of Micmac Indians, who inhabit the coasts of the northern lakes and Canada, and who navigate the numerous lakes and streams in their birch-bark canoes, construct their temporary homes of poles, the one leaning against the other, and covered with skins or brush. These are not movable homes, however, and are only constructed as they may require them, in any locality where they may happen to find fish or game.

The black tent of the Ruckschin, a Tartar tribe, is a shelter tent made of goats' hair and stretched upon bended poles stuck into the ground in a half-circle, the back toward the prevailing winds. These are movable tents, and they are shifted from point to point, as fancy or necessity requires.

The temporary habitation of the Inuit Esquimaux, so graphically described by Lieutenant Schwatka, U. S. Army, of the Arctic Franklin Search Expedition, is constructed of such material as they may find at hand—a simple conical erection of wooden stakes covered with any material at hand, with an opening at the top, and no other for ingress and egress, or as an escape for smoke. Sometimes the hide of the walrus is used for covering tents. The covering chiefly relied upon is snow.

There are thousands of migratory homes in different parts of the world, varying according to climate and the pursuits of the different tribes occupying them.

Besides those already enumerated, millions of people in our own land occupy movable homes of different patterns, or tents, more or less, during the year.

Religious camp-meetings have been in vogue for a great many years. Ground for the camp is selected in some luxuriously shaded grove, near a cool spring or gravelly rivulet. A pulpit or platform is erected, and seats for three or four thousand people provided. Around these, in every eligible site, tents are pitched, for public and for domestic purposes, more or less elaborate, according to the liberality, religious fervor, fancy, or means of the proprietors. They are of various sizes and patterns, according to the purposes to which they are to be applied; some are oblong, 40x20 feet, with walls 5½ feet; a "ridge-pole" running the entire length, sustained by three or more poles. The tent is sustained with cords, attached to stout stakes driven into the ground. The walls may be raised by means of a series of loops at the bottom edge, which serve either to secure them to pins driven at corresponding distances into the ground, or, detaching the loops from the pins, to loop the walls up by attaching them to the sustaining cords. Chambers or separate apartments are made with canvas attached to the roof, with doors in the centre. These tents are sometimes made even larger,

for preaching and prayer-meetings, and are floored and provided with all the requisite furniture of a church.

Movable homes of a very much more elaborate character have been recently introduced in New England. Adjacent to the seaside watering-places, slightly made cottages, complete in every respect for housekeeping, are erected for temporary abode. They are arranged in streets and public squares, having their churches even built in like manner. The entire "shebang" may be removed by detaching the parts. This purely New England institution originated in the happy combination of pleasure, economy and religious enthusiasm. And this is surely drawing it fine! Religion made easy, comfortable and nice! No asceticism here. Did the ancients of Rome, of Athens, of Ephesus, luxuriate more perfectly in the fleshly enjoyments of their religion? Yes; but after a very different fashion.

The most erratic combinations to be noticed are the monster circus-tents perambulating the country at certain seasons of the year; accommodating, besides the audience, ponderous and highly decorated vans filled with every known animal, bird and fish known to man. These are made of the heaviest canvas, and require long and strong masts with numerous guys and outriggers to sustain them. It requires an army of well-drilled attendants to pitch one of these tents, and to strike it and stow away the essential *impedimenta* pertaining thereto after the performance. It is astonishing to witness the method which attends all their proceedings. Arriving at a town at daylight, perhaps, they quietly disembark from a long train of cars, vans, elephants, horses, etc.; and moving quietly through the slumbering village to the show-ground, the huge pavilions, stables, messrooms, etc., arise like magic. The horses are fed; the cooks prepare breakfast; the men feed the show beasts; breakfast themselves; then don their gorgeous costumes for the procession through the streets at 9 o'clock—the show to begin at 10:30. It's wonderful!—wonderful what a prodigious amount of work may be accomplished by system! And yet the manager rides in his buggy, apparently an indifferent spectator.

How many thousands of the citizens of our Southern cities, afflicted with epidemics, flee for their lives, and are sheltered in tents provided for them by a beneficent Government, and remain comfortably domiciled in them until the epidemic ceases!

Tourists in the Oriental countries are provided by their Dragomen with "Turkish" and also with the "Sibley" tents, which, with the aid of Persian mats and iron bedsteads, stools and tables, not only afford them shelter, but luxuriousness besides—so that ladies, and children even, find a charm in the novelty of tent life which they may seek for in vain elsewhere.

The Turkish tent is semi-conical, with a wall five or six feet high, and ten feet in diameter, with a single door. It rests, when pitched, on a single pole, and is sustained with cords attached to stakes driven into the ground on the outer circumference. This tent is a very comfortable one, but it has no ventilation whatever when the door is closed—so that it cannot be a very healthy tent for a prolonged occupation, nor when crowded. "Sink" tents, with jugs of water for ablutions, invariably accompany each "shebang," or outfit—a great convenience. Oblong, or square tents, with walls, and made of fancy materials, are frequently used by the natives in Turkey. These are luxuriously carpeted and cushioned to suit the habits of the people.

A two-story tent may be made by excavating a well about six feet deep and nearly the diameter of the tent, and pitching a conical tent over the cavity. There is no very great advantage in this, however, except to use the cavity as a storeroom, which, after all, would prove but a damp, dark harbor for vermin and reptiles, and I doubt whether such an arrangement would be healthy.

The tourist has his tent built to suit his particular fancy, and it is a constant employment with him to indulge in speculations and ponderings as to this, that, or the other improvement, or addition to his comfort or convenience. Economy of transportation never enters, perhaps, into the calculations. Hunters, fishermen, artists, and photographers have their canvas homes suited to their respective means and conveniences, and they are to be seen in every quarter of the habitable globe.

I might thus go on and enumerate and describe the movable homes and tents of every country and of every climate; but, *cui bono?* Suffice it that canvas forms an important element in the domestic as well as material economy of every people. Every country-seat all over the world has its tents and pavilions, more or less elaborate and luxurious, to pitch on the lawn—here for ornament, there for convenience, and again for extensive entertainments. But the tent *de rigueur* is the "army" tent. These vary in construction in every nationality, all aiming at convenience of carriage, economy, comfort, and health of the occupants. The question of sheltering armies has been one which has occupied the minds of men of the very highest military instincts. Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, and Wellington studied with assiduous care the art of castrametation, and relieving the army transports from the *impedimenta* of camp equipage. This was constantly a thorn in the side of Cæsar; and, but for the greater overburdening themselves in this respect than he did, he would not have been so successful in his campaigns against his enemies. He over-weighted his soldiers in order to relieve his transport trains. The ancient and Middle Age chivalry were very much more extravagant in their outfits than we of the present day. Their pavilions and camp equipages were made of the finest stuffs, and enormous in size, requiring trains of thirty and forty thousand camels to every moving army.

Modifications in respect to the cost and weight of the army tent have been introduced in proportion to the advancement of science in other respects, until now we may say the army tent is complete.

The English and the French have devoted much time and thought to this subject, and have not been wedded, as other peoples have been, to the customs and traditions of their fathers. Hence we find that their armies are better sheltered in the field than are those of other nations.

The English field-tent is conical in shape, about fifteen feet in diameter, and pitched with one pole. It has one door, and two or more triangular windows near the apex, for ventilation. But it does not admit of a fire in the interior. In this respect it is defective.

Another tent, of different construction, the invention of an officer of the British Army, has lately been introduced. A number of wooden ribs are bent to the shape of a Hottentot lodge—one end sharpened, so as to be easily driven into the ground; the other ends are provided with iron hooks, which fasten into a hoop at the top: thus forming a frame over which the canvas tent is stretched. The lower edge of the tent is circled with a rope, to serve as an additional stay for pins driven into the ground. Besides the stays already described, tent-cords proceed from each rib to stakes driven in the ground about four feet from the outer circle of the tent. The tent is eighteen feet in diameter, and eight feet high, and is provided with an oval doorway, which is closed by means of a large flap,

A TARTAR'S FELT TENT.

which is stretched on two poles over the doorway, when not otherwise used, and serves as a shelter. A stove may be introduced into this tent in very cold weather.

A similar contrivance was introduced and submitted to the War Department for use in our army, in 1857; but it was rejected: first, on account of the awkwardness of transportation of the bent ribs; and secondly, because where the canvas touched the ribs, the tent would break. But this last objection was not, I think, tenable, as we have a notable example of the reverse in umbrellas.

A hospital tent of oval shape, with an elliptical base, provided with a sort of dormer windows for ventilation, is constructed in the same fashion as the ordinary field-tent. All this, I think, is a retrograde. The Sioux tépée is, after all, by far the most comfortable movable house, as far as it goes, in existence.

The French cling to their "bell tent" for field purposes. They are constructed of different patterns, and are pitched with one pole, with two short arms at the end, folding down along the main pole. Frequently an awning is attached, to shelter the doorway, which proves to be very convenient and very commodious in hot weather.

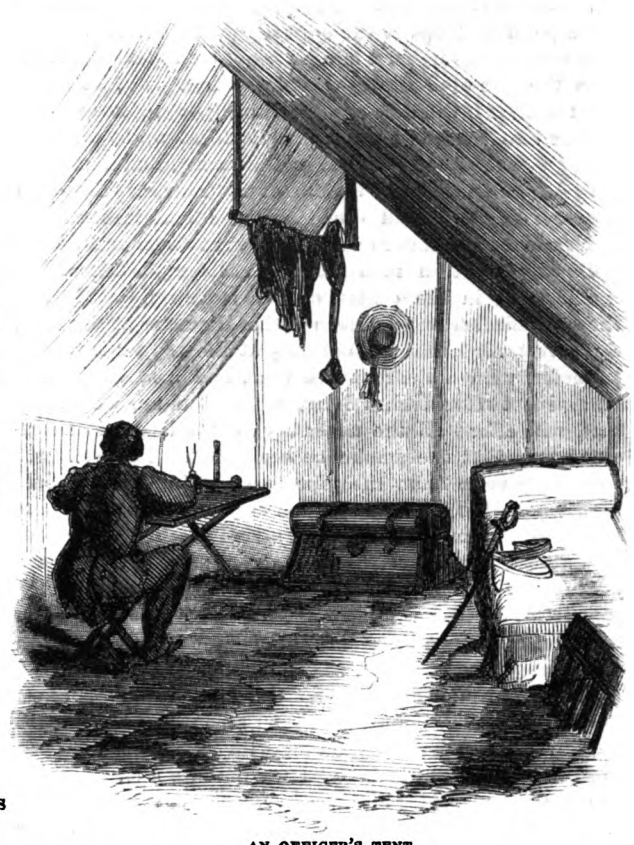
The various Continental

A RELIGIOUS TENT.

A CHURCH TENT.

Powers have tents for their armies, of a dozen different patterns, all aiming at the same end—economy of construction and transport, and sufficiency of shelter for the troops. In this respect the French have excelled all other nationalities, in producing the *tente d'abri*. This consists of two broad widths of canvas, provided with buttons and buttonholes, and cords at the four corners. The pairs are carried by the four *camarades de bataille*. When reaching camp the two pieces are buttoned together, stretched over an improvised pole set upon two forked stakes, and the four corners fastened to stakes driven into the ground. This affords a nice "bivouac," and is sufficient

A GYPSY TENT.



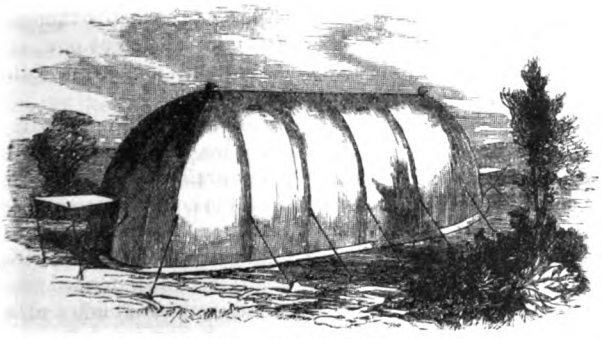
AN OFFICER'S TENT.

protection against sun and rain; but against cold 'tis naught.

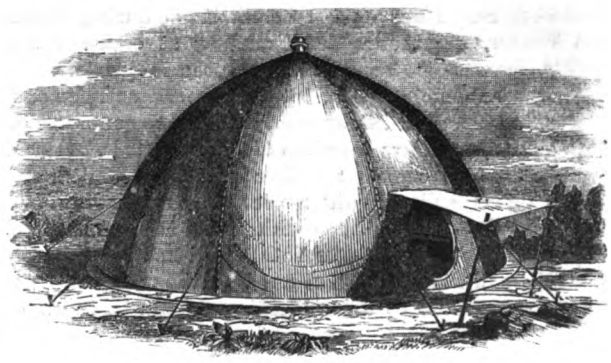
It has been for the United States to lead the world in arms as well as in tents. The Quartermaster-General, Jesup, clung for a great many years, with the tenacity of ancient usage and tradition, to the tents of his fathers. He would listen to no innovation, and when approached on the subject he would invariably recur to the tent used by the soldiers of the War of 1812. Nothing better than the A tent could be desired, said he, and for sixty years no other tent was known in the army than the A tent for privates, sheltering four men; the wall tent for officers, sheltering one captain and two lieutenants; and the marquee, an exaggerated wall tent for colonels, lieutenant-colonels and majors. All were pitched with three or more poles, and the latter were cumbered with "tent-flies," provided to break the penetrating influence of a down-pour of rain or sun.

Hospital and store tents were simply "wall tents" enlarged. When the walls were down there was no ventilation. In extremely cold weather, such as the army experienced at Corpus Christi in 1846, chimneys were improvised both for privates' and officers' tents. These were built of sticks and mud and empty barrels, and, strange to relate, but few accidents from fire occurred.

In 1857 a new tent, devised by Major H. H. Sibley, 2d Dragoons, was thoroughly tried in the Utah expedition. This tent had been devised in Texas, in 1856, and patented the same year. It consists of a tripod of iron, four and a half feet high, with a socket at the joining of the three legs, into which fits and rests a pole nine feet long, furnished at the upper end with an iron pin. The tent is conical, eighteen feet diameter at the base, terminating at the top with an iron ring eighteen inches in diameter, over which the canvas is sewed. From this ring spring three chains, meeting in a disk of iron about two inches in diameter. The tent has two doors. When the ground is selected for pitching, the tripod is spread, the pole is then laid down, one end being at the socket, the other end will mark the spot for a pin, which is driven. The measurement is then made in the opposite direction, and a pin driven in. Then the measurement is continued at right angles, and pins driven in. The tent is now spread, the



PROPOSED ENGLISH HOSPITAL TENT.



PROPOSED ENGLISH FIELD TENT.

two doors attached to their respective pins, as well as the corresponding loops to the opposite pins ; a man with the pole now enters under the canvas by one of the doors, inserts the pin into the eyelet of the iron disk, hoists up the fabric, the wind-fly or vane having been, meanwhile, attached to the pin ; the tripod is lifted up by a second man, the end of the pole set in the socket, and the whole lifted to the uttermost tension of the canvas. The outer border is then pinned down, and the tent is complete.

This tent will shelter eighteen or twenty men on a pinch ; ordinarily fourteen men may be accommodated, with a fire burning in the centre, or if a stove can be afforded, then a conical stove, eighteen inches diameter at the base, three feet high, and an opening at the top six inches in diameter, with a door at the base, and a single joint of stovepipe twelve inches long, set in the middle of the tent, will afford all the necessary heat, all that is necessary being that the smoke be consumed. The blaze will frequently issue from the pipe two feet high, but it does no harm, and serves to warm and enliven the tent. There being no bottom to the stove, it serves excellently well for an outdoor fire, especially in a dry, grassy country, protecting the camp from those frightful accidents which sometimes destroy whole trains. This stove may also, on occasion, serve as a store-chest of cooking equipage for ten or twelve persons. First, the water-bucket is put into the inverted stove ; this is then filled with plates, cups, knives and forks, spoons, etc., then a pan for soup, in this a gridiron, the whole topped off with four vessels shaped to fit the space, and to be used for boiling, etc., in spaces cut in the four sides of the stove. These vessels should be made of zinc, and one of them arranged with a door opening outward, and with shelves for baking purposes ; or, removing the shelves, for roasting a fowl or game.

The central pole and tripod may be dispensed with by using three eighteen-foot poles on the *outside*, tied together at their point of junction, and the apex of the tent made fast to it. By this contrivance the interior space is entirely free, and the tent is more firmly secured from the effect of violent storms. With this arrangement, an excavation three feet deep may be dug, the "Sibley stove" placed in the centre, and quite as much comfort as in a house, and better ventilation, gained. For hospitals this tent, thus arranged, is invaluable, as was attested by all the surgeons on the Utah expedition. With this arrangement, or even with the guy-ropes provided for each tent, the loops may be unloosened, and the canvas stretched to shade four times the ground it occupies. The *outside* tripod may be made in joints of nine feet each, and transported with the tent, the entire weight not exceeding seventy-five pounds.

In Utah I had my Sibley tent pitched in this way, with a wall tent in front as a vestibule, the whole carpeted with beef hides pinned to the ground, with the "Sibley stove" in the centre. I was quite as comfortable during the entire Winter, the thermometer ranging at eighteen and twenty degrees below zero, as I had been in quarters.

Another mode of shelter, both for troops and for emigrants, travelers, etc., is by enlarging the wagon-cover on both sides four or five breadths of canvas. This, at noon, would afford an excellent shelter against the pitiless sun of the plains, and at night a protection against rain and the heavy dews. Furnished with cords at the sides and the two corners, one side, or both, could be spread for the occasion, and rolled and tied neatly in the morning, cumbering the wagon to a very trifling extent. Fifteen or twenty men might thus be healthfully sheltered. The ambulances for surgeons might be thus provided with sheltering canvas, to be rolled or folded, when not in use, on top of the vehicle. This arrangement, together with the ambulance, would afford an excellent field hospital. Nothing better could be devised for families journeying in ambulances and wagons.

I have thus given a cursory view of movable houses, tents and tent life, trusting that it may interest some of your readers, and induce them to try the charms of camping out for a change.

SEA FOAM.

I AM free, I am free,
On the silvery sea,
On the breast of the billows upborne,
For my mother the air,
In her arms fresh and fair,
Held me up for the sun's kiss at morn;
And my earth-form of white,
From my storm-father night,
Was melted in colors away;
So now I can roam,
As the soul of sea foam,
On the breast of the billows to-day.

I am free! I am free!
It is nothing to me
That the wavelets are tossed by the wind,
For I float o'er the wings
Of all fluttering things,
With the air between me and my kind;
But yet I am cold,
And the rough days of old,
That I spent in the heart of the sea,
By my brothers kept warm
In the wrath of the storm,
Was happier living for me.

I am free! I am free!
On the silvery sea,
On the breast of the billows upborne.
I am cold! I am cold!
But the kiss I can hold
That he gave me, the bright sun at morn;
And it may be at night,
Or at dawning of light,
Or far in the ages at rest,
He will send down a beam,
Like a beautiful dream,
To carry me up to his breast.

YOUTHFUL PRODIGIES.

A CURIOUS question has more than once been asked : Have the most remarkable works, in the various kinds of literary labor, been produced in the flush of youth or in the calmness of age ? Are men better fitted for vigorous exercise of the mind in the first half or the second half of their existence ? The spring and elasticity of temperament, the warmth of feeling, the hopeful aspirations, the activity of vital energy, the longing to throw the thoughts into some kind of words or of music—all tempt one, at a first glance, to say that early authorship is more probable than later.

Certainly the examples of young authorship are neither few nor unimportant. Of course we may take Tristram Shandy's authority with as many grains of allowance as we please ; but the marvels told in his colloquy are unique. Yorick declared that Vincent Quirinus, before he was eight years old, pasted up in the public schools of Rome more than 4,500 theses on abstruse questions, and defended them against all opponents. Mr. Shandy capped this by citing one erudite man who learned all the sciences and liberal arts without being taught any of them.

Isaac D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," notices many curious examples; and the subject was taken up by a pleasant writer in the *Globe* newspaper a few years ago. Pope wrote some of his "Pastorals" at sixteen; and a large number of his works, including the translation of Homer, were thrown off before he reached thirty. Edgar Poe wrote his "Helen" (remarkable for its beauty of style) when scarcely more than eleven years old. Cowley at fifteen published his "Poetic Blossoms"; while his "Pyramus and Thisbe," though not published till his sixteenth year, is said to have been written when he was only ten. Lord Bacon planned his great work, the "Novum Organum Scientiarum," when only sixteen, although the writing was the work of maturer years. The late Bishop Thirlwall wrote his "Primitiæ" when a boy of only eleven years of age; he was one of the few who wrote both early and late—a wonderful example of long-continued mental activity. Dr. Watts almost *thought* in verse when a boy. Crabbe wrote both early and late, but not much in middle life; he published his first poem at twenty, and his "Village" before thirty; then a silence of twenty years was followed by a renewal of literary labor. Charlotte Brontë wrote in very early life, "because she could not help it." Chatterton, the scapegrace who applied so much of his marvelous powers to dishonest or lying purposes, wrote minor pieces of poetry at fifteen, and soon afterward a pretended pedigree of a Bristol family. At sixteen he published the alleged plays and poems of Rowley, described by him as a priest or monk of the fifteenth century; at about seventeen he brought forward some pretended old parchments, made to appear soiled and time-worn, containing a fictitious description of an old bridge at Bristol; and then wrote biographies of Bristol artists who never lived. Going to London, he wrote many satirical and political papers for the press; and ended his extraordinary life before he had completed his eighteenth year.

As a child (never so old as what we should call a "lad") Christian Heineker was one of the most singular of whom we find record. He was born at Lübeck about a century and a half ago. When only ten months old, he could (if we are to believe the accounts of him) repeat every word said to him; at twelve months he knew much of Plutarch by heart; at two years he knew the greater part of the Bible; at three could answer most questions in universal history and geography (as then taught), and began to learn French and Latin; before four he began theology and church history, and expressed argumentative opinions thereon. This precocious little pedant died before he had completed his fifth year.

The late John Stuart Mill "had no recollection of the time when he began to learn Greek"; but was told it was when he was only three years old. Adanson began at thirteen to write notes on the "Natural Histories" of Aristotle and Pliny. The calculating boys—Vito Mangiamele, Jedediah Buxton, Zerah Colburn, and George Parker Bidder—illustrate a remarkable phase of early mental activity.

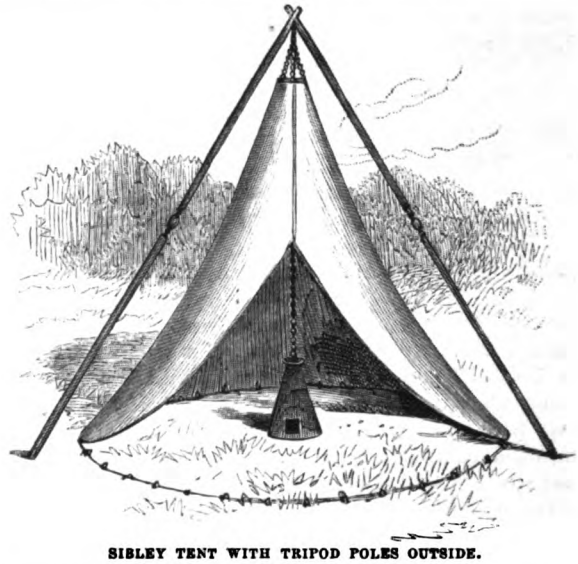
On the other hand, many authors have produced their best works late in life, and have begun new studies at an age when the majority long for mental leisure. Izaak Walton wrote some of his most interesting biographies in his eighty-fifth year, and edited a poetical work at ninety. Hobbes published his version of the Odyssey at eighty-seven, and of the Iliad at eighty-eight. Sir Francis Palgrave, under an assumed name, published at eighty years old a French translation of a Latin poem.

Isaac D'Israeli notes that Socrates learned to play a musical instrument in his old age; that Cato learned Greek at eighty; that Plutarch entered upon the study of Latin almost as late in life; that Theophrastus began his "Characteristics" at ninety; that Sir Henry Spelman, a gentleman-farmer until fifty, at that age began to study law, and became an eminent jurist and antiquary; that Colbert, the distinguished statesman, resumed the study of Latin and of law at sixty; that the Marquis de Saint Audaire began to write poetry at seventy—"verses full of fire, delicacy, and sweetness"; that Chaucer did not finish his "Canterbury Tales" until he had reached sixty-one; that Dryden felt his powers sufficiently in their strength at sixty-eight to plan a complete translation of Homer's "Iliad" into English verse, although circumstances prevented him from giving effect to his intentions; and (but this we must leave to the investigators, who advise us to disbelieve most of the stories we hear or read concerning persons exceeding a century old) that Ludovico Monaldeschi wrote his "Memoirs" of his own times at the extraordinary age of one hundred and fifteen!

Dipping into the literary annals of different ages and different countries, there are not wanting abundant additional examples of men continuing their literary work to an advanced period of life, or else beginning *de novo* at an age when most men would prefer to lay down their pen and let the mind and the brain rest. Montfauçon, the learned authority on artistic antiquities, continued his custom of writing for eight hours a day nearly till his death, at the age of eighty-seven. His labors, too, had been of a very formidable kind; for he was seventy-nine when he put the finishing touch to his "Monumens de la Monarchie Française," in five volumes, and eighty-five when he published the "Bibliotheca Bibliothecarum," in two tomes of similar magnitude. John Britton and John Nichols, artistic and antiquarian writers, both continued to drive the quill till past eighty. Sir Isaac Newton worked on till death, in his eighty-fourth year, but did not make scientific discoveries in the later part of his career. Euler worked on at his abstruse mathematical writings till past eighty. William Cowper, although he wrote a few hymns and letters in early life, did not till after fifty begin those works on which his fame chiefly rests—beginning with "Truth," and going on to "Table Talk," "Expostulation," "Error," "Hope," "Charity," "Conversation," "Retirement," "The Task," "John Gilpin," and the translation of Homer. Gray wrote late and little, devoting seven years to polishing and perfecting his famous "Elegy." Alfieri, who was taught more French than Italian when a boy, studied his native language sedulously late in life, in order to be able to read the great Italian poets; and wrote his own principal works afterward. Goethe gave advice, which is certainly not followed by the majority of novelists—namely, not to write novels till past forty, because until then we have scarcely an adequate knowledge of the world and of the human heart. Necker said in his old age: "The era of threescore and ten is an agreeable age for writing; your mind has not lost its vigor, and envy leaves you in peace." This corresponds in substance to a reply given by the hale and hearty old Premier, Lord Palmerston, to a question—"When is a man in his prime?" "At seventy."

Musical genius, or at any rate musical aptitude, has often developed itself in very early life. Sometimes this aptitude is hereditary in a notable degree. Veit Bach, a miller and baker at Hamburg about the middle of the sixteenth century, turned his attention to music, becoming a guitar-player and teacher; his son cultivated music generally, and lived by it as a profession; the grandson devoted himself to church music; the representative of the next generation was music director to the court and

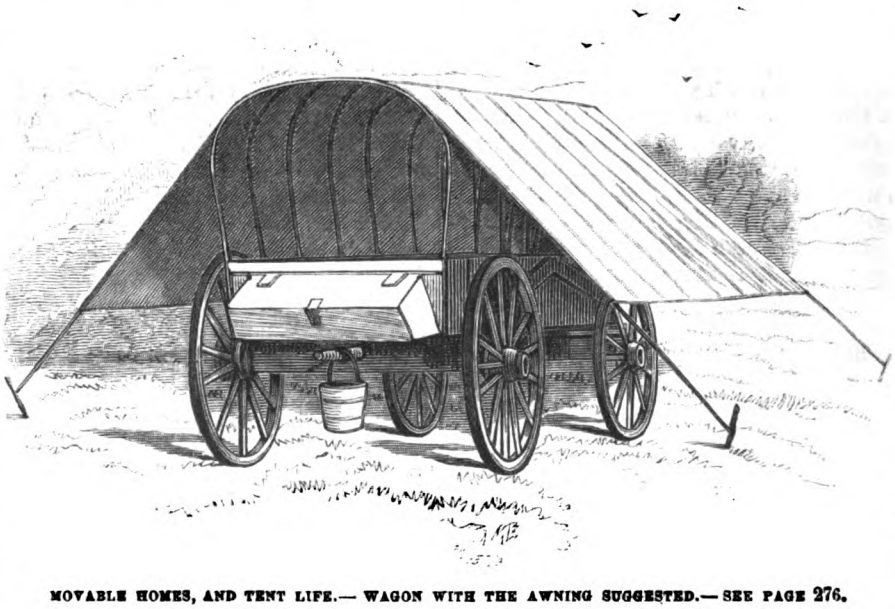
SIBLEY TENT WITH TRIPOD.



SIBLEY TENT WITH TRIPOD POLES OUTSIDE.

town of Eisenach. The fifth generation was marked by the renowned John Sebastian Bach, grandson's grandson of old Veit; he had to earn his living as a choir-boy, and lived to become one of the greatest of composers and organists. There were no fewer than fifty-eight of these Bachs between 1520 and 1750, every one of them musical. As an example of musical precocity, however, Mozart was far more remarkable than any of the Bachs. At three years old he experienced great pleasure in finding out chords on the pianoforte; at four he learned short pieces of music; and at six composed a pianoforte concerto, methodically arranged. He was then taken as a musical prodigy by his father (who was also a musician) to Munich, Venice, Paris, Milan, Bologna, Naples, Hamburg, London, and other cities, where the performances of the boy excited universal astonishment. In London, when only eight years old, Mozart composed six pianoforte sonatas, which he dedicated to Queen Charlotte. His first opera, "Mithridate," was composed when he was fourteen; and about the same time he was appointed director of the Archbishop of Salzburg's concerts. He was quite an old musician by the time he became a young man—twenty-four years old when he composed "Idomeneo"; at thirty, "Le Nozze di Figaro"; at thirty-one, "Don Giovanni"; at thirty-five, "Il Flauto Magico"; and at thirty-six (shortly before his death) the "Requiem"—the magnificent series of masses, motetts, symphonies, concertos, etc., coming in between at intervals. Mendelssohn was another great composer whose life-work was wholly finished by the age of thirty-eight. He gave a public concert at Berlin at the age of nine; and while yet a youth composed numerous instrumental pieces—the remarkable "Isles of Fingal," and the still more striking music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." How he poured forth, as a young man, his oratorios, cantatas, "Lieder ohne Worte," overtures, symphonies, concertos, sonatas, quartettes, "Athalie," "Antigone," "Œdipus," "Walpurgisnacht," etc., musical biography has told at full length.

One musical phenomenon is noticeable, not for his skill as a musical performer or composer, but for the way in which music seems to have formed part of his very being. This was Carl Anton Eckert, son of a sergeant of the Guards in the Prussian service, and born in 1820. While in his cradle, he was affected to tears by any music of the minor key. At the age of one year and a half, hearing his father play "Schöne Minka" with one hand on an old pianoforte, he immediately played it with both hands, employing his knuckles to aid his tiny fingers. He retained in his ear every tune he heard; and in his fourth year could name the pitch of any note on hearing it played. Somewhat similar to Eckert in musical sensibility was Charles Wesley, nephew of the famous founder of the Wesleyan Methodists. As a child, he could always be pacified by his mother playing the harpsichord. Tied on a chair, he could be left alone for hours amusing himself by *making* music on the instrument. Before he was three years old he could play



MOVABLE HOMES, AND TENT LIFE.— WAGON WITH THE AWNING SUGGESTED.— SEE PAGE 276.

tunes in correct time, treble and bass; and soon afterward was able to put a tolerably good bass to any tune he heard, without study or premeditation. Much flattered as a prodigy, he nevertheless failed to rise at any period of his life above a mediocre standard as a player or composer. Samuel Wesley, Charles's brother, was like him imbued with music from the cradle. Before he was three years old he could play a tune on the harpsichord; he made a correct bass before knowing musical notation; and learned to read from the words of songs in the music-books. He composed music before he could write, and was only eight years old when he composed an oratorio on the subject of Ruth. Some of our famous composers, on the other hand, have not commenced their best works until middle life, and have produced their very best at a somewhat advanced age.

On careful collation of known facts, we shall probably arrive at the conclusion that a medium position is better than either extreme; that a judicious diffusion of mental labor throughout a series of years is the best course for mind and body. Precocity is considered by some physicians as partaking of the nature of disease; very few "infant prodigies" live to become distinguished men and women. Dr. Richardson, in his "Diseases of Modern Life," maintains the thesis that an average activity of mind throughout the whole of life is better than forcing it abnormally at the beginning. Another writer has observed that, by crowding the main business of life into the first forty years, with the design of taking things cozily by an early retirement and a long rest, the vital springs are dried up, the brain becomes prematurely withered by the excessive demands made upon it. The brain requires exercise like any other organ, but also, like any other organ, should not be worked to excess in early life. Many of our best writers have wrought well alike in early, middle, and advanced age, simply because they utilized their mental and vital resources judiciously. Sir Walter Scott is cited as a good instance in point. He wrote his poems in early life; produced in his maturity the wonderful series of novels and romances that will never die; and would probably have written his later works in masterly style if he had allowed himself time for the purpose. But adverse fortune decided otherwise; he exhausted himself by working intensely and earning enormously to pay off a debt; it virtually killed him.

"WHAT DID YOU SAY, COUSIN JOHN?"

Everybody said what a shame it was that Professor Barker didn't marry, and what everybody says must be true. He had a good position, a nice house, an assured

"WHAT DID YOU SAY, COUSIN JOHN?"—"'I HAVE BROUGHT BACK THE BOOK I BORROWED. AS I AM GOING TO-MORROW, I WILL NOT TAKE ANOTHER.'"

income—everything, in fact, to make life pleasant and home happy, except what is poetically considered "Heaven's last, best gift to man," and of which he seemed to be in no haste to make an individual appropriation.

If he was in ignorance, blissful or otherwise, of this want in his heart and life, it certainly was not the fault of his friends and acquaintances, many of whom had sisters and daughters, of whom they would very gladly have made such an advantageous and satisfactory disposition.

Some of the most familiar of these would say to him, as they looked upon his pleasant surroundings:

"You ought to marry, professor; all you need to make you happy is a wife."

A few, bolder than the rest, would point out this one and that one, "who would make him such a pleasant and desirable companion."

The professor took all these hints and suggestions very good-naturedly.

"Oh, yes, certainly. I shall marry some time, of course; but there is no hurry about it."

And he did not seem at all inclined to hurry; on the contrary, with his mother for housekeeper, he was well satisfied with things as they were.

Still there were not wanting those bold enough to lay a direct siege to the citadel of his heart. But, like General Taylor, he "never surrendered," and for the same reason, that he could never be made to comprehend that any such thing was expected of him.

So he jogged quietly along, immersed in his books and the care of superintending and improving his estate, if not so happy as he might be, quite unconscious that anything was wanting to make him more so.

At last he began to be considered and spoken of as a confirmed old bachelor.

"He's as regular an old bachelor as I ever see yet!" said Mrs. Brown to her niece Mary, who was spending the day with her. "He just sticks himself up-stairs among his books and papers, and don't seem to think nor care for anythin' else. Such a thousand pities, too, when he has such a beautiful place, and everything so pleasant and comfortable."

"I've half a mind to spend my next vacation there," responded Mary. "Mrs. Barker has invited me to visit her scores of times."

Mrs. Brown glanced keenly at her niece from over her spectacles.

"'Twon't be of a particle of use, as I said before—he'll never marry."

Mary had her own ideas as to that; but she only tossed her head, glancing at the mirror opposite, which reflected what would have been a very pretty face had it not been so pale, for Mary had been a teacher for the past two years, the close confinement of the schoolroom not being very favorable to the growth of the roses that used to bloom so redly in her cheeks.

Mary had a very pleasant remembrance of "Cousin John," as she called the professor, the cousinship being very remote, though it was ten years since she had seen him, when she was a girl of twelve and he a young man of twenty-four. She and her mother—since dead—had visited his, and as she recalled his merry, handsome face and pleasant ways, she inwardly resolved that he should not be a forlorn, disagreeable old bachelor—not if she could help it.

With this highly commendable and praiseworthy object in view, she made her appearance, bag and baggage, at his door, one sultry morning in August, walking, unannounced, into the room where the professor was sitting.

"I am your cousin, Mary Arnold," she said, in reply to the blank wonderment in the eyes that were lifted to hers. "I didn't write to say I was coming, because I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise."

Mary succeeded admirably, so far as the surprise was concerned; its pleasant nature was not so clearly apparent.

But he was too kind-hearted and too much of a gentleman to treat his unexpected guest with any discourtesy.

"Oh, yes, certainly," he stammered. "Pray make yourself entirely at home. We—that is to say, my mother, will be delighted."

Leaving his mother to entertain her, the professor retreated to his study, and Mary saw nothing more of him until dinner.

In this way the days passed. So far as his guest was concerned, he was invisible except at meal-times. And even then he seldom spoke, scarcely looking at her; when he did, very much as one would look at a blank wall.

But Mary was not easily baffled. She determined to "beard the lion in his den," going into his study ostensibly for the sake of getting some reading.

However annoyed the professor might be at this invasion of his privacy, he showed no token of it. He assured her that any and all his books were at her disposal, and then retired behind the huge folio he was reading when she came in.

After an infinite deal of trouble, Mary selected her book and turned to the door.

"What did you say, Cousin John?"

The professor raised his wondering eyes to the smiling face of the speaker.

"I didn't say anything."

This was not Mary's last visit to the professor's study; she came nearly every day, on the same errand, asking the same question and receiving the same reply.

But, though not a little vexed at the professor's indifference to her presence and society, Mary contrived to have a very pleasant time. She took long walks, worked in the garden, and assisted Mrs. Barker about the house, who became much attached to her, she was so merry and companionable, bringing so much music and sunshine into her dull and quiet life, that she looked forward with dread to her departure.

The good lady was so accustomed to her son's recluse habits that it never entered into her mind that her young guest would consider his persistent avoidance of her in the light of a personal affront.

"John is such a scholar," she would say, "he takes no interest in anything but his books."

Thus, one by one, the days slipped by, bringing Mary nearer and nearer to the time when she must resume her irksome school-duties, and no nearer to the object of her visit, except in the additional vitality that gave such a bright bloom and sparkle to cheek and eye.

One morning she went into the professor's study.

"I have brought back the book I borrowed. As I am going to-morrow, I will not take another."

Mary stood with her hand on the door as she said this. The professor glanced up at her. He made no reply. Perhaps he thought it did not call for any.

"What did you say, Cousin John?"

"I didn't say anything."

Mary's temper was aroused at last.

"Well, I should think it was time you did!"

And out of the room she went, closing the door with no very gentle hand, leaving our professor more astonished than he ever was before in his life.

"Should think it was time I did?" he repeated. "Why, what does the girl mean?"

He resumed his book, but somehow it had lost all interest to him, and he was really glad when the dinner-bell sounded.

The face that sat opposite him was the same that had sat there for the last three weeks, but he now looked at it with a feeling of curiosity and interest such as he had never experienced before.

"Of course we shall miss her!" he responded, in reply to some observation from his mother, and speaking with a warmth that quite astonished the good lady.

"*We!*" laughed Mary, turning her roguish eyes upon the speaker with a look which affected him as no look ever did before. "I don't believe you've been conscious that I was in the house at all!"

The professor reddened, looking so thoroughly uncomfortable that Mary half repented her words.

However, the next morning he harnessed up, with the intention of taking Mary himself to the depot, a piece of civility which astonished his mother, who had never known him to put himself to so much trouble for any one before.

"I wish you wasn't going," he said, ruefully, as they rolled smoothly along on the highway.

Mary cast her eyes down demurely upon the flowers that lay in her lap.

"Oh, I must. School commences Monday, you know."

"Are you so very fond of teaching?"

"I hate it," was the frankly-spoken reply.

"Then why do you? I thought you seemed to be very happy here."

"I never enjoyed myself so much in my life."

The professor turned a beaming, triumphant look upon the speaker, as though he had found a solution to the problem that had so puzzled him.

"Then why should you go at all? Why not stay here always? My mother needs a daughter, and I——"

No, reader, I positively won't say another word! For, shame, sir!—or madame, as the case may be—how would you like to have what *you* said, or what was said to you, on a certain interesting occasion, trumpeted forth in such a widely circulated journal?

But Mary didn't teach school any more. She resumed her seat opposite the professor, and keeps it still.

If ever he makes his appearance at the table with his old abstracted look, Mary brings him suddenly down from the clouds by the simple, but, to him, very suggestive inquiry, especially with the look and smile that accompany it: "What did you say, John?"

MEMORABLE EARTHQUAKES.

THE most notable and disastrous earthquakes on record, it may be said, are those of Italy (526), when 120,000 persons perished, and of Sicily (1693), when 60,000 lost their lives. According to Gibbon, toward 542 each year was marked with the repetition of earthquakes of such duration that Constantinople was shaken above forty days—of such extent that the shock was communicated to the whole surface of the empire. At Antioch a quarter of a million persons are said to have perished. This period of earthquake and plague (542-7) was the period when the superior planets were in perihelion, as they are now. Arabian and Persian chronicles record 111 earthquakes between the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, some lasting from forty to seventy days, and nearly all accompanied by winds or floods, or terrible storms of lightning and thunder. Readers of the "Relations des Jesuites" will remember the great earthquakes of 1663, which shook and tossed the earth for six months from Gaspe to Montreal, the rival of our own earthquake of 1811 in the Mississippi Valley. The severest of the earthquakes felt in this region was that of November, 1755, an echo of the convulsion that tumbled down Lisbon—and saved the Pomba ministry, through the fact that the minister's house was almost the only one left uninjured, and his family one of the few not bereaved of a member.

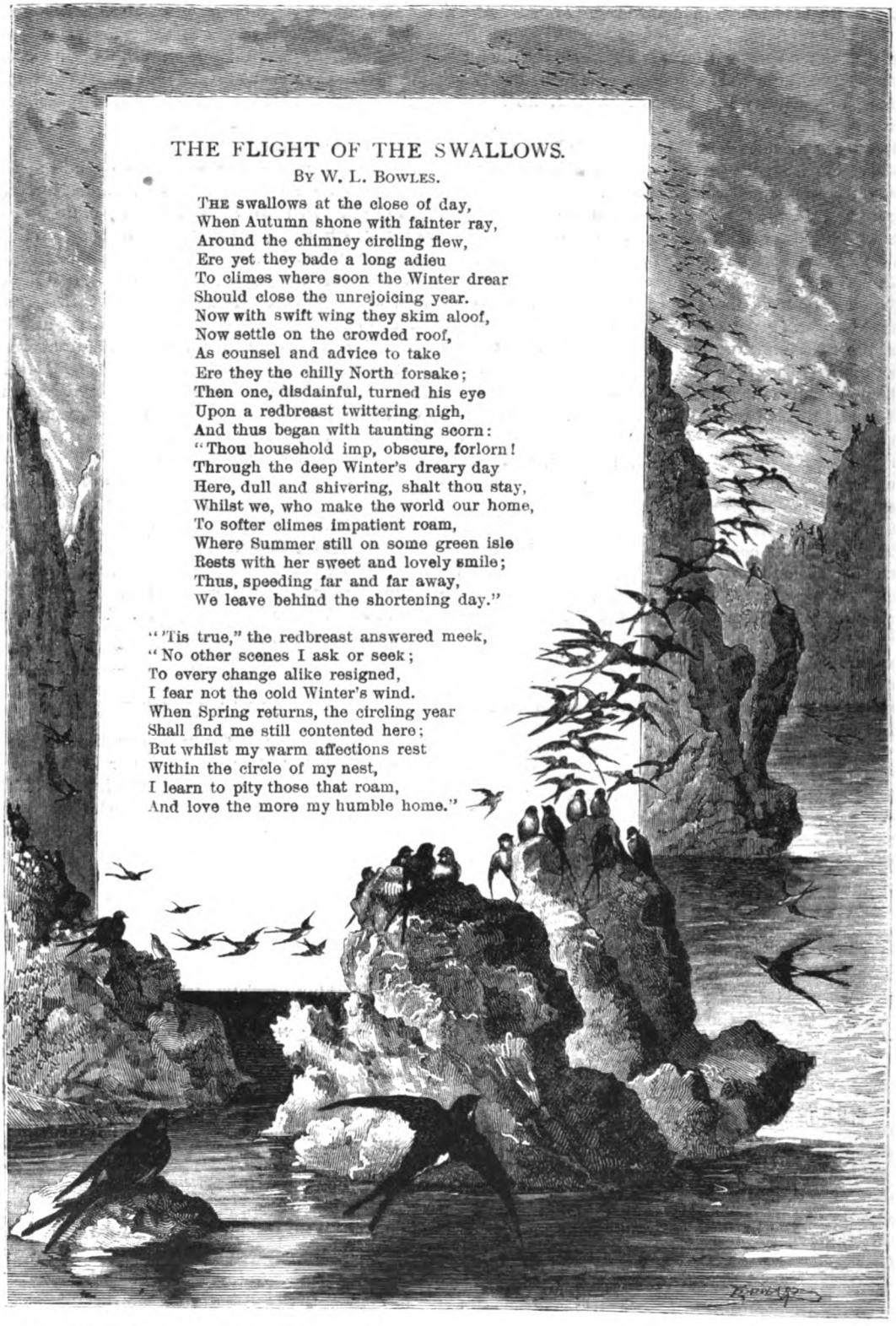
Hein, in his interesting opuscule on earthquakes, estimates that on an average two earthquakes a day occur on the earth. In 1870, though there was no severe single shock, 2,225 houses were destroyed or greatly damaged in Italy, 98 persons killed, and 223 wounded. The same shock may last for years; instance that of Viege, in the Valais, which endured from July, 1855, to 1857. At Cabul 33 severe shocks have been felt in one day; at Honduras, in 1856, 108 were counted in a week, and at Hawaii, in 1868, 2,000 shocks occurred in one month. Hein, it may be said in conclusion, opposes the theory of a connection between earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and considers that of their coincidence with atmospheric phenomena as better supported by facts; for they are occasionally preceded or accompanied by thick and wide-spread fogs at seasons when fogs are not frequent; by sudden falls of the barometer, and equally sudden changes of temperature. Their occurrence, however, in the majority of cases coincides with normal meteorological conditions. Earthquakes are more frequent after sunset than in the daytime, in Autumn and Winter than in Spring. The influence of the moon is insignificant.

SOMETHING ABOUT BRICKS.

"ON the antiquity of the brick as a building material," says the *Builder*, "it is needless, nor is it our intention, to insist. The great national collections of Europe, the British Museum foremost in number, show us bricks sun-dried and baked from the ruins of Nineveh, and from the days of that city to the present moment bricks have never ceased to be an important instrument in the hands of the builder. Throughout Asia Minor they were largely employed, and M. Bayet, in his work on 'Miletus,' has shown that the far-famed palace of Crœsus was built of no more costly materials than honest brick. What those bricks were and their quality are even to this day appreciated by the natives, who for many centuries have plundered the ruins to build or to patch up their own even more ruinous houses. The use of bricks among the Romans, who largely employed them as building materials, as we see in the familiar instance of the Temple of Concord, has been more than once the subject of the inquiry of industrious antiquaries, for the Romans were not content with producing the flat tile-like brick, which is so often to be met with in the lower portion of antique structures scattered over the empire, and that are known in England, but their bricks are indelibly stamped with the mark of their maker, the names of the reigning consuls, and sometimes the year. From this one source, then, more than one patient archæologist has gathered a rich store of information. But few inquiries have ventured far on the apparently arid and difficult road, which has hence remained little explored.

CATCHING FISH BY STUPEFYING THEM.

TWO EMINENT Baptist clergymen were spending a short time on the Island of Sardinia. One of these gentlemen writes of an unusual experience he had with a fish dinner.



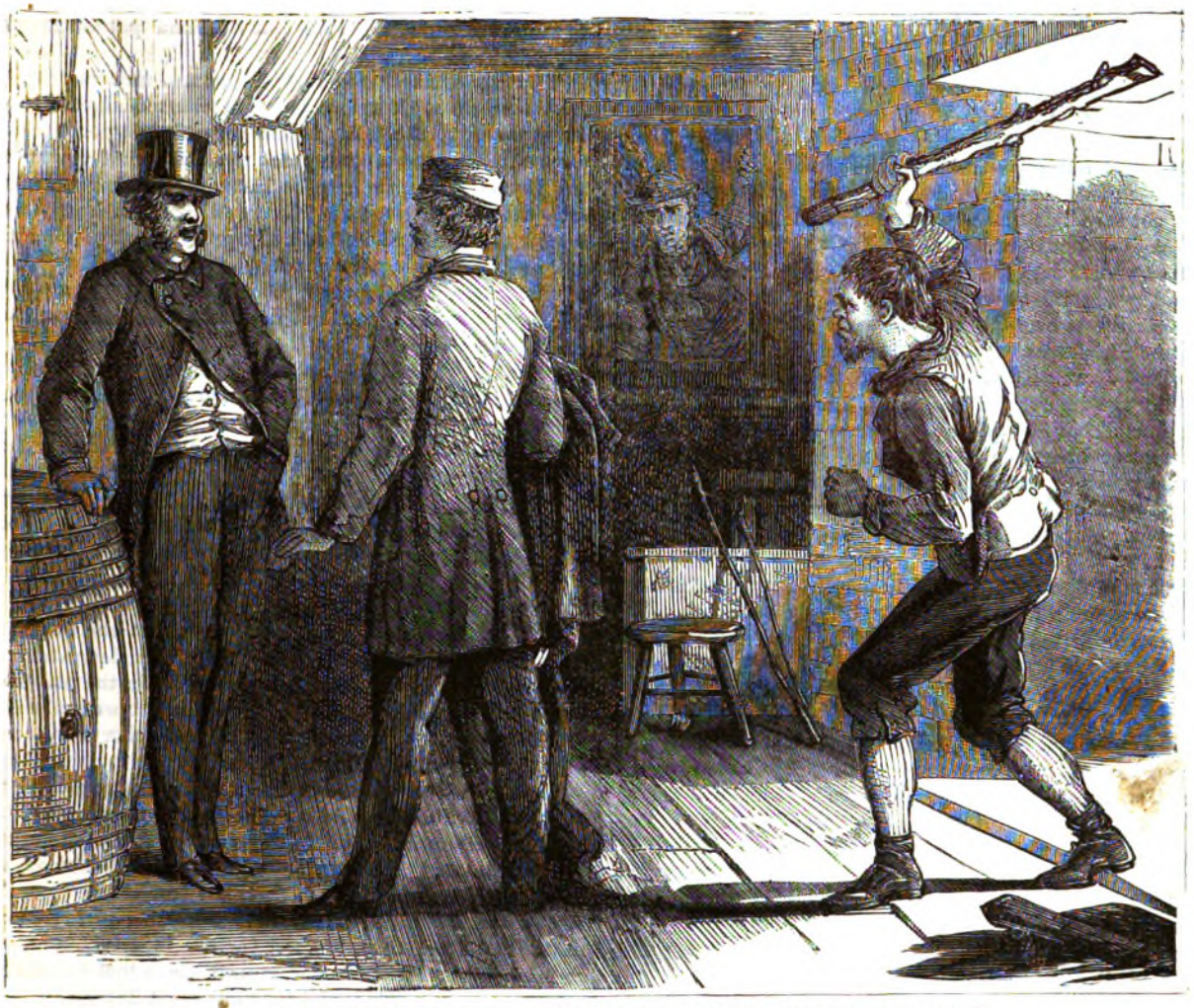
THE FLIGHT OF THE SWALLOWS.

By W. L. Bowles.

The swallows at the close of day,
When Autumn shone with fainter ray,
Around the chimney circling flew,
Ere yet they bade a long adieu
To climes where soon the Winter drear
Should close the unrejoicing year.
Now with swift wing they skim aloof,
Now settle on the crowded roof,
As counsel and advice to take
Ere they the chilly North forsake;
Then one, disdainful, turned his eye
Upon a redbreast twittering nigh,
And thus began with taunting scorn:
"Thou household imp, obscure, forlorn!
Through the deep Winter's dreary day
Here, dull and shivering, shalt thou stay,
Whilst we, who make the world our home,
To softer climes impatient roam,
Where Summer still on some green isle
Rests with her sweet and lovely smile;
Thus, speeding far and far away,
We leave behind the shortening day."

"'Tis true," the redbreast answered meek,
"No other scenes I ask or seek;
To every change alike resigned,
I fear not the cold Winter's wind.
When Spring returns, the circling year
Shall find me still contented here;
But whilst my warm affections rest
Within the circle of my nest,
I learn to pity those that roam,
And love the more my humble home."

This repast is alluded to as "a lenten dinner," just the meal which Jesus gave to Peter and the rest after His resurrection—bread and fish only. Immediately after partaking of this apparently harmless diet, both of the clergymen began to feel uncomfortable. For three days they thought they were poisoned. It turned out that the fishermen in the neighborhood have a fashion of catching fish by putting into the water a drug which stupefies the poor creatures, so as to make their capture more easy. Sometimes a fish gets too much of the drug, and dies like a man with an overdose of quack medicine. This was what was the matter with the fish the clergymen had eaten. The letter says: "I had gotten hold of one of these, or, rather, he had gotten hold of me." This unwholesome little fish came very near taking these two eloquent clergymen out of this world.



A BOLD GAME.—"SUDDENLY, WITH A KNOTTY STICK, HE FELLED TAPPAN TO THE FLOOR."

A BOLD GAME.

At a time when my profession was not quite so flourishing as it is at present, I was weak enough to relinquish my situation at the Old Drury, where I was only "utility man," and accept an engagement with a "traveling manager."

I was deemed quite an acquisition, and had the satisfaction of seeing my "first appearance" announced in very large capitals; but that was all my satisfaction. The season soon came to a disastrous close; the manager suddenly disappeared, leaving us minus our salaries. My trunk was seized for arrears of board, and I was reduced to the disagreeable necessity of footing it back to London. During this homeward tramp I came to a long bridge that crossed a wide pond or river, I forget which now. Here I found a number of boys fishing. This sport has ever been my weakness, and when one of the youngsters, who got plenty of bites, but couldn't catch anything, asked me if I wouldn't like to try my luck, I could not resist the temptation. The sport was lively and the fish plentiful, and I soon had the boy's basket in a promising condition.

Time passes very quickly when we are pleasantly employed. Twilight came on, and there was I, idling away my time, and only a tithe of the journey performed. I relinquished the fishing-rod, and started on my way again.

I had been silly, indeed. A low, rumbling sound proclaimed the approach of a thunderstorm, so I began to look about for shelter.

Quite a distance back from the road, and embowered among the trees, was a little brown cottage, the only one in sight. There was a carriage-way leading from the road, and the gate to it was off the hinges. Accepting this as an invitation, I approached the house, which was, I discovered, very much out of repair. The garden in front was overrun with weeds, and the entire place had such an air that I began to fear it was uninhabited.

"What do you want here?" exclaimed a gruff voice, and looking in the direction whence it proceeded, I perceived a man standing in the open doorway, as if he had been on the watch for something or somebody, and resented my appearance as an intrusion.

He was short in stature, heavily and clumsily built, with scowling brows and a shock of dark hair—a kind of human bull-dog, strong and savage. I was but a stripling at the time, and prompt to resent insolence, for I felt his question was such, poor as I was.

"I am seeking shelter from the storm."

"You can't have any shelter here."

"I tell you there is a storm coming—can't I stop here until the shower is over?"

"No," very gruffly.

"But I shall get wet through," I expostulated; "and there isn't another house in sight."

"Can't help it—don't take strangers in here. There is a house a little further on, round the bend of the road. You'd better go there."

And the door was unceremoniously closed in my face.

I yelled out my opinion of the civility, and made my way back to the road again with considerable speed, as I was not sure but that my remarks might be answered by a charge of buckshot.

As I turned into the road again, a chaise came on at full speed, going the same way I was. I drew up to the side of the road to avoid being run over, when, to my astonishment, instead of coming on, it turned into the carriage-way and drove up to the solitary cottage.

Why the impression that something wrong was going on should have so suddenly flashed through my mind, I have never been able to explain. I certainly did receive such a presentiment of mischief, and, at the same time, an uncontrollable desire to trace it out and learn what it was. A trivial circumstance strengthened this belief in my mind.

The man who had so rudely driven me away from the house was not a farmer, but more like a city rough.

Then, again, he had been so evidently on the lookout for somebody. The chaise was expected.

I found it impossible to depart without solving my doubts, so I cautiously approached the house from the rear. A covered porch jutted out from an extension, in which I quickly ensconced myself to escape from the rain, which was now falling in good earnest, accompanied by the most vivid lightning and most terrific peals of thunder. Cautiously, then, I crept into the room opening on the porch. It was illuminated by a strong light, coming through an open window from another, also open, in the main chamber of the house, diagonally opposite. This light was caused by a blazing fire of wood, which had been kindled on the hearth, evidently to drive away the dampness of the old house, which I was now satisfied had long been unoccupied.

From my window, all in the gloom, I could overlook the lighted apartment completely. It contained a barrel, turned bottom upward, on which was a common stable-lantern, lighted, but eclipsed by the brighter beams of the wood fire. Two men stood beside this barrel, in earnest conversation. A third crouched on the hearth, beside the fire, partly reclining on a bundle of fagots.

These two men were very dissimilar in appearance; both were elegantly dressed, and had the appearance of wealth about them. One was about my size—that is to say, rather small, with curly brown hair, mustache, and bright, clear eyes, which looked black in that light, and very white, even teeth, which a genial smile disclosed often; but his face was as brown as a berry, and gave him a foreign air and appearance. I should have taken him to be twenty-five, or thereabouts. His companion was his elder by a dozen years—a head taller, and thin almost to emaciation. He had a sallow, cadaverous countenance, restless eyes of an uncertain color, thin, nervous lips, a hooked nose, and sandy hair and beard.

Both windows being open, I could hear, in the intervals of the thunder, every word. The foreign-looking gentleman was speaking when I took up my post of observation.

"I regret we stopped, even to escape the storm, Mr. Rockbridge," he was saying; "I would much rather have gone on, even at the risk of a drenching. It smells horribly unwholesome here."

"Patience," answered Rockbridge. "The storm will soon pass over, and then, perhaps, it would be advisable to stop at the first hotel we come to, and put up for the night."

"By no means," rejoined Tappan, quickly—"let us push on; we shall reach there before midnight. I am sorry we stopped at all. It was very kind of you to come for me, in your own conveyance, for I am most anxious to see Elinor and give her the last words of her deceased father. The *Crest of the Wave* was the first homeward-bound vessel, after I had settled up the affairs of the firm, and so I took passage in her."

"Poor Mr. Woodberry!" said Rockbridge; "he took the voyage for the benefit of his health, and only arrived in Calcutta to die."

"Yes. I was settling up the accounts of my branch of the firm when he arrived. We were to have returned together."

"I know. You have had a long exile from your native land. Ten years, is it not?"

"Precisely. I left England when I was sixteen to begin my career in the great East India house of Woodberry & Co., a poor clerk, and I return a junior partner."

"We shall have to take the style of Rockbridge & Tappan, eh?"

"No. It was the old man's last wish that the business should be continued under his name, his daughter, as silent partner, giving us the right to retain the old firm name of 'Woodberry & Co.' I have the proper authority to arrange everything, and his will, and other necessary papers, in my breast-pocket."

The firelight may have deceived me, but it appeared to me that Rockbridge gave a quick sign to the man by the fire. At all events, he roused himself up at that moment, and commenced fumbling amongst the sticks of wood, as if intent on replenishing the fire.

"So the beautiful Elinor is to become a partner, and the head of the firm, too. A partner in a double sense, eh? I believe you have some aspirations in that quarter?"

"Elinor is my affianced wife," answered Tappan.

"You must have plighted your troth early, then. Only sixteen when you went away—why, she can scarcely remember how you looked, much less recognize you now."

"It was the wish of her father; and we have constantly corresponded to that end. Our marriage will take place at the expiration of her year of mourning."

"Is that all settled?"

The question came abruptly—fiercely.

"It is."

"Then you must die!"

At the words, the hang-dog ruffian, as if it had been a signal agreed upon, rose suddenly with a knotty stick in his hand, and struck Tappan a savage blow on the head that felled him to the floor like a stroke of lightning.

I sank down upon my knees, helplessly holding on by the window-sill. I was stunned—bewildered to the extent that I had neither power to move nor breath to utter a cry. It is a dreadful thing to see a murder done coolly, deliberately, in cold blood. Yet this supineness saved my life, as I undoubtedly should have been sacrificed also if I had made my presence known.

"The job's over," said the man who had done the deed at the instigation of the more refined assassin—"and an ugly one it is, too."

"There was no help for it. No one shall ever go over the accounts of that firm. An examination would be my ruin; and I love Elinor Woodberry—madly, passionately love her—would sell my soul to gain her!"

I ventured to look again, and saw the murderers by the door staring at their victim.

"Are you sure he's dead ?" whispered Rockbridge.

"That blow would have killed an ox," answered the ruffian, doggedly.

"What shall we do with the body—bury it ?" asked Rockbridge, anxiously.

"That will take too much time. Why not set fire to the old house, and burn all up at once ? It is as dry as tinder, and will burn like a flash," responded his companion.

"Good !" cried Rockbridge, with relief. "Papers and all will be destroyed together. I'll get the chaise ready, while you fire the house ; but see you do it so thoroughly as to destroy every trace of this night's work."

With these words, he hurried from the room. The other commenced scattering the fire-brands about, and fearful that he might see me, I crept cautiously out and through the porch and hid myself among the trees.

When I heard the chaise drive away, I hurried to the window of the main apartment, which was all in a blaze, jumped in amidst the flames, grasped the form of the murdered man and dragged it out from the burning dwelling, toiling at it with desperate strength and resolution until I had got it among the trees far from the house.

You will wonder why I should have risked my life thus to preserve a mass of senseless clay. My motive is soon told. I wished to possess myself of the clothes and papers of the murdered man for the purpose of passing myself off for him. It was a bold game, but I was resolved to play it—to defeat a villain's schemes and save an innocent girl and her fortune from his clutches. Nor was it so difficult as might appear at the first view. The man Tappan had been ten years abroad—had gone a boy and returned a man. We were nearly of the same height, and as for a mustache and the bronze visage, the resources of my profession were adequate to supply all deficiencies. Besides, ten years passed beneath an Indian sun, would be likely to make many and strange changes in a man's appearance. You smile at the idea of such a project—it appears to you like the wild fancy of a lunatic, does it not ? I can assure you there was "method" in my madness.

The afternoon of the following day, when "made up" as nearly as I could to a resemblance of Mr. Tappan, I sauntered quietly along, and entered the counting-house of Woodberry & Co., where I found Mr. Rockbridge—all alone, as luck would have it—very busy at his books.

He looked up at my entrance, and the way his underjaw dropped, his cheeks paled, and his eyes glared, convinced me that my "make-up" was good, and that I was not a bad imitation of Charles Tappan.

The feeling was but momentary, however ; it passed over his face like a spasm, and was gone. He was too sure that his crime had been effectual. He turned to me urbanely, saying :

"What can I do for you, sir ?"

I put on a look of pretended astonishment—I was a pretty good actor, even in those days.

"What !" I cried, "is it possible you do not recognize me, Mr. Rockbridge ?"

He winced, and the uneasy expression came again into his light gray eyes.

"Really, sir," he said, in a hesitating way, "you have the advantage of me. Have we ever met before ?"

"To be sure we have," I answered, readily. "Well, well, time does make sad changes ; not that I think I am altered much for the worse. Have ten years obliterated all traces of your boyish friend ? James Rockbridge, have you really forgotten me—Charley Tappan ?"

He gasped and sank back in his chair, staring at me with distended eyeballs.

"Who are you ?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"Didn't I tell you ?—Charles Tappan," I answered, pleasantly.

I never saw such a bewildered look as overcast his countenance. It was absolutely ludicrous in its expression.

"You Charles Tappan ?" he repeated.

"I am Charles Tappan," I returned, decidedly.

"But that is impossible. Charles Tappan is——"

"Is what ?" I asked, quickly.

"Abroad," he stammered. "In Calcutta—conducting the branch house."

He was recovering self-possession, but I could see that I puzzled him sorely.

"Did you not receive my letter informing you that I had arrived in the *Crest of the Wave?*" I asked, with all coolness imaginable.

He grew livid again. He was positive that I was not Charles Tappan, but who I was and where I obtained information which he thought known only to himself, bewildered him.

"I never received any such letter," he said, at length, boldly ; "and to be plain with you, I do not believe you are Charles Tappan, who, I think, is still in India."

"Well, upon my word," I exclaimed, with well-feigned indignation, "this is a nice reception for a man who has been absent ten years from his native land. As to my having arrived by the *Crest of the Wave*—if you have any doubt on the subject—I have only to refer you to the captain, by whom I am well-known ; and for other proofs of my identity, I think these papers will be all-sufficient." I drew out a large pocket-book at these words. "Here are the balances of the branch house, whose accounts are now closed. Here is the last will and testament of Mr. Woodberry, a letter to his daughter, and power of attorney, giving me authority to settle up his affairs."

"Let me see those papers," he hissed.

I held the papers spread open like a hand of cards.

"Now, mark me, James Rockbridge—and it will be for your interest to believe I am in earnest—look at these papers, examine Mr. Woodberry's well-known signature. Are you satisfied ?" I asked, when he had cast a rapid glance at the different papers.

"Yes," he answered, moodily ; "satisfied that those are the papers that Charles Tappan brought from India, but not that you are Charles Tappan."

"Oh, then you know that Charles Tappan did come from India, although you denied it a moment ago," I cried, quickly. "Where did you obtain your information ?"

His lips worked convulsively, but no words came ; he could not answer my question. He saw that he had made a fatal admission, and his white, glistening teeth gnawed at his nether lip in rage.

"If you still doubt that I am Charles Tappan," I went on, determined to play my ace of trumps and win the game without further discussion, "let me recount to you my journey. Perhaps if we were to stop by the way and examine the ruins of an old cottage by the roadside, which was burned the night before last, we might find some interesting souvenirs of that journey. Men sometimes recover from violent blows on the head. I have heard of such cases, have not you ?"

This last thrust was too much for him ; he slid out of his chair, and groveled on the floor in a dead faint. He made no cry, and the door of the private office being closed, the clerks outside were unconscious of the quiet but intense drama that was being enacted within. A pitcher of water was standing on the table. I filled a glass, and dashed the contents in his face. He sighed

A BOLD GAME.—"'WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?' SAID A GRUFF VOICE."

heavily, and consciousness began to return. I lifted him up and placed him in his chair again. His eyes opened, he saw me, comprehended all, shuddered, and closed them again.

"Do you still doubt that I am Charles Tappan?" I asked.

"No! no!" he cried, hastily; "I doubt nothing, I admit everything; I am in your power if you are he; but no, his skull must have been crushed, and I see no evidence of a wound. In the fiend's name, *who are you?*"

With these incoherent words the wretched man started to his feet, glaring upon me with an insane fury in his eyes. But I had no fear of an assault—your cold murderer is ever a coward—he knew I was prepared for him, and he could only snarl and whine like a whipped cur.

"I tell you, for the last time, I am Charles Tappan," I answered, with determination; "and it will be for your personal welfare to accept me as such without further parley. For the present I must leave you. To-morrow we will look over the books together and settle the affairs of the firm."

"Where are you going now?"

"To call on Elinor," I replied.

"Allow me to escort you. Do you know where she lives?"

"Oh, yes; her letters have informed me that she resides with her aunt on Vernon Street."

At last we reached the residence of Miss Woodberry — a handsome brick house, with "Morrill" on the door-plate, which was the name of Elinor's aunt's deceased husband.

We ascended the steps together, and he rang the bell. We were ushered into the parlor to await the appearance of Elinor Woodberry.

Perhaps you fancy that my nerves began to quiver and my confidence fail me; quite the contrary, I assure you. I was cool—"cool as a cucumber"—and prepared to deceive both Elinor's eyes and the eyes of the guilty James Rockbridge.

After all, the risk was not so great as you may imagine. Elinor Woodberry was but eight years of age when she parted from Charles Tappan, and her childish memory could not be very strong. Light footsteps descended the stairs, and a woman's dress rustled in the hall—the critical moment had come. Elinor Woodberry entered the apartment.

She was a charming young lady—I thought so at the first glance, and further acquaintance confirmed me in that impression—with soft brown hair, sad gray eyes, a pale complexion, and regular features.

She did not appear to observe me at first, I keeping pretty well in the background, but advanced very cordially to Rockbridge.

"Have I kept you waiting?" she exclaimed, in pleasant, bell-like tones. "You must excuse me if I have, but we have an invalid up-stairs—a distant relative of aunt's, or will be at some time, I believe—he met with an accident on his way hither, and I have been nursing him."

"Indeed," answered Rockbridge, carelessly, as if not much interested in the invalid; "I was not aware your aunt had any relatives beside yourself living. I have called to present to you a gentleman who expects to become a relative of yours in the course of time. Do you recognize this gentleman?"

I made two steps forward and bowed. She gave me a long look, rather blankly at first, but it soon brightened into intelligence.

"Charles, my dear Charles!" she cried, with joyous accents. "It must be, it must be; I cannot be mistaken!

A BOLD GAME.—"I GRASPED THE FORM OF THE MURDERED MAN, AND DRAGGED IT OUT FROM THE BURNING DWELLING."

THE PET OF THE VILLAGE.

Oh, Charles, have you come back to me?" And she cast herself impulsively into my arms.

I could not do less than reciprocate her embrace. Her fair head nestled upon my shoulder, and I looked over it triumphantly, I admit, at the livid features of the astonished Rockbridge. It thrilled me, I can tell you, and I only wished I had been Charles Tappan in reality.

The scene was too much for Rockbridge; he muttered something about not wishing to interfere with the joyful meeting between long-severed friends, grasped his hat, and literally fled.

Elinor and myself were soon on the best of terms; I was introduced to Mrs. Morrill, a nice, middle-aged lady, and installed in the house as Charles Tappan. I was also presented to the invalid—he was badly hurt, but the doctor had hopes of getting him on his legs in a week's time—and had a long chat with him. We parted mutually pleased.

Now the game went on regularly—my point was to bring the affairs into proper shape, and force James Rockbridge to make restitution of the money abstracted; his, to lead me into some admission or act to prove the imposition I was practicing. It was sharp work between us, I can tell you. I think he would have murdered me if I had given him a good opportunity, but, of course, I was not going to do that.

At last a circumstance happened which I had long been expecting: the "Bull-dog"—I call him that for want of better name—the man who had struck the fatal blow, called one day to see Rockbridge. They were long closeted together, and now I felt certain Rockbridge was determined to remove me from his path.

How, I could not determine. Certainly not by violence. I was too wary for that—always went well armed, and never remained out late at night. I thought he had a tough job before him, but as two people are seldom of the same opinion, he may have thought differently. However, the "tug of war" was sure to come in a day or two, and I prepared myself accordingly.

It took him about a week to arrange his plot, and then he "opened" on me in this way: Elinor and I were amusing ourselves one hot afternoon in July, in the shady parlor, by singing quaint old ballads, and trying to pick the airs out on the piano; while the invalid cousin had got down-stairs for the first time since his accident, and lay upon the sofa, when the door-bell rang, and in came Rockbridge with the "Bull-dog."

"To what are we indebted for the pleasure of this visit?" said Elinor, graciously.

"I am afraid it will not prove a pleasure," answered Rockbridge, gravely, and looking askance at me. "Circumstances have made me suffer you to become the dupe of an impostor; but I can no longer submit to this deception, as it is now in my power to unmask him."

"Impostor? Deception?" asked Elinor, in a bewildered kind of way. "What in the world do you mean, Rockbridge?"

"I mean that this man, who claims to be Charles Tappan, is an impostor!" said Rockbridge, resolutely. "He is not Charles Tappan."

Elinor recoiled just a little bit from me. He noticed it, and smiled. He felt pretty sure of winning the point this time.

"If I am not Charles Tappan, *who* am I?" I asked, boldly.

He confessed his inability to answer.

"And why am I not Charles Tappan?" I demanded, persistently.

"Because he is——"

The words faltered on his tongue, and he hesitated.

"Is what?"

"*Dead!*"

Elinor shrieked.

"Dead?"

"Ay, sir, *dead!*" he continued, savagely, turning full upon me, as if goaded on by some unseen and powerful medium. "Dead! *murdered!* on the road, on the night of the fifth of June. Murdered in a solitary cottage by the roadside, whither he had been lured under the pretext of taking shelter from a thunderstorm; barbarously murdered, and the house set on fire to conceal all evidence of the crime!"

"Who did this fearful deed?" asked Elinor, breathlessly.

"He—this man—who now calls himself Charles Tappan!" cried Rockbridge, vindictively.

"A likely story," I exclaimed, with an indignation that was not altogether feigned. "Who can prove it?"

"I can," answered "Bull-dog," stepping boldly forward; "I saw you do it."

The effrontery of this assertion made me laugh.

"Do you not understand all now, Elinor?" cried Rockbridge, hurriedly. "This villain here, doubtless inspired by your beauty and a thirst for gain, waylaid and slew your lover, possessed himself of his papers, and trusting to a slight resemblance and a long absence, comes here to palm himself off on you as your affianced husband. It was a bold game, sir," he continued, turning to me with an assumption of virtuous indignation; "but you have lost it, and must be prepared to pay the forfeit."

"He evidently thought I was overwhelmed. But Elinor was not going to condemn me unheard.

"This is a strange story. What have you to say concerning these grave charges?" she asked.

"Unfounded; yet, strangely enough, there is a great deal of truth in what Mr. Rockbridge has uttered. In the first place, I am not Charles Tappan."

"Ah, you admit it!" cried Rockbridge, triumphantly.

"In the second place," I went on, not heeding the interruption, "Charles Tappan was assaulted and left for dead in a lonely cottage, on his way to town; and, moreover, I saw that man strike the blow, and James Rockbridge looked on, an accessory before and after the deed."

"You lie!" exclaimed "Bull-dog," brutally.

But Rockbridge looked uneasy. He began to understand how I had obtained possession of the papers.

"You will find it difficult to prove this, young man," he said, sneeringly.

"Oh, not at all; I have a witness."

"A witness!" the murderers exclaimed in chorus, casting uneasy glances at each other.

"Produce your witness," cried Rockbridge, boldly, after a moment's reflection.

"Here he is—behold him!"

The invalid, whom nobody had taken any notice of during this trying scene, removed the covering from his face and sat upon the sofa, discovering to the appalled wretches the pale face of Charles Tappan, with an ugly scar on the left temple.

Rockbridge and his guilty associate broke from the house like frightened deer, and nothing was ever seen or heard of them afterward.

You will now understand that, after I had dragged Charles Tappan from the burning house, I discovered that he still lived. I laid him under the trees, and hastened to the nearest house for assistance.

The farmer helped me to put him to bed, and in the morning I obtained a conveyance to take us to London.

He recovered sufficiently to give me the address of Miss Woodberry, and I took him directly thither. All the rest was a nice little comedy, arranged by myself, to amuse Mr. Rockbridge, and keep him from running away with the funds of the firm until Tappan got well enough to attend to matters. It was a hard blow he got, but a good constitution brought him safely through it.

THE "JUMPERS" OF MAINE.

JUMPING seems to be an epidemic, confined mainly to the north woods of Maine, and to persons of French descent, and is psycho-contagious—that is, can be caught by personal contact, like chorea and hysteria.

Jumping is probably an evolution of *tickling*. Some, if not all, of the jumpers are ticklish—exceedingly so—and are easily irritated by touching them in sensitive parts of the body. It would appear that in the evenings, in the woods, after the day's toil, in lieu of most other sources of amusement, the lumbermen have teased each other, by tickling and playing, and startling timid ones, until there has developed this jumping, which, by mental contagion, by practice, and by inheritance, has ripened into the full stage of the malady as it appears at the present hour.

This theory is in harmony with the general facts of physiology, and explains, better than any suggestion that has occurred to me, the history of what would otherwise appear to be without explanation, and almost outside of science. In a certain sense, we are all jumpers; under sudden excitement, as of a blow, or a violent, unexpected sound, any person, even not very nervous, may jump and cry, somewhat as these jumpers do, though not with all the manifestations of the jumpers. Hysterical women, jumping and shrieking on slight excitement, we have all seen.

Everything about this subject is incredible. I do not expect that my readers will believe all, if they believe any, of what is here reported; rather they will find it easier to believe that I have been deceived; that the six sources of error that are involved in all experiments with human beings were not fully eliminated; that the jumpers, in short, experimented with me, and not I with the jumpers; and that through all of this half-century the guides and physicians, the proprietors of hotels, and their neighbors and relatives and friends, have been the victims of intentional or unintentional fraud. But to my own mind the most incredible fact of all is, not the existence of the phenomena, but that the phenomena have not been sooner observed by science, and that they have so long escaped the notice even of scientific men who live near or in those regions, and who frequently visit them.

Two of the best known citizens of Greenville—a town at the foot of Moosehead Lake—who have lived there very many years, if not all their lives, who have had these jumpers in their employ, denied or doubted the existence of any of these phenomena, declaring that these so-called jumpers were merely drunk or playing. My guide in the woods of Northern New Hampshire, who had spent his whole life in those wilds, who was old enough to be a great-grandfather, denied without reservation the whole claim; but, after investigating the subject with me, was compelled to admit its genuineness. One of my fishing companions in the woods, a clear-brained and vigorous man of business, and a man of the world, who for seventeen years had passed his Summers in these regions, knew nothing of the subject until this season, when I called his intention to it.

All around these districts there are physicians, not in them but near them—for in the Summer season the jumpers scatter, to a certain degree, over the farms in the vicinity—and every year physicians and men of science, experts in various realms, visit for recreation the districts where these jumpers most abound; but if they see them they do not notice them, or if they notice them they do not understand them, or if they understand them they say nothing about them, and do not attempt to bring, or at least do not succeed in bringing, the phenomena into science.

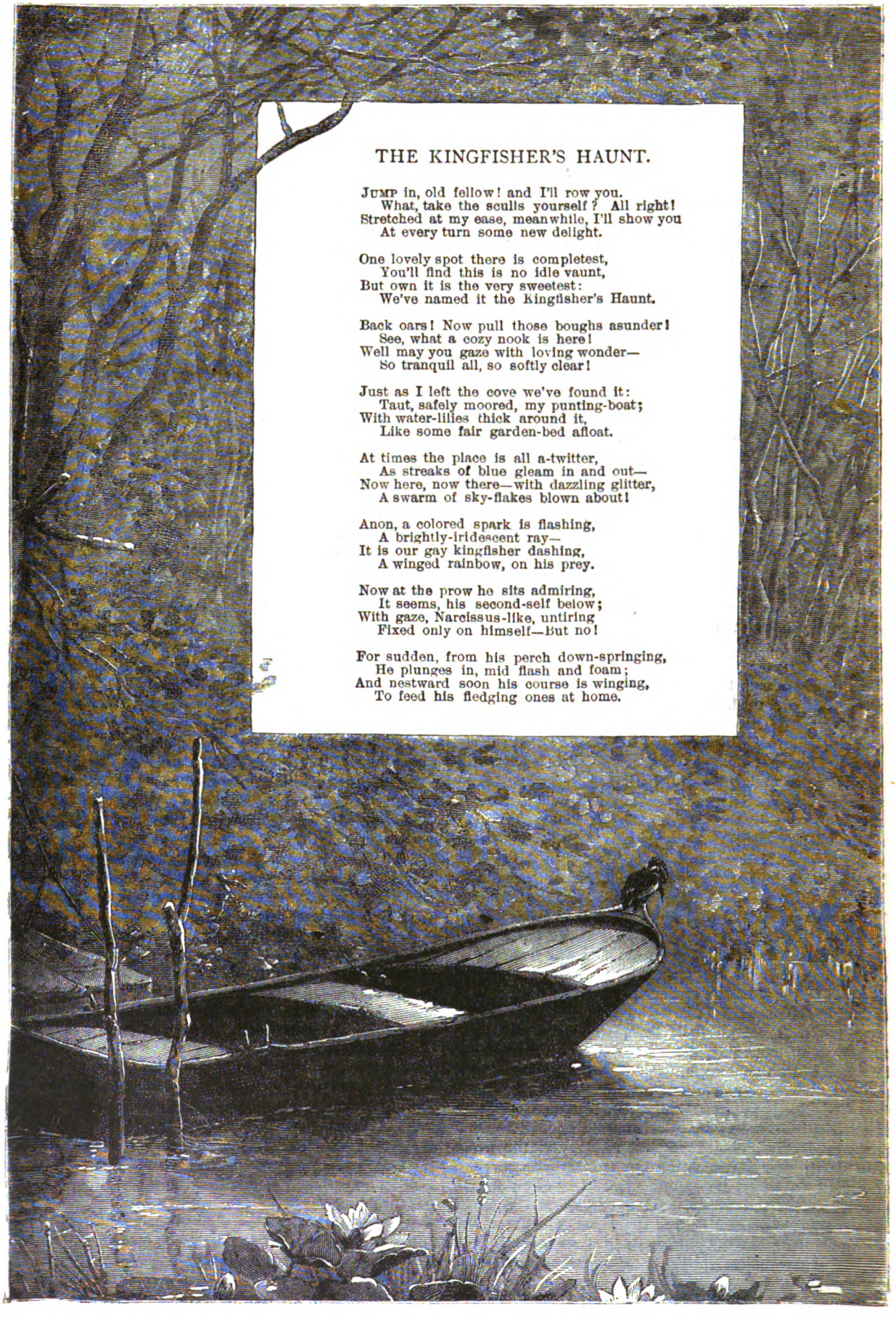
"In the family of one of those with whom I experimented," says Dr. Beard, "there were five jumpers—the father, two sons, and two grandchildren of the respective ages of four and seven years. In the family of another with whom I experimented there were four, all brothers. In the family of another, of whom I obtained information but did not study, there were three cases—an uncle, a mother and a brother. In another family there were two boys, both jumpers. Here, then, were fourteen cases in four families. By the study of these cases it was possible to trace the malady back at least half a century.

THE GROANING TREE.

THE history of the groaning tree is this: About seventy years ago a cottager who lived near the centre of the village of Badesley, Hants, England, heard frequently a strange noise behind his house, like that of a person in extreme agony. Soon after it caught the attention of his wife, who was then confined to her bed. She was a timorous woman, and, being greatly alarmed, her husband endeavored to persuade her that the noise she heard was only the bellowing of the stags in the forest. By degrees, however, the neighbors on all sides heard it, and the thing began to be much talked of. It was by this time plainly discovered that the groaning noise proceeded from an elm which grew at the end of the garden. It was a young, vigorous tree, and to all appearance perfectly sound. In a few weeks the fame of the groaning tree was spread far and wide, and people from all parts flocked to hear it. Among others, it attracted the curiosity of the then Prince and Princess of Wales, who resided at that time, for the advantage of a sea-bath, at Pilewell, the seat of Sir James Worsley, which stood within a quarter of a mile of the groaning tree.

Though the country people assigned many superstitious causes for this strange phenomenon, the naturalists could assign no physical one that was in any degree satisfactory. Some thought it was owing to the twisting and friction of the roots. Others thought it proceeded from water which had collected in the body of the tree, or, perhaps, from pent air. But no cause that was alleged appeared equal to the effect. In the meantime the tree did not always groan, sometimes disappointing its visitants; yet no cause could be assigned for its temporary cessations, either from seasons or weather.

Thus the groaning tree continued an object of astonishment during the space of eighteen or twenty months to all the country around; and, for the information of distant parts, a pamphlet was drawn up containing a particular account of all the circumstances relating to it. At length the owner of it, a gentleman named Forbes, making too rash an experiment to discover the cause, bored a hole in its trunk. After this it never groaned. It was then rooted up, with a further view to make a discovery; but still nothing appeared which led to any investigation of the cause. It was universally, however, believed that there was no trick in the affair, but that some natural cause really existed, though never understood.



THE KINGFISHER'S HAUNT.

JUMP in, old fellow! and I'll row you.
What, take the sculls yourself? All right!
Stretched at my ease, meanwhile, I'll show you
At every turn some new delight.

One lovely spot there is completest,
You'll find this is no idle vaunt,
But own it is the very sweetest:
We've named it the Kingfisher's Haunt.

Back oars! Now pull those boughs asunder!
See, what a cozy nook is here!
Well may you gaze with loving wonder—
So tranquil all, so softly clear!

Just as I left the cove we've found it:
Taut, safely moored, my punting-boat;
With water-lilies thick around it,
Like some fair garden-bed afloat.

At times the place is all a-twitter,
As streaks of blue gleam in and out—
Now here, now there—with dazzling glitter,
A swarm of sky-flakes blown about!

Anon, a colored spark is flashing,
A brightly-iridescent ray—
It is our gay kingfisher dashing,
A winged rainbow, on his prey.

Now at the prow he sits admiring,
It seems, his second-self below;
With gaze, Narcissus-like, untiring
Fixed only on himself—But no!

For sudden, from his perch down-springing,
He plunges in, mid flash and foam;
And nestward soon his course is winging,
To feed his fledging ones at home.

MARSHFIELD, MASS., THE RESIDENCE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

AN EARLY VISIT TO MARSHFIELD.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S "own house at Marshfield," as he was fond of calling it, burned down on the 14th of February, 1878, and with it went one of our few historical houses.

Perhaps a unique recollection of a child's visit may not be uninteresting.

In the wave of a great political excitement I happened to be borne along, and allowed to see the great man in the familiarity of home. Although it was not a case of Bettina's infatuation for Goethe, it was a strong case of hero-worship; for all New England at that time reverenced the name of Mr. Webster. He was loved, feared, honored, courted; and the loss or temporary lull of that popularity cost him his life.

As Guizot says of Charlemagne, great men make the times, and the times make or unmake them. The great success of the anti-slavery movement, with which he was not in sympathy, unmade Mr. Webster, and the present generation can scarcely realize what a demigod he was.

I remember that we first saw him at a political meeting at Duxbury, where he made a speech to 5,000. It would be a great pleasure to the modern student of politics, could he have heard the men talk who addressed that meeting. But after his speech was over and he came to our party, the orator who had been so fearful and so impressive before the five thousand was simply cheerful and fascinating. He put us in his own carriage, and prepared to drive us himself to Marshfield. Never shall I forget the combination of the salt sea air, the Summer evening, a beautiful sunset, and his grand smile!

It was probably the finest smile in the world. Mr. Webster's teeth were of extraordinary beauty—white as pearl, as even as it is possible for graduated pearls to be, and with the freshness of perfection, set in a noble arch, in a large and well-formed mouth. His eyes were, of course, fine. The great, black Webster-orbs are well-known to his countrymen, but they were sometimes as terrible as thunder; Mr. Webster could shoot out of those black eyes all the fabled thunderbolts of Jupiter. But his smile corrected the gloom of his powerful face; it was wondrous sweet, and when he spoke to women and children it was most beautiful; indeed, when he wished to win men—when he was in good humor—he had but to smile to conquer anything.

Marshfield itself made him good-humored. His residence was, as everybody knows, a square white house, standing low, with an enormous elm in front of it. I remember being struck with its extent as we were taken into the left-hand wing, when we entered, and given a bedroom on the ground floor. I had never seen or heard the sea before. I was delighted with the "boom"—that sad, majestic music, the lullaby and greeting which nature gave to her great son. In the morning I rose early, unable to sleep (under circumstances to me so distinguished and unusual), and walking out, met Mr. Webster, in a broad hat and old linen coat, just coming in from fishing. He was delighted with my pleasure, gave me all the Latin and Greek words describing this roar of the sea, and took me to an upper window, where I could get a view of his wide domain.

Breakfast in the great dining-room was much later, and he appeared carefully dressed, for the house was full of guests. At this meal he rose often from table, cutting ham at the sideboard, pouring tea for his daughter, Mrs. Appleton, whom he seemed to adore, and laughing at Mrs. Webster for her domestic anxiety lest the cream should give out. Mrs. Appleton, then a young married woman, looked very like her father. Judge Warren, one of the guests, told me that she had been apostrophized at Cambridge, in one of the Commencement odes, as—

"O star eyed daughter of our Northern son!"

which had pleased Mr. Webster very much. She was an interesting creature, and died young, to Mr. Webster's great heart-break.

After breakfast Mr. Webster took me to his library and showed me his books. Taking from the shelf a copy of Drummond's Botany, and finding that I had just begun that study, he gave it to me. I have the volume before me, with his own name twice repeated:

"DANIEL WEBSTER, for his own library at Marshfield, 1834."

And lower down he was kind enough to write:

"Taken therefrom and presented to Miss —— —— on this 28th of July, with my respects and cordial good wishes.
"DANIEL WEBSTER."

It is an autograph of the highest value, for it records the kindness of heart, the delicacy of feeling, with which he strove to make his young and unimportant guest happy, and he succeeded.

Dinner brought more people, and I remember (for I was honored by a seat at his left hand), that he carved a goose himself. This goose was a natural product of Marshfield, and seemed to commend itself to the feelings of the company, for every one accepted a piece of it. Of course the goose began to give out.

"I have a very sharp knife; I shall cut thinner and thinner slices," he whispered.

Finally, before every one was helped, the goose was a wreck; a mere structure of bones.

"Here," said he to the butler; "put the skeleton in the closet."

He was exceedingly amused by the wit of Judge Warren, who had a pun ready for every occasion, and I remember a perfect shower of good things followed the goose to the closet, and in the brilliancy of the conversation I sank naturally into the obscurity which belonged to my youth and sex; and although perfectly happy, perhaps looked neglected, for Mr. Webster began talking to me of Scott's poetry, and I remember now his brilliant and perfect repetition of the lines, "Hail to the Chief," particularly dwelling on the verse—

"Ours is no sapling chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane in Winter to fade."

The next day he took three ladies to drive along the shore of the far-resounding sea. He was in his happiest vein, repeating poetry and telling stories, and referring to Mrs. Webster, who sat in the back of the carriage, with playful adherence to his own memory if they differed. It seemed to me that he knew every fish, every mollusk, every shell—that Nature had told him all her secrets. I think he liked to talk to a child, or to one who stood—

—"with waiting feet,
Where maidenhood and childhood meet";

for although I saw much of him later, and always received from him unvarying kindness, as a sort of inherited friendship, yet I do not remember that I ever felt as much at my ease with him again. To be sure, I afterward saw him with "listening senates" waiting on his every word, or as he walked regally through the rooms at the White House—rooms which he longed to preside over: a strange want of knowledge of himself, for he was one of those original men, those natural kings, who held office and rank and dignity by the divine right, and no votes of men could have ennobled him. I knew how *great* he was later (always an embarrassing circumstance); but when I was a child I did *not* know how great he was, and I suppose my naïve acceptance of him as an equal amused him; or perhaps he was more agreeable, more natural at Marshfield than elsewhere.

It may have been so, for his humble neighbors loved him—they were not afraid of him, and he was fond of them. Commodore Peterson—"Seth," his fisherman, was his great friend and ally. Was it he who said, as he looked at the dead body of his master, friend, and companion, as it lay in its last majestic sleep under the great elm in front of Marshfield door: "Daniel Webster! the world will be lonesome without you"?

He described Marshfield to a lady friend in a humorous letter, which will bear repetition more than once, as it is better English than any one else could have written:

"You are one of those unfortunate persons who have not seen Marshfield. It would be cruel to speak of its beauties, if your fate in this respect were irreversible. But as you may, and I trust do, cherish the hope of one day beholding it, I must prepare you for something like an ecstasy! And yet a single sight would scarcely produce that effect. Superficial observers see nothing in Marshfield but rocks and sands and desolation, as one uninitiated runs his eye over the picture of an old master and wonders what folks can see that is pleasing in such a grim and melancholy-looking thing. Marshfield is to be studied. Do not come, therefore, without weeks before you. Some may tell you that its excellence is like transcendentalism, so refined and invisible as to hang on the very verge of nonsense or nonentity. But these are malignant persons, and not to be believed.

"And now from generalities to facts. An old-fashioned two-story house, with piazza (stoop?) all around it, stands on a gentle rising, facing due south, and distant fifty rods from the road, which runs in front. Beyond the road is a ridge of hilly land, not very high, covered with oak wood, running in the same direction as the road, and leaving a little depression, or bend, exactly opposite the house, through which the southern breezes fan us of an afternoon. I feel them now coming, not over beds of violets, but over Plymouth Bay, fresh if not fragrant. A carriage-way leads from the road to the house, not bold and impudent, right up straight to the front door, like the march of a column of soldiers, but winding over the lower parts of the ground, sheltering itself among trees and hedges, and getting possession at last, more by grace than force, as other achievements are best made. Two other houses are in sight, one a farm-house, cottage-built, at the end of the avenue, so covered up in an orchard as to be scarcely visible; the other a little farther off in the same direction, that is, to the left on the road, very neat and pretty, with a beautiful field of grass by its side.

"Opposite the east window of the east front room stands a noble spreading elm, the admiration of all beholders. Beyond that is the garden, sloping to the east, and running down till the tide washes the lower wall. Back of the house are such vulgar things as barns, and on the other side, that is to the west and northwest, is a fresh-water pond of some extent, with green grass growing down to its margin, and a good walk all round it—on one side a good thick belt of trees planted by the same hand which now indites this eloquent description. I say nothing of orchards and copses and clumps, interspersed over the lawn, because such things may be seen in vulgar places. But now comes the climax. From the doors, from the windows, and still better, from twenty little elevations, all of which are close by, you see the ocean, a mile off, reposing in calm or terrific in storm, as the case may be. Then you have seen Marshfield, and let us recapitulate. 1. The ocean; as to that, when it is mentioned enough is said. 2. A dry and pure air, not a bog nor a ditch nor an infernal gutter in five miles, not a particle of exhalation but from the ocean, and a run-

ning New England stream. A region of fine forest three miles back, dark and piny in appearance and smell, as you ever witnessed in the remotest interior."

It was this union of sea and shore that made Marshfield delightful to the man who loved all nature's sweet influences—who was as much of a fisherman as a farmer, and who rose early to mark all of the signs. Here is another letter, which shows Marshfield at five o'clock of a December morning:

"My Dear Sir:—It is a beautiful, clear, cold, still morning.

"I arose at four o'clock, and have looked forth. The firmament is glorious, Jupiter and Venus are magnificent, and 'stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole.' I wish I could once see the constellations of the South, though I do not think they can excel the heavens which are above our heads. An hour or two hence we shall have a fine sunrise. The long twilights of this season of the year make the sun's rising a slow and beautiful process. About an hour hence these lesser lights will begin to pale their ineffectual fires. Meantime Mr. Baker and his men are already milking and feeding the cows, and his wife has a warm breakfast for them all ready before a bright fire. Such is country life, and such is the price paid for manly strength and female health and red cheeks.

"I hear the sea very strong and loud at the north, which is not unusual after violent atmospheric agitations, and when the wind has lulled. They call this the "rote," or "rut" of the sea; either expression is correct. The Latin *rota* is the root of both words.

"Our harvest accounts are good. We think we have a thousand bushels of corn, three thousand of turnips, and seven or eight hundred of beets. The barns are full of hay. Six or eight oxen are eating turnips by way of preparation for the Brighton markets in March. We are in snug Winter quarters, with only men enough to take care of the cattle, get the wood and look out for kelp. To-day I shall try to look over accounts, count the cattle and sheep, see to the curing of the pork and hams, and tomorrow get back to Boston. I have taken my last look at Marshfield out-of-doors for the season, and not without reluctance give it all up for toilsome law and arguing politics. I am thankful for the past!"

No wonder that "every man, woman and child within ten miles knew when Mr. Webster was at Marshfield." He was the best farmer in the county. He loved his fat oxen, and fed with his own hand the corn which they liked. As Choate said, finely: "They recognized their lord with a look." He was "the wise man who knew how to do all things better than any one else; the liberal, open-handed citizen, whose enterprises kept a community in active improvement; the kind benefactor, whose thoughtfulness for others flowed in deeds as frequent and fast as the hours."

This house at Marshfield was built after the early Puritan pattern about the year 1765—the same year that saw built the Patroon Van Renssalaer's house at Albany—about the time that General Schuyler built, in the same city, his beautiful house, which still stands. When Mr. Webster bought it, he added to it from time to time, preserving the old house, which was never changed. When he sold his Boston house, in 1839, Marshfield became the home of his books, pictures, gifts and furniture. The splendid silver vase, made after the fashion of the "Warwick," and presented to him by (I believe) the State of Massachusetts, was there at one time—perhaps always. The house was full of "testimonials" from everywhere, and from everybody. We hear that, when it was burned, "a case of butterflies, presented by an Emperor of Brazil, was saved."

From 1824 to his death, Marshfield had been Mr. Webster's favorite Summer home. He became its owner in 1832, and retained always Captain and Mrs. Thomas, the original owners, as his friends and guests to the end of their days. His devotion to this family, and theirs to him, has become historical. Mrs. Thomas, a venerable lady, was living when I saw Marshfield, and died only a short time after. An hour's fire has swept away this historical house. One wonders, on hearing how soon, how easily it went, that all wooden houses do not burn—and yet it had stood 112 years. Unimportant but for the portion of time when one great man made it immortal, it has gone up, like the Prophet Elijah, in a chariot of fire, into the realms of the imperishable.

"In the palmy days of the Marshfield estate," says his biographer, "Mr. Webster's table, if he chose to have it so, could be supplied for as many guests as he commonly had from the products of his own farm and the native wealth of the sea. His own beef, mutton, and poultry, with fish that swam the same morning in the ocean, and wild fowl that had scarcely landed on his broad domain, were the principal courses; all that a New England garden could add, as the seasons passed, of fruit, or vegetables, and pastry, rounded out the dinner. In cooking, Mr. Webster did not affect what are called French dishes, but in the art of ordering a dinner after a composite manner of his own and of his chief minister (Old Monica, a negro cook from Washington)—being, mainly, the best of the New England modes, with a dash of the Southern—he had no superior."

I was destined, later, to taste much of Monica's cooking, and I remember her fried oysters, her terrapin, and her roast turkey, at Washington, as dishes which are now lost to the world. She gave them a flavor, a tone, a "bouquet" (if I may use a term applied only to flowers or vines) which has perished with her.

For, I suppose, "Monica" has gone—she whom the witty Charles March and the gay and graceful Fletcher Webster used to apostrophize, and write sonnets about, if not *to;* she who watched by her master's deathbed, now long years ago, and to whom he spoke almost in his last hour. She must have gone to the Land of Shades.

That deathbed scene at Marshfield has passed into history. All his strangely mixed poetic and yet homely religious feeling, all his real love of poetry, cropping out at the last. Two days before he died, he said: "I care no more about politics than the jackdaw that sits on the top of St. Paul's! Go down to the library, and read Cowper's "Jackdaw." He then repeated some of the lines:

"You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall;
No: not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

"He sees that this great roundabout,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its business,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says, what says he, Caw!"

At his very last, he said to his son: "Poetry"; and Fletcher repeated to him some verses of Gray's "Elegy," at which he smiled.

And one could repeat his grand confessional on the doctrine of immortality; the commanding, wondrous expression of Scriptural words and truths which dignified his dying utterances; but they would be out of place here.

The last scene in which the great master of Marshfield appeared was on the lawn, on Friday, the 29th day of October, 1852—when, dressed in his favorite blue coat and yellow waistcoat, "the gracious figure arrayed for burial" lay, face upward, under the great elm of the

A ST. PETERSBURG BAKER.

lawn. A vast multitude were there to do him honor. Presidents, Cabinet Ministers, judges, citizens of high and of low degree—all came with uncovered heads, to return his hospitality and to see him home.

Six of the neighboring farmers bore their brother farmer on their shoulders to his last resting-place, followed by the nation as chief mourner. And on the lawn where, ten years before, a little girl had bounded out to hear the "rote" of the sea for the first time, and to look up in those great, terrible, beautiful eyes; to hold the small, nervous, brown hand of the statesman, as he kindly led her on the lawn, and showed her how the elm-tree touched the ground on all sides—there did he lie in the majesty of death, and thence was he borne by his friends and neighbors; and now, after more than thirty years, the house has gone, and only the memory of Marshfield remains.

A RUSSIAN HOME.

By a Visitor.

One bright July morning I landed at the very rough port of a Russian town. On the wharf stood a number of official-looking people in gray uniforms, who proceeded to search our boxes. Once free from their tender mercies, my companion and I found ourselves joined by our Russian relative whom we had come to visit, and whose carriage was waiting to take us up to the citadel where he lived. We jolted along at an alarming pace, over hilly streets paved with great cobble-stones — not wood, the usual pavement for streets in Russia—till we arrived at the door of a lofty house, with the family escutcheon emblazoned in color on the door-posts.

Here we were greeted with a warm welcome by our Muscovite connections, who led us into a large apartment, with an inlaid floor of polished wood. It was singularly bare and dreary-looking to our eyes, for the only furniture it contained stood in little encampments in the corners of the room, and consisted of a large rug, or piece of carpet, on which were placed a small table, a sofa, and two or three chairs. The bedrooms, to which we were afterward conducted, were in like manner equally destitute of furniture other than what was absolutely necessary, and looked rather prison-like, except for their immense size, with their bare, plastered walls.

Having arrived at such an early hour, we were quite ready for the breakfast which we were soon told was awaiting us. Our friends took us into another room, where we found it laid on a long table, headed by a large brass urn—this was our first acquaintance with a Russian *samovar*; it rather resembled the English urns, with the exception that it is made of brass, and heated by burning charcoal, and the tea-pot is placed on the top to be kept warm by the steam; the result is splendid tea.

The Russians are an essentially tea-drinking nation, and few houses are so poor as not to possess a samovar. They pride themselves also on the quality of their tea, which, being brought overland, is certainly very finely flavored; it is supposed that tea brought over-sea is always more or less affected in flavor.

Breakfast consisted of all kinds of fancy bread and butter, and when over we were told to be ready in an

hour, as our relatives intended taking us to their country house, where, it being Summer-time, they were then residing.

We started in a cavalcade of three carriages, our luggage accompanying us; to each carriage were attached six little dejected-looking horses, about the size of English ponies, all harnessed abreast.

Our drive was a curious one, and gave a vivid idea of the uncivilized state of the country. We traveled along bare, sandy roads, with nothing but telegraph posts and dark fir-trees to mark our way, till we suddenly turned off into the forest, where there seemed no path nor road, and the trees grew so thickly that it was with difficulty we could have light sufficient or enough space to pass between them; and thus, sometimes almost in darkness, then out again into broad daylight, we jolted along till before us I descried a brook with a most dangerously fragile-looking bridge, merely made of round, loose logs, laid crosswise on each other.

Our *isvostchik* (coachman), however, apparently anticipated nothing dreadful, for with a great shout and slash of the reins—which serve as a whip—on the backs of the dejected horses, he urged them to a break-neck speed, till, with a bump and a bound which nearly flung us out of our seats, we found that we had crossed the bridge, over which our wretched little animals scrambled like cats, though it was impossible for them to help displacing the logs.

These Government post-horses are a race in themselves; they seem burdened with weighty cares of state, for nothing could exceed their miserable expression; even when pushed to a temporary speed, they only subsided the deeper into their "doleful dumps" afterward. The first on the off side carried a cracked bell, whose perpetual "tink! tink!" but added to the general melancholy effect. This is worn partly as a badge to show they are Government property, and partly to keep away the wolves in Winter-time, which, unless immensely pressed by hunger, will not approach any musical sound; even a man whistling is sufficient to send them away.

At last we emerged from the forest on a wide expanse of unhedged fields of corn, dotted with rough-looking barns, and further on a large, wooden red-tiled house; this was our destination, and very glad we were to be at our journey's end, also to find that our country bedroom was smaller and more comfortable than the town one had been, in spite of the same funny little encampments of furniture.

RUSSIAN PEASANTS OF COURLAND.

Having rested for a little time, dinner was announced; but before we were allowed to go into the dining-room, servants entered with the *sakourski*, or little meal that precedes all Russian dinners, consisting of bread-and-butter, poached eggs, squares of cheese, and fish; one had scarcely time to demolish more than a mouthful before we proceeded to the dining-room. Dinner commenced by every one taking a liqueur-glass of *kümmel*, or spirit of caraway seeds, which is supposed to enhance the appetite; then came soup, and we were given little pâtés of minced meat to put into it; this was followed by a sweet vegetable pudding, then meat, then fish, succeeded by chicken dressed with cherry jam, and pickles. Cakes and preserved fruits completed the repast, and then long, ornamented pipes and cigars were brought in for the gentlemen, whilst the ladies retired to the drawing-rooms for coffee and fruit.

The fine Summer evening tempted us to stroll out, and we walked round what at home would have been called the farm buildings, but here everything was most primitive and rough; the cows were just being driven home by wild-looking, barefooted girls, and we wondered to see the

kine so small—poor, skinny little things, scarcely any exceeding the size of an English donkey. We then peeped into some of the barns as we wandered into the corn-fields, where the peasants were busy reaping, and saw how the wheat was threshed. Six or seven little horses were set running round and round amongst the sheaves which were thrown down and spread over the floor, and in this manner it was trodden out.

Being so far North, the Summer nights were wonderfully light—in fact, there was really only about two hours' entire darkness at midnight; and the nightingales sang so loudly and incessantly that it was rather difficult to sleep. However, we soon got used to it.

The next morning we assembled in the dining-room between eight and nine o'clock for breakfast, which consisted as before of tea, coffee and all sorts of fancy bread, including a light-colored brown kind, called *seppik*. Pipes were then brought in, as they are after every Russian meal, and we left the gentlemen and proceeded to amuse and employ ourselves as best we might.

Our hostess most kindly admitted us into the secrets of her housekeeping, and opened enormous cupboards of homespun linen to show us, for in the country the people are still so primitive as to have all their house-linen spun at home. She also showed us her beautiful preserves, which, indeed, excelled any we had ever seen, for the fruit was so perfectly cooked that it looked as if but just plucked and laid in the clear, white syrup; we were much surprised as well at the very small kitchen accommodation the house possessed, after the elaborate dinners that proceeded from it, everything being cooked by a few small stoves.

The time passed pleasantly away till at twelve o'clock we were summoned to luncheon; this was a "cold collation," a prominent feature being a small tub in the middle of the table, full of sour milk in curds, which was served in soup-plates and eaten with cream.

During the afternoon we went a little walk to the borders of the forest, where the wolves live in Winter, but our friends told us that they retire to the marshes during the Summer-time, and there would be no fear of our meeting any; but our hostess went on to say that once when an English lady friend was visiting them in Winter, they had, like us, wandered out into the woods alone, having thoughtlessly neglected to take one of the great cattle-dogs with them, when suddenly turning her head, the English lady exclaimed: "Oh, what a handsome dog! Is he yours?" and began calling the animal. To our hostess's horror, she immediately perceived that what her friend had mistaken for a large dog was neither more nor less than a great shaggy gray wolf. Fortunately, it took no notice of them, and slowly trotted away, when, as may be imagined, they lost no time in making the best of their way back to the house.

As we returned we passed the children's gardens; a few straggling flowers were growing in them, and there, as elsewhere, we remarked the entire absence of all wild-flowers; also the general unkempt air of the whole place, including even the grass-plot in front of the house, gave all a very melancholy appearance.

Five o'clock brought dinner, the sakourski being served first, as before, and the evening passed in pleasant chat, the gentlemen smoking, the ladies doing their needle-work or playing on the piano, at which the Russians are great adepts.

The following day we were promised a gala or fête for the villagers, and our hostess was greatly busied with her preparations. Toward the afternoon very long rough tables, with equally rough seats, were erected on the grass before the house, and after awhile *talégas* (carts) began to arrive, with strange, eerie-looking folk in them, the men wearing long, dark-brown coats, with red belts, short breeches and the coarsest woollen stockings, also shoes of only a piece of untanned cow-skin, drawn around their feet by a string; flat caps covered their heads, from which the lanky hair hung down, bleached white by the sun, in striking contrast to their dirty, bronzed faces.

The women were scarcely more attractive. The married ones wore the picturesque helmet-shaped head-dress of the country, of printed calico or silk, whilst nearly all had a white cloth thrown over their heads to keep away the dust as they drove along. The rest of their costume consisted of a coarse, striped petticoat, with a dark-blue woolen jacket body.

At last, being assembled, in all about three hundred, besides children of all ages, and queer little brown babies, mere bundles of coarse clothes, our host made them a speech, which seemed to please them very much, and then the servants carried round large pots of (to us) disgusting-looking boiled meat, but they all appeared very eager to get it, and when once obtained, they behaved like savages, for they tore it in pieces with hands and teeth, gnawing and gobbling it up more like their neighbors the wolves than human beings.

Some rough games followed, such as running races, climbing a greasy pole, and scrambling for kopêks (Russian farthings), the elder women joining in the latter in spite of their age. It seemed as if they could scarcely resist the sight of money, for they would toss their babies over to some friend to hold, whilst they rushed in amongst the breathless crowd; sometimes baby and all went, at which we could not help laughing; they also seemed to think it fine fun, and joined heartily in the laugh against themselves.

The talégas were now harnessed, and little by little different groups formed ready to depart; but one and all first came to bid farewell to their lord, our host, which they did by kissing his hands and embracing his knees. We came in for some of these adieus, as when they were informed that we were his relations they rushed around us, and kneeling, dragged our dresses in all directions to be kissed and embraced, till we ran a narrow chance of being thrown down, and my companion was not a little frightened.

So passed the gala-day, and afterward we settled down into the quiet monotony of a Russian home.

THE GREAT RUBY.

The first and most famous of existing rubies forms part of the Imperial State crown made for Queen Victoria in 1838, embellished with all the gems left after the destruction of the regalia during the period of the Commonwealth, and subsequently added to by purchase. This ruby, standing in the centre of the Maltese cross, on the top of the British crown, and the most conspicuous gem on it, is believed to be, on tolerably good authority, the same as that worn in front of the helmet of King Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. Unlike famous diamonds, rubies have no proper names, but this one in the British crown might be called the "Agincourt." Its history can be traced back to the year 1367, when, after the battle of Nagara, near Vittoria, King Pedro of Castile presented it to Edward the "Black Prince."

This "Agincourt," if so it can be called, has a small hole bored through it, after a fashion common in the East, to be hung by itself round the neck. This hole is now

filled in the front part by a small ruby, to be distinguished from the stone only by close examination. Of about the same size as this ruby is another, formerly among the regalia of Austria, but of the present existence of which little if anything is known. The Emperor Rudolph II. received it in 1360 from his sister, Queen Dowager of France, it being valued at the time at 60,000 ducats, or about £30,000. It would now probably be worth not far from half a million sterling, the value of the ruby having increased more than that of any other precious stone.

MUSHROOM CULTURE IN FRANCE.

On arriving at Arceuil, one is prepared to find some unusual industry carried on ; the large tract of undulating ground, uncultivated and unfenced, covered with a scant growth of grass and weeds, with, dotted here and there, peculiar wooden air-shafts, looking like dismantled windmills, make up a picture of desolateness and neglect that is unique in the neighborhood of Paris. One's first impression on alighting at the station is that the place is ownerless.

Scrambling along the muddy track that did service for a pathway from the station, I struck the road on which was the house of the *champignoist* to whom I had been directed. Behind the neatly kept house and garden was a yard, with some heaps of hot manure being turned by several men, one of whom was the proprietor. On reading my introduction, he politely expressed his willingness to help me, and explained the mode of preparing the manure (the same as among us). He then led me to the door in the middle of the yard, that apparently opened into nothing.

When this door was opened, there came out a rush of confined air laden with the musty smell of mushroom spawn, bringing the conviction that a stay below, to be pleasant, would have to be short. On a shelf just inside were some small spirit-lamps fixed to straight wooden handles about one foot long, two of which monsieur lighted. Taking one for himself and giving one to me, he bade me follow him down a steep incline, damp and slippery from the water trickling down the walls on both sides.

At the bottom of the incline, which terminated in some steps, was a chamber about ten feet square, from which branched off galleries, about six feet wide, to all appearance winding like a maze in all directions. In each gallery there were three beds, one against each wall and one in the middle (of the usual conical form), though only about eighteen inches or two feet high, cased with the white dust of the pulverized stone—which, I concluded, together with the perfect darkness and the absence of any covering over them, serves to give the Paris mushrooms the beautiful white skin for which they are so remarkable. Never before had I seen mushrooms growing so thickly ; they were literally on top of one another, making it a difficult performance to step between the beds without knocking some off.

BEDS.

A heap of dry leaves or twigs constituted man's first bed, and a quantity of loose wool, inclosed between two skins, his first mattress. Such, in fact, was the origin of that indispensable article of furniture called bed, in which man passes half his existence. Whether made of stone, as in the East, or of plaster, or of oak, walnut, ebony, mahogany or rosewood, as amongst the more civilized or refined Western nations, or more or less elegantly worked iron, as is the modern taste, beds have always been of much the same form, supplying the means of the repose which can only be obtained in the horizontal position.

The history of beds becomes interesting during the sixteenth century. They had previously been monumental and severe, but under Francis I. they became elegant, light and richer, and in place of oak or walnut, such woods as maple, *palissandre*, citron and ebony came into fashion, and were adorned with mother-of-pearl and such precious stones as the lapis-lazuli. Under Louis XIV. beds resumed their monumental aspect, becoming heavy again, though deprived of none of their ornamentation. The style changed under the Regency. Beds then had headboards, padded like sofa-backs and covered with rich damask. Light-colored chintz on velvet curtains or damasked silk used to hang round the couch from the plume-bedecked canopy.

During the reign of Louis XVI. beds underwent a considerable transformation. The hangings remained the same, but the bed itself was ornamented with garlands and carving, and retained its cachet of original elegance. The woodwork, however, was of ordinary white wood painted gray, picked out with blue—a simple but tasteful mixture of color.

The revolution of 1789 effected noteworthy changes in most things, and amongst others in furniture in general and beds in particular. No ornamention, no carving, no inlaying with precious stones, no chintzes, tapestry or silk. Cotton replaced them. Democratic America inundated Europe with its cheap calicoes, which housewives found advantageous substitutes for linen and silks. The woodwork of beds was then of walnut, but mahogany, imported in large quantities from the New World, soon took the place of the latter. In still later times the style of the bed has partaken somewhat of every fashion, and all sorts of woods—walnut, oak, *palissandre*, mahogany, cherry, citron and rose—are employed, while iron is beginning to oust the softer substance from public favor.

RELATION OF THE NOSE TO THE FACE.

A somewhat singular fact has been observed with reference to the shape of the nose, or rather, the setting of it in the face, so to speak. To be strictly correct, from the artist's point of view, the nose should be accurately in the middle of the face, and at right angles with a line from the pupil of one eye to that of the other. As a matter of fact it is rarely or never found thus placed ; it is almost invariably a little out of "the square," and the fact of it being so is often that which lends a peculiar expression and piquancy to the face.

A medical writer points out that there are anatomical reasons why a slight deviation from the true central line may be expected, and that the nose which is thus accurately straight between the two eyes may, after all, be considered an abnormal one ; the only absolutely true and correct organ being, in fact, that which thus deviates a little to the right or left.

Delicate Machinery.—Machines in a watch factory will cut screws with 589 threads to the inch—the finest used in a watch has 250. These threads are invisible to the naked eye, and it takes 144,000 of the screws to make a pound. A pound of them is worth six pounds of pure gold. Lay one upon a piece of white paper, and it looks like a tiny steel filing.

JULIANA COX, THE WITCH.

A FRIEND in Glastonbury sends us the following account, which had been cut out of the Hartford *Times* away back in 1823, and pasted in an old scrap-book. Juliana Cox, we are led to believe, was one of the few witches who were hanged in Connecticut, although that State begun the witch business before Massachusetts did. The place of the execution, on "Gallows Hill," in Hartford, is now known as the commanding trap-rock ridge by the "stone-pits." Here is the account:

"In the beautiful town of Glastonbury, in Connecticut, the following remarkable event occurred in 1753: In March of that year, one Julius Perry went out with his dogs to hunt. In the depths of the forest he discovered (as he alleged) an old gray fox, and his dogs gave chase. After chasing this fox upward of two miles, the animal was holed. When Mr. Perry came up, he heard a strange noise over the other side of the hole, and going to the spot, he there found Juliana Cox lying and panting for breath. Her left shoulder was bleeding, and had on it the marks of the dog's teeth. This was just the spot on the gray fox's shoulder where the dogs had seized hold. Upon this testimony, Miss Cox, a maiden lady of forty-four, was brought to trial for the capital offense of being a witch. On her arraignment, she pleaded not guilty, and it was determined that a committee of selectmen should examine her person for witchmarks, in order to introduce confirmatory proofs against her. She was, therefore, remanded to prison.

JULIANA COX, THE WITCH.

"The following persons were appointed on the committee: Eben Brewer, Alexis Jones, and Samuel Cutworth. These men proceeded at once to the prison, and stripping Miss Cox, they began their examination. For a time, exceeding an hour, they could find no marks, and Miss Cox submitted to their examination with tears and sobs. Finally, when they had pricked many places on her body without success, she confessed to two marks—one a little below the right hip and one on the left arm. The committee now became satisfied that these were true marks, as the flesh was thereon discolored in a slight degree. They thereupon made their report to the court appointed to hear the trial.

"This evidence, confirming that of Mr. Perry, was thought to be conclusive, and on the 3d of April the trial took place. It was thought unnecessary to resort to further tests, and Miss Cox was found guilty of witchcraft on the evidence already quoted, and sentenced to be hanged. Strange noises and demons haunted the jail at Hartford up to the time that her execution took place, which was on the 7th of April, at five o'clock in the morning.

"There was a large concourse of men and women attending her execution, and, although she declared that she was unjustly accused and that she confessed to the witchmarks to stop the pain of being so cruelly pricked by the committeemen, yet every person present believed her to be a true witch, and in league with the devil. She further declared that Julius Perry accused her wrongfully. She said she was in the forest gathering herbs, and that Julius Perry came along and would have his will of her; that, she constantly refusing, he set his dog upon her, and the animal bit her shoulder; and that he, fearing to be detected in this bad act, had laid the charge of witchcraft against her. This she said under the gallows. Whereupon a shout was made among the people to 'burn the witch!' as hanging was too easy a death for so foul a strumpet of the devil. While the people went to fetch wood to burn her, the sheriff hung her up, so that she died on the gallows before the wood could be brought."

THE HOUSE NO ONE COULD LIVE IN. —"HE DREW FROM HIS BREAST A SHORT, THICK BAR OF IRON, AND BROUGHT IT DOWN WITH CRASHING FORCE UPON THE BENT HEAD CARESSED BY THE LADY'S SLENDER FINGERS."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE SENTRY.

WHEN, lonesome, at my post I stand,
In gloom of night, on foreign strand,
My thoughts will wander still to thee;
I wonder if thou'rt true to me?
Our standard drew me in its train,
Your warm caresses were in vain;
Your heart to mine you firmly pressed,
My helmet with bright ribbons dressed.
You love me still, I know you're true,
It gives me strength and courage, too.
Warm beats my heart, though cold the night,
When you appear to memory's sight.
Now, by the lamp-light's glimmering rays
Devout you kneel for prayer and praise;
Imploring Him who rules above,
To guard the one who owns your love.
But when in fear you weep and sigh
And think that danger is too nigh,
Be calm; my life is in His hood,
Who loves and guards true soldier blood.
I hear the bell; near draws the hour
When I'm relieved; now in thy bower,
May slumber sweet on bed of down
Be joined to dreams of me, thine own.

THE HOUSE NO ONE COULD LIVE IN.

"THE matter?" echoed I, drearily enough.

"Yes. What is the matter?" repeated Jerrold, taking the cigar from his lips and bending his eyes upon me with more interest than he commonly deigned to exhibit in any one.

"Well," said I, slowly, considering the question, "I should feel it hard to decide upon any especial matter to quote as the principal cause of my remark——"

"The remark that you wished any fellow would take the trouble to shoot you," interposed Jerrold.

"Yes. But among my grievances are the facts that I have no money, no clothes, have had no food to-day except the six oysters I just swallowed at your expense, and I do not know where I shall sleep to-night. I have no profession, no expectations, and no friends. You may select any one of these little peculiarities as 'the matter,' and satisfy yourself."

"No, but you don't mean all that, literally and seriously?" said Jerrold, tossing his cigar out of the open window, and starting to his feet.

"Literally and seriously, my friend; and, also, I mean that my having told you my destitution precludes the possibility of my accepting any assistance at your hands. When I beg, I shall begin among strangers."

"You are bitter, Devans," said my friend, kindly.

"That may be," replied I, shortly.

"Yes, that may be, well enough; I don't blame you;" and Jerrold paced up and down the darkening room, vacantly biting and nibbling the end of his cigar-holder.

I watched him, I hope not enviously. Rich, handsome, elegant, good-natured, flattered on every side, and only embarrassed by having to choose among the pleasures and the friends thronging him on every side, where could one find a more fortunate mortal than Harkness Jerrold? where a bitterer contrast than Royal Devans, the starving poet and journalist, who sat watching him?

"You needn't talk of begging, and that; nor am I going to offer to help you," said my friend, at last, as he paused and looked, not at me, but out of the window. "Still, if you really are doing nothing, and have no particular lodging just now, perhaps you might think it worth while to oblige me——"

"By staying here with you at the New York Hotel, and helping you consume that box of Habanas?" asked I, with a laugh that sounded harsh even in my own ears.

"No; for I don't suppose you would do that, and I don't know that I should propose it if you would," said Jerrold, answering me in my own strain. "But in taking up your quarters in an old barrack of mine here in the city, and acting as my agent in looking after a streetfull of nasty tenement-houses, where the people are always running away, and burning up, and getting fevers, and all that. As for the house, it has been a good one in its day, but for fifty years or more we have not been able to get any one to live in it, and so it has gone to ruin. If you could stay there until a family or two could be persuaded to move in, it would be four or five hundred a year in my pocket, and whatever you choose in yours. You see I am not offering any sinecure or an especially delightful abode; but it is good, honest work, and what you get you will find that you have earned."

So spoke Jerrold, the poet, the courtier, the most generous and delicate of men, but also the man of tact—of tact which taught him that this dry, brusque, unflattering fashion of offering me labor sufficiently uninviting to remove all idea of pretense, was the only way of inducing me to put my pride in my empty pocket, and open my mouth for the bread he offered.

All this I thought, but did not say it then. Instead, I asked: "Why will no one live in the house?"

"They say it's haunted."

"Bosh!"

"Bosh to you or to me, but, unfortunately, anything but bosh to the people who ought to be in it and pay me rent."

"Who or what do they say haunts it?" asked I, after a contemptuous pause.

Jerrold considered a moment, then replied:

"If you'll excuse me, Devans, I won't tell you just now. I've heard the same story about that old house so many times from different people, that if you had just as soon allow me the experiment, I should like to have you go there entirely without prejudice, and see what comes of it. After a few days I will tell you the story—for it has one, poor old house! Now let's have supper."

"Thank you; I do not care for anything more to-night. I will call upon you in the morning," said I, rising and taking my hat.

Jerrold also rose, and laying his two hands upon my shoulders, fixed me with his keen blue eyes, as he said:

"Royal Devans, you are letting pride and independence run away with your good sense—and your good manners, too. I asked you here to spend the evening, and of course to share my table and my hours. If you had a fortune in your pocket, you would not think of refusing my invitation to take supper with me. If you treat me differently, because you have not that fortune, you do not treat me as one gentleman should treat another. Come now, my friend, be more of a man than this would prove you."

I staid, and even allowed myself to eat as much as I wished, and to drink the generous wine that sent the blood glowing once more through my shriveled veins, and at last to even accept the sofa in my friend's sitting-room, instead of the dewy grass whereon I had proposed to crouch like any other harmless dog.

The next morning, after breakfast, we went down town, and presently found ourselves in the worst quarter of the city, among the dismal dens, where the lowest, and the poorest, and the most vicious of the vile dregs of society seethe and simmer together, until some throe of the volcano beneath sets the pit to boiling, and the dregs are thrown up to stain and contaminate the whole mass.

At the corner of a narrow street leading off one of the great thoroughfares, my friend paused.

"This is the house; and this narrow street contains the tenement-houses of which I speak," said he.

I looked up at the house. It had been, as Jerrold said, "a good one in its day," but that day was long past, and the never-resting tide of fashion, and even of respectability, had long ebbed from its foundations, leaving it a ghastly wreck of bygone grandeur. The cornices of windows and doors were crumbling from the moldering and discolored walls; the windows themselves were broken, and many of them roughly boarded upon the outside; the freestone steps were chipped and cracked, and the iron area-railings bent, broken, and wrenched from their setting. A house infinitely more deserted than a lone country-house can ever be, for it stood alone in the midst of multitudes, the one lifeless and desolate thing in a swarming sea of life and action—a house pathetic as a corpse lying unshrouded and unblessed upon a lonely beach.

I had stood for many minutes regarding this lonely house, and thinking these thoughts, before Jerrold interrupted my reverie by saying, quietly:

"Looks pretty bad, don't it? After all, it is too much to ask of any man to quarter in such an unhealthy old ghost-trap. Come back with me to the hotel, and we will think of something else for you."

"Never," replied I, hastily. "This is just what I like. I could not accept a couch of roses, but here I see a prospect of earning my bread—yes, and eating it, too, in the sweat of my brow," and pulling off my hat, I wiped the aforesaid brow with emphasis.

"Well, as you like, my dear fellow. I shall be awfully obliged to you, to be sure, if you really will stop in this beastly hole long enough to make it respectable, and after that we'll find something better for you."

"I don't want anything better. How do we get into the house?" asked I, mounting up the steps with a taking-possession air.

"Here's the key. Walters delivered it and all the other badges of office to me the other day when he went out West petroleuming. I don't believe he'll find any richer well there than he did in my pocket, nor half so easy a one to work. Humbugging aside, Devans, you will save me hundreds, perhaps thousands of dollars a year by accepting this situation. That fellow cheated me abominably."

"Perhaps I shall, too. Poor men are not apt to be honest, especially in places of trust."

"What a vile sentiment! There you are," and Mr. Jerrold, turning the rusty key with difficulty, unlocked, unlatched, and threw open the groaning door.

I stepped within. The hall, lofty, dark and damp, was hung with cobweb banners, and paved with blotches of mold and slime; the staircase, broad, low, and protected by carved balusters, was warped and broken; through the open doors showed dimly-lighted rooms, spacious and lofty, but squalid in their decay and desolation.

"Ugh!" said Jerrold. "You can't stay here, my dear fellow. Pardon me for suggesting the idea. I will sell the old hulk for firewood; there is no use in trying to do anything with it."

For reply, I strode through the double drawing-rooms, raising clouds of dust at every footfall, and shouted:

"'My foot is on my native heath, and my name it is McGregor.' Welcome to my palace, most noble lord. I like it hugely, and take possession from this moment."

"Are you serious?" asked Jerrold, eying me suspiciously.

"Never more so," said I, calmly.

"Very well, then. Here is some money which I should like invested in furniture and other necessaries of life. Your meals you had better take at a restaurant—for the present at least; but I will advance your first quarter's salary, so that you can do as you choose."

"Five hundred dollars! Absurd! All the furniture that I want can be bought for ten," said I, looking at the bills in my hand.

"No; I want you to make one room at least something more than habitable. I shall come to see you and smoke a social regalia oftener than you think, and I am fond of comfort, you know. Fit up a little sitting-room for your private use, and invite me to share it at odd times—that's a good fellow."

"Five hundred won't fit a room as you mean," said I, involuntarily.

"Very likely not. Stay; here is an order on Varnish, Veneer & Co. They will supply any order you give, and I suggest a liberal one. The five hundred will do to get you firewood, bagatelle-board, shoe-brushes—what you will. And now, come. It would drive me to suicide to stay another five minutes in this place."

Before night my house was furnished. A few household utensils in the great cavernous kitchen—for I scorned Jerrold's suggestion of living at a restaurant, and resolved to wait upon myself; a few of the simplest and plainest *meubles* for a bachelor bedroom; these were my purchases on my own account, and, as I had told Jerrold, they scarcely exceeded ten dollars in cost.

For the sitting-room he had ordered, I selected a small chamber above the front door, and here I lavished nearly a thousand dollars. The moldering walls were hidden by silken hangings extending across the ceiling, the floor wa covered by an aubusson carpet, the two chairs were dreams of luxurious repose, the smoking-table the last invention of a needy sybarite willing to sell his taste for money, the piano (but this was only hired) an Erard, the couch fit for a sultan's harem.

When my task was done, I surveyed the result with a smile of contemptuous admiration, locked the door, and went to my sleeping-room. This was, or had been, one of the principal bedrooms of the house, and I had selected it partly for its cheerful southern aspect, partly out of admiration for the quaint moreen draperies still clinging to the walls in lieu of the modern fashion of paper-hanging.

The furniture that once, no doubt, had fitly adorned the stately chamber, had all been removed, but I had replaced it with the narrow iron bedstead, solitary chair, and simple toilet apparatus of my bachelor belongings, and now sat down to refresh myself and close the toil of the day by brewing and drinking a cup of Mocha, such as few persons can either attain or appreciate. This finished, I smoked a meditative pipe, and finally threw myself, only partially undressed, upon the little bed, and fell asleep as the city clocks were chiming eleven.

I know not what hour it was when I awoke, but that I did awake, as fully and as rationally as ever I did in my life, I could take my oath before any witnesses or inquisitors. I awoke suddenly and perfectly, but without a start or motion of any kind, merely opening my eyes and fixing them in astonishment upon one and another of the strange objects presented to them.

And here, upon the threshold of my story, I wish to pause and assure the reader that I am not a mystic, a dreamer, or a marvelist; that I never until that night admitted the possibility of supernatural phenomena, and that I do not now undertake to explain or rationalize the occurrences I have to narrate. I am, on the contrary, most anxious to see them brought under material and natural laws, and shall feel profoundly grateful to any one who will convince me of the unreliability of my own senses.

Pending this conviction, however, I go on to narrate simply what I saw, heard, and did, during my first night's residence in the house I was, by my presence, to render safe and inviting to future tenants.

The room, then, upon which I opened my eyes was not that upon which I had closed them, at least so far as appearances went, being cozily shuttered and curtained from the weather, with a great wood fire blazing upon the hearth, a carpet upon the floor, and abundance of grave, handsome furniture filling but not crowding it.

These particulars, however, must have unconsciously photographed themselves upon my brain, afterward to be reproduced and deciphered; for certainly neither at the moment of my awakening nor afterward was I conscious of observing them.

My whole attention was fixed upon the actors, leaving none for the stage or scenery.

THE LAOCOON OF THE VATICAN.— SEE PAGE 311.

In a low chair beside the fire sat a young and lovely woman, her head bent caressingly toward that of a young man who knelt beside her, his arm about her waist, his face upturned to hers. Behind them stood another man —a man in middle life or past, spare, thin, and sinewy, and bearing in his strongly marked face and grizzled hair traces of violent passions, deep anxiety, and a sullen will.

The door of a closet behind him stood open, and this circumstance, combined with his cautious movements and the evident unconsciousness of his presence on the part of the lovers, immediately suggested the idea of an ambuscade and surprise.

Scarcely had this idea formed itself in my mind, when an expression like that of a demon flashed across the face of the elder man, and, with a motion swift and silent as lightning, he drew from his breast, where he had held it concealed, a short, thick bar of iron, as it seemed, and brought it down with crashing force upon the bent head caressed by the lady's slender fingers. The young man thus attacked dropped as if lifeless, without a motion or a sound, and his assassin in the same instant laid his hand so closely over the lady's mouth that the shriek upon her lips died away in a plaintive murmur, and she fell back in her chair to all appearance lifeless as the handsome boy at her feet, down whose pale face a slender stream of blood was already trickling.

For a moment the assassin stood looking at his work, dumb and motionless, while the firelight glancing, as if affrighted, across his swarthy features and back from his glaring eyes, showed an expression of such despair and horror as devils may feel, who, having compassed some new wickedness, feel that they have placed another gulf between themselves and pardon.

One moment, and then raising his hands and haggard eyes to Heaven, he seemed to appeal, not for forgiveness, but for justice and approval. Then he turned away, and stooping to the floor, seemed to busy himself with the carpet, which he laid back, and presently unlocked and raised a trapdoor.

Coming again to the fire, he coolly examined the condition of both his victims, and finally taking the figure of the young man in his sinewy arms, raised him with difficulty and disappeared through the trap.

While he was gone, a sudden impulse to rise and go to the relief of the young lady lying so motionless in the arm-chair shot across my mind, but then ceased. I became conscious of retaining no power whatever over my muscles, or even my voice. Except for the use of my eyes, and the exercise of my mental faculties, I might as well have been a marble statue as a living man. In fact, my condition precisely resembled that of those unfortun-

ate cataleptics, who, without the slightest power of protest, are compelled to witness and listen to the lamentations of their friends, and the preparations for their own funerals, the frightful struggle of their souls the while not moving by one shade the icy mask of death they are forced to wear.

I was still writhing under this physical inability to obey the impulse of my soul, when I perceived that the murderer (for so I had already considered him) had returned, and was standing looking earnestly down at the white, beautiful face and senseless figure of the woman—looking, as it seemed to me, with a yearning pity, which for a moment overcame the darker emotions possessing him, for he stooped and pressed a long, close kiss upon the pale lips, and passed his hand tenderly down the rippling mass of golden hair flowing over the arm of the old chair and lying in shining waves about his feet. But the weakness passed, and starting upright, he turned toward heaven a face so stern and pitiless and rigid, that I felt a chill creep through my marble flesh on seeing it. Then he snatched her in his arms, not tenderly, as one should carry so fair a burden, but with desperate haste and resolution, and brought her down the stairs, upon which the trap apparently opened.

I rose and followed. At least, I think I did, but I cannot be sure, for the abnormal condition already described continued in all its force; and if I really moved, it was as a galvanized corpse may simulate life for an instant and obey the will of the operator who substitutes a ghastly mimickry for its own departed volition.

I arose—in the flesh or in the spirit, I know not which—and followed down the narrow, winding stairs—down, and down, and down, until I found myself in a small, underground cell, the walls dark and dripping with unhealthy vapors, the stone floor slimy and chilling. At one side stood a small furnace, surrounded by an alchemist's crucibles, retorts, and various mysterious insignia. A rude table stood in the centre, covered with bits of metal, a glass mask, asbestos gloves, books, manuscript, and an antique lamp, filled and burning. At opposite sides of the cell were two stone pillars, the supports of the arched roof, and to these pillars had been fixed two strong steel chains. One of these was already secured around the figure of the young man, who had now recovered some degree of consciousness, and sat, his hand pressed upon his forehead, evidently struggling to collect his scattered senses. The other chain hung empty, but who could doubt its purpose?

Hastily placing the still, lifeless figure of the girl upon the floor, her relentless judge wound it about her slender waist, securing her in a sitting position, her poor head drooping upon her bosom, and all her golden hair trailing upon the clammy floor.

Withdrawing the key from the padlock, the dark man stood upright, and slowly looked at his two—victims were they, or were they culprits justly overtaken by the Eternal Law? I could not tell; but as that dark, cold look in its passage crossed my face, I shuddered as if the gates of hell had opened before me, and turning, I fled up the winding stair.

Beyond this movment, I knew nothing, until the moment when I was aroused from a death-like slumber by the voice and hand of my friend, who had entered the house with his own key, and penetrated to my chamber without awakening me.

"Why, Devans, what is it? How you stare, old

ROSE-DISTILLING.—SEE PAGE 311.

fellow! and what is this you are muttering about 'her golden hair'? Are you love-struck? are you out of your head with horror of this old ghost-hole? Speak—can't you, man?"

For answer, I leaped out of the bed and rushed toward the recess beside the fireplace where last night the fatal trap had yawned, and where I had followed my dark guide to that chamber of death and anguish. But the uncarpeted floor showed no break, the dark and time-checked boards ran across the recess in a continuous line. My trap-door not only was not there, but never had been—could not have been. I stood staring down, my hand pressed close upon my whirling brain, when my friend, touching me kindly upon the shoulder, and speaking in that voice of exasperating forbearance one uses to a child, a fool or a madman, said, soothingly:

"Come, Devans, I want you to go and breakfast with me. Set your toilet to rights, and let us get out in the air."

Shaking off his touch almost savagely, I stooped and examined the floor yet more critically, but to no better result. The boards were whole, and extended across the recess from wall to wall, without the slightest break or crevice. I still crouched, pondering, when Jerrold spoke again.

"Royal, you really must listen to me and reply. You are not fit to take care of yourself just now, and——"

"Tell me the story of this accursed house, that you promised me!" interrupted I, hoarsely, as I rose to my feet, and fixed my eyes on him.

"The story! Why, have you seen—do you suspect——" stammered Jerrold.

"Yes, I have seen; I do not suspect, I know. Tell me the story," sternly demanded I, seating myself and fixing my eyes hungrily upon the recessed floor.

"The story is briefly this: My great-grandfather, who built this house and lived in it, was a strange, dark sort of a man, encouraging few acquaintances, and allowing no intimacies. What his early history was no one knows, or even from what part of the world he came to this country. As I said, he built this house and lived in it for many years alone. It was supposed he was an alchemist and student of the dark arts, though why, I never heard. At last he went abroad again, and returned a few months later with a young bride, whose grace and beauty have descended in tradition, to add one touch of beauty to the gloomy mystery of the legend. Besides herself, my ancestor brought home another intimate, a young man, whose wonderful likeness to himself encouraged the report that he was an acknowledged son. If the report were true or false, I cannot tell, nor any man now. At any rate, he was not the heir, for the old man had long before this adopted and bestowed his name upon a lad whom he educated and provided for as his own son, but whom, with characteristic oddity, he had settled in a distant city, and never allowed to visit him. This adopted son was my grandfather, so, after all, none of the old alchemist's blood runs in my veins, or, so far as I know, in those of any living creature. And I am the last of even the line."

"But the young wife—what of her?" asked I, with feverish interest, as my friend sadly paused.

"That is it—what of her?" replied he. "No one ever knew, except that one morning the master, who had been absent upon a journey, returned unexpectedly in the middle of the night, and the next morning went into a violent passion with the servant, who should have sat up for him, and finished by discharging not only him, but all his fellows, swearing that he would rather serve himself than keep one of them another hour.

"A few days later the house was observed to be closed, and for months and years it so remained. Then at last the heir, now grown to responsible middle age, took possession of the inheritance.

"My grandfather opened the house, disposed of the furniture, and let the great rooms out in tenements, for no one who could afford to pay the rent of so large a house would choose to live where it stood. But the tenants, one after another, gave warning, and refused to stay, even at a reduced rent; nor could any among them give an intelligible reason for the refusal. There was an ugly feeling about it—there were strange noises—the children were scared of nights—the women were ill with nervous complaints; in fact, there were a thousand fanciful reasons given, and never one with a shadow of common sense about it.

"At last, my grandfather, who was a very determined man, and was by no means given to the indulgence of fancies in himself or other people, determined to come to the bottom of the matter, in his own proper person. To that end, he cleared out the last of his tenants, fitted a room or two for himself, much as you have done, and came here to live for awhile.

"And here comes the most mysterious and tantalizing part of this unsatisfactory story. My grandfather came here, staid three days and nights, then sent four men to strip the house of its new furniture, locked and barred the doors and windows with his own hands, and turned his back upon the place, never visiting it again or making another effort to dispose of it until his dying day—nor would he allow my grandmother, from whom I had the story, to inquire what he saw or heard or discovered in those three dismal nights, or to what conclusion he had come as to the reasonableness of the popular prejudice against the house. Whatever his experiences may have been, he kept them locked safely in his own breast until death still more effectually hid them behind the portals of the tomb.

"Among his effects was found a large key, labeled, 'Key of the house in Hades Street. Never to be used again.'

"His heir, my father, under the influence of my grandmother, respected the implied wish, and having a very handsome property without it, never attempted to realize the property represented by the rusty key; and the house stood unopened until two years ago, when I came of age, and my guardians strongly advised me to allow it to be rendered available.

"I consented; the house was opened and offered in tenements at a low rent; but by that time the house had a fixed reputation of being haunted, and not more than half a dozen people could be found to live in it at any rate. This half dozen were prevailed upon to come, and one man staid three months, the rest shorter intervals, down to a week. But never a man, woman or child can give any reason for this horror of the place, except a vague terror and antipathy that seems to seize upon even the coarsest fancy when subject to its atmosphere. I confess, Royal, although I know how weak you will consider the admission, that I am at this moment the victim of an almost uncontrollable horror and a nervous desire to rush out of the house and as far away from it as I can get. What is it? Tell me, if you can, for that you know something of this mystery no one can doubt who looks at you."

"Yes, I know," said I, hoarsely; and leaving the room, I soon returned with some carpenters' tools used and left in one of the lower rooms the day before.

Without a word to Jerrold, who stood watching me

with a look of perplexity and almost terror, I threw myself upon the floor in the recessed corner of the room, and soon had torn up one of the boards.

As I removed it, a column of cold and mephitic air struck me in the face. I peered into the chasm I had opened, and saw the first of a series of stone steps. Working with frantic eagerness, I had soon torn away the whole covering of the abandoned trap, and, rising to my feet, pointed down the black and dripping steps, saying, hoarsely :

"Down there is the solution of the mystery. Will you come with me to find it ?"

"Yes," said he, with a visible effort—and indeed the condition to which the unholy influences of the place had reduced him was pitiable to witness. But there was in my mood no room for sympathy or hesitation, and hastily lighting the shaded lamp upon the table, I led the way down the narrow, winding staircase, and heard the hesitating footsteps of my friend following ; and as I went, the dream, the vision, or whatever we may call it, seemed rolling back upon me, for every step, almost every stone in the slimy wall, was as familiar as if I had known them from childhood. One step was broken, but I was as well prepared to step across it as if I could have seen, instead of being enveloped in the stifling darkness which our lamp scarcely sufficed to render visible.

Down, and down, and down, until we stood together in the little cell, with its alchemist's forge, its cumbered table, its solitary chair, every one of the details that I could so accurately have described beforehand.

I paused, and turned to Jerrold, who, pale, trembling, and overwhelmed, stood staring about him.

"What is this ? Why have you brought me here ?" asked he, grasping at my arm.

"To show you the sequel of the story you began for me. To show you why no one can dwell in this accursed house, and what became of your ancestor's young wife and supposed son," said I, and leading him first to one, then to the other of the stone pillars, I showed him at the foot of each a heap of crumbling bones, encircled by a rusty chain.

"This," said I, "was the lovely girl, with her golden hair—this the man she loved, rightfully or wrongfully none now shall ever know, for she and he, and that other —their judge and their executioner—have all even now answered for their sins and their mistakes in a Court where are no errors, and from whence is no appeal."

"Come !" gasped Jerrold, tottering against my shoulder, as he turned toward the stair.

I drew his arm within mine and helped him up, leading him to the little room I had so uselessly fitted for his own especial use. Helping him to lie down upon the couch, I procured him a glass of wine, and when the color returned to his cheeks, I told him briefly and without comment my vision of the previous night.

When I finished, there was a long silence. Then Jerrold slowly said :

"God forgive them and him. Who shall say now which was the guiltiest ? As for this house, it shall be leveled to the ground. See to it for me, Devans, if you will, and the land it stands upon shall be your own. I will have no more to do with it. Get into a carriage and come with me. I cannot breathe here."

The next day, I, with my own hands, collected and buried the poor moldering bones, wrenched away the chains from the pillars, and destroyed every vestige of the terrible tragedy they told. Then, as Mr. Jerrold's agent, I made the necessary arrangements for taking down the old house, and a week later I sold the ground it had stood upon for a sum which placed me beyond the dread of ever again reaching the point of destitution from whence I had become Harkness Jerrold's house-agent and taken up my abode in the house no one could live in.

To-day, I live in a house of my own, with a wife and children about me, and owe no man a cent, for the world goes well with me, and I need not envy even my constant friend and former patron, who, though a richer man, is not a happier one than myself.

THE LAOCOON.

Among the masterpieces of ancient art, the group in sculpture known as the Lacoon, is one of the most famous. It has also the additional charm of being of mysterious origin, since the sculptor's name is unknown. So high was the opinion held of this by the ancients, that Pliny said it was "superior to all other works of art, whether of painting or sculpture." The same historian thinks it was the work of the Rhodian sculptors, Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus ; but Winckelmann contends for it an earlier Grecian origin, while Lessing, in his admirable work on art, called "Laokoon," believes the sculptors to have lived in the latter part of the second century.

The group represents Laocoon, a Trojan hero, the son of Antenor, and a priest of Neptune, being strangled, with his two sons, by two enormous serpents. This was the revenge of Minerva, for Laocoon's striking his spear into the sides of the wooden horse of the Greeks, and for his advising the Trojans not to receive the fatal decoy within the walls. As a punishment for his impiety, the vindictive goddess caused two serpents to coil themselves around him and his two sons, as they were preparing to sacrifice to Neptune, and crush them to death. The story is related by Virgil in his "Æneid."

This celebrated group was discovered at Rome in 1506, while they were excavating some ruins, and was purchased by Pope Julius II., who placed it in the Vatican, where it still remains.

A CHAPTER ON ROSES.

So long have roses experienced the loving care of man that it is not known when they became garden plants, and so far back as the hanging gardens of Babylon roses were there carefully cultivated for the pleasure of Queen Amytes. They dislike excessive cold and heat, preferring to make their homes in temperate climates. Pure air and shelter from the winds they must have ; smoke is death to them ; whilst nearly every species (and they are almost innumerable) requires a particular soil and particular treatment. They are to be found in Europe, and parts of Asia and Africa, but have not extended their travels to Australia, which does not possess a single wild rose.

In Gerarde's time, London must have been beautiful with roses, for he speaks of nearly all the kinds he describes as "growing in our London gardens." It was probably in his own garden, at Holborn, that he tried the experiment of "grafting a wild rose on a broome stalk," and therefore declines to credit the report that the yellow rose was so originated. About the same time, Lete, a merchant, introduced the yellow rose from Turkey.

The dog rose (*Rosa canina*), as we know, wanders at its own sweet will over hedges and undergrowth of woods. But although there are few wild, or semi-wild, kinds, in its full beauty the rose is essentially a flower of cultivation. In that state it is still most valuable to the botanist as affording examples of metamorphosis, and

GATHERING ROSES IN PALESTINE.

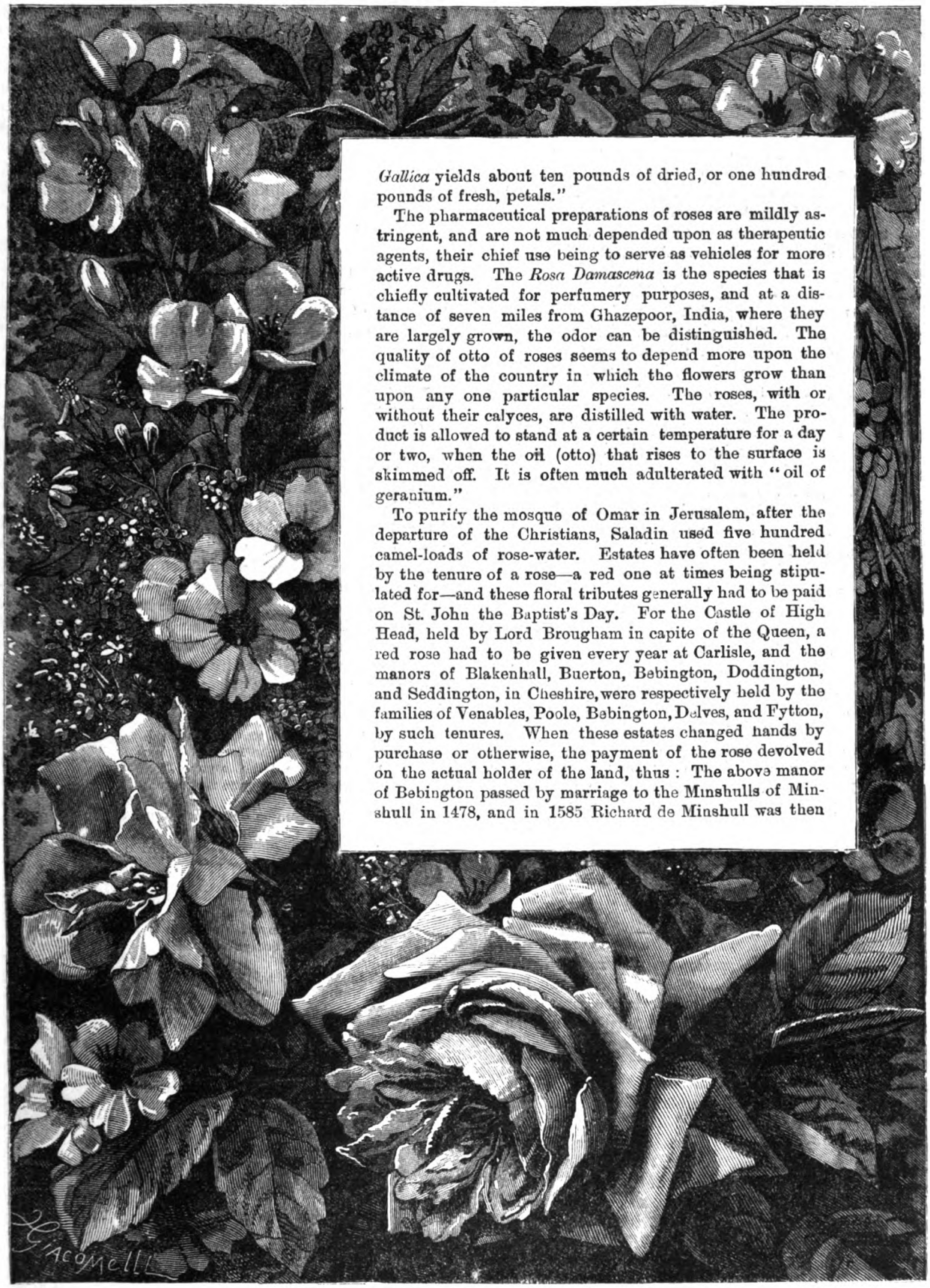
showing the analogy of parts, for in some cultivated roses are to be seen how carpels and stamens have become petals; and in others how sepals and carpels have been transformed into true leaves.

If the date of the introduction of the rose to the garden is lost, poets are quite certain as to the origin and destination of the first one. They tell us that it sprang from the blood of Adonis, and was given by Cupid to Harpocrates to induce him not to reveal the doings of Venus, and to this tradition some ascribe the old custom of suspending a rose over the table at convivial meetings, as a hint that all there said and done was not to be spoken of out-of-doors. The moss rose we owe to Cupid, for Venus having begged her son to make her favorite flower still more beautiful, he sportively flung around it a handful of moss taken from the bank on which they rested. Again, there is a pretty fable that the rose was once a lovely woman, whose charms were so great that people gazing on her forgot to worship elsewhere, and the temple of Diana became deserted. The irate goddess called Apollo to her aid, and he, indignant at a slight shown to his sister, transformed the beautiful Rhodanthe to a rose-tree. The admiring crowds, who adored at a distance, were changed to thorns, whilst the more deeply smitten still fluttered around their divinity as butterflies.

The Romans valued most the roses of Capua and Præneste, with which they decorated their rooms (Cleopatra had a carpet of roses prepared for Antony at one of her festivals) and ornamented their dishes by sprinkling the juice over or covering them with the petals. The flowers they wove into chaplets, and perfumed the clothes of their guests with rose-water—a practice still continued in India at weddings—and Nero is said to have spent $100,000 on roses for one of his suppers. Pliny also speaks of the ashes of burnt roses being used to trim the eyebrows.

Gerarde says that rose petals were sometimes eaten as a salad, with pepper, vinegar and oil; and a preserve used to be made of the "hips" of the dog rose. Both Greeks and Romans made an ointment from the leaves and flowers for dressing wounds, whilst syrups, infusions and confections were given for nearly all the ills that mortal flesh is heir to, and kept their place in pharmacy for many ages. Culpepper says that to write of all the virtues of the various preparations of the rose would fill a volume, yet he prefaces his chapter with the peevish exclamation, "What a pother have authors made with roses! What a racket have they kept!"

The ripe fruits of the dog rose (*R. canina*), the dried and fresh unexpanded petals of the red rose (*R. Gallica*), and the fresh expanded petals of the cabbage rose (*R. centifolia*), still figure in the British Pharmacopœia. Prof. Bentley, in "Medicinal Plants," says that the great cultivation of the cabbage rose was carried on at the flower-farms in the south of France, and he states "that it has been computed that two thousand flower-buds of *Rosa*



Gallica yields about ten pounds of dried, or one hundred pounds of fresh, petals."

The pharmaceutical preparations of roses are mildly astringent, and are not much depended upon as therapeutic agents, their chief use being to serve as vehicles for more active drugs. The *Rosa Damascena* is the species that is chiefly cultivated for perfumery purposes, and at a distance of seven miles from Ghazepoor, India, where they are largely grown, the odor can be distinguished. The quality of otto of roses seems to depend more upon the climate of the country in which the flowers grow than upon any one particular species. The roses, with or without their calyces, are distilled with water. The product is allowed to stand at a certain temperature for a day or two, when the oil (otto) that rises to the surface is skimmed off. It is often much adulterated with "oil of geranium."

To purify the mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, after the departure of the Christians, Saladin used five hundred camel-loads of rose-water. Estates have often been held by the tenure of a rose—a red one at times being stipulated for—and these floral tributes generally had to be paid on St. John the Baptist's Day. For the Castle of High Head, held by Lord Brougham in capite of the Queen, a red rose had to be given every year at Carlisle, and the manors of Blakenhall, Buerton, Bebington, Doddington, and Seddington, in Cheshire, were respectively held by the families of Venables, Poole, Bebington, Delves, and Fytton, by such tenures. When these estates changed hands by purchase or otherwise, the payment of the rose devolved on the actual holder of the land, thus: The above manor of Bebington passed by marriage to the Minshulls of Minshull in 1478, and in 1585 Richard de Minshull was then

holding it "in socage by red rose to be rendered on St. John the Baptist's Day." In 1569, the quarry at Shrewsbury was leased by the corporation for a red rose yearly, to a person who also engaged to bring the water from Brodwell, near Crou-Meole. For Brook House, Langsett, Yorkshire, it is said that a rose had to be provided at Christmas, and a snowball at midsummer; and as evidently there would often thus be much difficulty in paying the rent, we are probably correct in surmising that in this case a money fine was the alternative.

The Golden Rose, blessed annually by the Pope on the fourth Sunday in Lent (Rose Sunday), and given in these times to some august lady of known devotion, is much prized and eagerly sought for. Among the ladies who have been so honored are the Queen of Spain, who received it in 1868, and the Queen of Naples. It is said to be one of the many disappointments of the life of the Empress Eugénie that she also has not been made a recipient. The consecration of this rose or rose-tree, for such it really is, having perfumes in one of its upper blossoms, is thought to have been instituted by Leo IX., although some believe the ceremony to be of greater antiquity. A French writer says that it was, in the first instance, sent to the Pope by the grateful abbess of St. Croix, in acknowledgment of the privilege he had granted to her Order. In the beginning it was merely carried through the streets of Rome, and there deposited with the prefect; gradually the custom arose to present it to some steady supporter of the papacy, and Falk, Count of Anjou, in the Pontificate of Urban II., was the first foreigner of importance who received it; ultimately its bestowal became a mere question of policy, and it was given quite as much as a bribe as a reward, as at first it was sent to King Henry VIII. A Devonshire knight, Sir Reginald de Mohun, founder of Newnham Abbey, received the rose from Pope Innocent IV., and was at the same time created Earl of Somerset, because till then the rose had not been given to any person under that rank. Sir Reginald does not seem to have used the higher title in England. The tribute of roses was instituted by Blanche of Castile, widow of Louis VIII., and consisted of the presentation of a basket of roses, by the youngest peer, to the French Parliament on May Day. The queen overheard a lady rebuking her lover for singing love-songs in the rose garden, where he ought to have been devoting himself to a cause in which he was interested. Stung by her reproaches, the count left lady and roses, "read up" most energetically, and of course gained the suit, a wife, and the favor of the queen, who then inaugurated the ceremony. The privilege of presenting the roses was much prized, and led to a dispute, in 1541, between the Dukes of Montpensier and Nevers, that took the most learned lawyers of the country to decide—ultimately in favor of the Duke de Montpensier. The custom was abolished in 1589, and although in the reign of Louis XIV. an attempt was made to revive it, it was ineffectual.

Besides being the English emblem (there is an engraving of a shield where James I. had the rose and thistle conjoined under a crown), the rose figures in the arms of the dukes of St. Albans, the earls of Rosse, and other families. The collar of the Order of St. Patrick is formed of roses and harps joined by knots, and the rose is one of the adornments of the collar of the Bath.

In the wall of the cathedral at Hildesheim grows the oldest rose-tree known, tradition referring its origin to the time of Ludwig, son of Charlemagne. In the *Illustrated London News* of 1850 there is represented a large rose-tree, which was then to be seen in the nursery-grounds of Mr. Buckton in Wandsworth. It was 28 feet high, 20 feet in circumference, and had 2,000 roses in bloom. It is stated to have been a standard of the species *Fulgian*, variety hybrid, China.

For the title of Rose of Jericho (*Anastatica hierochuntina*), *Lycopodium involvens* and *Mesembryanthemum Tripolium*, which has capsules like a button half an inch in diameter, that expand in water, are all aspirants, but the first-named has the support of the chief botanists. It grows on sandy soils in Palestine and Egypt, and its properties of shriveling up when dry, and uncoiling when placed in water, are well known. The flower intended by the "Rose of Sharon" is also another matter of dispute among learned men, some urging the claims of *Polyanthus narcissus* to be so considered—and indeed the weight of evidence seems to be in favor of this plant; whilst others name the crocus and "mallow."

Instances of miraculous transformations into roses are not uncommon. St. Elizabeth of Hungary was generous as well as pious, and loved to supplement her words of comfort with substantial aid; but in her works of charity she was much hindered by her husband, who did not share her views, and at last peremptorily told his wife that there must be an end to her almsgiving. When, therefore, some time after, whilst carrying supplies of food to a poor family, she met the margrave, her heart failed her, and she stood mute and trembling, as he asked what she had in her basket. But when he raised the covering, lo! bread and meat had disappeared, and in their place lay white lilies and clusters of fragrant, dewy roses. At the martyrdom of a maiden at Bethlehem, white roses sprang from the unlighted wood piled round her, and red ones from the quenched fagots. The sacred fire of the Parsees takes its origin from the attempted sacrifice of Zoroaster, when an infant. The wood on which he was laid, at the moment of its being lighted, was transferred into a heap of roses, and a portion of this fire being saved, it was carefully tended and not allowed to die out.

A fayre mayden was sclaundered
For wrong sche had not done;
Domed to the dethe to paye hire synne,
And yet hire synne was none.

Sche praied untoe oure Sauioure dere
Yn Hee mote giue hire ayd,
And proue therebye to all ye worlde
Sche was an holy mayd.

Then forthe sche steppèd with grete feythe,
Untoe ye stake sche hyed;
Mekelle sche bowed hire hede to alle
A fayrewel ere sche dyed.

Ye angry crowde, for blode athirste,
Untoe the pyle sette fire—
Ye blezinge flames mounte to the skye,
With pyercynge strengthe fulle dire.

Whan suddene at hire feete, in steade
Of brondes and fiercest flame,
Are roseres fayre of symple trothe,
And roseres red from schame,

To see soe cruel, wycked deede
Against ye pure and true—
Thei claspe hire feete, thei climb arounde,
Thei schroude hire inne from viewe.

None othere roseres tille this daye
Hadde yet been seene on earthe,
'Tis sure thei came from Paradyse
To proue this fayre mayd's worthe.

Some Mohammedans aver that roses sprang from the blood of Mohammed. Old legends also say that till sin and sorrow came into the world, all roses were white and

without thorns, but Cary writes, that Eve, one day, enchanted by the pure beauty of a rose, delightedly kissed its leaves, when, "Straight it drew, from beauty's lips the vermeil hue."

The gradual approach of dawn has been compared to the unfolding of a rose, and Keats described a sunset as "like a rose in vermeil tint and shape"; but the poets have chiefly used the red rose as an image of youth, beauty, and swiftly-passing pleasures! The white rose symbolizes sadness and purity. Superstition holds that if a rose falls to pieces in the hand, some misfortune is near; and among the many divinations used by curious maidens to gain an insight into the future, was the practice of walking backward into the garden at midnight on Midsummer Eve, plucking a rose and carefully placing it in paper, to be left undisturbed till Christmas Day. Then it was to be worn, and the future husband would, of course, put in an appearance and beg for it.

It was a sad time in English history when roses became the body badges of fierce factions, and, torn from the garden, were carried into all the horrors of the battlefield. To a Yorkist, the white rose was not only symbolical of "the truth and plainness of his case," but of the apprehensions of his enemy, "whose cheeks did counterfeit" his flower, "for pale they looked with fear," and probably Richard Plantagenet was not alone in his savage longing to "dye his rose in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart." Not less ready was the Lancastrian with the retort, that the paleness of his antagonists' flower "betrayed the fainting of his heart," whilst he boasted that the red rose's thorn was "sharp and piercing to maintain his truths." Henry VI. might well bewail the "fatal colors of our striving houses." In later days the white rose again became a party badge, and June 10th being the birthday of James III., was a favorite day for its display by Jacobites. In Tudor architecture the rose was frequently introduced, and a rosebud, with the stem broken, is often seen sculptured on the tombs of the young. From all times these flowers have been strewed over the graves, and a merchant of London, Edward Rose, left twenty pounds per annum to the parish of Barnes, Surrey, on condition that his grave in that churchyard should be kept planted with rose-trees.

The rose flourishes, too, on coins. Henry VIII., the

King who blended the Red and White Roses, and received the Golden Rose from the Pope, struck his "Rose Noble"; and even America has her early coins with a rose and the legend, "Rosa Americana."

The Church calendar, too, has its roses. St. Rosalie of Palermo, and St. Rose of Viterbo, bloomed in Italy; but America claims as her first canonized saint the gentle virgin of Peru, who is honored as St. Rose of Lima.

In the increased attention paid of late years to flower cultivation in the United States, the rose has not lost its place as queen of flowers. The favorites are the Jacqueminot, La Reine, Bon Silene, the grand yellow rose Maréchal Niel, the Gloire de Dijon, and the Niphetos. Buds and full-blown roses are sought; and Boston is the great seat of our rose culture, supplying New England and New York—one of the most successful cultivators and admirers of the rose being a gentleman who has thrown around our early history all the charms of exquisite taste and poetic style. Philadelphia, too, is making strides in this branch of horticulture.

HANGED BY A BEAR.

By F. Hamilton.

Charlie tossed his rifle to his shoulder, whistled to Brave, the hound, and turned away toward the mountains.

"I'm going for that bear, boys! He's in the hemlocks somewhere, for his tracks ran that way, and I'll find him if it takes all Summer. Don't worry if I'm not back tonight." And with a quick step he crossed the little clearing in which the cabin stood, and entered the unbroken forest.

Charlie Ames, and George and Jack, his cousins, were spending three months in the Adirondack country near the Sandanona Mountains, in the very heart of the wilderness.

Their camp was upon the head of Cold River, near Moose Pond, and in one of the best hunting and fishing regions in the woods. They were old hands at this kind of life, for all of them had spent more than one Summer among the blue peaks and whispering trees, and they loved it. Charlie was twenty-four, and the others a year or two younger.

Only the day before, in returning from a fishing-trip, they had discovered the trail of a black bear, and early this morning Charlie had announced his intention of tracking and killing the noble game.

For three hours the young hunter pushed rapidly onward through the grand old forest without pausing, directing his course toward an immense hemlock tract that lay half-way up the side of one of the Sandanona Mountains.

Reaching this at about noontime, he halted, made his dinner from the hardtack and jerked venison in his pouch, and then resumed his journey.

It was perhaps four o'clock when, at length, he entered a region of dead trees, standing like grim sentinels upon the rocky ledges, their long arms stretched toward the sky, as though raised in helpless remonstrance when their leafy armor was taken from them. Many of them were of enormous size, measuring from four to five feet in diameter at the base, and towering eighty and even one hundred feet into the air above them.

Now Charlie began to grow watchful, tossing his rifle into the hollow of his arm, and loosening the heavy bowie-knife at his belt. With cautious steps and eager eyes he slowly advanced, Brave close at his heels, with ears erect and feet falling like soft pads among the dead and broken branches which strewed the ground.

For perhaps an eighth of a mile they moved onward in this way, both hunter and hound increasing their caution with every yard of distance, until Charlie gave utterance to a little cry, and, pointing excitedly to a majestic

A CHAPTER ON ROSES. —"THEI CLASPE HIRE FEETE, THEI CLIMBE AROUNDE."— SEE PAGE 311.

hemlock a short distance before them, a dead monarch among dead subjects clustering all about him, said, in a low tone:

"We have treed him, Brave! The bear's ours; on!"

With a deep bay the dog dashed forward, nose to the ground, and in an instant stood quivering with excitement, whining and scratching at the foot of the tree. Charlie quickly followed him.

At the ground the tree was nearly two yards in diameter, and tapered evenly to a height of some sixty or seventy feet, where it was broken. Some twenty feet from the ground two large limbs sprang from the parent stem, outstretching like bare arms on either side, and also broken at the ends. A little above the point where these branches grew was a large hole. The tree was hollow, and the home of the bear.

This was easily discernible from the many fresh tracks, the marks upon the bark and the little tufts of hair that were caught upon the various projections of the trunk.

Charlie saw all this at a glance, and fairly shouted with joy as he noticed the great black hole above him, for, from all appearances, he felt sure that bruin was at home.

"Hi on, old dog!" he cried, patting Brave upon the head. "We're in luck this time, sure. Now let's see whether we can smoke him out, or what course we must take."

Resting his rifle against a neighboring stump, he carefully examined the tree upon all-fours.

"There ought to be a hole down here somewhere, Brave, but I don't find any," said he. "If there was, we'd soon frizzle the old gent's hair for him, and he'd poke his nose out up above there in a terrible hurry. I wish I had an ax; we'd make a hole then!"

But, as there was neither ax nor hole, it only remained to rout bruin by some other method.

"Perhaps a jar will stir him," said Charlie to himself; and, taking a piece of a broken limb from the ground, he struck the tree heavily several times.

There was a slight sound within, a rustling and low grumbling, and, with eager eyes watching the hole above, he struck again and again.

But the sound was not repeated, and no bear's head appeared; so that, after a few moments' hard work, the young hunter began to puzzle his brain for some new way still to drive his game within his reach.

Night was coming on, and the sun already rested from his labor of the day upon the bare top of the mountains, for one last look into the valley ere he descended upon the other side. The air was growing chill, and the far-away loons upon Moose Pond began to sing their evening song.

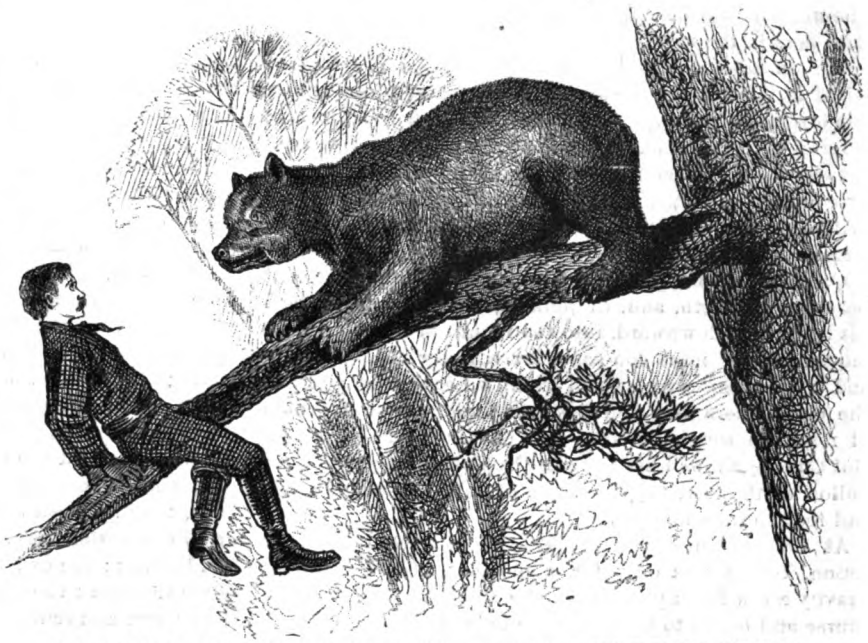
Charlie saw that something must be done at once if he wished to finish his hunt that day, and he walked uneasily up and down in front of the tree, earnestly thinking; while the hound lay upon the ground, at a little distance, with his sharp eyes fixed upon the hole in the trunk far above his head.

Suddenly the young man ceased his uneasy walk, and, turning, hastened toward where his rifle lay. Taking it from the ground, he carefully removed the cartridge; then, drawing a long, stout cord from his pocket, tied one end securely to the stock of the gun, and made the other fast to his belt. He then walked to the foot of the tree, leaned the rifle against the trunk, and quickly divested himself of coat, game-pouch and hat. Brave arose in some

wonder, and walked slowly toward him.

"Old fellow, take care of my coat; I'm going up the tree," said Charlie. "You see, it's nearly night, and we must kill that bear at once or let him go altogether. Now, he's in that tree, and I'm going to climb up to the hole, pull my gun after me, and shoot him. Do you see? And to-morrow we'll come with axes and chop him out. How's that for a plan?" and he patted the dog affectionately.

The old hound wagged his tail as though he understood what his master had said, and then stretched himself close to Charlie's coat and hat while he began his wearisome climb. If the bark of the tree had not been rough and jagged, it would have been utterly impossible for the hunter, nimble and strong as he was, to succeed in his undertaking; and even now, when he reached the first limb, he was glad enough to seat himself and rest. As he looked down, Brave wagged his tail encouragingly.



HANGED BY A BEAR.—"NEARER AND NEARER STILL CAME BRUIN, FURTHER AND STILL FURTHER OUT CREPT POOR CHARLIE."

Charlie laughed. "It's all very well," he gasped; "it's all very well for you to lie there and laugh, Brave; but it would tire your legs, too, old fellow, to climb this terrible tree. But wait a minute, and I'll be down again."

HANGED BY A BEAR.—"HE FOUND HIMSELF FIRMLY HANGED BY HIS STRONG KNIFE-BELT, AT THE BROKEN END OF THE GREAT LIMB, UPON WHICH A MOMENT SINCE HE HAD FACED HIS ENEMY."

So saying, he drew a long breath and began to draw his rifle slowly up to him. He was careful not to allow it to strike against the tree, and in a few moments he had the weapon in his hands.

Charging it, he untied the cord from the stock, and wrapped it about his waist for future use. He then carefully lifted one foot on to the branch, then the other, and, by the aid of his hands, drew his body into an upright position. His head was now exactly opposite the hole.

With one arm about the tree and the other tightly holding his rifle, Charlie put his head into the monster's den and looked downward.

It was dark as night, but he could faintly see shining through that darkness two—yes, four—luminous spots that moved in pairs, and his ears caught the sound of a low growling. Two bears were there!

He raised his rifle and pushed its muzzle into the hole, pointing it downward. He could not see to aim, but the sense of touch was enough to guide him, and, waiting until he was sure that his nerves were steady, he braced himself against the tree, drew his head from the hole, and fired.

There was a terrible roar, and the powder-smoke poured from the hole, almost suffocating the hunter, who clung desperately to the tree; and from the den below came up dismal whinings and snarls and cries of pain.

His bullet had found its mark!

But even while he listened, with all a successful hunter's joy, to these sounds, a new uproar broke upon his ears. Brave was baying with a fierceness that told of a worthy antagonist, and Charlie could hear the feet of hurrying animals tramping upon the ground below.

Before he could turn himself upon the limb so that he might look down with safety, the sounds changed. There was a horrible growl, a yell of pain, a crashing, and then the tearing of claws upon the bark of the tree.

He turned his head in terror, and, at the risk of falling, looked down.

Coming rapidly up the tree was a great black bear, her eyes wicked and fiery, her mouth bloody, her whole appearance that of a thoroughly enraged animal; while below upon the ground lay the body of poor Brave, dead!

The mother-bear had just come home, and it was her cubs that were in the tree!

For an instant Charlie's head swam, and his courage failed at the terrible thought. That instant his nerveless hand relaxed its grasp upon the heavy rifle, and it went ringing to the ground. He was at the mercy of the bear!

Even as the utter hopelessness of his situation came over him the hunter's spirit returned, and, with the animal so close that he might touch her with his foot, he determined to save himself.

Quickly drawing his heavy hunting-knife, he placed it between his teeth, and, dragging himself upward, forced his body, feet downward, into the mouth of the den. The movement was none too soon, for scarcely had his hands and head disappeared when bruin's heavy claws struck the place where they had been, and with renewed growls of rage she sought to drag her enemy from his retreat. But Charlie allowed his body to drop still further into the hollow of the tree, beyond reach of the great black arms, and for the time he was safe.

At first bruin seemed to hesitate as to her mode of action, but it was only for a moment. Then scuffling heavily a few feet up the tree, she suddenly changed her course and began to back into the hole after the hunter.

As her heavy body entered the opening above him, Charlie gave utterance to a cry of horror and despair, and the terrible death that confronted him, smothered and torn within the tree, seemed too much to endure. The next instant a new thought flashed across his brain; and, seizing his knife as the bear came within reach, he drove it with all his strength into the tough muscles of her leg.

The effect was magical. Bruin roared with pain, and, clinging to the hilt of the heavy knife, the young hunter was suddenly drawn up again—drawn fairly out of the hole—and once more found himself clinging to the rough tree-trunk, and struggling to replace his feet upon the branch below.

All this had passed so rapidly that Charlie scarcely realized the change in affairs until the bear once again renewed the charge by backing rapidly down the tree toward him.

Menacing her with the knife, he retreated out along the lifeless limb.

The bear followed, driving her sharp claws into the wood to keep her from falling. Nearer and still nearer came bruin, further and still further out crept poor Charlie, when suddenly there was a terrible crack—the dead wood parted. The bear, losing her balance, struggled desperately for a moment, then swung heavily over, and, with a yell of fear, went crashing to the ground, while the branch, half-broken, sprang sharply upward, throwing the hunter into the air above it!

Charlie's eyes closed, and his brain reeled; but, as his body shot headlong toward death below, he was caught, and, instead of lying with the bear, a mangled heap upon the ground at the foot of the tree, he found himself firmly hanged by his strong knife-belt at the broken end of the great limb upon which, a moment since, he had faced his relentless enemy.

He was saved!

For a little time he hung quietly in order to regain his breath, then began to seek some plan by which he might free himself from his perilous position.

At first he strove to turn and seize the branch above him with his hands, but that he found impossible, so tightly did the belt bind him; then he tried to reach it with his feet, but with no better success; and at length, wearied and dizzy, he desisted. In various ways he sought to raise his body so that it might be relieved from the strain of the belt, but every effort proved fruitless, and his courage gradually failed him; so that, as the light died from the hilltops and the night fairly came down, Charlie hung, limp and motionless, a great black ball at the end of the limb, while bear and hound lay dead below.

The hours passed. The round moon, queen of the night, crept solemnly and silently up from the distant horizon, and shot long rays of pale yellow light through the forest aisles and across the bare and lonely mountain-tops, tinging all with molten silver; the little bell-owl from the evergreen thickets far below tinkled forth his sweet notes, to be answered by the hoarse, echoing hoot of his great white cousin from among the dead pines far above; the hill-foxes barked in their play among the rocks, and the bright-eyed deer crept through the forest toward the spring, silent as ghosts—yet still at the end of the limb dangled the body of the hunter.

The hours passed. The moon sailed overhead in majesty, then followed the pathway of her husband, the sun, down the western sky, and hid herself behind the gloomy Sandanonas; the owls ceased to cry, and flew away to the dense thickets; the hill-foxes chased the deer away from the spring, and scuttled to their holes, and the gray dawn slowly grew in the East.

Miles away, at the little cabin in the clearing, George and Jack had watched and waited through the long night for their companion's return, in vain; and as soon as the light permitted they armed themselves, aroused old Dick, the pointer, and, starting him upon Charlie's trail, with anxious hearts set out upon their search for the missing hunter.

At first the old dog led them but slowly through the tangled forest, but upon reaching the helmlock-tract the scent was newer, and with nose to the earth he trotted rapidly on over rock, ledge and ravine, followed as fast by the troubled friends.

Suddenly the dog sprang forward a few paces, made a sharp stand, and then retreated, whining, to creep at his master's heels.

"He's frightened! There's a bear about here somewhere!" cried George, and he threw his gun to a "ready," and cast suspicious glances about him.

Jack followed his example, and both walked slowly onward a dozen steps, and Jack's rifle went to his shoulder.

George stopped instantly.

"What is that?"

"The bear," whispered Jack.

"Where?" said his brother, peering about. "I do not see him."

"Why, there—just before you—under that great hemlock. He's lying down—he's dead!" and, lowering his gun, the boy sprang forward.

But before he could reach the animal, a sharp cry arrested him, and turning, he saw George standing, with blanched face and staring eyes, pointing to something above them.

He looked up.

There, at the end of a great limb which grew from the hemlock in front of them, hanging limp and apparently lifeless, was the body of their lost cousin, Charlie!

For a few seconds the boys were utterly unnerved.

Was he dead?

"We can't climb up there," said George, at length breaking the silence, "for the limb will not hold us; and there is no other way that I can see of getting at him."

"Yes, there is! I have it!" cried Jack, after a moment's hesitation. "We'll shoot him down."

"What do you mean?" queried his brother.

"Just this," replied he. "I can cut with a rifle-ball the belt which holds him."

"But the fall will kill him, if he's not dead now."

"No, for we will catch him."

"How ?"

"With this."

And Jack threw from his shoulders the heavy blanket which he carried.

In ten minutes the blanket was stretched beneath Charlie, supported by strong poles. It would certainly break his fall.

Jack now carefully recharged his rifle, stepped back until he found a smooth standing-place, and slowly raised the weapon to his shoulder.

Then came a sharp crack, a little snap above them, a swaying of the body, and Charlie came crashing down upon the blanket, rebounding, to fall at last lightly upon the earth at George's feet. Instantly both boys were by his side, their hands searching for his heart.

"It beats! it beats!" cried Jack, springing to his feet and flinging his cap into the air. "We'll save him yet!"

And they did. Two hours afterward the three friends stood together around the dead bear.

Poor Brave had been buried. Charlie turned the great body over and pointed to the hole his knife had made, and said:

"I was desperate when I made that wound, boys, and more desperate when, facing bruin, I backed slowly out along the limb up there; but I did not know what utter despair was until, swinging in the night breeze twenty feet above the ground, with dog and bear both dead below me, my eyes closed, and I prayed for death to deliver me from my terrible torture. To fight a bear is one thing, but to be hanged by a bear is another thing!"

IN THE GLASS.

The village of Slapton was as quiet a village as can be. There were few houses in it; and the congregation that gathered every Sunday at the parish church came chiefly from the farms that were scattered broadcast over the surrounding country. The vicar was the Rev. Herbert Gardner, and he was the happy father of some half a dozen children, the eldest of whom, Mattie, was a charming girl of twenty. There was little society in the village, and Mattie's chief ideas of the world at large were drawn from the occasional visits she made to a relative who lived in the neighboring county town. Still, though she was homely and unsophisticated, there was none of that affected simplicity you so often see in girls. She was a frank, fearless, outspoken girl, full of life and spirits, and never so happy as when rambling about the old vicarage garden, picking basketfuls of roses for some sick boy or girl, and carrying with them sunshine into some darkened home. And in such works of real love and charity the last few years of her life had been mainly spent. Her father called her "his curate"—and as the living was a small one, she was the only curate he had.

Mattie had been free as yet from "heart disease," though a neighboring squire's son had made several awkward attempts at love-making; and though Mattie quite recognized the compliment he paid her, she never for a moment regarded him in any other light than as a friend, and remained herself perfectly heart-whole. This had happened when she was eighteen, and time had gone on smoothly enough, and at twenty she was still happy in her uneventful lot.

But the smooth run of life's wheels was interrupted at last, and the wheels were jolted out of their usual track; for about this time there came to the village a young surgeon who was looking out for a good opening for practice, and had determined to settle down here. As a matter of course, he and Mattie often met in the houses of the poor, and although not a word of love passed between them, people began to associate their names together, and to speak of what *might* happen as a certainty.

One day when Mattie was, as usual, amongst her roses, a servant came to say that Dr. Robertson had asked for her father, and, as he was from home, for her. When she entered the room with her basket of roses on her arm, the doctor might well be excused if he wondered which was fairer—the roses in the basket, or the rose with the basket. If such thoughts passed through his mind, he quickly put them aside, for he said:

"I came to ask Mr. Gardner if he would step down to old Silas Jones, who is very ill with fever. They are very poor, and any help you could give them would be of more use than medicine."

"Papa is from home," she said, "and will not return till to-morrow. But I will take them some beef-tea and port, if you think that would be good for him."

"Nothing could be better," said the doctor. "But you must not go there yourself, for fear of infection. I am going past the house, and will take them myself, if you will give them to me."

"No, thank you, doctor," said Miss Mattie. "I never shirk my duty nor delegate it to others, so I will take them myself."

"Anyway, let me walk with you, if you are going now, and we can talk about the case as we go."

In a few minutes the beef-tea and the wine were ready, and Mattie sallied forth with the doctor. And this was the way they talked about the case:

"It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Glorious," said Mattie.

"What has become of you in the evenings lately? I used to see you frequently, but now you are never to be seen."

"Minnie has not been well lately, so I have stayed at home on her account. It is pleasant to know that some one misses me," she said, laughing.

"I miss you a great deal, Miss Mattie—almost as much, if not quite as much, as your own people do. This is Jones's cottage; so now let me take the things in."

"No, indeed; I shall go in myself," said Mattie.

"No, decidedly no," said the doctor. "It can never be your duty to rush into uncalled-for danger. I am *obliged* to see these people, so let me take the basket in."

From that day it began to dawn on Mattie's heart that there was one man who missed her when she was absent, and who tried to keep her out of danger. And little by little this thought grew bigger and took more root until there came a sort of echo to it, which said, "I miss him, too. I wish he had not to risk his life by going to see fever cases." And from that day there was less cordial friendship, and there was more shy reserve in her intercourse with the doctor. And sometimes Dr. Robertson did not know what to make of it, and one evening he said:

"What have I done to vex you, Miss Mattie?"

To which she replied:

"Vex me! Why, nothing, of course. Whatever made you think you had?"

"My own stupidity, I suppose," replied he. "I should be very sorry to vex you, Miss Mattie."

"Then don't talk about it, else you will," she said.

"What a lovely rose that is! Would you mind giving it me to show me you are not vexed?" said the doctor.

"There are plenty on that bush," she answered. "You can take as many as you like."

"But won't you give me that one? I am going away for a fortnight, and it will be a keepsake—if you will give it to me. Do, please."

"If you really want it you shall have it," she said, as she took it out of her bosom and gave it to him.

And he, as he pinned it in his coat, said:

"It will remind me of a rose even fairer than itself."

"For shame, doctor," said Miss Mattie. "I will not stop to hear such gross flattery," and away she ran toward the house.

"Shake hands first," he cried. "I am going to-morrow, early. One may get smashed up on the journey, so I should like to part friends. It is a long way to Manchester." She gave him her hand, saying:

"Good-by, Dr. Robertson; I wish you a pleasant journey."

He had been gone about a week, when, as Mattie was coming down the street (if street it could be called), the doctor's housekeeper was standing at the door with a paper in her hand. When Mattie drew near the old woman cried out:

"Laws-a-mussy, Miss Mattie, but do'ee just read this paper. My owd eyes binna so good as they oncest was," and the old lady held out a crumpled newspaper.

And Mattie read:

"On the 24th inst., at the parish church, Manchester, James Robertson, M.D., only son of Peter Robertson, M.R.C.S. and L.S.A., of Manchester, to Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of the late Isaac Jefferson, of Bolton."

For a moment Mattie was speechless with mingled feelings. Then came the reflection that this garrulous old woman must not see her pain. And summoning up all her resolution, she said:

"If you write to him, wish him much happiness for me."

In the solitude of her chamber she looked into her heart, and learned her secret. This man, who was another's husband, had made himself dearer to her than any one on earth could be; and she had been mistaken in supposing that he cared for her. Oh, shame, shame! to love where she was not loved—to give her heart unasked! Still, she had never told her love—the secret was her own, and she could keep it inviolate, and meet him on his return without flinching. And although she had no power to put him out of her heart, she could and would prevent her mind from dwelling upon him.

One morning she heard that the doctor had come home. She was standing amongst her roses with a very sad heart, when she saw Dr. Robertson passing up the road with a lady. He lifted his hat to her, and she tried to return his salutation as she would that of any other friend, but somehow the warm blood came to her cheeks, and it was but a stiff and unfriendly little bow that she gave him. And while she stood thinking of it all, and wondering why she should be so unhappy, she heard footsteps behind her on the gravel walk, and turning, saw Dr. Robertson advancing eagerly toward her. Again the crimson tide flooded her face, making her look very lovely in her confusion. But she managed to stammer out something about "glad to see you," when the doctor broke in with:

"Not half so glad as I am to see you. I have been to a wedding since I left Slapton, and enjoyed my holiday immensely."

"Yes, I know," she said; "I saw your wife walking with you this morning."

"Did you, indeed?" he said, while a smile of quiet joy lit up his face. "And where were you looking when you saw her—in the glass?"

She looked up at him quickly, then her eyes dropped before the expression of his, and again the tell-tale blush overspread face and neck.

"Where did you see my wife, Mattie?"

"In the road," said Mattie.

"No, that was my sister," he replied.

"In the newspaper," she urged.

"That was my cousin," he explained. "Come here. Did you look in the glass this morning?"

"Yes," whispered Mattie.

"Then that's where you saw my wife—if you saw her anywhere."

And, of course, that settled it; and you all know what happened as well as I can tell you.

HANGED BY A BEAR.—"CHARLIE CAME CRASHING DOWN UPON THE BLANKET."—SEE PAGE 315.

A CHICAGO rag-dealer estimates that each of the 50,000,000 people of the United States discards an average of five pounds of clothing yearly, which makes 250,000,000 pounds for the whole. Then, he says, there are the tailoring establishments, big and little, whose cuttings are not much less in quantity, in the aggregate, than the cast-off clothing of the nation at large, while their quality as rags is greatly superior. Then there are carpets and bedding, and curtains, and other domestic articles of cloth of some kind, which make up a goodly bulk in the course of a year. These different articles combined make up another 250,000,000 pounds of cloth material which has been discarded from use, and which eventually finds its way into the ragman's bale. His estimate is that 100 car loads of rags enter and leave Chicago daily.

LIBERALITY, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, under all circumstances and toward all men—these qualities are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot.

THE DARLINGS OF OUR HOME.

A LATE REMORSE.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Part II.—Chapter VII.

Three weeks elapsed—weeks during which Kenneth fixed his mind as persistently as he could upon the study of Florence's feelings, to discover whether his mother's suspicions were correct. The two were together a great deal; they rode and walked, and held long talks in Florence's boudoir, and with each succeeding day a new liking and admiration grew up between them.

But in spite of her sweetness, her intelligence, and her thousand charms, Kenneth knew that the lovely girl had no power to soothe his wounded heart; his liking and friendship held no approach to the tenderness which he had tried to make himself believe would be a return for love—if she loved him.

He had not been able to thrust from his mind the suggestion offered in her momentary emotion the day he had mentioned Reginald Seymour's name. The better he learned to know Florence, the stronger grew his conviction that she was not a mere dreaming girl, whose heart had never wakened. Some real experience had taught her to think and feel like a woman—but not a sentiment living and present, as would have been the case if he were its object. It seemed to him a memory—a phase which had ended, and which she was trying to live past completely. So it seemed to him sometimes; then again a return of her shyness, her shrinking, would bring back his mother's assertions, and he could not accuse himself of vanity when he unavoidably wondered if she were right.

While this uncertainty lasted it was impossible that he should succeed in the effort which he wanted to make, in case it were true that the girl cared for him, to teach his heart to find in her a refuge from trouble. To reach the truth became an absolute necessity, but not solvable by any means in his power, since he could not force himself upon her confidence.

His heart was sore and sick—if she cared for him—if she cared! His misery rendered him unconsciously selfish; he half forgot that to try to woo peace for himself in her affection might wreck her happiness; it seemed to him that if she loved him, to make her his wife would be the surest bar against the past—the past which must be buried, and a new existence erected on its grave, else his whole future become a waste and wreck.

The weeks fled with that rapidity which astonishes one when there are no important events to mark the days, for the confidence and friendship which grew up between Florence and Kenneth was so gradual that neither took much heed, save when now and then the recollection of some long, earnest talk would remind them both what a different stand-point their acquaintance had reached to enable them to converse so freely.

The elders of the party left them a great deal to themselves; even the occasional knots of visitors, whose coming altered somewhat the ordinary routine of domestic life, did not greatly interfere with their unrestrained intercourse. Mrs. Alderly and Mr. Gresham exchanged little confidence in regard to their mutual hopes, satisfied that not far off in the future they should see them realized, unavoidably growing nearer and nearer together, as people do who have a common interest.

Mrs. Alderly was in a mood so sunny that her desire to please her brother-in-law ceased to be an effort; and now that he might prove a help instead of a hindrance to her

plans, she could appreciate his admirable qualities. Even the old ground of hatred assumed a different complexion in her eyes; as events were turning out, his audacity in marrying her sister became pardonable, since it was likely to be the original cause of bringing such golden results to her niece and son. She did not burden herself with any repentance for her former wickedness toward him; her way of viewing the matter was, that she forgave the past on account of the benefits she and hers would reap in the future from its effects, and she was able to feel also that she showed great magnanimity in granting this pardon, which was an agreeable sensation to indulge, and made her still better disposed toward him.

And he, naturally interpreting her manner to signify that she recognized he had fully forgiven the troubles she had brought into his past, and was grateful because he had done so, went rather to an extreme in his judgment, as generous natures are apt to do, and convinced himself that he had erred in the old days in thinking her false and deliberately wicked. She had been blinded by temper and had acted from impulse, he decided; and her conduct, viewed in that light, became much easier to pardon, and left ample reason for supposing that she might have succeeded in overcoming her faults.

But, alas for Mr. Gresham's contentment and Mrs. Alderly's schemes! those long, bright midsummer days which had come now had carried the two young people so far in their intimacy that the time was close at hand when their new knowledge of each other's characters must inevitably lead to discoveries that would overthrow utterly the plans meditated by their elders, and prove to the youthful pair how much Mrs. Alderly had unintentionally deceived them and herself.

More and more deeply the suspicion settled upon Kenneth's mind that his mother was right in believing Florence had nourished some girlish dream; but with equal force grew the doubt that he was in any way connected therewith, till at length he felt that in justice to her and himself he must learn the truth, and he determined to employ the first favorable opportunity for that purpose.

He came upon her one afternoon seated in a remote part of the grounds with a book lying in her lap, but he knew by her face that she was lost in deep thought.

"Do I disturb you?" he asked.

"No," she replied; "I am incorrigibly indolent to-day; I have tried to practice—to draw—I gave up in disgust and came out, but I didn't succeed even in reading—it must be the weather."

"Then it has been affecting you for several days," he said, sitting down on the bench beside her. "You have been absent and preoccupied—had one of your odd little seasons of avoiding me."

He looked at her; she returned his glance without a blush; her sensitive mouth quivered slightly, but certainly there was no sign of girlish confusion either in face or manner.

"You know you have such seasons?" he persisted.

"I believe I do have unsocial moods now and then," she replied, with a rather forced smile; "but I am not in one of them to-day, and I hope you don't think me ungrateful for your friendship—you used to treat me like a little girl, and that I suppose hurt my vanity."

"You see I was a blind goose, and did not know what a wise small woman you are."

"In the first place, I am not small," she said, laughing; "I am a good deal taller than Miss Gresham."

He noticed that she was eager to keep the conversation gay and bantering—he longed to discover what feeling impelled her.

"Oh, I'll pay you as many compliments as you like," said he. "You are of a 'just height,' as Shakespeare says."

"I beg your pardon, it was Queen Elizabeth," retorted she.

She sat playing with some flowers he had gathered and laid in her lap; he wondered what she was thinking about, and at last the question left his lips involuntarily; then he added, quickly:

"I am afraid that was rude."

"I don't mind telling you," she replied, "though perhaps you will think it wicked. I often wish I had no money—that I was obliged to work. It seems wrong to be idle—it is such an empty life."

"I am sure you are not idle, and you make a number of people very happy. What would my mother do without you?"

"Yes; but I may have a long life to live—it is dreadful to think of never doing anything—never accomplishing any object which would give a point and aim to existence."

"I suppose your destiny will overtake you sometime," he said, quickly; "like most other girls, you will marry."

"I doubt if I ever shall," she replied, composedly, though there was a faint echo of sadness in her voice.

"Oh, young ladies always say that," he cried, endeavoring to speak playfully, though at bottom he was serious enough; a little fluttered, too, at recognizing how unexpectedly he had reached the goal he wanted to reach—the discovery of her real feelings.

"Yes, I know they do; but I say it with something more of certainty in myself than many girls of my age would," she answered, looking courageously at him, though the roses deepened in her cheeks.

"Now, I suppose if I were to ask the question that naturally rises in my mind, it would sound discourteous," returned he, trying to preserve his half jesting tone and manner.

She looked at him still, but her face did not reflect his smile—it was grave and earnest. She was slightly embarrassed, he could see, but plainly she did not mean to let any girlish hesitancy conquer some determination which had risen in her mind.

"There is no fear that I should think any question of yours discourteous," she replied; "what is it that my remark suggested?"

"Well, it seems tolerably impertinent."

"But since I insist on hearing," she rejoined, smiling now.

"Oh, then I must say it, if only to keep you from thinking it might be ruder than it is. Did you mean that you do not think yourself capable of falling in love?"

She dropped her eyes for an instant, looked up at him again, and asked, in an odd tone:

"And you? Do you think yourself capable?"

The suddenness of the inquiry fairly startled him; he felt himself change color, but he tried to laugh.

"Men are supposed to do that very often," he replied.

"Some men may," she said, regarding him with a more searching glance than he had ever caught from her gentle eyes. "I think, no longer ago than when you came here this time, I fancied you were one of those men. I know you better now, and I am certain I did you injustice."

What did she mean? Was she intending to put his feelings for her to the test? No, she was too womanly and delicate for that; nor was the question a mere effort to turn the tables and avoid an answer to his question—she had some grave motive in her demand.

"At least I must thank you for having got a higher opinion of me since we really became acquainted," he said.

"I am not jesting, Kenneth," she replied. "You set me an example of frankness—you cannot be offended. If you want my secrets, it is just I should know yours."

She had brought him to a sudden no thoroughfare; but even if he had wished to deceive her—which certainly he did not—he felt that it would have been impossible; he knew that his face had answered her.

"I know what you are thinking," she said, quickly; "you are right, too—you don't need to speak—you have answered me." She held out her hand, adding: "My question was cruel—I beg your pardon. I am glad I asked it, though; I mean to punish myself by replying in my turn. You have no heart to give any woman now—well, I too, once cared very much for a certain person. It never came to anything; I thought for a while he cared, but I was mistaken—he went away, and I have never seen him since. There, it hurts, but I am glad you know—we can be really friends now—we could not until this confidence came about on both sides."

He was too much puzzled to find a word; she had grown rather pale, but she was very calm.

"I won't say more. I hope it doesn't sound unwomanly," she continued. "Kenneth, I am not blind—not a child; I could not help seeing what your mother and Mr. Gresham wish. Until I was certain you did not share it, I was ill at ease with you. These last weeks have convinced me that you regard me as I do you—a dear relative—so now, I can speak, you won't think I show a lack of modesty."

It was plain to him that, in her belief he would end by loving Florence, his mother had led the girl to think his feelings already enlisted—he did not dream of blaming her—she had erred unintentionally.

"You are brave and honest; I thank you," he said.

She laughed now, and rejoined, rather mischievously:

"And I have set your mind at rest as much as my own. You did know what those two dear people want."

"Yes—I did."

"But, my dear cousin, much as we love them, we must live our own lives; near together, I hope, but not as they wish."

Kenneth forgot himself and in her anxiety for the parent of whom he was so tender.

"The poor mother," he said.

"Yes, I know—she will be dreadfully disappointed—leave her alone. By the time she realizes that, much as we love her, our lives and our wills must remain our own, she will be strong and well, and able to bear her disappointment," said Florence. "There, Kenneth, I am quite at rest now. You think me a fearful specimen of a strong-minded woman to take the initiative in this fashion, but I could not resist when you gave me the opportunity."

"You are perfect!" he exclaimed.

"As a cousin—so are you," she answered, pleasantly.

It was full two hours after that Mrs. Alderly, standing at the window of her room, saw the pair approaching the house; they were talking earnestly, and Florence's head was bowed, and Kenneth leaning eagerly toward her.

"The end comes nearer and nearer," she thought, turning away with a glow of triumph at her heart. "Nearer and nearer, and as for that wicked, wicked woman—ah, well, I think I have found the way now—she shall neither trouble us nor that poor Madge any longer."

Chapter VIII.

At first the disappointment and shock of her failure to induce Will Hudson to retrieve the wrong he had done, almost prostrated Elinor Stuart, brave and strong as she was. But the necessity for performing her daily duties nerved her, and gradually the wonderful spirit of resignation, which never deserted her, even in the darkest hours, helped her to get back toward tranquillity. She clung fast to her faith, telling herself over and over that every unavoidable trouble which befalls a human being must have a reason, and is therefore to be accepted with patience, so that at length its "perfect work" may lift and purify the soul of the sufferer, even though any actual lightening of the burden never come.

"After all," she said one day to Miss Seymour, "I am only where I was before. For a time it seemed as if a new trouble had overtaken me; but that was because I let myself grow morbid, almost despairing. I see things as they are now—I don't mean to distress you by my gloomy face any longer. You have been very, very good to me, Lucy! I'm afraid I have tried you and Reginald a good deal by my low spirits—but I won't any more."

"You have borne it all like an angel!" cried Miss Seymour, wiping away a few quiet tears. "Reginald and I were talking about you only yesterday; he said your courage was greater than that of some early Christian martyr, who had merely physical suffering to bear."

"Reginald is worthy to be your brother—I could not give him higher praise," returned Elinor, kissing her friend's soft, pallid cheeks. "It has been such a comfort to have you both here—what should I have done except for your sympathy and companionship! You naughty Lucy, you were saying, only the other day, you were useless—unable to help anybody in the world. You can't say that again."

"It was a silly speech," Miss Seymour answered. "I am ashamed to have made it—every human being can be of use in some way to those about, if only by showing patience in sickness or trouble. But I should never be able to approach you, Elinor—the way in which you have gone on with your work—cheerful as if you had no care beyond, has been a lesson that, as Reginald says, only sticks or stones could fail to profit by."

"Oh, the work has been my greatest comfort, next to you," Elinor said, smiling. "And now I have put these recent harassing memories back into the past, along with the old troubles, and I mean to lock the door on them so securely that they cannot escape to worry me by so much as a whisper or a breath."

"You will do it!" Miss Seymour rejoined. "Oh, Elinor, you can never be actively unhappy long—you live too completely out of yourself—too occupied for others."

"And, indeed, I have a great deal to be thankful for—it is worse than wicked, it is voluntary idiocy, to let a trouble, however great, make one blind to the blessings one has left," Elinor said. "I like my work—my girls have grown almost as dear to me as if they really belonged to me—my actual life is pleasant and quiet. The past is gone—the future has not come; I have a plain duty, and that is neither to look back nor forward."

"Yes, that is the true philosophy for a life like yours or mine," Miss Seymour said.

"And now we will have done talking about my little woes," rejoined Elinor; "it must be bad to discuss the inevitable, it is a sort of fretting of one's miseries. I wanted to say what I have, and I want you to repeat it to Reginald—he has been so good to me—I can't have him worried by thinking that I am despondent and morbid."

"He knows you are incapable of being so," replied Miss Seymour; "but he will be glad when I tell him—I think no man ever had so tender a heart as Reginald."

"No, indeed; he is gentle and sympathetic as a woman, for all he is so strong and manly."

"He has had trouble enough himself to know how to feel for others," sighed Miss Seymour.

"Yes, I know that from little things he has told me—ah, there is one who never complains."

"Never! Many men would have grown hard and bitter under an experience like his, but it has only made him more gentle," Miss Seymour said. "He was played with and deceived in the most heartless manner, by a wretched little coquette, but it has not left him suspicious or unbelieving toward women."

"No, his head is too broad for that," Elinor answered. "Here he comes now, for us to go and take a walk."

Reginald entered, with his usual bright smile and cheerful manner, upbraiding them gayly for not having come to meet him as he returned from a sketching expedition.

"You would sit gossiping indoors all the evening, if I were not here to drag you out," he said. "Elinor, I have just been having a flirtation with your model landlady, and she gave me some fresh buttermilk to drink. She says you would be perfect if you only liked it, but you don't, so she considers me your superior."

"She is one of the best women in the world," Elinor replied; "I used to think there could never be such a comfortable person for landlady as her sister, but Mrs. Tyndal equals her. Indeed, they are so much alike in face and manner that I feel quite confused sometimes, and inclined to believe it must be my old Mrs. Mosely under another name."

"Your sentence is ungrammatical and your meaning obscure, Queen Elinor," retorted Reginald. "That comes of stopping in the house too long, so get your hat and we will have a stroll."

These exchanges of visits and pleasant walks and drives were daily occurrences; most of Elinor's leisure time was spent in the society of her congenial friends, and the days and weeks slipped on so rapidly that they were all three astonished when midsummer overtook them.

Reginald discovered plenty of subjects upon which to exercise his pencil in the picturesque surroundings of the neighborhood, and besides, he was painting Elinor's portrait, though this work went on rather slowly, partly because she had not much leisure to give at home when the light was good, and partly because he found it difficult to satisfy himself, and he used playfully to declare the fault hers, and they had many merry contests over the matter.

Miss Seymour's eyesight continued to fail, but she suffered less pain than in the Spring, and was always cheerful and uncomplaining; and Elinor had reached a standpoint where her own cheerfulness grew less and less of an effort—so much reward she was already reaping from her determination and fortitude.

August came with its gorgeous skies, and now Elinor had four weeks of entire freedom before her, as the school closed for a month's vacation; and she was tired enough to be glad of the rest. The weather was unusually cool for the season, and the trio fully enjoyed the long sunny days, and mutual admiration and friendship ripened into an affection between Elinor and her companions which was as strong, and would be as lasting, as if near ties of blood had bound them together.

Reginald could not remain in America longer than the first of October, and he often spoke to his sister about proposing to Elinor to spend the Winter with her, since the state of her health would render it necessary for her to have some lady as companion during his absence. But Miss Seymour would not allow him to mention the matter to Miss Stuart.

"It would not be right," she said; "she would find it hard to refuse, and would convince herself that she ought to go, but it would be a waste of her time and talents—I can't hear of it. Much as I should enjoy her society, I should all the while be reproaching myself, and that would make me miserable."

"She could easily get another situation when she left you," Reginald said; "or, indeed, she might stop. When I come home for good I must live in New York, and you don't like living there—it never agrees with you—and often in the Winter you would have to be alone."

"Then I must find some one else," Miss Seymour replied. "I could not reconcile it to my conscience to tie a woman like Elinor down to such a narrow life, such petty duties—she does too much good in her position as teacher."

She was so persistent and earnest that the matter dropped, Miss Seymour making her brother promise that he would not even give a hint to Elinor, lest she should conceive it her duty to offer to take the position; and though he regretted deeply the loss to Lucy, he felt that she was right.

The month was drawing to an end; in a few days Elinor would resume her occupations, and before long the brother and sister must think of their departure, as Reginald wished to establish Lucy in her own house and spend a little time there previous to his voyage.

The three talked very little about the separation which drew so near, but the recollection made them the more eagerly seize every moment that could be spent together. The weather had turned rainy and wet; Miss Seymour was confined a good deal to the house, so Elinor used to go there morning after morning, and often remained till bed-time. Reginald employed that opportunity to finish the portrait, which proved very successful, though he was far from contented, while Elinor declared that nobody would ever suppose she had sat for the picture of the handsome woman he had painted.

One afternoon, Reginald had taken advantage of a lull in the storm to go for a long tramp, and Elinor spent the hours alone with Miss Seymour, as the relative she was visiting had been called from home for a few days.

At last, Miss Seymour lay down on the sofa to take a nap, and Elinor, tired of reading aloud, began to amuse herself by turning over a portfolio of Reginald's sketches. They were early productions, which he despised; but his sister cherished the whole with loving care, and had brought them with her to exhibit to her cousin. But her brother's unexpected arrival, with so many of his recent efforts to display, had made Lucy forget her treasures; and they had never been brought to light until that morning, when some discussion between Elinor and Reginald reminded Miss Seymour of the portfolio. She had hunted it out of her boxes, but a new book, which arrived by post, soon engrossed the three so completely that Elinor had not examined the old sketches.

While her friend slept, she sat down by the table and opened the portfolio. There were all sorts of pretty bits of Vermont and Catskill scenery; Florentine views taken as long ago as when Elinor had been near them in Tuscany, and these interested her greatly, with the half sad, half pleasant memories they roused of her early youth, and the bright dreams and ambitions which she had so completely laid aside, that it scarcely seemed as if the enthusiastic girl who had indulged them could have had connection with her present self.

She sat there so long that Miss Seymour wakened from her nap, but seeing Elinor occupied, lay still; and presently Reginald returned from his walk, with the announcement that the sky had cleared, and if only the sun came forth, as it promised, Lucy would be able to get out-of-

doors, and watch its setting. He went up to the table, and leaning over Elinor, he appeared greatly interested as she began putting the sketches in place.

"I have not looked at them all, but there are a good many very nice bits among them, Reginald. There are several things you might finish up into pictures."

THE OLD SWING.—SEE POEM, "MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD," PAGE 351.

"Good gracious, Lucy!" he said; "you don't mean to say you travel about with those old things in your trunk?"

"Indeed, I do! They are beautiful," she cried, indignantly.

He laughed; but Elinor added:

She handed him two or three, and began searching further in the portfolio. Presently she lifted one to the back of which another sketch had got fastened; she separated them carefully, and saw a head in crayon—the portrait of a young girl, so lovely and charming that she cried out:

"Oh, who is this!—where was it done?"

Reginald took the paper from her hand. She heard him give a quick, gasping breath, and looked up in wonder. He was pale to his very lips, and his eyes had a strained, troubled expression which quite startled her. In an instant it flashed across her mind whose portrait it must be—that of the girl who had so basely trifled with his happiness.

She hastily averted her head, seized another sketch, and was about to make some remark concerning it, but Miss Seymour, overhearing her first words, called from her sofa:

"What is it?—what have you found? Something even Reginald thinks tolerable?"

Reginald laid the sketch down on the table, and answered, quietly:

"Only a crayon head I did a couple of years ago—not bad at all, eh, Elinor? But I must go and change my boots; I believe they are damp."

He left the room, and as soon as he was beyond hearing, Miss Seymour cried, in a voice of alarm and distress:

"Bring me that sketch, Elinor." As soon as she looked at it, her trouble increased. "How could I be so careless?" she moaned. "I had no idea it was there: I thought he had destroyed it long ago. Oh, to think I should have been the means of giving my poor boy such pain!"

"It is the portrait of the girl he loved?" Elinor said, in a low tone, full of sympathy.

"Yes," returned Miss Seymour—"that is she. Who would believe such a sweet, pure face could hold a soul so mean and petty? Soul! She couldn't have had any. Such a creature as Florence Denham is a sort of human butterfly, but armed with a rattlesnake's deadly sting!"

"Florence Denham!" repeated Elinor, in a voice as agitated as her friend's.

"Yes. Had I not told you her name? Do you know her?"

"I never saw her—I have heard of her," Elinor answered, shrinking away from the sketch, as if the sight of it hurt her.

"I should like to tear it up, but I must not—he might ask for it!" exclaimed Miss Seymour. "Oh, the wicked, wicked girl!"

"Were they actually engaged?" Elinor asked.

"No. He had never, perhaps, told her in so many words he loved her, but she knew it! She acted so that he had every encouragement to speak—he was going to do it that very day; and then her aunt, Mrs. Alderly, came and told him the truth."

"Ah, it only needed that he should have to hear it told as her lips would tell it!" Elinor said, bitterly.

"I must do her justice. She was very kind to Reginald; she reproached herself for not having noticed what was going on. She tried, of course, to screen her niece—said Florence had been thoughtless; now that she perceived he loved her, she was frightened, and wanted her aunt to tell him that she was engaged to her cousin."

Elinor sat silent. Although she had been perfectly frank with Miss Seymour, she had not revealed the personal secret of her heart—she could not do that even to her kind friend, and Lucy was unaware that Kenneth Alderly had been more than a mere passing acquaintance.

"I don't suppose Reginald would have told me," she went on, "if he had had time to school himself. But he came straight away to my house, and the poor fellow was so completely broken down that he could not hide anything from me. We have never spoken of the girl from that day to this! Oh, put that picture away out of sight! Hark! there's Reginald going out. Take it up-stairs and lay it in my trunk—do—I can't bear to see it!"

Elinor went slowly away to obey her friend's request, keeping her eyes averted from the sketch which seemed fairly to burn her fingers, like some noxious, poisonous thing. Ah, the girl and her cousin were fit mates—both worthy pupils of a woman like Mrs. Alderly!

But, by the time Elinor had hidden the portrait, her mood grew calmer. She was ashamed to have indulged in such passionate bitterness; it was a lowering of her own nature, even to feel resentment toward a man capable of behaving as Kenneth Alderly had done. As for the girl, she was doubtless too weak and vacuous even to comprehend the wickedness of her own conduct; it was impossible that Reginald Seymour, with his lofty soul, could long suffer from the treachery of a creature at once so mean and so unprincipled.

As she went down-stairs, she saw Reginald entering the hall. He held a letter in his hand, and called out:

"This is for you, Queen Elinor!. I met Mr. Chesney's boy at the gate. He said he had been at your house, and Mrs. Tyndal told him you were here—so he brought it on."

"But Mr. Chesney is not at home—he wasn't to come back from New York till to-morrow," Elinor answered, not thinking much about the note, so engrossed was she in studying Reginald's face, which had already got back its usual composure. She felt proud of her friend, to see how quickly and determinedly he had roused himself from the effects of the sudden and painful blow the sight of that picture must have given.

"Oh, yes, he is back—I forgot to tell you," Reginald said. "I saw him in the street as I was starting for my walk. By-the-way, he gave me a very stately bow, and sailed on before I could ask him if he'd had a pleasant journey. He's a very elephantine old party."

"He is rather pompous, but he seems a kind man," Elinor said. "I believe the other trustees of the school have to give in to him more than they like, as he is president of the board; but he is the most intelligent of the set, even if he is tyrannical."

"He is an old noodle. I was sure of that the first time I ever saw him," returned Reginald, contemptuously. "But here is your letter. What on earth should he write to you for?"

"I fancy about some changes I proposed to him in the music-room," said Elinor. "He promised to think of the matter. He often writes me little notes. He is very proud, evidently, of his epistolary powers, and always uses the longest words he can find."

"It all looks suspicious!" cried Reginald, gayly. "Queen Elinor, he is a widower. It is my opinion that he has written to propose a new situation to you."

"No," said Elinor, laughing; "he does not really approve of me—he says I have too many opinions. We came near quarreling once, and as he was obliged to own himself in the wrong, he has never forgiven me."

"You'll discover that only hid his real sentiments. I am sure this is an offer of marriage, and done in a style worthy of Dr. Johnson."

They entered the sitting-room, both laughing, and the sound of Reginald's merriment lifted a great weight off Miss Seymour's mind.

"What has happened to amuse you so much?" she asked.

"Elinor has just got an offer of marriage," Reginald declared. "She is so overcome that she wants your smelling-salts!"

"What does this absurd boy mean, Elinor?" demanded Miss Seymour, so relieved by Reginald's composure that she was able to laugh at his nonsensical jest. "If I am

to congratulate you, say so; I hate being kept in suspense! Who is the fortunate man?"

"Mr. Chesney!" groaned Reginald.

"Oh, the old horror!" cried Miss Seymour. "Elinor, I forbid the bans!"

"Then I suppose I must obey," returned Elinor. "But first I will read the letter—that is only just."

"She pretends to think it is about some school matter," added Reginald; "but she knows very well it is not! She looks dreadfully puffed up by the honor in store for her. Oh, the vanity of women! Such a pompous old wretch as he—like a mud-turtle that has swallowed a dictionary, and not been able to digest it."

"That is sheer masculine envy and jealousy," returned Elinor.

"Well, read your letter and end my suspense," cried Miss Seymour.

Elinor carelessly opened the envelope, still laughing at the jesting nonsense Reginald pursued her with, while busy arranging the cushions of his sister's sofa.

"Thanks, my boy," Lucy said, looking up into his face with loving eyes that asked pardon for the trouble she had unwittingly caused him.

He stooped over the couch and kissed her, with a smile that warmed her heart like sunshine.

"We will go for a walk," he said.

He was interrupted by a sudden exclamation from Elinor; they both turned toward her; she was standing in the centre of the room, holding out the letter, her eyes staring toward them dilated with pain.

"Elinor, Elinor!" cried Miss Seymour.

"For God's sake, what is it?" exclaimed Reginald.

They hurried forward; she put up the hand in which the open sheet fluttered like a leaf.

"I am driven out," she said, in a slow, difficult voice.

"Driven out?" they repeated, in the same breath.

"Yes; I am discharged as not fit to be the instructress of young girls—I am accused of duplicity in not having told what happened at Laughton. Oh, read the letter, Reginald—read it!"

It was a harsh, cruel epistle, dictated by a narrow, malevolent spirit. Mr. Chesney began by saying that he had never felt that confidence in her or her abilities which his coadjutors had entertained. During his stay in New York an acquaintance of his had come back from Laughton, where, by good fortune, business had called him. While there he learned that Miss Stuart had been expelled from her school in disgrace; forced actually to fly from the town to escape the just indignation of the whole village, at conduct which had come near resulting in the murder of an honest and deeply wronged man.

Mr. Chesney went on to state that he had reached home that morning. His first step had been to call a meeting of the trustees—their decision was unanimous. He wrote as the president of the board, to inform Miss Stuart that her services in the school were no longer required.

Reginald's impulse was to rush out in search of the vindictive wretch, and punish him for the manner in which he had couched his dismissal, but his sister's terrified entreaties and Elinor's expostulations speedily brought his reason back, and he was able to see that to take any notice whatever would only harm her.

Elinor was more calm than either of them; but in a fashion terribly akin to the calmness of despair.

"I must go away," she said, "but where? I shall find no place in which I can be safe! If I tell my story, no school will accept me; if I keep silence, I shall be tracked by my enemies, and sooner or later driven out as I am now. Where shall I go?—what shall I do?"

"You will come home—come to my home and yours," cried Miss Seymour, taking her in her arms.

"What we wanted, but Lucy would not let me propose it," Reginald said; "she thought it would be a waste of your time and talents—so it may be, but heaven knows, Elinor, there is no position in which you could be doing more good, small as the way is."

"You are too kind—you are too kind!" she cried.

"Kind to ourselves," said Miss Seymour. "Elinor, think of me, alone this Winter, or with some stranger about, and Reginald gone! Think of what may lie before me; don't leave me—promise, Elinor, promise!"

And Elinor laid her head upon her friend's shoulder with a burst of grateful tears, feeling as if the frail arms which folded her so close were strong to shield her from this last and terrible blow.

Chapter IX.

"SUCH a lovely afternoon, aunty dear—it is a shame to stay another moment in the house," said Florence Denham, entering the library where Mrs. Alderly was seated, engaged with her correspondence—always a large one, for she excelled in letter-writing, and took great pride in the talent. "Now you have done enough for one day—four, no, five epistles as long as books—oh, you naughty aunty, to go tiring yourself in this fashion! it is not to be permitted. I promised Kenneth to be very severe with you while he was gone, and I must do my duty."

"You are a spoiled little tyrant," returned Mrs. Alderly, fondling her white hand, playfully laid on her portfolio, and looking up into the girl's face with an admiring smile. "Really, Florence, I think you grow prettier every day."

"Don't hope to flatter me into a neglect of my duty," cried Florence. "And I need to improve in looks not to be completely cast in the shade by you, since you have got so well and strong—really, aunty, these months have done wonders for you."

"Yes, I am getting well as fast as possible," Mrs. Alderly replied; "and how fast the time has gone! I was quite astounded while dating my letters, to find that November was half over."

"And next week we must flit," said Florence; "I shall be very sorry to go—the quiet here is delicious."

"Few girls would have been content to sacrifice themselves for a cross, ailing old aunt, as you have done," returned Mrs. Alderly. "But never mind, we shall be able to have gayeties enough in town; I am so well now that I can afford to give you a little pleasure—my conscience begins to reproach me for making you lead this dull life so long."

"As if I were likely to be that with you and Uncle Fred to spoil me," cried Florence—she had adopted that title for Mr. Gresham as a compromise between a more formal appellation and the name of father, which, never having been taught to employ in her childhood, would have proved difficult now, dearly as she loved him.

"And I hope Kenneth counts for something," said Mrs. Alderly, laughing.

"Oh, yes," Florence answered, with a little blush, which her aunt misinterpreted; "and Miss Gresham, too."

"By-the-way, how is she this afternoon? I have been so busy that I did not go up to her room after luncheon."

"She is quite comfortable. I left her almost asleep—she thinks of coming down to dinner."

The spinster had not been well for several days, though her indisposition was not severe enough to cause any anxiety, and Mrs. Alderly was by no means sorry to have less of her company. Sometimes the old maid's placidity and innate goodness irritated the imperious woman almost beyond endurance; though in her own mind she did not ascribe her exasperation to its right cause, believing that it was what she elected to term Miss Gresham's narrow range of ideas and lack of individuality which fretted her.

"Now I am going to order the ponies," said Florence; "I shall tell Watkins to bring down your bonnet and shawl, so put away that last letter—you have written more than enough."

"I shall have finished by the time you are ready," her aunt replied. "It is to Kenneth, and I want it to go to-day. I am getting quite jealous—his last two letters have been to you."

"Because you made me act as your amanuensis—he thought it was only polite to address his answer to me," Florence said, laughing, as she left the room; but her aunt caught the second blush which tinged her cheeks, and was satisfied.

In these days Florence often felt a little guilty when Mrs. Alderly talked of her son, knowing that she mistook the terms upon which they stood, for since the explanation between the young pair their intercourse had ripened into an intimacy which might easily have deceived any looker-on into the belief that it meant more than friendship. Mrs. Alderly was perfectly satisfied with the way matters went on, and left them both entirely free from the hints and suggestions she had formerly been in the habit of throwing out. She had known that at the time when she used all her efforts to make Kenneth believe the girl cared for him, Florence's heart was as far from being touched as her son's, but she was convinced that both had greatly changed in their feelings, and were drifting fast, still half unconsciously, toward the consummation which she devoutly desired to see reached.

She had done it—the work was all hers—now she could safely leave the culmination of events to time. Florence's credence that Kenneth secretly loved her, and was only held back by her indifference, had attracted the girl toward him, and caused her utterly to forget that silly dream, which, but for Mrs. Alderly's prompt action in bringing it to a close, might have become an insuperable barrier to her plans. And Kenneth, persuaded that Florence's affections had been unintentionally won, had yielded to the spell which such conviction brings over a man's vanity, and gradually he was finding relief for his sore heart and wounded pride in his cousin's charms.

Mrs. Alderly had known that it would be so; she smiled to herself now as she folded her letter, to think how little time it had taken to gather the threads of these young people's lives in her potent hands and weave them according to her wish. She had done her best for both—they would be happy. Not a moment's regret or shame of the base means she had employed to effect her purpose ever troubled her; that others suffered through her work was a matter of perfect indifference. She felt no active animosity toward Reginald Seymour, because it had been easy enough to remove him from Florence's path; but she could not forget how imminent the danger her projects had run from Elinor Stuart—she could not forget that Elinor knew her for what she was, and this recollection added to the hatred which the consciousness of the terrible injuries she had inflicted upon the friendless girl had engendered in her mind.

Under ordinary circumstances, Mrs. Alderly's love of society and the world, wherein she found herself a power, was so strong that even a care for her own health could not have induced her to pass all those late months in retirement. But at any place of fashionable resort Florence and Kenneth would have been kept so much apart that the Summer spent therein could have brought no such results as these which filled her with content. She felt that she had made a sacrifice for the pair, and there was a pleasure, too, in that sensation, though the weeks had offered sufficient change and distraction, so that to most women of fifty the sacrifice would not have appeared perceptible.

There had been numerous visitors in the course of the Summer; besides inviting friends of his own, Mr. Gresham had insisted on Mrs. Alderly's extending invitations to anybody she might wish, just as if she were in her own house. Both had made their selections with care, and the result had been a succession of agreeable knots of people during August, Mrs. Alderly's health having so much improved that even Kenneth could put by his anxiety.

Then, toward the middle of September, the four had gone on a journey, and spent an entire month in wandering about from one pleasant haunt to another, Mrs. Alderly's satisfaction increased by the fact that good Miss Gresham saw fit to remain at home.

The guests had decided to go to town after their trip, but Mr. Gresham pleaded hard for them to return to his house; Florence and Kenneth seemed well pleased, and Mrs. Alderly had consented.

The weather remained so lovely that until lately there had been no talk of going away. For the last few days Mr. Gresham and Kenneth had been absent; some business matter had called them both into West Virginia, but the ensuing week would see them at home again, and then Mrs. Alderly proposed to end her retirement. She hoped and trusted that on Kenneth's return matters would reach a climax between him and his cousin; but if they did not, she must still be patient—perhaps in that case, going back to the whirl of society, and seeing Florence admired and courted therein, might rouse a little masculine susceptibility in Kenneth's mind which would spur him on.

Mrs. Alderly sat thinking of all these things until she was roused by Florence's entrance, equipped for the drive.

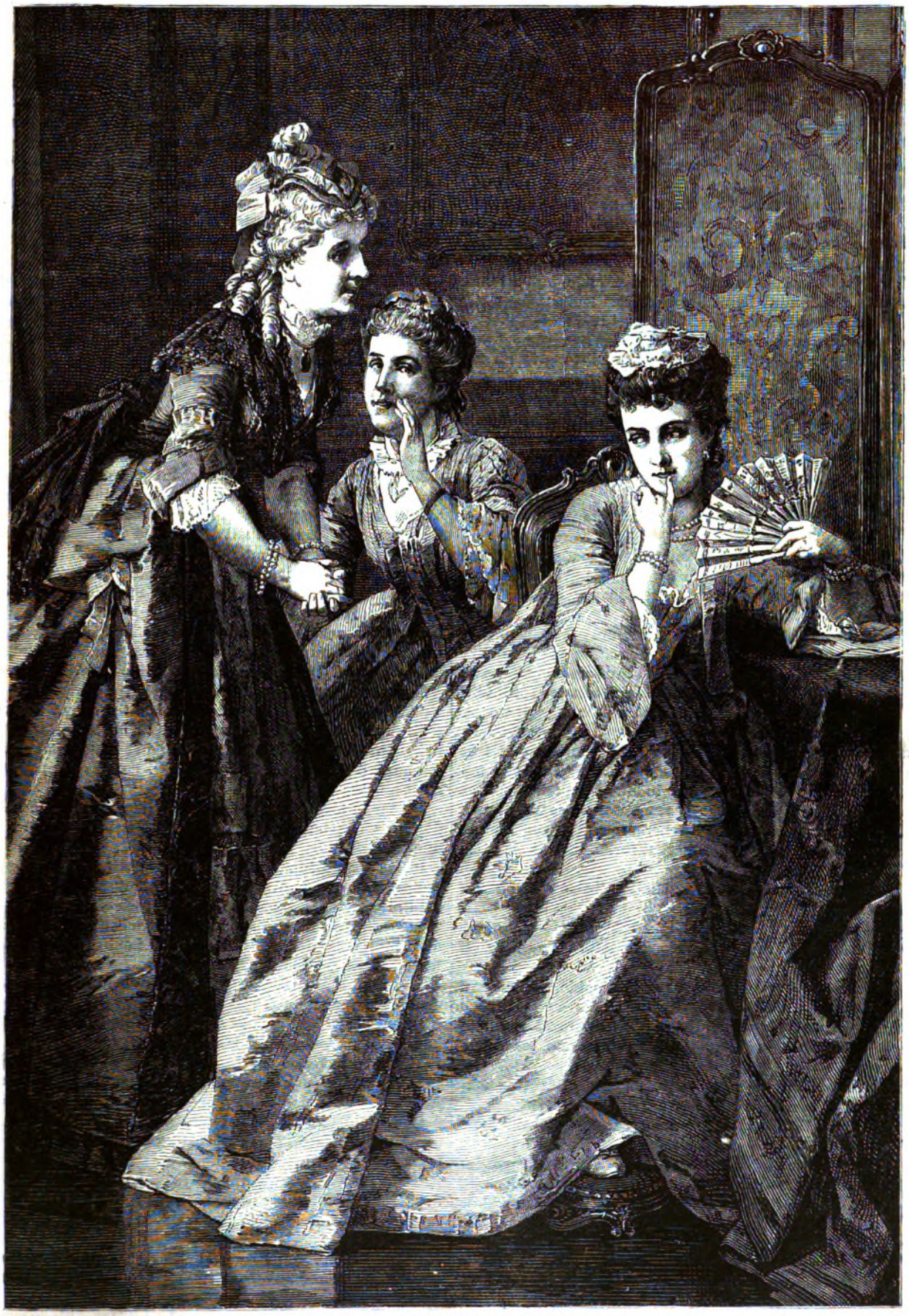
"I did not see Watkins, so I have brought your wraps myself," she said; "I want to show you what an admirable lady's maid I should prove."

"Very sure to do perfectly whatever you attempted," returned Mrs. Alderly, who had never shown Florence any but the sunny side of her character, and whose talent for pretty speeches and delicate, subtle flattery was quite equal to her other gifts. "We might drive through the village, Floy, and leave my letters at the post-office."

"Yes; and then we will go out on the river road—it is the very prettiest of any."

She arranged her aunt's bonnet and mantle, and they traversed the great hall to the front entrance, before which was drawn up the dainty equipage Mr. Gresham had provided for Florence, knowing that she liked to play charioteer, and anxious always to render her visits to his house as pleasant as possible in all ways.

"Aren't they pretty creatures!" cried Florence, patting the sleek necks of the spirited yet docile little animals, who showed their pleasure in her caresses by trying to rub their noses against her sleeve. "You want sugar, you selfish things! but you'll not get it until I see how well you mean to behave to-day."



INDISCRETION.

She seated herself by her aunt's side in the low basket-carriage; the groom gave her the reins, sprang up to his own perch behind, and they dashed down the avenue and out into the high road, Florence in one of her gayest moods, and making her aunt laugh heartily at her pleasant nonsense.

As they drove along the shady village street, Mrs. Alderly glanced toward the cottage where Elinor Stuart had formerly lived, with a serene satisfaction in the thought that the girl was at last utterly powerless to work any harm to her or hers. To whatever new place of refuge the creature had wandered, she was welcome to remain there unmolested—Kenneth had escaped from her wiles.

"I wonder whatever became of that school-teacher—that Miss Stuart, who had so much trouble just after we got here last year?" said Florence, suddenly.

"I am sure I don't know," her aunt replied.

"Watkins told me she was very, very handsome," pursued Florence. "Poor thing, she had to give up her place, and go away!"

"Watkins would do well not to talk about her to you," said Mrs. Alderly, austerely. "It appears she was anything but what she ought to have been. Mr. Gresham was very glad to get rid of her. I beg you will not speak of her to him—he was deceived, and it troubled him greatly."

"Miss Gresham seemed to think she was to be pitied——"

"Oh, my dear, Miss Gresham is the tenderest-hearted old maid in the world!" interrupted Mrs. Alderly, impatiently; "but nature took so much pains with her heart that she forgot to give her any head."

Florence laughed, and said no more. She had only heard vaguely of the story—knew nothing of Kenneth's share therein; and her remark had been a merely idle one.

They reached the house that had belonged to Will Hudson's aunt; it had been shut up for several weeks. Mrs. Blackmore had gone on a visit to Will and his wife, and only a few days before Mrs. Alderly had heard that the old lady died there quite suddenly. But she noticed now that the blinds and windows were open, and as they got directly in front she saw a woman coming down the path, carrying a baby in her arms. It was Madge, but looking so pale and thin that for an instant Mrs. Alderly scarcely recognized her.

"There is that poor Mrs. Hudson," she said; "she looks very ill."

"Who is Mrs. Hudson?" asked Florence—"I never heard of her. What a handsome creature she is, for all she looks so ill!"

"That Miss Stuart made her great trouble. Mind you never mention this to anybody," said her aunt—"some time I will tell you about it. I shall stop and speak to her, while you go on to the post-office and leave the letters."

"But I shall be some time, aunty; Miss Gresham wanted me to match some wools for her."

"Very well, I will join you at the shop," said Mrs. Alderly.

She got out of the carriage, and Florence drove on. Madge came slowly forward to meet her visitor, looking pleased at the attention, though she was plainly in a state so nervous and miserable that her smiles might easily change to tears on the slightest pretext.

Mrs. Alderly greeted her with great kindness, and made her sit down on a bench, saying:

"I had no idea you were back here."

"We only came yesterday," Madge replied. "You see, Will's aunt died while she was with us, and she left Will what little she had. He heard of a chance to sell the house, and nothing would do but he must come on—so I came, too."

"What a pretty baby you have got!" Mrs. Alderly said, uncovering the face of the sleeping infant for a moment.

"Yes, only it's very little and miserable; it's a'most eight weeks old, but you wouldn't think so. It was born at seven months," returned Madge, with a sob in her voice. Then a change came over her face; her great eyes began to burn, and she added, in the harsh, wrathful tone Mrs. Alderly remembered so well: "It was all *her* fault, too!—everything has been her fault! I got into such a temper that day she came after Will, that I wasn't the same after, and the baby came too soon."

"But you must grow well and strong now, then the baby will thrive—it looks healthy enough, only delicate," Mrs. Alderly said. "And I have heard that wicked woman has gone away—she is not likely to trouble you any more."

"Oh, they put her out fast enough, weeks and weeks ago," cried Madge. "I knew you would be sorry for me, that was what made me get up courage to write."

"Of course, I was very sorry," Mrs. Alderly replied, gravely; "but it is the trustees of the school you must thank—I could not have helped you, grieved as I was."

Madge only answered by a cunning look and curious smile; she was acute enough to discover the terms upon which Mrs. Alderly meant to keep that matter, but she felt sure that Elinor Stuart's dismissal had been caused by the lady, and was grateful.

"And now I trust everything is going well with you," pursued Mrs. Alderly, after a pause. She did not wish to ask questions which would betray her anxiety, but she had not been able to forget the hints Madge had thrown out in her letter about Hudson's penitence, and she wanted to be assured that he had lived down such weakness. "Now she is gone, you have nothing to trouble you."

"Only Will's been drinking this last ten days," Madge said, dismally. "He was very good to me till after baby was born—he's good to me now—'tain't that. But since his aunt died and the baby's poorly, he says it's a judgment——"

"That is very cruel and wicked," interrupted Mrs. Alderly. "His business is to put that woman out of his mind."

"Don't I tell him," cried Madge. "I try to keep my temper, but it's hard work. 'Tain't that he loves her—I'd kill myself if I thought that. But she coaxed him and preached at him till she a'most made him believe she hadn't meant to do any harm. I'm always afraid some day he'll write something to say she didn't—oh, I should go crazy if he did. She suffer—why shouldn't she? hasn't she made me suffer enough?"

"Indeed she has, and, as you say, no punishment could be too severe," exclaimed Mrs. Alderly.

The baby wakened and began to cry; Madge soothed it to sleep again in her awkward, gypsy fashion, and Mrs. Alderly sat reflecting.

"I've told him if he did such a thing he'd repent it," continued Madge, in a low voice, which gave an added force to her words. "And he sha'n't—he sha'n't! But it hurts me to see he's unhappy, and when he gets to drinking I just lose my head."

"But he is too sensible to keep that up," Mrs. Alderly said.

"Yes, I think so; he would always go on sprees now and then. I'm only afraid he might lose his place or something."

"I hope not; you must do your best," Mrs. Alderly said. "Whatever comes, remember I am always your friend."

"And, indeed, I'm thankful—I am!" cried Madge. "I ain't bad-hearted—I never hated anybody in my life but that stuck-up, wicked woman—oh, I wonder I didn't kill her that last day—I wonder I didn't!"

"I think I must see your husband while you are here," Mrs. Alderly said, after a little. It occurred to her that she could frighten him by suggesting fears that if he opposed Madge where Elinor Stuart was concerned, she might lose her reason, feeble and shaken as she was.

"I wish you would," Madge said; "only now he's drinking, and when he is, nobody can manage him, he's that obstinate."

"Ah, well, we shall see. You must keep up your courage. You will stop for some days?"

"Yes; maybe a week."

Mrs. Alderly was about to utter some further consoling words, when they were interrupted by a sudden confusion in the street, the sound of numerous voices, women's sobs and lamentations audible among them.

"What can be the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Alderly.

Madge started to her feet and ran toward the gate, Mrs. Alderly followed her. A little crowd of women and children were approaching; further down the road came a knot of men carrying a stretcher, upon which lay some object covered with a sheet.

As Madge neared the foremost of the advancing group the women drew back; every voice ceased; the children shrank behind their elders.

"What is the matter?—what has happened?" cried Madge, her face blanched with an awful terror.

Nobody answered; the women cast strange, frightened glances at each other, then looked back at Madge with tearful, pitying eyes.

"It's my Will!" she screamed. "It's my Will—he's killed—he's killed!"

She thrust her child into the first arms that offered; dashed down the street till she met the little group of men, who stopped instinctively at her approach. She flung back the sheet, stared at the white, death-like countenance, and with one horrible moan of anguish, sank insensible upon the prostrate body.

How Mrs. Alderly got away she did not know; she remembered seeing Madge carried past her into the house, the men following with their burden; she recollected several women speaking to her, but she could not understand what they said. She found herself down by the shop where Florence was to wait for her; she did not remember running thither, but there she was, Florence beside her, weeping and terrified. Then a sudden sensation, as if falling from a great height, deadened her faculties, and she fainted in her niece's arms.

Chapter X.

Florence had been herself so much shaken by the sight of the wounded man as he was carried past the shop, that her aunt's extreme agitation caused her no surprise, though for a time Mrs. Alderly more completely lost control of her nerves than she had ever done at any crisis in her whole life.

They got into the carriage and returned home; as they were passing Mrs. Blackmore's cottage Mrs. Alderly saw the doctor just entering the gate. She called to him, and obtained his promise to come up to Mr. Gresham's house the instant he should be at liberty, and give her his personal verdict.

She was trembling from head to foot, her face livid and her eyes wild with what looked like pain and horror to her niece, but it was in reality terror. The imminent danger of utter ruin to her plans filled her mind so completely that after the first moments it held no room for sympathy with the sufferer.

Madge said that for weeks he had been remorseful and conscience-stricken—if he should yield now! If, as was very probable, his earliest recollection when sense came back should be the memory of his wrongs to Elinor Stuart, and, with the dread of approaching death, he should cry out his confession to everybody within hearing!

"Why couldn't he have been killed outright," she groaned, unconscious that she had spoken the words aloud till she heard Florence say in answer:

"Yes; it would have been a mercy, poor soul, where he is concerned, if he is mortally hurt, as they think. But at least it will be a comfort afterward to his unfortunate wife if he is able to recognize her—to speak to her."

Mrs. Alderly caught at the interpretation so naturally put upon her speech—so different from its real significance. She had meant why could he not have died at once, and gone beyond the reach of doing harm.

"Only she will have to see him suffer; the shock of his sudden death would have been less painful, even if greater," she said.

"Then he may not be injured so severely as the people think," rejoined Florence; "men get over such dreadful accidents."

"I saw his face," shuddered Mrs. Alderly; "it was a dying man's face—I know it was."

"Try not to think about it, aunty—that sounds foolish, but do try—you will make yourself ill," Florence said.

"I have no time to waste in being ill," she answered. Then the sound of her own insane words roused her to the necessity of self-control, and she added, quickly: "I scarcely know what I am saying. I mean I am strong enough—I can bear it—the shock, you know—that is it!"

"Yes, no wonder. And you were there talking to the poor woman. Oh, how dreadful for her; and they have only been married about fourteen months, the people said in the shop. They say he is in the habit of drinking—that was the way it happened."

"How did he get hurt?"

"He had gone into the rolling-mill to see some man—he was intoxicated, and they tried to get him away," Florence explained. "But he wouldn't go; he was boasting about his strength, and challenging any three of the men to try and put him out. Oh, how you tremble, aunty—I will tell you about it another time."

"Tell me now!" Mrs. Alderly cried, imperiously. "As if I could think of anything else but him! Tell me now!"

"He picked up a great piece of iron, such as it takes two men to lift—he wanted to bet that he could raise it and hold it out at arm's length. He did lift it; somehow his foot slipped; he fell backward, and the iron crushed in his ribs, and, besides, his head hit on another piece of iron," Florence replied, telling it all as quickly as she could, growing faint and sick, but too much accustomed to yielding to her aunt to think of disobeying that autocratic tone.

"If he had only been killed—only been killed!" Mrs. Alderly muttered.

"Perhaps he won't suffer—he may never recover his senses!" shivered Florence.

"Perhaps not—perhaps not," she heard her aunt whisper.

Mrs. Alderly lapsed into silence, and did not speak again until they reached the house—her mind was busy with the hope suggested by Florence's last words. Concussion of the brain would be the almost inevitable consequence of such a blow upon the back of the head. He

might never rouse out of the stupor which would succeed—if he did, it would not be for many hours. She should have time to think—to act. She must see Madge—but could she depend upon her? In her agony, the woman might be idiot enough to promise anything he asked—do anything he required; or he might utter his confession to the people who were watching with him!

"I shall go into the library and lie down till the doctor comes," she said, as they alighted from the carriage.

"Yes, do; and I will get some cologne, and bathe your head," returned Florence. "You must have your drops, too."

"Just send Watkins to me, dear. If you stop, we shall be sure to go on talking about it in spite of ourselves," Mrs. Alderly said, kissing her forehead with her icy lips. "You had better go and lie down in your room for awhile."

"I couldn't," Florence said. "I will see if Miss Gresham is awake. She is so nervous, that if any of the servants happened to tell her abruptly of the accident, it might make her ill all night."

"That's my good, thoughtful child!" Mrs. Alderly replied, and mentally added a thanksgiving that the idiotic old maid could not quit her bed, else with her mania for amateur Sister of Charity work, she would have started for the cottage at once, and not left the sufferer till all was over. It was so fortunate, too, that Mr. Gresham and Kenneth were absent; and the doctor would want a trained nurse—Madge would be helpless—those ignorant village women would only do harm if they attempted to take care of the man; a skillful, practical person without any nerves, was what the physician would require.

"Send Watkins to me!" she repeated, as they reached the library-door, and Florence hastened obediently away.

It was not long before the shrewd, keen-eyed, resolute-faced woman appeared. Watkins was eminently a person destitute of nerves—any sign thereof appeared to have been omitted from her composition. She was a hard-headed, godless creature, with an admiration and devotion to her mistress which knew no bounds. She had been in Mrs. Alderly's service since both were young girls, and Watkins's one conception of religious sentiment took the form of idolatry of her lady. There was no desire of hers which Watkins would have hesitated to fulfill; the nearest approach to remorse which her iron anatomy could reach, would have been a failure to serve her mistress loyally, at any and every possible juncture.

The two remained conversing in the library until the doctor was announced. As, of course, there could be no feeling in Mrs. Alderly's mind but the natural pain and sympathy of a kind-hearted person toward a stranger, he had no need to use reticence in the enunciation of his verdict.

If William Hudson were already dead, hope could not be more futile. He would live twenty-four hours—perhaps longer; but his rousing out of the stupor in which he now lay, would only be the forerunner of speedy death.

"It may last anywhere from twelve to thirty-six hours," he explained, in answer to Mrs. Alderly's inquiries. "His wife naturally is quite helpless, poor thing!—anyway, she would be of no use. I don't know of anybody who can help. There are women enough willing, but that is not sufficient."

"You want a skilled nurse."

"Yes; because at the least approach to a lightening of the stupor there are things to be done at once—of course, as long as life lasts we must make an effort," the doctor said. "I have been trying to think of somebody. Miss Gresham is an efficient nurse, but she is ill."

"Watkins will go—my maid, here," Mrs. Alderly said. "She is an excellent nurse—she knows about cases like this, too; years ago her brother was killed by a similar accident."

"Yes, sir, you can trust me," added Watkins, in her phlegmatic voice, while she arranged her mistress's cushions.

The doctor gave her a scrutinizing glance and answered:

"It only needs to look in your face to be certain of that, Mrs. Watkins. But can you stop all night?"

"She can stay as long as her services are required,' Mrs. Alderly said, "and she can go at once—so that is settled, doctor."

"And a great relief it is to my mind," he exclaimed. "I owe you a thousand thanks, madam, and Mrs. Watkins, too."

"She is only too glad, and I, also, that she can be of use," Mrs. Alderly replied. "Go and get ready, Watkins—have one of the men carry your bag down."

"I will drive her back myself," the doctor said, "then I can give her all my directions. You see, I have my hands full—there is a good deal of sickness just now. I've ten miles and back to ride this evening. I may not be able to come to the house till toward morning, Mrs. Watkins."

"You have only to tell me what to do, sir—you will find I have obeyed your orders," replied Watkins, stolid as ever.

"The first thing will be to clear everybody out of the place," said the doctor. "I shall give his wife something to make her sleep, one woman can stop with her; if she wants to go into his room I suppose she must, but don't you let another creature cross the threshold, Mrs. Watkins."

She only nodded in answer, but the expression of her face made the reply more emphatic than any words.

"While Mrs. Watkins gets her things together I will step up and see Miss Gresham," the doctor said, as the maid left the room. "I cannot tell you how relieved and grateful I am, Mrs. Alderly."

"There is no call for the latter feeling," she replied; "it would be my duty to do all I could in any case, but I feel it doubly so here."

The doctor knew that she referred to the encounter of the previous year between her son and Hudson; he was more than ever impressed by her kindness, and had a hasty, uncomfortable sensation that he had always wronged her by thinking her the haughtiest woman he had ever met.

Before he came back from his visit to Miss Gresham, Watkins returned to the library.

"Are you quite ready?" Mrs. Alderly asked.

"Quite, ma'am. I have shown Miss Florence just where she will find everything you can possibly need."

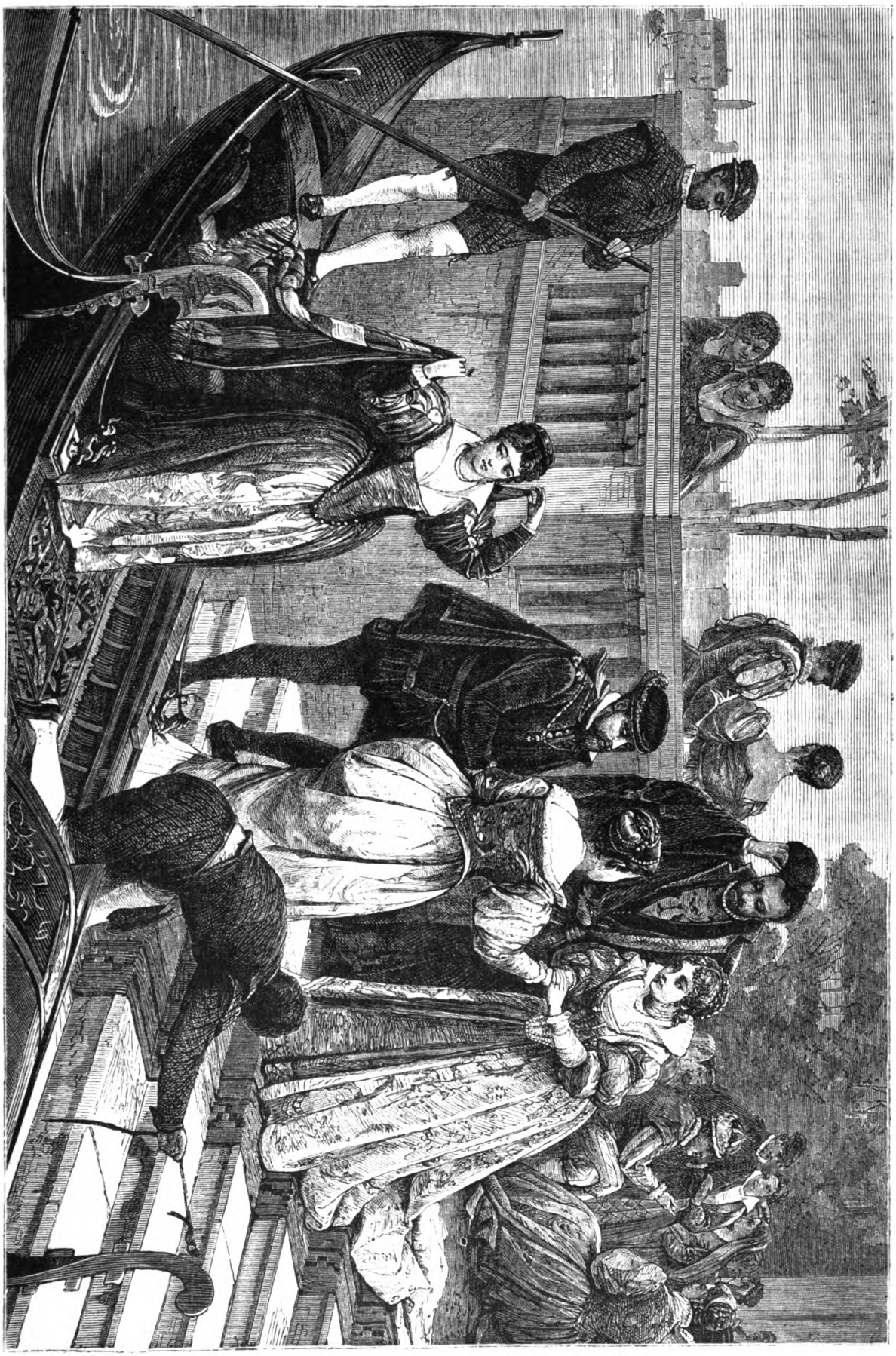
"Thanks! Now, Watkins, remember! The instant he comes to himself, if he begins to talk of that, send for me, no matter at what hour of night or day—send at once."

"Yes, ma'am. I told the housekeeper you wanted one of the men to go down and sleep in the house, in case I needed help in lifting him or anything."

"Of course you would arrange it in the best way," her mistress said. "Here is the doctor—good-by, Watkins."

The night passed, morning came, but still no message. In the afternoon Miss Gresham was not so well, and Florence sat in her room and read to her. Mrs. Alderly ordered the carriage and drove toward the village; half-way down the road she met the servant who had been at the cottage. She bade the coachman stop, and asked:

"How is he, Thomas?"



AN EVENING AT MURANO.

"He's come out of the stupor, ma'am—about half an hour ago. Mrs. Watkins just told me. She says he's raving awful, but he's quieter with her alone. She wanted me to go up to the house and ask Miss Florence if she would kindly have the housekeeper send her another gown."

"I have brought her some more things; I knew she would need them," Mrs. Alderly replied—she knew what the message meant. "Get up with the coachman and come back. Is the doctor there?'

"No ma'am; he was called away about an hour ago—he can't get home much before night."

They drove on to the cottage; two or three people were standing at the gate, but the doctor's orders had been made public—nobody tried to enter the house. Thomas stopped to answer their questions, and Mrs. Alderly passed on up the path. The door was opened by Watkins, who had heard the carriage, and hurried to meet her mistress.

"He began raving about it as soon as he could talk," she said, in her monotonous, apathetic voice, before Mrs. Alderly could ask a question. "He hadn't his reason, but seemed to know his wife, and tried to tell her something; repeating *her* name, you know, over and over."

"Did Madge say anything to you?"

"She just muttered to herself, 'She's between us yet—always between us!' Then she dropped back on her knees by the bed. She hasn't slept much, but she's scarcely spoken; she seems stunned. I made her drink a cup of tea and eat, a while ago."

"You mustn't leave her alone with him!"

"He's dropped into a doze; it will only last a few minutes. When he wakes he will be sensible and clear enough."

Mrs. Alderly put out her hand and supported herself against the banisters of the stairs, near which she stood.

"The doctor said after that it would only be a matter of a few hours," she said, half aloud.

"He may last till sundown," returned Watkins, "but the stupor will come back in less than two hours; once it does, it will never lift again, and that will be a blessing—he won't suffer."

Thomas came in at the moment, and Mrs. Alderly said:

"Now, Watkins, while that poor fellow is asleep, do you lie down and try to rest; I shall go in and sit with the wife. I may be able to comfort her a little."

"I told her you were here, ma'am—I knew she'd be glad to see you," Watkins replied. "He's in a room at the back, on this floor."

"Sit here in the passage, Thomas; I can call you if Mrs. Watkins is wanted."

Watkins showed her down the hall and through the dining-room, at one side of which was the bedchamber. Watkins left her there, returned to the little parlor, and lay down on the lounge; she was tired, and glad to repose herself. She had not the slightest curiosity to hear any conversation that might take place; whatever her mistress wished her to know she should be told—that was enough for Watkins.

Mrs. Alderly softly opened the door and entered; the blinds were closed, and she had to stand still for a few instants before she could see clearly in the dim light. Then she saw the bed, and the ghastly face visible on the pillows; at the foot Madge was crouched, her head resting on the counterpane. She looked up as the door opened; when Mrs. Alderly moved forward the girl's despairing eyes met hers, then she dropped her head again and knelt there motionless in the silence, which was only disturbed by the sleeper's irregular, stertorious breathing.

Mrs. Alderly stood for a time watching the wounded man, and her countenance was full of pity; it seemed so horrible to look at that herculean frame, and think that he was dying so suddenly in the very fullness of his strength. Presently she moved cautiously on, sat down in a chair close by Madge's side, raised the girl's head tenderly and laid it on her knees, kissing her forehead as she did so, and keeping her arm about Madge's waist.

The girl lifted her white, seamed face; a faint dew gathered over her glazed eyes, but she was past weeping; she had not been able to shed a single tear.

"He's dying," she muttered, hoarsely; "he's dying, and he doesn't even know me; and when he spoke, he called for her—for her!"

"And she murdered him," returned Mrs. Alderly, in a slow, solemn voice; "if he had died by her hand his death could not be more completely her work."

"Don't I know it!" answered Madge. "Don't I know it!"

"But he loved you, my poor girl—he loved you!"

"Yes, he did—it isn't that! But she ruined his life—it was her coming that last time—she made him feel wicked and desperate; I told you so! Oh, he began talking about it the minute he woke up—calling for me; there was something I was to do for her—for her!"

"Whatever he may say, Madge, you must remember that he is not accountable. You must remember that if he had staid well and strong he would never have forgiven that creature who wrecked his life. No matter what he asks or says now, you must not let it influence you—you must act as he would have done if he had lived."

"I will! I swear it!—here by his death-bed! No matter what he told me, I wouldn't speak; not if his ghost came back to haunt me!" she said, in an awful whisper.

Then a sudden tide of agony broke over her. She slipped from Mrs. Alderly's arms to the floor, and lay there tugging with one hand at her hair, with the other thrusting the end of the counterpane between her teeth to keep back the groans of mortal anguish which rose to her lips.

Mrs. Alderly bent over her, but she did not seem to hear her whispered words; she was deaf and blind. But when the sleeper made a slight movement, she heard that, and started up at once. Hudson opened his eyes, looked at her an instant, and called:

"Madge—Madge!"

"He knows me! he knows me!" she groaned. "Oh, my darling—oh, my Will! It's Madge! your Madge!"

She got close to him on the bed and kissed his forehead, weeping softly now.

"Little wife—little wife!" he said. "I know you—it's all come back now! I got hurt; is it very bad? I can't move—I—Madge—Madge, I ain't going to die, am I?"

"No, no!" she gasped. "Don't think of that, Will!"

"Where's the baby!" he asked.

"It's next door—in at Mrs. Lockwood's. We was afraid it would cry, and disturb you."

"You'll bring it in after awhile, Madge?"

"Yes, when it wakes up—there's no hurry. I want you all to myself now—all to myself!" she cried, the mad jealousy of her nature asserting itself even at this moment. She could not endure that even a thought of their child should come between them when she had so little time left to call him her own.

She glanced with a sudden anger in her eyes toward Mrs. Alderly; she wanted her to go away—wanted no human being in sight.

Mrs. Alderly saw Hudson's glance follow Madge's, and

she stepped quickly back into the shadow of the curtains. But it was too late—he had seen her.

"Who is that?" he asked. "I've seen her before—I know her face. Who is it, Madge?"

"It's Mrs. Alderly. She's been very good; but she's going now," Madge said, waving her hand impatiently toward the visitor. Will groaned aloud.

"She mustn't—she mustn't!" he cried, sharply. "It all comes to me; I wanted to say it when I woke up before, and I couldn't—but I know now. Tell her to come here!"

Mrs. Alderly moved forward, saying:

"You must keep quiet, Mr. Hudson—you are very ill. The doctor says you must not try to stir."

"I can't stir—only this arm!" he moaned. "I know—I know! It's the curse on me—it's the curse!"

"Oh, Will—Will!" cried Madge, in mingled misery and rage.

"Let me be!" he said. "If I don't tell, I shall die—I shall die! I gave way to you—you know I did—I was willing to—but it haunted me! I couldn't have no rest; so then I made up my mind how to manage."

"Oh, my man—my man! why do you bother about all that now?" groaned Madge.

"I must—I must! Let me tell you!" he pleaded.

"Do not oppose him," whispered Mrs. Alderly in Madge's ear. She felt confident that he had taken some step toward righting Elinor Stuart—she must know what it was. "Be careful not to excite him."

Madge only groaned again, and clung to her husband.

"So I wrote it all out—everything," Will went on, in a kind of desperate haste. "Hold me fast, Madge; don't let me go away again, till I've told. My head is clear now, but it won't last long."

Madge could only utter her old, despairing cry:

"Oh, my man—my man!"

"I wrote it out—I went to Elder Martin, and I swore on the Bible that what I had written was true, and he signed his affidavit that I had sworn to it!"

There was a sound in Mrs. Alderly's ears like the rush of a mighty wind—a chill at her heart like that of death; then one thought started up: It would be better that she should die then and there! The man had told—Elinor Stuart would come to her son, not only bringing the proofs of her own innocence, but the tale of his mother's treachery! Everything was lost—everything!

Then she heard Madge's voice, at once sullen and pleading:

"If you did that you can be satisfied—let it alone."

"No, no; I want to tell you before her," he cried. "I didn't let Martin read it—he thought it was a will. I kept the paper—I brought it here—it's in that square box of mine; you must get it, let her send it—then I shall get well. Promise, Madge, promise!"

Madge did not speak; for a moment Mrs. Alderly was so dizzy and faint from the reaction caused by this revelation that the two stood dumb—then the necessity for instant action nerved her anew.

"Of course Madge will promise," she said. "She will get me the paper now—the matter shall be attended to at once."

"That's good of you—I thank you," he said, his voice suddenly growing feebler. "Get the paper, Madge—it's in a long envelope—it's got my name outside."

With another inarticulate cry of misery and wrath Madge rose, went to a bureau, took a bunch of keys from a drawer and opened a box that stood in a corner of the room. Presently she came back, holding up a large, yellow envelope, saying: "Here it is."

"That's it, that's it! Send it, I shall get well then—send it!"

Mrs. Alderly stretched forth an eager hand to snatch the paper, but Madge held it back, whispering:

"You sha'n't touch it—nobody shall have it but me!"

"What are you saying?" Will asked, impatiently.

"Be quite at rest, I will do everything that can be done," Mrs. Alderly answered, soothingly; "don't think about it any more."

"That's right; I'll get well now," he sighed. "Madge, come here Madge! Oh, my head—it's getting dizzy again. I want to say—if I'm sick long you must sell the house——"

"You need not be troubled," Mrs. Alderly interrupted; "your wife has a faithful friend in me, and always will have. I am rich; do not think of these things."

"I hear—I hear! Hold my hand fast, Madge; it's all growing so far off, so dark," he murmured. "I hear—thank her, Madge! I've got over that, you know; it was a fair stand-up fight, tell young Alderly—no malice. Madge, where are you, Madge!"

His head sank back, the eyes lost their light, he muttered and moaned for a little, then lay still. Mrs. Alderly summoned Watkins, who administered the restoratives that had been left, but all efforts were useless; the stupor deepened, the lips ceased to move—even Madge's frantic shrieks, which she could no longer repress, failed to rouse him, and he lay there like a dead man, save for the slow heaving of his chest under that labored breathing.

"He will never speak again," a voice whispered in Mrs. Alderly's ear." She turned, and saw the doctor standing beside her; he had returned earlier than he had expected, and entered unnoticed. "He will last a few hours yet, but he will never rouse up or speak again."

(To be continued.)

BLOSSOMS OF THE CORNETO PALM.

THE corneto palm, which grows on the slopes of the Andes, is a magnificent tree. Its trunk rises to the height of more than a hundred feet. It is fine, smooth and ringed, especially at the top. Its striking characteristic is the series of braces which it has at the base, and which enable it to stand the violent winds. These vigorous roots are reddish-brown in color, and are rough with small thorns. The part that enters the ground is curious. The foliage is singular. It consists of long, fern-like leaves, radiating like a crown to a width of six or seven yards. The blossom is a long pendant cluster of flowers, which are succeeded by strings of plum-like fruit, from four to six feet long. From the ground these clusters seem about the size of a bunch of grapes, but they really weigh a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds.

To get the fruit is not easy. You can scarcely hire an Indian to climb one of these trees; and if you try to cut them down, your ax is apt to break at the first blow you deal on the iron trunk. A *machete* of good temper will, however, gradually cut a channel around, and, as it deepens, the wood grows softer, and the giant of the Andes at last begins to totter.

A WEAK mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity. A strong mind has two highest tides—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

TO THINK kindly one of another is good, to speak kindly of one another is better, but to act kindly one toward another is best of all.

THE PEACE OF NIGHT.

THE strife is over, and the day
Fades into glorious night;
Earth with its teeming myriads sleeps,
Stars gleam with lambent light.

O heavenly host within the blue,
Your brightness seems to me
Reflected from some glorious band—
A far-off company.

A band that waged the fight of life
As we are waging now,
But since transfigured with the just—
Band of the radiant brow.

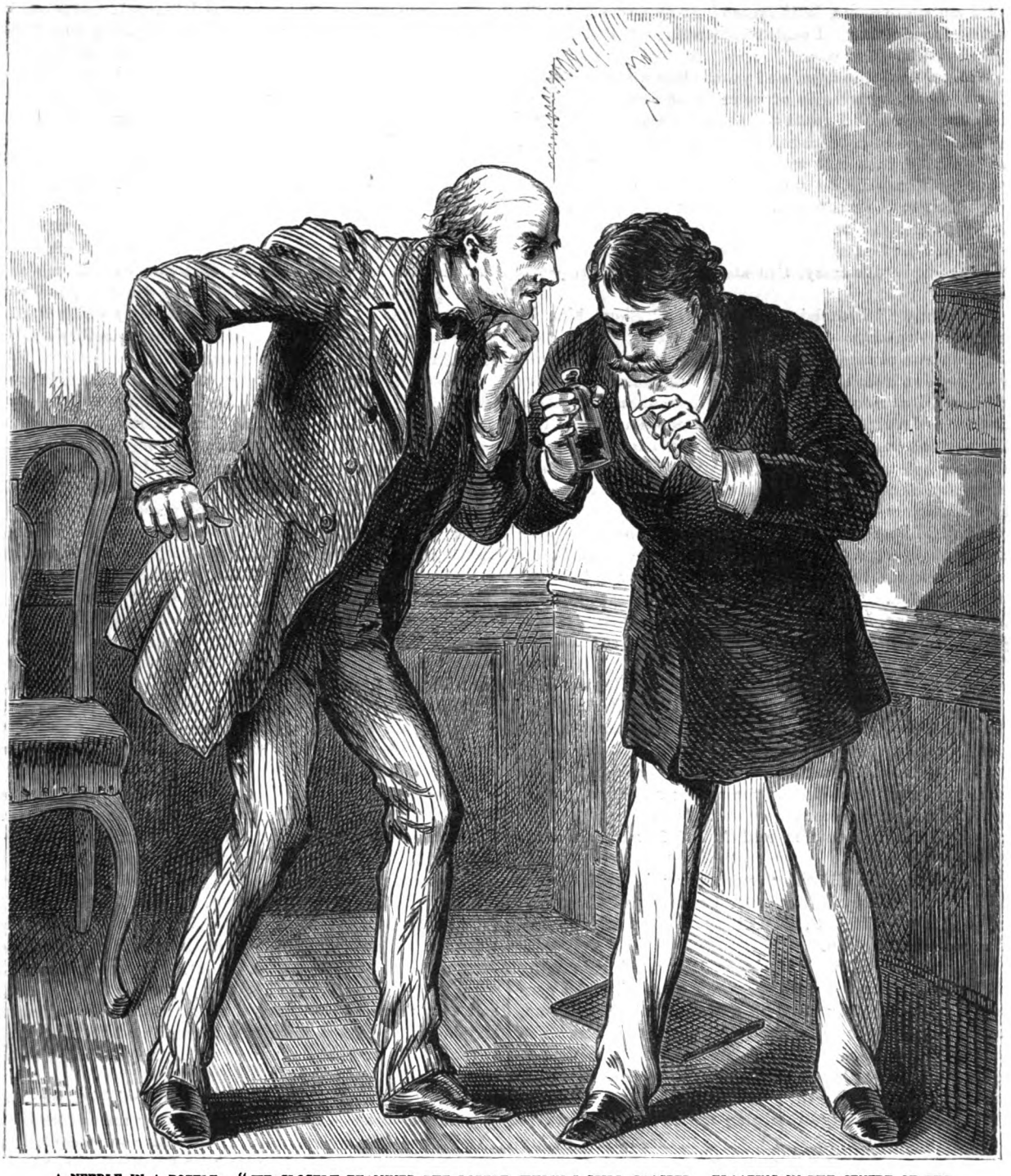
THE PEACE OF NIGHT.

And from your ranks one broods o'er us,
The messenger of peace,
Who whispers to an angry race,
And bids contentions cease.

O'er hill and wold sweet calm is borne,
The earth is lying still,
As sleeps an infant whose pure thought
No care or ruth can kill.

I had a vision of the time
When wars should be no more,
And men should with their fellow-men
Be brothers evermore.

Would that from yonder distant east
The morrow that shall rise,
Might with its flood of glory bring
An earthly Paradise!



A NEEDLE IN A BOTTLE.—"WE CLOSELY EXAMINED THE BOTTLE, WHICH I STILL GRASPED. FLOATING IN THE CENTRE OF THE ALMOST COLORLESS LIQUID WITHIN, WE SAW A SLENDER, NEEDLE-SHAPED PIECE OF STEEL."

A NEEDLE IN A BOTTLE.

If the strange and startling occurrences which followed had never happened, I could scarcely have forgotten my first meeting with Morris Handford, though thirty years have passed since that fateful hour. Neither the place nor time would have impressed themselves on my memory, for they were commonplace enough; but the man himself, and what he said to me, were such strange things, that nothing short of utter loss of memory would have sufficed to drive them from my mind.

My profession is that of a physician, and the meeting referred to took place in my office, during the usual hour in the evening when I was at home to receive patients. I was quite alone at the time, and was employed in reading a cheerful book, when my servant announced him. The man did that in such an unusual way, that my attention was at once arrested. He came into the room, looking pale and excited, as if he had been frightened.

"There's a queer-looking man wants to see you, doctor," said he, abruptly. "A very odd sort of a person; and he won't come in unless he is sure you are alone."

"I am quite alone, William, and likely to be so for the rest of the evening," I said, impatiently. "Tell him so, and show him in at once."

William shut the door, and came close up to my chair. There was an expression of genuine anxiety on his face, the cause of which I could not then fathom.

"Keep the little hand-bell close beside you on the table, sir," said he, in a half whisper, and very earnestly. "If you ring it once I'll be in the room in a twinkling."

"What, in the name of all that's crazy, do you mean?" I cried, staring at him.

"That's just it, sir," he returned, moving toward the door again. "It's crazy, I'm afraid, he is. But if you'll ring——"

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, sharply. "Show him in, and go down-stairs to your work. Don't you suppose I can take care of myself?"

William retired, shaking his head, and, notwithstanding my boast, I confess that I felt some little uneasiness at the approach of a visitor who had been so ominously heralded. But that was nothing to the effect of his actual presence upon me. A moment afterward he was ushered in, and I fairly started to my feet in astonishment, no longer wondering that my servant should have been frightened.

If he had been a veritable ghost, I should not have been more astonished at his appearance, for I have never, before or since, seen a living man who was so near to being an actual skeleton. There was absolutely nothing to him but skin and bone, and it seemed positively supernatural to see him move, for he did not appear to have any muscles at all.

His face was ghastly to behold—dead white, with the skin drawn tight over the jaws, and the glittering teeth gleamed between the colorless lips after a fashion that would have scared a nervous woman into fits.

He wore no beard; his thin side-whiskers and scanty hair were as white as the driven snow; and his naturally small black eyes seemed now actually too large for their orbits, so wild and staring and full of fear was their expression.

He walked with difficulty, supporting himself with a stout stick; and by the peculiar twitching of his hands and lips, I perceived that I had before me a serious case of nervous prostration.

This professional view of the matter, coming into my head suddenly, restored my presence of mind, and I converted my start of surprise in a movement of welcome, drawing an easy-chair forward, and requesting him to be seated. He complied, without acknowledging my courtesy, and resting his hands and chin upon the head of his stick, stared at me for two or three minutes in perfect silence.

As he was evidently examining me in order to satisfy himself what manner of man I was, I endured this scrutiny with patience, though his singular appearance and the glassy fixedness of his look made me decidedly uncomfortable. In the meantime, I took the liberty of examining him in my turn, and before he spoke I had quite satisfied myself that he was suffering from a shattered nervous system, and that the probable cause of this was some sudden shock, because every movement and look of his expressed continual suspicion and fear.

Removing his eyes from my face at last, he slowly made with them the circuit of the chamber, and then, fixing them upon my own, he spoke:

"Are you certain that no one can overhear us?"

I could not forbear another start at this, for his voice was the very ghost of a whisper, but so impressive that every syllable was as distinct as if the words had been born in my mind.

The mystery of his manner and his cadaverous aspect combined were fast producing in me a feeling that I was a guilty criminal, and he a satanic messenger sent to cross-examine me into confession. Recovering myself with an effort, I signified that there was no possibility of any one overhearing what we said; and giving vent to a melancholy sigh, he spoke again.

"I think I can trust you," said he, in the same freezing whisper. "I have heard from many persons that you are skillful, shrewd, unlikely to betray confidence, and kind-hearted. You will need to be all these if you permit me to tell you my story, and undertake my case. I warn you that I have no hope whatever that you can do me any good personally. I am too far gone for that; but you *may* help me to solve the dreadful mystery which is killing me; and if you will do so, you may possibly benefit mankind, though you don't cure me."

It took him some time to say all this, for his utterance was broken, and occasionally he had to pause and gasp for breath. But I perfectly understood him, and when he had done, I assured him that he might rely on me, and if I could do anything to help him I would.

From this time he seemed more at his ease, and though he continued to cast suspicious glances about him, and often started quickly, in a frightened manner, as if something or somebody unseen had touched him, the remainder of our interview was much less constrained.

"I have heard," he went on to say, "that you have taken much pains to investigate the new phenomena of modern spiritualism, animal magnetism and kindred mysteries. If this is so, you are the very man that I want, for I have a mystery to offer you for investigation that transcends anything you have yet studied."

He paused here for a moment, and then went on more hurriedly, glancing about him, as if he dreaded a blow while he spoke.

"The fact is, doctor, I am haunted—haunted by the ghost of a murderer. You may laugh at me now, if you will; you may even jump to the conclusion that I am insane, and, therefore, troubled with hallucinations. But all I ask of you is to devote a few days of your time to the examination of my delusions. I don't ask much of you," he added, nervously—"nothing but what I am willing to pay you for amply. If I am insane, it is your business, as a physician, to find it out, and try to cure me. Will you do this for me? Will you come to my house, and stay there as long or as short a time as will suffice to convince you that I have really heard and seen what I think I have, or that I am crazy? It is your duty as a doctor——"

"My dear sir," I interrupted him, quickly, for his pleading look and tone made me feel very uncomfortable, "of course it's my duty. I'll go with you cheerfully; and let me tell you, my dear sir, that I never jump at conclusions. I've seen and heard too many wonderful things myself—things which I cannot pretend to explain by any other theory than that of supernatural agency—to doubt that you may have had a similar experience. Don't talk about being crazy yet, my dear sir; nor about dying, either. Just tell me what it is that troubles you, put yourself in my hands with confidence, and we'll probe this matter to the bottom, I assure you."

There is a great deal of humbug in this world. I certainly *did* think that my friend of the cadaverous aspect was a little touched in the upper story; but it would never have done to tell him so. My obvious course, if he were crazy, was to gain his confidence. I might hope to do him some good in that case; and, therefore, my conscience was quite at ease regarding any little equivocation I might

have to use. I saw the effect of my judicious plan at once, for he brightened up immediately, and went on to tell his story without hesitation.

There is no necessity of repeating what he told me at that time, for, in relating my own subsequent experience, I shall have to go over the same ground.

He convinced me that there was a method in his madness which rendered it highly probable that he was not mad at all. In a word, I was persuaded that the matter was really worth investigation, if only to convince him that he was mistaken; and when he left me, it was with the understanding that I should journey to his residence the next day, prepared to make as long a stay with him as should answer to accomplish the purpose of my visit.

Next morning I finished the few visits to my patients that were absolutely necessary, gave parting instructions to my assistant, and deposited myself in a palace-car on the Hudson River Railroad, which, in the course of three hours, brought me to the quiet village near which Mr. Handford resided.

A few questions, courteously answered by the station-master, put me on the right road, and I was soon standing at the entrance of a shady lane, at the other end of which stood Thornapple Cottage.

This was the modest name of Handford's villa; but it really deserved a more pretentious title. Not that it was very imposing in size, but because its architecture, or, rather, want of it, was so striking. It seemed to have been built in defiance of all rules of art, and as if the builder had taken such parts as pleased him from many houses, and mixed them up together in an incongruous but exceedingly picturesque mass.

The central edifice was of stone, square and heavy of look, and constructed of that kind of masonry which is called rubble. Alone, this portion of the building would have resembled a jail, but on one side of it a small wing in the Elizabethan style, and on the other a larger extension, in the style known as Arabesque, relieved this sombreness, and imparted such quaint beauty to the whole structure, that even a quiet, unimpressionable man like myself might be pardoned a little excitement at first beholding it. Besides, it stood in the midst of a grove of magnificent elms, and was covered with a glorious vail of flowering-creepers—and trees and flowers are my passion.

So I *was* excited by my first view of my strange patient's home, and I walked slowly down the shady lane, inhaling the fragrance of the Spring blossoms, and feasting my city-wearied eyes upon the wealth of rural loveliness outspread before me; wondering, meanwhile, how any man could run crazy dwelling amid such peaceful joys—when my reverie was disturbed by my arrival at the garden gate, and the simultaneous growl and rush of a huge mastiff chained within.

I started back in some alarm at this salutation; but almost immediately the door under the porch facing the gate opened, and I heard a sweet female voice calling to the dog to be quiet. In the next moment the speaker appeared upon the threshold, and with the same musical voice, though now in a very different tone, invited me to enter.

That man would have been cold-hearted, indeed, who could have seen Marian Handford at this period of her history without intense admiration of her exceeding beauty, and a thrill of compassion at the strange expression of pain and sorrow that pervaded her whole being. Pale as a lily, with dark, wistful blue eyes, which seemed always ready to overflow with repressed tears, and a form of surpassing grace and delicacy, she appeared to my startled vision more like a spirit fresh from Paradise, mourning for her lost joys, than a mortal maiden depressed by mere earthly griefs. She was Morris Handford's only sister, and, as I soon learned, the only dweller except himself in Thornapple Cottage.

My surprise at beholding such loveliness in that sequestered spot confused me so, that I could scarcely reply connectedly to her kindly greeting. It was plain from her manner that she knew who I was, and that she had expected me. Doubtless Handford had explained everything to her, for her welcome to me expressed the idea that her pleasure at my coming was for his sake. That is to say, her words expressed this pleasure; but no smile chased away the settled sorrow from her pale face, no accent of joy intensified the music of her sad voice. She said that she was glad; but a sigh followed the word, and no gleam of hope lessened the despair that lurked within the blue depths of her wistful eyes.

Mechanically I followed her into a small room at the right of the hall, where I found her brother sitting in solitude, and without even a book by way of occupation. My professional instinct told me at once that this was the way he usually passed his time, and my professional wisdom as instantly decided that this sort of solitary brooding was just what had injured him, and must be stopped as quickly as possible.

His sister retired as soon as she had ushered me into the room, and, drawing a chair forward, I sat down in front of my patient, clearing my voice with a sonorous "ahem!" as I did so, preparatory to giving him a regular admonitory lecture. He anticipated me, however, before I could open my lips.

"I am glad you have come, doctor," said he, drearily, and without a trace of gladness in his tone. "You have placed me under obligations already by your promptness. But I have been thinking, since we met, that the journey will be a useless trouble to you; for I have no hope that you can do anything—no hope whatever."

"Nonsense, sir!" I exclaimed, sharply, for I really was disgusted with what appeared to me his perfectly unreasonable despair. "I expect to do you a great deal of good, or I shouldn't have come at all. But if you wish me to do you any good, you must obey my directions implicitly; and my first order is that you give over brooding, and make yourself cheerful directly."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was not my patient that laughed. Neither was it myself, and besides us two, there was not another mortal within that room. Yet, close at my ear—so close that I actually felt the breath of the laughter—somebody, *or something*, laughed—an eldritch laugh, that fairly froze the blood within my veins!

I started up in undisguised alarm, and stared wildly about me. For the first and last time, in all my intercourse with him, my patient smiled—a faint, wan smile, gone almost as soon as I saw it.

"That is nothing, doctor," he said, in a matter-of-course tone. "Compared with some other parts of the house, the manifestations are very faint in this room, and that laugh is one of the least fearful of them. Wait till you have visited the Red Room, and then laugh back at the laughers, if you can."

I sat down again, and stared at him in silence for some minutes. The meeting, so far, had not been one of the ordinary kind. No "How d'ye do?" or other salutation had passed between us, and we had commenced to talk as if I had just stepped back from the next room after a short absence.

I began to think now that it was growing more extraordinary, and that my patient was not quite so crazy as I

A NEEDLE IN A BOTTLE.—"IN THE NEXT MOMENT THE SPEAKER APPEARED UPON THE THRESHOLD, AND, WITH THE SAME MUSICAL VOICE, INVITED ME TO ENTER."

had believed. Still, there *was* such a thing as ventriloquism. It would never do for a scientific man like myself to be frightened at a mere laugh, though I could not see the laugher. My self-possession gradually returned, and, to show that it had, I made another attempt to give him some good advice.

"Nevertheless, Mr. Handford," I began, sententiously, following up my thoughts rather than replying to anything he had said, "even if you are troubled by these manifestations, as you call them, it is your duty to be cheerful——"

The word died on my lips, for, gazing at him as I spoke, I saw a look of such unutterable horror come into his face, that it made me dumb. His chair was close to mine, and with a vise-like grip he seized my arm in the nervous fingers of his right hand. Then, stretching out his left arm, he pointed over my shoulder, staring like one in an epileptic fit, in the same direction. Without any volition of my own, I turned slowly round, still keeping my eyes on his, as if I were fascinated. But when my position was quite reversed, my glance followed the direction of his stare, and I beheld——

What did I behold? Can it be possible that heaven, for its own wise purposes, sometimes permits mortals to catch glimpses of the terrors of the nether pit, as well as to see visions of immortal bliss? I fear that I cannot describe what I beheld, so as to convey a tithe of the unspeakable horror of the sight. Yet I must at least attempt it, or fail to make this narrative a truthful record.

Lying upon the floor, in front of a small door in the wainscot, I saw the head, the throat, and a portion of the shoulders of a gray-haired old man. There was no body visible, for below the shoulders the form faded in nothingness. Around the throat were clinched the fingers of a pair of brawny hands, the arms of which were visible only to the elbows, and at no time could I perceive the slightest trace of the form to which they belonged.

But both head and hands were in a state of horrible action. The long, red fingers griped and kneaded into the helpless throat, and the strong arms pressed the hairy hands down upon it, until the knotted veins stood out like tangles of whipcord from the bony knuckles. The face of the aged head was livid and streaked with purple; the black tongue protruded from between the white teeth and the shrunken lips; and the frightened eyes started out from their sockets in a ghastly stare of awful agony!

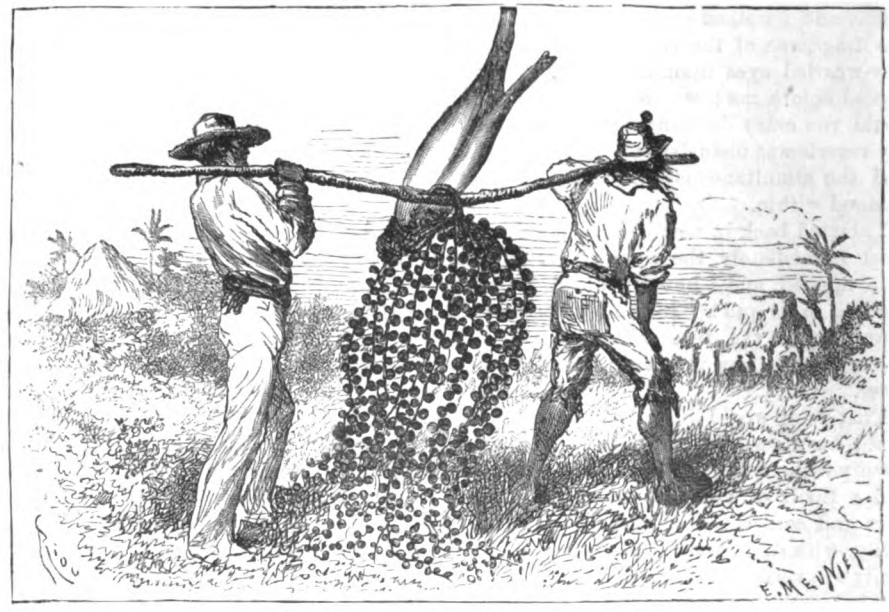
Not for a moment were either head or hands at rest. The former writhed and twisted and struggled to get free from the deadly grip upon the throat, and the sinewy hands followed its every motion, clutching it still more fiercely at each abortive throe, and kneading the lithe, snaky fingers into the livid flesh, as if they meant to sever the head from the shoulders by the mere force of their iron grasp.

No sound broke the awful stillness of that silent room. Paralyzed with horror, neither Handford nor myself seemed to breathe, and the frightful struggle going on before us caused no noise whatever.

It was clear that the figures we saw were phantoms—ghosts of a head and hands; but the struggle itself was so real, so vivid, that I could not but believe that I beheld an actual murder, or, at least, the phantasm of an actual crime, of which this was the literal reproduction!

The ghastly vision lasted for about a minute—just long enough to enable me to mark its hideous details—and when it vanished I still sat, dumb and motionless, staring at the spot where it had appeared. From this state of partial stupor I was roused by the voice of my companion.

"This is worse than usual," said he, in a low voice, as



BLOSSOMS OF THE CORNETO PALM.—SEE PAGE 335.

BRIGHTON.— AN INVALID ON THE PIER.— SEE PAGE 344.

if speaking to himself; and then, in a tone of bitter sarcasm, he added, aloud: "Do you think it possible, doctor, to be cheerful in the midst of such scenes?"

I was glad, afterward, that he spoke so scornfully; for the sting of his contempt was necessary to rouse me from the terror which had seized upon my soul. The petty anger that he unconsciously excited in my mind was the only thing that saved me from ignominious flight. I turned upon him wrathfully:

"No; it is not possible to witness such sights calmly," I cried, with vehemence. "But you are an arrant fool to remain here. These things do not follow you elsewhere, do they?"

"That is my curse, doctor," he answered, quietly,

BRIGHTON.— SUNDAY AFTERNOON ON THE PARADE.

unmoved by my foolish ire. "No, they do not follow me; but, whenever I leave here, they draw me back irresistibly—as the magnet draws the iron. Listen! This farm is my sole resource; I have no other where to turn for bread. I cannot sell it, because I will not doom any other man to the horrors I have suffered, and there is a power stronger than my will which forces me to stay here. When our servants left us, at the beginning of these troubles, I and my sister—she whom you saw just now—resolved to remain and solve the mystery. For two long years we have lived alone here, enduring terrors that have sapped the foundations of our lives, and you are the first mortal we have admitted to share our fearful secret——"

Hot with wrath, I interrupted him.

"And you have condemned that innocent young girl—coward that you are!—to live this life of terror——"

"Calm yourself, doctor," he interrupted in his turn, the thrilling whisper of his voice changing for an instant to a tone of proud command. "Hear me out before you condemn me so harshly. From the very first, both Marian and myself have perceived that there is a method and a meaning in these visitations. We firmly believe that they are intended to communicate something important to us. These spirits, or whatever they are, desire to disclose a secret to us; of that we have long been sure. But, with all our patience and courage, we cannot discover what they mean. It is for this reason solely that I resolved to appeal to you. If we had any hope left that we could solve the mystery unaided, you may be sure we never should have taken you, or any one else, into our confidence. The fact that you can see and hear that which we have seen and heard so long, proves that my sister and myself are not insane, as I had begun to fear, and that I have chosen wisely in asking you to share our burden."

There is no need further to detail our conversation on this occasion. Of course, after what I had witnessed, I had no longer any doubt of his perfect sanity; and, as we were not again disturbed that evening by sights or sounds of horror, my first terror gradually died out, giving place, as we continued to debate the matter, to a courageous and firm resolve that I would devote all my strength and skill to solving this strange riddle. At nightfall his sister joined us, bringing the materials for a simple meal, and when that was discussed, we three sat in council until a late hour—they telling me all that had happened to them, and I striving to find the clew which should guide me in my self-imposed task.

Now that the first shock was over, all my normal courage returned, and ere we parted for the night, I had the satisfaction of perceiving that I had restored something of hope to their wearied souls. Nothing of a startling nature occurred during the night, and I slept soundly, in a comfortable bed, till daybreak. At breakfast I met my hosts again, and my presence seemed to enliven them more than I could have deemed possible when I first saw them.

Marian especially appeared to have imbibed hope and joyousness from my coming. The more I saw of this devoted girl, the stronger grew my admiration and respect. When I reflected how bravely she had shared her brother's ghost-haunted life, and unflinchingly aided him in the terrible investigation which had so completely baffled them, it was not love that sprang up in my bosom—I had no idea *then* that I could love—but it was reverence, a worship mingled with strong compassion, that I felt for her; such a tender reverence as one must feel for a woman-martyr when she submits to torture, and yields up life and loveliness for the sake of the faith that makes her strong to endure.

But I must not linger on this sweet theme, for I have still many strange things to tell, and but little space in which to relate them. When the morning meal was ended, and Marian had completed her duties as housekeeper, we three again sat down together, and they gave me the entire history of the dreadful visitation to which they had been subjected.

I cross-examined them closely, and made them describe each fact accurately; as to localities, vividness in particular places, and intensity of action at different hours. I had not long previously formed a theory (which I will not now stop to explain), regarding the new wonder of spiritual manifestations just then rife, and I soon saw that the facts in this strange case would enable me to test my theory to the utmost. By the time they had finished their narrative I had made up my mind how to proceed, and when I disclosed my plan to them, I found them entirely willing to co-operate in every way.

One particular fact, in regard to the manifestations in this house, had impressed itself upon me very strongly. No part of the mansion, outside of the central stone building, was affected by them. In the wooden wings, on either side, no apparitions had been seen, and no sounds heard.

In the main building itself the manifestations were very unequal. Nothing except sounds occurred at either the extreme front or rear of the house, and these sounds grew louder and more varied as they approached the central part of the building.

From cellar to roof the mansion was divided in the centre, transversely, by a stone wall similar to the outer walls; this being pierced by arches, at convenient points on each floor, for doors and passage-ways. Close to this wall the apparitions always became visible, and they never were seen at a greater distance than five feet from it.

Acting on the theory to which I have alluded, I was soon satisfied that the unearthly agency at work in this house desired to call attention to that wall, and it now only remained to discover the precise spot therein to which this agency itself was most strongly attracted, or, to take the converse of the proposition, from whence it emanated.

Careful questioning soon convinced me that this spot was somewhere in that portion of the central wall which formed the east side of a large chamber on the second floor. In this room the most violent manifestations, in the shape of noise and movements, had always occurred, and the most startling visions had been seen. In this room, therefore, I determined to take up my residence, and begin my watch, and accordingly I transferred my valise to it, from the comfortable room in the north wing, where the care of my kind hostess had at first consigned me.

As Handford had informed me that the manifestations rarely began before five or six o'clock in the afternoon, gradually increasing in violence as the evening advanced, and culminating at midnight—after which hour, except on extraordinary occasions, they entirely ceased—I was led to believe, still following my theory, that electricity was the medium through which the spirits acted.

It would be tedious to explain why I came to this conclusion. The result of long and laborious research into the phenomena of spiritualism, I shall, perhaps, some day give my theory to the world. At present it is only necessary to say that my decision in this instance was founded upon my knowledge of the electric forces and currents in the body of the earth itself—which is, indeed, one great galvanic battery, storing and accumulating its electric power during certain periods, and discharging it at others, under certain fixed laws, the secret of which science has not yet entirely solved.

Therefore, after a quiet day spent in Marian's society (during which I was vain enough to think I had risen in her esteem, as she certainly had in mine), my first care on entering the Red Room—as Handford called the haunted chamber—at five o'clock of that eventful evening, was to examine the surface of the central wall thoroughly. This inspection was without result, as far as finding any wires, or conductors of any sort, was concerned, for the wall was as smooth as plaster and paint could make it, and it had no break in it save the arch which formed the doorway connecting it with the rear chamber.

But my examination was brought to an abrupt close by a startling occurrence, which shocked me more than it would have done otherwise, on account of this very uniformity of the wall, for that fact made it all the more unexpected, and apparently impossible.

Handford was standing at the hall doorway behind me as I moved along the wall, and at the instant I had reached the further corner, he uttered an exclamation of fear. Turning quickly toward him, I had the whole length of the east wall between us, and at the centre of this space I beheld a most astonishing spectacle.

At the height of my shoulder from the floor, the fleshless bones of the arm and hand of a human skeleton were thrust out into the air from the smooth surface of the wall! For a moment the hand beckoned imperiously, as if commanding us to approach. Then it moved out further into the open air, and a grinning skull became visible. Now followed the upper portion of the frame, next the other arm, and finally the legs. Thus, piece by piece, the whole ghastly skeleton emerged from the smooth surface of the wall, and stood threateningly between us while one might slowly count a score!

Then it fell asunder—each bone detaching itself from its fellow, and all mingling together in a confused mass as they descended with a rattling crash to the floor. The sound was as the rattle of real bones thus thrown together, and so strong was the impression produced upon me—notwithstanding the ghostly manner in which they had appeared—that they *were* real bones, that I started forward impulsively to pick up one of them. But as I bent over the pile, and my hand was about to touch the grinning skull, which lay uppermost, they vanished utterly, and we stood staring at each other in horror over the empty space where they had been!

But even in the midst of my profound dismay a sudden inspiration filled my soul. The spot whence the skeleton arm had protruded, and beckoned so commandingly—was not that the place to which my search must be directed? The idea banished all my terrors, and springing up, I began nervously to press and feel with my fingers in every direction near that spot. As I did so, there suddenly arose in the chamber a hideous din. The chairs and tables moved to and fro, as if endowed with life, and from the walls and floor and ceiling thunderous sounds, as if Cyclops, hammering on giant anvils, made the very air tremble with ponderous concussions. Had I been less excited, this hellish clamor must have driven me forth from the haunted chamber in terror; but as it was, I persevered in my quest, and at the very moment when I despaired of success, it was crowned with triumph!

One of my thumbs suddenly pressed with force upon a slight projection—so slight as to be quite imperceptible to the eye—and this pressure was instantly followed by a sharp click, as of the opening of a strong lock. This was succeeded by a whirring sound, like clock-work running down; the smooth surface of the wall cracked at right angles, forming a small square, and, forced out through the plastering which had so long and so effectually concealed it, an ebony panel of about a foot square fell down, amid a shower of dust, into my outstretched hand!

The instant that it fell the horrible din ceased, and in a short time Handford was sufficiently composed to assist me in examining the niche in the wall which the displacement of the panel had disclosed.

This niche was about a foot deep, and at the first glance all that we could perceive in it was a small flask of pure crystal, nearly filled with a similar liquid. Without a moment's reflection, I seized this bottle at once, and lifted it from the pan. A shock like that of a large Leyden jar fully charged thrilled through me from head to foot, and forced me back some paces from the wall. The whole house trembled, from foundation to rooftree, and with a hollow clang, the bottom of the niche—a single plate of polished steel—flew upward, and out upon the floor, carrying with it the zinc pan, and spilling its contents.

The earthquake-like tremor of the house quickly subsided, and after a breathless pause to recover our self-possession, we closely examined the bottle which I still grasped. Floating in the centre of the almost colorless liquid within, we saw a slender, needle-shaped piece of steel, about four inches long, and an eighth of an inch in diameter at its thickest part.

There was nothing else singular about the flask, and while the whole apparatus seemed to prove that my theory of electric agency was not far wrong, it gave us no clew to the main secret. Accordingly we ventured to examine the niche again, and now, indeed, the mystery was completely solved, while we were overwhelmed with a still greater surprise than any that had gone before!

Beneath the niche the wall was hollow for several feet each way, and this large cavity was completely filled with shining golden guineas! We afterward found that this store of wealth amounted to more than one hundred thousand dollars, but, for the moment, we disregarded the gold to seize upon a yellow parchment resting on the top of the glittering heap. Quickly unfolding this, an inscription in scholarly Latin met my eye. A free translation of this writing would read thus:

"*St. John's Eve*, A.D. 1692.

"In this chamber, on the eve of St. Andrew's Day, in the year of Our Lord, was murdered Marcus Allyn Handford, an English colonist, who built this house in 1684, and contrived the secret place where this parchment will be found, to conceal the treasure brought with him from his native land, and which will be found there also. For the sake of this treasure was he foully murdered while sleeping; but the holy angels who execute God's judgments purged his murderer's soul as with fire, and filled it with remorse, so that he hath confessed his deadly crime to me, an humble Brother of St. Francis.

"The secrets of the Confessional are sacred, so that I must not deliver my penitent to man's justice—his crime, and his sorrow therefor, will be judged by his Maker. But this wealth belongs to Marcus Handford's heirs. To disclose it to them now would be to betray my penitent. Now, therefore, I, Guilielmus the Franciscan, clerk, make use of the magic knowledge, which, in evil days, I gained in the country of the Chaldees, for a holy purpose. The steel needle, which was the instrument of the foul crime, will become the instrument to restore this wealth to the victim's descendants. I shall so place it that, after many years, the angels who forced the murderer to confession may communicate through it with those to whom the treasure rightfully belongs. The manner in which they will perform this task is unknown to me. I only know that it cannot fail. May heaven direct it aright. Pray for the souls of Marcus Handford and his murderer. Amen."

* * * * * * *

My narrative is ended, save to relate that from the moment of the disarrangement of the ancient friar's strange apparatus, the spirits ceased to haunt the old home of the Handfords. The wealth thus supernaturally restored to them gave them ease and luxury for the remainder of their days. Unfortunately, the health of poor Morris had

been too much shattered by the tortures he had undergone, and he only lived for a few years.

I still can see in the sweet face of my beloved wife all the loveliness she once wore, though in her aged eyes there often comes that wistful look with which she greeted me, thirty years ago, in the porch of the haunted house.

BRIGHTON.—SUNDAY MORNING ON THE LAWN.

BRIGHTON,

THE QUEEN OF ENGLISH WATERING-PLACES.

VISITORS to London are confronted with a placard, which stares at them from every wall devoted to bill-posting—

TWELVE HOURS AT THE SEASIDE.

TO BRIGHTON AND BACK FOR

THREE SHILLINGS.

This placard is truthful; and for the modest sum, so prominently set forth, the Cockney can leave St. Mary Axe at seven in the morning, arrive at Brighton at nine, suck in the ozone from the breezy pier for twelve hours, and return by the nine o'clock train, reaching home in time to hear Bow Bells peal out the witching hour.

Of course, for three shillings you ride third-class and without cushions, but the carriages are scrupulously clean, admirably cared for, and, as a rule, the travelers thereby, good-humored, civil, and of a class prepared to spend three times the money by the sad sea waves. The ride is a delightful one, since the line passes through the very garden of Merrie England, rich in lordly pleasances, baronial castles, quaint little towns, and idyllic villages.

Brighton was formerly called "Brightelmstone." It is situated fifty-one miles from London, and can be struck by the limited express, morning and evening, within an hour. Its population is estimated at 90,000. It extends for four miles along the coast, from Kempton on the east to Hove on the west. The eastern half of the town stands on the ridge of high chalk cliffs which stretches away to Beachy Head; the western half is seated on a low, pebbly beach, and is sheltered by Selsea Bill. "The first gentleman in Europe," alias "the biggest blackguard"—George IV.—of whose residence at Brighton more anon, made it fashionable. Brightelmstone is mentioned in Domesday Book. The French plundered and burned it in 1513; and during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Queen Bess it was strongly fortified to protect it from its Gallic enemies across the water.

Macaulay, in his "History of England," says, "Brighton was then (time of Charles II.) described as a place which had once been thriving, which had possessed many small fishing-barks, and which had, when at the height of prosperity, contained about two thousand inhabitants; but which was fast sinking into decay. The sea was gradually gaining on the buildings, which at last almost entirely disappeared. Ninety years ago the ruins of an old fort were to be seen among the pebbles and sea-weed of the beach; and ancient men could still point out the traces of foundations on a spot where a street of more than a hundred huts had been swallowed up by the waves. So desolate was the place after this calamity, that the vicarage was thought scarcely worth having; a few poor fishermen, however, still continued to dry their nets on the cliffs."

BRIGHTON.—HATS OF THE PEOPLE.

Two hundred years ago, Brighton consisted of a small group of fishermen's huts, the foundations of which have long fallen to the dominion of the sea; a little over one hundred years ago, it was still a poor, squalid, straggling village. And to-day! what mighty enchanter has wrought the grand transformation?

You ask this of a native—one of the very old school—and he babbles of his green days and the bright days of his youth, when George III. was dead to the world and to Government, and his son George reigned, as regent, in his stead. The oldest inhabitant of Brighton would carve upon every stone of the town, "*Georgius fecit.*" The young generation has grown radical, has learned to talk of suffrage and ballot and reduced estimates, and generally to advocate political doctrines which, had

BRIGHTON.—AFTERNOON ON THE KING'S ROAD.

they been in vogue at the beginning of the present century, would have nipped the fortunes of Brighton in the bud, and perhaps left it what it had always been since the Saxons named it Brightelmstone—a fishing-village. The very old people, however, have still a kindly memory for the puffy gentleman in the curly brown wig, and his picture still holds a place of honor on the walls of Brighton parlors. But George was by no means the earliest or most respectable benefactor of Brighton. The truth of the matter lies—where it is proverbial that truth does lie—at the bottom of a well.

Nearly fifty years before the heir-apparent first visited Brighton, a certain Dr. Richard Russell popularized the place, by an account which he wrote of the marvelous medicinal properties of its chalybeate waters. Glandular complaints were prevalent at the time, owing, most probably, to the enfeebling influence of late hours and six-bottle bouts, and the Wick Spring, which the worthy doctor discovered, was said to furnish the means of cure. It was in consequence of the number of persons who flocked to consult Dr. Russell and drink the waters of his wonderful spring, that the scattered village of huts began to assume the aspect of a regular and well-built town. Dr. Russell's successor, Dr. Relham, still further spread the fame of Brighton. He found it, as he himself writes, in his short history of Brightelmstone, "consisting of six principal streets, a number of lanes, and some spaces surrounded with houses, and called by the inhabitants 'squares.'"

But in Dr. Relham's time the town improved greatly. It had "become a great resort of company, and the inhabitants seem disposed to spend the whole of what they acquire in the erection of new buildings, or in making old ones convenient." The doctor prophesied smooth things for Brighton. Referring to the new streets that were being built in every direction, he wrote: "Should the increase of these in the next seven years be equal to what it has been in the last, it is probable there will be but few towns in England that will excell this in commodious buildings."

People flocked to Brighton at this time—1768—not alone to drink at Dr. Russell's health-giving spring, but also to indulge in Dr. Aroister's hot salt-water baths. It was these baths that brought the Duke of Cumberland to Brighton, and it was to visit the duke, his uncle, that George, Prince of Wales, made his first journey to the same spot. Thus George found the ball rolling, and all that he did was to kick it rather more vigorously than any other individual who did not borrow his powers of propulsion from the national exchequer, was, or ever could be, in a position to do.

Up to this time, Brighton, though a place of long descent and lineage, had acquired small celebrity. It had few cherished memories and little historical association. Away in the dark and misty times of early English history, the Druids, it is said, were attracted to the spot by its salubrity; but that I don't believe. Where were the oak-trees to give acorns and mistletoe for their mysteries? No, Brighton was not known—at least favorably—to the ancients; and I feel convinced that Boadicea never drove her chariot along the King's Road. Of course, it is very commendable in local guide-book compilers to make out a good pedigree for their town, and to emblazon the scroll of its historical fame as brilliantly as possible; but when they have done their uttermost, Brighton seems to have been the scene of very few remarkable events. I am willing to admit that Ella may have landed there, if, indeed, Ella ever existed; also, that the Flemings "sore pestered" the inhabitants; also, that the "Merry Monarch" took ship for France under the east cliff in Nicholas Tattersall's lugger, *en route* to the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Can I refrain from giving the lines in Byron's burlesque of that name?

> "And he sailed for Calais on the Sunday,
> But his sick transit spoiled his glorious Monday."

I also admit that Martha Gunne, who bathed George IV. when he was young, and had not learned to be the finest gentleman in Europe, lived and died at Brighton; and finally, that the old churchyard on the top of the hill, where the graves are thick as (dead) leaves in Vallombrosa, is the last resting-place of Phœbe Hessell, who was born at Stepsay in the year 1713, served for many years in the Fifth Regiment of Foot, in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought under the Duke of Cumberland at the battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in the arm. I am willing to admit all this; but that the Brightonians, with six culverins and one cask of gunpowder, were the cause of the Spanish Armada steering off from the coast, and falling a prey to the winds and waves, is a guide-book assertion which I must be allowed to accept with reserve.

No; Brighton had better be content to pin its faith and pride upon Nicholas Tattersall, Dr. Russell, George IV., Phœbe Hessell and Tom Sayers. Yes; let it be forgotten that while a gray stone marks the last home of Nicholas and Phœbe, a swinging sign in Pimlico invites the pious pilgrim (of P. R. propensities) to drink beer in the natal chamber of the ex-champion. Pimlico is one of the sacred shrines of Brighton, lying close to the Pavilion, and the denizens thereabouts evince the greatest anxiety to point out to the stranger the hallowed spot where the mighty Tom drew his first breath.

The history of Brighton really begins with 1782, the red-letter year of its calendar, when the Prince of Wales first set foot within his uncle's home in the Steyne. The drowsy old town woke up immediately. On the Prince's birthday, a grand supper and ball were given by the Dukes of York and Clarence at the castle. In the day there was a military procession of the Javelin Men of Lewes, in blue coats, buff waistcoats, and buckskin breeches; and at night, when the grand folks were dancing, the townspeople were entertained with "a firework."

"Brighton," says a local journal, "was never so gay or joyous before." But a moralist of the day, who shook a grave head at these doings, sighed for the old quiet times. "We were happier then," he writes; "there were no discords among the inhabitants; at least no Crockfords." These last words were significant, for Crockfords' was a noted gambling house in St. James Street, London, now the Devonshire Club, of which the Marquis of Hartington is the figurehead. George had brought gayety, bustle and business, but he had also brought the vices of the fashionable life of the time.

In a very few years a sort of licentious garden sprang up in the Promenade Grove. Here dancing, drinking and gambling, and all sorts of wild pleasures, were carried on, under the special patronage of the Prince, whose illuminated portrait adorned the outer gate, with the legend "Brighton's Support," inscribed in letters of flame underneath.

There were brave doings then at Brighton. Grand reviews on the Downs, sham boat-fights out at sea, gala nights at the grove, balls and feasts at the castle, fireworks in the Steyne, while at all times raffling went on merrily at a *rendezvous* called Gregory's Library. This Gregory had such persuasive ways with him that none could resist his solicitations, and he had often a thousand names on his lists for guinea tickets. Brighton was be-

coming a very dissolute place about this time, and the moralist before referred to publicly recorded his impressions of the changes in the following epigram:

"Say, why on Brighton's church we see
A golden shark displayed?—
But that 'twas aptly meant to be
An emblem of its trade.
Nor could the thing so well be told
In any other way;
The town's a shark that lives on gold,
The company its prey."

"Brighton's Support" lived a very shameless life among the inhabitants, but the gain they reaped made them quite indifferent to the reproach. They were willing to pander to George's pleasures, whatever shape they might assume, and his open *liaison* with Mrs. Fitzherbert was certainly not the worst of them. When George built the Pavilion—his royal residence, to be described further on—he began by visiting Mrs. Fitzherbert stealthily, and it is well known that he had a subterranean passage cut between the Pavilion and her house in the Steyne. Afterward, however, Mrs. Fitzherbert openly visited the King, and on one occasion sat by his side when he received the Marchioness de Beaule, when that unfortunate lady, dressed in the clothes of a sailor, arrived from France in an open boat.

The orgies which took place at the Pavilion about this time were of the nature of the Lupercalian feasts. Their mysteries will scarcely bear revelation, and it is better that they should be buried and forgotten. The Brighton people—to do them justice—knew little about them, albeit in London they were the common talk, and it is pretty certain the stories they told lost nothing in traveling to town. After a time, however, George became more decorous, at least outwardly, and in the last year of the century, the wild delirium of pleasure which had possessed the town began to subside a little. Even a resident clergyman seems to have been satisfied with the improved state of things, for he wrote: "The change of society and manners which has taken place at the Pavilion gives the most heartfelt satisfaction to every lover of his country; it is now in every way worthy of the heir-apparent of the British throne."

It was lucky for Brighton that George remained constant in his attachment to the place so long. Had he grown weary of his toy and cast it aside after a few years, it is probable that Brighton would have relapsed into Brightelmstone, and parted with its momentary glory as it had done a score of times since William the Conqueror presented it to his son-in-law, William de Warren. But George was constant to Brighton, if to nothing else; and by the time the Pavilion was finished, in 1820, or thereabouts, the little village which he had found nestling under the cliff thirty years before, had become a large and populous town. Brighton could hold its own now, both against the caprice of patronage and the fury of the sea. It had become a favorite with the upper classes, and Brighton's support was now the aggregate of moneyed visitors, who occupied its hotels and mansions.

William IV., "The Sailor King," did little for the place beyond building the northern entrance to the Pavilion; and Queen Victoria turned her back upon it because, when she walked on the chain pier, a certain portion of the populace would insist on following her, and kissing the hem of her royal garment. From that moment the Pavilion ceased to be a royal palace, and became the property of the town, and a more notable instance of alarming sacrifice was perhaps never known. The building cost $5,000,000, and was sold for $270,000.

The last census returns set down the native population of Brighton at somewhere about 90,000 persons; but it is estimated that the visitors during a year number about half a million. About 200,000 persons take up their residence in the place for periods varying from a week to three months. It is clear, therefore, that Brighton does not belong to the native inhabitants. It is just a huge marine villa of the London public, in which the Mile End milkman, who goes down third-class with his dinner in a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief, is joint proprietor with the millionaire marquis who rolls down in the express and puts up at a hotel where, if you sneeze, a charge of half a crown is added to the bill. The milkman, as he sits under the cliff, carving his pork-chop on a hunch of bread with his clasp-knife, is entitled to look at my lord sipping his claret at the bow-window of his hotel, and say:

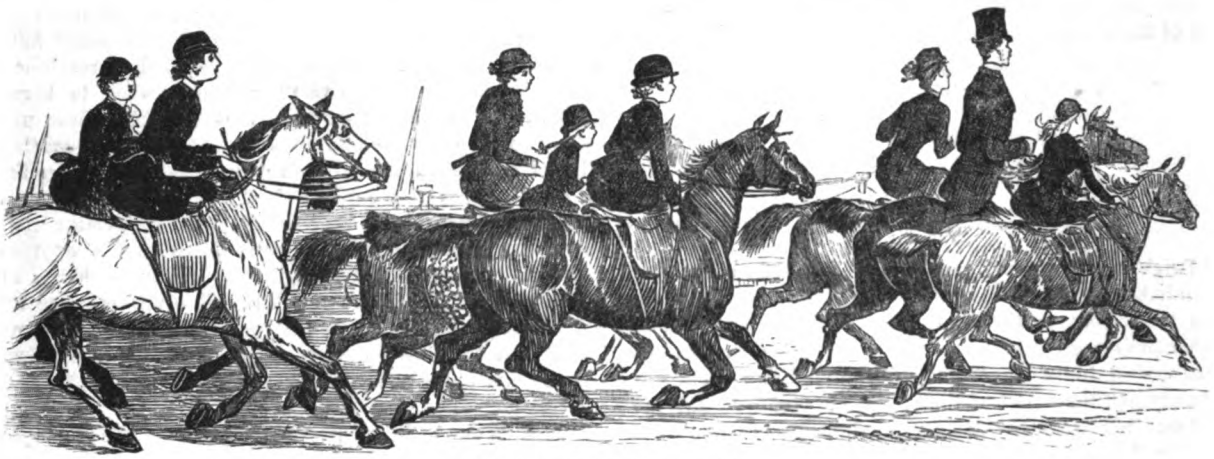
"This is *our* little box. What would the poor people do without *us?*"

What, indeed? Look at the mob—yes, the mob!—of dukes and duchesses, marquises and marchionesses, counts and countesses, peers and peeresses—ay, even princes and princesses, that one encounters and jostles through on the esplanades in the height of the season, between November and January. You can scarcely rest your eye on anything commoner than a knight, and there are Commanders of the Bath enough to fill the entire pier.

As regards seasons, Brighton is like one of those favored countries in the tropical regions, where Spring is eternal, and where harvest-time comes at least twice a year. At one time, the fashionable season at Brighton began about the middle of June, and continued until the end of the year; now, however, the "swells" seldom arrive before November, and generally remain until Christmas. This is *the* season, *par excellence.* There is a much longer season in the Summer, beginning with the Whitsuntide excursion trains; but though the visitors are then more numerous, they are not so select, and as they only remain for a few hours in the town, their custom is of little advantage to any one but the publicans.

These visitors, who come down by thousands on Saturday and Sunday mornings, are not in the habit of resorting to the Delmonicos or Windsors, or even to the hostelries of an humbler order. They bring their dinners with them in baskets, in sheets of old newspapers, and in pocket-handkerchiefs, and they dine in company at the "London Ordinary," a magnificent apartment under the cliff, having for its carpet the countless pebbles of the seashore, and for its roof the vaulted sky. The *carte* here is substantial, if not *recherché.* It comprises pork chops, cold; brisket of beef, ditto, cut with a "hammy knife"; bacon, fried; knuckle of ham, and bread and cheese and onions. The liquors, chiefly ale and porter, are brought to the festive scene in stone bottles, which, when emptied of their contents, being made what is termed "cockshies" of, turn up in sea-worn fragments after many years, to attract the eyes of amateur collectors of curiosities, and find a place in some domestic museum of the treasures of the deep. The native inhabitants look down with supreme contempt upon these economical festivities, for all these delicacies of the season, even including the beer and the drop of "something short," are brought from London, and Brighton reaps no benefit, save from the extra pint or pot, or warm "go" that may be consumed as a supplementary treat in one of the numerous inferior houses of entertainment with which the town abounds.

One of the best sights in Brighton is the King's Road on an afternoon. Open carriages of all kinds—landaus, victorias, dog-carts, T carts, whitechapels, phaetons, donkey



BRIGHTON.— THE RIDING-LESSON.

vehicles, tricycles and bicycles—roll along the middle of the road. Occasionally towers past the lordly drag, and frequently runs by us the humble goat-carriage. People make the most of the open air during the season at Brighton. Along the Parade near the sea move the bath-chairs and sit the loungers, even in November. Along the sidewalks, by the houses, and past the stores saunter crowds of fashionably dressed gentlemen and ladies. The clergy seem to like Brighton, and make a considerable percentage of the people one meets. Then, besides the carriages, you observe in the roadway a throng of horsemen and *equestriennes*. A gentleman of the Hebrew race prances by on a hired hack, getting well shaken up, and feeling himself to be doing quite the correct thing. A gentleman of Brighton, on one of his own thoroughbreds, passes more quietly by. Ladies who have already learned to ride add their graceful presence to the busy scene, and excite the envy of the younger ones, who are still pupils, and are taking their afternoon walks. Brighton is full of school-boys and girls. You cannot go out without meeting some of them in procession ; and when you do meet them, you must step aside and allow them the middle of the side-walk. It has been their right from time immemorial, and the young ladies are wont to tell of the joy they feel when opportunity comes for insisting upon this right. When two pretty faces head the procession, and bear down with pride and self-possession, and sometimes sauciness, upon a group of young gentlemen who are meeting them, what can the young gentlemen do but break into disorder and let the enemy through ?

A series of extensive grass-plots between the road and the sea on the approach to Cliftonville is known as the Lawn, and there, upon Sunday mornings, can be seen much of the beauty and fashion, grace and affectation, pride and glory of Brighton. Saturday afternoon is a notable time, the arrivals from town are so exceedingly numerous, and a visit to the aquarium is considered "correct form."

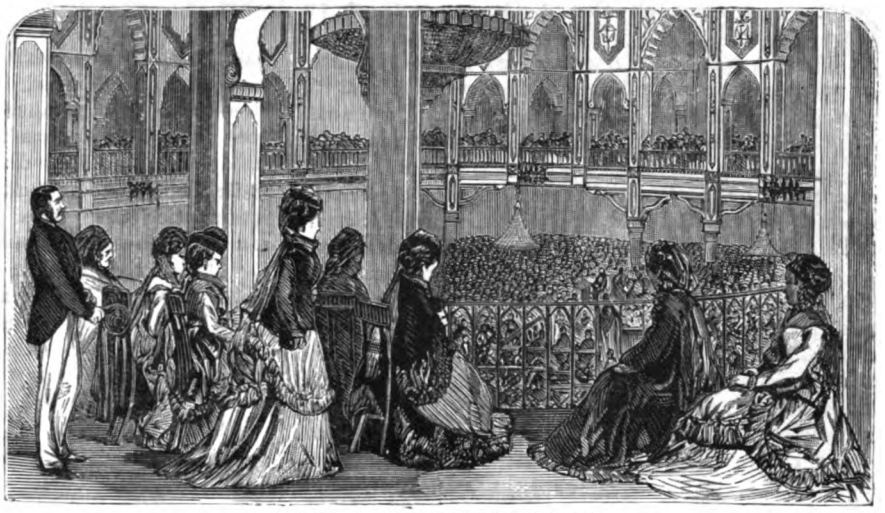
The celebrated Pavilion —the marine residence erected by George IV. when Prince Regent—is now a show place, and its arabesque appearance recalls the *façade* of the Turkish bath. It is now untenanted, its saloons, halls, and suites of luxuriously decorated apartments being occasionally let for concerts, lectures, balls, routs and festive gatherings.

An institution of Brighton is the riding-lesson. The visitor will not be long in the town before he observes a cavalcade jogging along the King's Road, in a very business-like manner. Some dozen young ladies appear, mounted on horses of various sizes, but of about equal spirit, from very small-footed ponies to attenuated elderly chargers with flopping hoofs, and in their midst a man, very solemn and very long in the legs. The riding-masters have a busy time of it ; they are busy jogging about all day long with little boys, little girls and grown-up young ladies. Indeed, there is a great deal of riding

BRIGHTON.— A DAY WITH THE HARRIERS.

at Brighton amongst all classes of the community; by some people because they ride every day when at home, by others because they never ride when they are at home; by some for exercise, by some for amusement, and by others because they experience a sporting feeling when in the saddle. These last occasionally have a day with the harriers on the Downs.

Taking into consideration the great number of residents, and the vast crowd of visitors, Brighton Pier is not as thronged as "pier-loving" people could wish. I speak of the West Pier, which has



BRIGHTON.—SCENE IN THE PAVILION.

BRIGHTON IN REVIEW TIME.

quite superseded in importance and fashion the old chain pier, of which the town people were so proud.

But Brighton is a place to visit, even for a few hours, and I would recommend every visitor to Merrie England to run down by the 12:50 express, and get back to town by the ten o'clock train.

A REMINISCENCE.

By Henry J. Byron.

Some thirteen years ago, whilst managing a theatre in Liverpool, I made arrangements with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean for a series of performances. This theatre, unfortunately, was built upon aristocratic principles, and aped the appearance of a London opera-house. There was no pit to speak of, and the occupants of the stalls preserved a frigid demeanor that utterly crushed the spirits of Charles Kean. The opening play was "Henry VIII.," with, of course, Mr. Kean as *Wolsey*.

Now, Charles Kean was one of the most sensitive actors I ever met, but, strange to say, this sensitiveness was only exhibited (or at all events only to any great degree) during the performance of certain parts. For instance, in *Wolsey*, a door slamming, an ill-timed cough, a crying infant, or an obtrusive nut-cracker, would drive him to despair; whereas in *Hamlet* you might bang the doors about with

BRIGHTON.—A BATHING SCENE.

impunity, and crack all Covent Garden, without upsetting him.

As *Wolsey* was to be the opening part, all the stage-men were put into slippers, and strict silence was enjoined "at the wings," and indeed everywhere else. The order that not the least noise should offend the delicate organization of *Wolsey* had been rather obtrusively promulgated in the morning by the "star's" able assistants, Messrs. G. Everett and James Cathcart, two gentlemen who traveled with Mr. Kean, had been with him all through his Princess's management, had accompanied him round the world, and knew his peculiarities, and (in the event of indisposition) his parts. Everybody was enjoined to be dumb. The entire establishment was, as it were, muffled. But one bold spirit rebelled; and this was how the bold spirit conducted, or rather misconducted, himself. A day or so before the production of the play, we found we were an actor short. The stage-manager, Mr. Burkenshaw—one of those invaluable men of experience who never know a difficulty, and who are (when they can be found) treasures to their lucky employers—went out and came back with the requisite article: an apparently dependable and certainly rather striking-looking "utility" gentleman. He rehearsed a somewhat important part who had to give the star tragedian "cues."

Something, however, which I could never rightly discover, interfered during the rehearsal with that feeling of satisfaction Mr. Kean's representatives should have experienced at the engagement of the recently joined utility gentleman. I did not pursue my inquiries, for there appeared to be a desire to vail an evident feeling of discomfort in mystery. Anxiety was stamped upon the faces of the two gentlemen who had superintended (for Mr. Kean) the lengthy rehearsal, and my stage-manager replied in grunts to my strong hints regarding the possibility of some coming annoyance.

The evening came, and with it *Wolsey*. People walked about on tip-toe, and those who had nothing else to do were sneaking about, muttering "Hush!" in a weirdlike and threatening manner; a property-man with a cold in his head was refused admittance, and a swing-door with a chronic creak had been nearly oiled off its hinges. All was going on quietly—*very* quietly. The audience was of that exclusive character calculated to "rile" an excitable artist who wants his proper applause as much as a whale wants air. The audience appreciated the master of his art, who was playing *Wolsey* magnificently, but their fish-like imperturbability and solemn sense of their own importance depressed Charles Kean terribly, and, at the close of the play, he ventilated his views regarding the new theatre as compared with the old Theatre Royal in a manner that would *not* have delighted the directors. The great scene came at length, where, if the utility gentleman had anything in him, now was the time to show it. Something, however, had put him out; at least, one could only imagine so, for his behavior was, to say the least, remarkable. He was silent. He, with the rest of the establishment, had been so warned about not making the least noise, etc., that he went to the other extreme, and, when his cues came, stared, but spoke not. The ever-ready gentlemen who were on the stage at the time covered over the silence of their comrade, and the scene came to a conclusion.

I will pass over Mr. Charles Kean's remarks regarding things in general, and the utility gentleman in particular; suffice it to say that they were emphatic and to the point. Probably in the indignant glances of the prompter and the smothered remonstrances of the stage-manager, the utility gentleman read his doom. He took a mean but effective revenge upon his detractors. Waiting till a portion of the play where extreme quiet was absolutely essential, the utility gentleman (who had now donned his private costume) stamped heavily down the wooden stairs close to the first entrance of the stage in a thick pair of boots, that I am still under an impression were clogs, and strode out at the stage-door making all the noise possible, while the agonized attendants at the wings writhed at the interruption they were powerless to suppress, and the moribund *Queen Katharine* winced again.

"*I'll* talk to him when he comes back!" said the stage-manager, with a look of malignant meaning.

"Ah," I replied, "he never *will* come back."

"But he *must*—he—he plays in the farce!" gasped the stage-manager.

"He won't come back, for all that," I rejoined.

And he never did.

THE "WATER-MARK" IN PAPER.

A RECENT number of the *Printer's Register* of London, England, gives the following interesting information in an article condensed from a lecture on "Paper and Paper-making," by Henry Pitman.

One feature of paper remains to be noticed, namely, the "water-mark," the origin of which explains some of the names by which papers are known. In the days when few persons could read, pictures and symbols were commonly used as signs or emblems of employment, such as the barber's "pole," the woolstapler's "fleece," the "checkers" on the tavern and inn signs generally. Every trade had its "trade-mark."

The new trades of printing and paper-making naturally followed the custom by inventing emblems for different makes of paper and the title-pages of books. The marks on paper used by the early printers consisted of an ox-head and star, a dog's head and collar, a crown, a shield, a jug, etc. The last mark originated the name of "pot" paper. The picture of a fool's head, with cap and bells, gave the name of "fool's-cap," often shortened into "cap" paper. "Post" and "Bath post" are supposed to have originated from the mark of a posthorn. A figure of Britannia, or a lion rampant supporting the cap of liberty, have replaced the fool's-cap and posthorn. The term "imperial" is supposed to have been derived from the ancient name given to the finest specimens of papyri. Modern water-marks are conspicuous on the paper used in printing the *Times*, banknotes, checks, bills and postage-stamps. The marks can be seen distinctly when the paper is held up to the light. The commonest marks are the paper-maker's name and the date. Ingenious water-marks have been contrived as preventives of frauds and forgeries. Bank and legal paper is sometimes treated chemically, so that any tampering with the ink can be instantly detected. The Shakespearean forgeries of Ireland, and Chatterton's pretended discoveries of old poems, would not have imposed so long upon the learned had not cunning been displayed in the use of ancient-looking paper. The mode of Ireland's deception is disclosed in his "Confessions." He says: "I discovered that a jug was the prevalent water-mark of the reign of Elizabeth, in consequence of which I inspected all the sheets of old paper in my possession, and having selected such as had the jug upon them, I produced the manuscript upon these."

Caxton's "Game of the Chesse," was printed on paper bearing an old English letter surmounted by a star. This book was reprinted some years ago as a tribute to Caxton's memory, and paper was made expressly for the

purpose, imitating the original even to the water-mark. An old method of producing the water-marks was to fix a strong wire on the gauze of the hand-mold in the form of the object to be represented. The numbered water-marks on Bank of England notes are produced by a more complicated process. Any person who can afford so distinctive a luxury may have paper made expressly for him, bearing his name, crest, or any device in the form of water-marks.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

Oh, dear old friend! I come this way
Once more, once more to rest on thee,
While generous branch and leafy spray
A pleasant bower make for me.

It seems as only yesterday
That I was racing down the mead,
With young companions blithe and gay,
To mount the brave and bonny steed.

The blackbird pipes as cheerly now,
As gayly flaunts the butterfly,
As when we shook the pliant bough
By madly urging thee on high.

But scattered is that gamesome band
That filled with mirth the flying hours;
One sojourns in a distant land,
One sleeps beneath the daisy-flowers.

And others from my ken have passed;
But this I feel, where'er they be,
They'll not forget while life shall last
Our swing beneath the chestnut-tree.

LAYING THE GHOST.

"WILL you try it?" said pretty Laura Wilbur to me. "Dare you sleep in the blue-room to-night?"

"Dare! There are few things I would not dare for you. I dare do anything that you ask."

"But I don't ask it. I only want to know what you think about this story of the ghost, for I confess it frightens me to death."

"Will you promise to run with your hartshorn-bottle to my rescue if you hear me scream?"

"No, indeed, I'll promise no such thing. I'm sure my knees would give way under me, and I should need all my hartshorn myself."

"Well, then, I suppose the ghost must get me, for I shall sleep in the blue-room to-night, and if I am carried off bodily or die of fright I'll leave my fortune to you."

"All right," cried Richard Wilbur, from his sofa in the corner. "Get that down in black and white, Cousin Laura. I'll draw your will, Fred; let's see the thing through."

And laughingly he went off to get his writing-desk.

"Now for it," said he. "Make your will, old fellow; I'll draw it up in good form."

The will was made, signed and witnessed, and Laura Wilbur was named as the heiress of my large fortune in case of my death ensuing that night.

"I don't half like it," said she, as Dick left the room to put away the document. "It's all well enough for a joke, but suppose something should happen to you accidentally, or suppose you should really see the ghost?"

And her blue eyes half filled with tears, and her sweet face expressed such horror, that I burst into one of my intolerable fits of laughter that always overtake me at the wrong moment.

"Don't laugh," begged Laura; "please don't. Indeed, I see no fun in such subjects. Death and ghosts are not to be laughed at; and besides, I am afraid of Dick; he is a wild kind of man; he has lived in South America all his life, nobody knows where, till he is but half civilized. Did you see how his eyes gleamed, and did you hear him laugh when you signed your name? It frightens me to joke about such things. Please don't laugh."

"Well, if I were to stop laughing every time you were frightened, I should soon be melancholy enough; but I won't talk about 'such things,' if you don't like the subjects."

"Burn that silly will, then," persisted she. "Why should you leave your fortune to me?"

And a twinkle in her eye told me she well knew why, but that being a woman, she must coquet.

"Why shouldn't I, Miss Laura? I beg leave to assure you I do not intend to die of fright, but live to enjoy my own money."

"Oh!" was all the answer she made to this somewhat rude reply, but her downcast eyes said rather more.

"Laura," I began, impetuously, "who should have my fortune if not you? Do you not know that you possess my heart and soul—then why should not my money follow?"

"Oh, for pity's sake, stop. Now you're worse than when you talked of death and ghosts. It's of no consequence, thankie. Good-evening."

And off she ran laughing, leaving me alone.

"Who on earth can account for a woman's whim?" I soliloquized. "Here is a girl as gentle as sunlight, as timid as a bird, full of love to all mankind, yet even she must try to flirt, even she will laugh at a fellow the minute he tries a little sentiment. Quoting Dickens, too. Never mind, Miss Laura; we've laughed together many a time, and we will do it again, in spite of ghosts, and Dicks—and Dickens. I don't like that Dick any better than she does, though. He is an impertinent fellow, and under all his assumed bonhomie there is concealed malice. I heard he wanted to marry Laura. Well, let him try. Who's afraid? Not I!"

With these thoughts occupying my mind, I went slowly up the old-fashioned stairway, which was one of the chief beauties to me of this old-fashioned house of the Wilburs, in which I had been a guest for three weeks. Robert Wilbur and I had been college chums, but this was my first visit to his home, and I had fallen in love with his pretty sister before I had been twenty minutes within its walls. I had made up my mind to write a formal offer of my hand that very night, and as I thought it likely that this all-important epistle would occupy me till the small hours, it mattered but little to me which room I sat in. So, making my way to my room, I gathered together my writing materials, and marched off to the haunted room.

It seemed that it had acquired its name about seventy years before the period of which I write, and immediately after the death of old Richard Wilbur, who, having lived a life of adventure, came home finally to settle on his estate, with a damaged reputation and digestion.

The two conspired to make his life a torment to himself and others, and he hung himself to his bed-post in the blue-room, where it was said his ghost walked for many years. It was rumored that he had killed a man in a duel, and that his spirit would not rest on that account.

The room had naturally been avoided, but the story

had nearly died out, when suddenly strange noises were heard there at midnight, and one of the maids, who ventured in the room late one night, had been found in convulsions, and as soon as she was able to speak, declared that she had seen a figure leaning over the writing-desk. It was clothed in a long black cloak, she said, and had come toward her with menacing, angry gesticulations. She had screamed and fainted, and knew no more till she found the family around her.

BRIGHTON.—THE AQUARIUM.—SEE PAGE 344.

The stable boy also declared that he had often seen a dim blue light burning in that room late at night, and that once he had seen the figure of a man in a long black cloak pass before the window.

All this terrified the household so that no one of the servants would ever venture into the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur laughed at the stories, but Laura was evidently secretly terrified, and it was to allay her fears that I had volunteered to sit up all night in the blue-room, and, if possible, to "lay the ghost."

As I entered the apartment I was somewhat struck with the desolate appearance of it, but my thoughts were so occupied with the letter I was about to compose, that I did not give the ghost a single thought.

Drawing my easy-chair to the table, I soon became completely absorbed in my occupation.

BRIGHTON.—THE GROTTO.

BRIGHTON.—A TANK IN THE AQUARIUM.

LAYING THE GHOST.—"'INDEED, COUSIN DICK!' SAID A SOFT VOICE BEHIND ME. TO MY INFINITE SURPRISE, LAURA HERSELF STOOD BEFORE US, HOLDING A LIGHT IN HER HAND."

Gradually the house became entirely still; the distant slamming of doors told of the final retirement of the family. The old clock on the stairs tolled out twelve in long, solemn strokes, and then nothing was to be heard but the scratching of my pen, as I sometimes hastily, sometimes slowly, filled page after page, only to be destroyed when written, for it was no easy matter to write this letter. Too much depended upon it to treat it lightly; every word must be weighed, every sentence duly considered; and what dictionary on earth can furnish the proper words for such a letter? And what man on earth can know what will suit the woman he loves, when she treats him forty different ways in as many minutes!

"Hang it!" I at last exclaimed. "I'll speak to her to-morrow; I can't write; it's best to speak; but no—she will laugh again as she did this evening. But then, again, her sweet eyes told some tales this evening, too! Yes, I'll risk it. I'll speak to-morrow, and go to sleep now. It's late; my light is nearly burned, and, to confess the truth, writing love-letters is a sleepy business."

So leaning back in my easy-chair, I began to think over the best way to offer myself.

Gradually a dreamy feeling overpowered me, and although I was desperately in love, I found I could sleep, which was, of course, out of all rule; but I was punished for it. I began to wander through the loveliest gardens in all dreamland, and Laura walked by my side. Her hand was in mine; I stopped to gather a rose, and gave it to her; but what a strange odor the flower had! Where had I ever perceived such before? It surely was not like a rose! Never mind. Oh, how soft Laura's hand was! I raised it to my lips. Hark! what noise was that!

Nothing—oh, nothing! How delicious the sunlight was! how lovely Laura's blue eyes! how soft the pressure of her arm within mine! But why did she suddenly grip me, as with hands of iron? Ha! I strangled! Help! help! oh, help! Struggling with an invisible power, I felt my strength depart; an overpowering pressure on my heart held me back; some subtle essence seemed to pervade my entire being, and controlled it; a dreamy recollection of the haunted room floated across my brain; I struggled again, sank back again and again, but still the dreamy languor that held my eyes closed kept me back, while the pressure on my chest, the throbbing in my head, and the wild beating of my pulses increased each minute. Gradually I began to collect my senses; I opened my eyes. There before me, standing motionless in the dim gray light, was a figure shrouded in long black garments! For an instant my senses reeled; the hair of my head stood up; I shivered as though in an ague; then, suddenly rallying, I called out:

"Who are you? Speak!" There was no answer. "Speak!" I cried again; "I know you are no ghost, but a fellow-mortal, trying to play upon my fears; do not think you will succeed," continued I, and with an intention of flinging myself upon the figure and discovering who it was, I made a spring forward.

But I was held back forcibly, and looking down, I saw in a moment that I was fastened into my chair; my hands and feet were tightly tied; a band around my waist, and another round my neck, completely secured me. A faint, sickly odor pervaded the room; my candle had burned out, but in the dim gray light of an early Summer's dawn, I saw the motionless figure still before me. Instantly a thought flashed through my mind.

"Richard Wilbur," said I, "I know you; you have drugged me with ether, in order to terrify me; you have carried your joke somewhat too far in fastening me to my chair; it was a coward's trick to prevent me from administering the chastisement that your insolence deserves. Release me instantly; it is time your play was over!"

Still no reply! The figure remained motionless and speechless before me.

"Do you think to terrify me?" I cried, in exasperation at my helpless state; "do you suppose that I am coward and fool enough to believe you a ghost? Let this end instantly, or by my soul you shall repent it."

The figure moved slightly, and held out its arm; so doing it uncovered its face, and I recognized the gleaming eyes of Richard Wilbur.

"Look!" said he, holding up a small bottle; "I have here what may, perhaps, be the means of introducing you to some *bona fide* ghosts, my friend, who may possibly be able to dismay your brave soul that you swear by. I *have* drugged you, and you are in my power, for I have but to hold this small bottle under your handsome nose, and in a minute you will be in hell. Now, listen to my terms, to which, if you agree, I will give you liberty again. Give up all idea of Laura; promise me not to see her again, or reveal the transactions of this night, and you are free; but swear on this Bible to keep your word, or else take a whiff of my smelling-bottle to refresh your soul."

"Insolent fool!" I cried, "you have not even wit enough to play the villain; do you think that we are living in the dark ages, or in the Castle of Otranto, where a man may be murdered and done away with mysteriously, and no questions asked! Why, I have but to raise my voice, and the family would be around us in an instant. Mysteries are scarcely the order of the day in a jolly old house like this. I am inclined to think you forget that we are civilized human beings in this part of the world." And I laughed as the absurdity of the position struck me.

"I don't see the joke," returned Richard; "there is no mystery about the matter. You are well known to have disease of the heart; any sudden fright might easily kill you; my bottle tells no tales. I shall confess to playing ghost, as a joke, not anticipating the fatal effect. I shall be frantic with despair at the thought of what I had innocently occasioned, and it will be all that pretty Laura can do to comfort me. But she shall; yes, by George! and your fortune shall be the salve that will heal my wound. Come, now, you see you are helpless; agree to my terms, and away with you!"

"Never!" I exclaimed, struggling violently, but hopelessly. "I despise your terms and you, and I will never consent to your cowardly proposal."

"Take the consequences, then," said he, calmly advancing toward me. "I don't object, my boy; your money is mine, for Laura shall be my wife."

"Indeed, Cousin Dick!" said a soft voice behind me; "did you ever hear that it took two to make a bargain?" And to my infinite surprise Laura herself stood before us, holding a light in her hand.

"Be kind enough to release your friend," she continued; "it would scarcely be possible to murder two of us before the household could be roused—would it, cousin?" Then, suddenly changing her manner, "Away!" said she—"away, before I follow my impulse and call on the servants to seize you. Oh," she cried, her eyes gleaming fire as she fastened them on his faltering face—"oh, I could see you dragged to jail like a felon, and witness against you without mercy, were you not of my own blood! Since it is so, I spare you. But do not think that Robert will be so merciful. The papers that you have stolen from this room have been missed; the ghost's errand is clear to me now. Away, instantly, and never see my face again!"

As Laura stood thus, in her white dress, her golden hair unbound, her lithe figure raised to its full height, and her graceful arm outstretched, she looked like a beautiful angel of justice. Richard glanced at her, and his eyes glared like those of a wild beast; but he saw his game was up, and drawing his cloak around him, he stealthily but swiftly glided from the room and crept down-stairs; the house door closed softly, and we heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs die away.

But Laura did not wait to hear all this before she released me. Her little white fingers had a hard time with the rough knots; but she untied them with wonderful speed.

As she loosened my hands lastly, I clasped hers within them, and in a moment all was said that I had so vainly tried to write, and all was answered that I had so fondly hoped.

We agreed that it was best not to mention the night's adventure, "for Dick's sake," said Laura, and added, "I can easily get the papers from his desk, and no one need know it. I only suspected him, and I don't want mother to know I sat up all night waiting to hear you scream, and ran in when I did hear your voice."

"Oh, indeed!" said I; "*that's* the secret, is it? Well, I'll promise secrecy on that point."

And I never did mention it before; but yesterday, Laura told me, laughingly, that I might write the story of how, ten years ago, she and I laid the ghost.

THE PLUNDER OF LIBRARIES.

It is astonishing how many libraries have been plundered. Picture galleries have not suffered more in this respect. The troops of Napoleon occupied no capital from which they did not carry away art treasures of some kind; and invading armies have frequently marched off with wagon-loads of books. In ancient, and, indeed, in comparatively modern times, up to at least the end of the last century, books, and indeed everything else, seem to have been looked upon as lawful prize of war. Mark Antony, in the course of his campaigns, seized a library and presented it to one who was, at all events, capable of appreciating the gift. As much may be said of that Northern Cleopatra—"Semiramis of the North" was the name given to her by Voltaire—the Empress Catherine II., to whom the humorous but ferocious Souvaroff bore, as one of the most acceptable of trophies, the contents of the Zauluski library at Warsaw. The Hermitage at St. Petersburg contains, besides the library carried off by Souvaroff from Poland, two highly interesting and valuable collections of books, acquired legitimately and in the most liberal spirit by the same Catherine II., who had accepted the literary treasures of which Warsaw had been despoiled.

When the Empress Catherine desired at the same time to enrich Diderot and to attach him to her person, she gave him a large sum for his library, and, inviting him to St. Petersburg, appointed him custodian of his own books. Voltaire's library she seems to have acquired partly on account of its intrinsic value, though principally, no doubt, with the view of having in her possession the very books which Voltaire had got together, and which in many instances he had annotated. In one respect she rendered the writer whom she so much admired a doubtful service; for when, not many years after the removal of Voltaire's library to St. Petersburg, Count Joseph de Maistre arrived at the Russian Court as Minister of Sardinia, he made a careful study of the volumes which the man whose genius fascinated him but whose opinions filled him with horror, had been in the habit of consulting, and came to the conclusion that Voltaire was indifferent about his books, reading the good with the bad, the authentic with the inauthentic, editions of value and editions so inaccurate as to be practically worthless.

THE TALLEGALLA, OR BRUSH TURKEY, OF AUSTRALIA.

The turkey, adopted as one of the best of our domestic fowls, was found only in America and Australia. The wild turkey of America we all know; but the Australian bird has peculiarities. The *Weelah*, as the natives also call it, inhabits the densest bushes of that country. Like the *Leipoa*, when pursued it endeavors to effect its escape by running through the tangled brush, a feat which it can perform very adroitly; but it is not so silly as to allow itself to be taken by hand, as in the case of the preceding species. When very closely pursued, and unable to escape by speed, it jumps into the lowest branch of some tree, leaps from bough to bough until it has reached the top, and either perches there or flies off to another part of the brush.

The brush turkey is a gregarious bird, living in small companies, and, like the true turkey, is vary wary and suspicious. The great enemy of this bird is the *dingo*, or native dog, which persecutes the flocks sadly, and often hunts them down. From this foe they are safe by flying into a tree; but this elevated position only makes them the more subject to the colonist's gun; and, as the birds seem stunned or bewildered by the report, they will suffer several rounds to be fired before they will fly away.

The food of the brush turkey mostly consists of seeds and vegetable substances, though insects of various kinds have been found in its stomach, which is exceedingly muscular. Like other gallinaceous birds, it is fond of dusting itself, and as it loves to resort to the same spot, it scrapes considerable depressions in the earth, which lead the practiced hunter to its residence. The voice of the brush turkey is a rather loud, clucking sound. Its flesh is particularly excellent, and there are hopes that this fine bird may also be in time added to our list of domesticated poultry.

The egg mound—for it cannot rightly be called a nest—of this bird is extremely large, containing, according to Mr. Gould, several cartloads of materials, and being formed into a conical or pyramidal shape. It is not made by a single pair of birds, but is the result of united labor, and is used from year to year, fresh materials being supplied each season in order to make up the deficiency caused by the decomposition of the vegetable matter below. Mr. Gould, to whom we are indebted for the greatest part of our knowledge respecting these curious birds, gives the following account of the nidification of the brush turkey: "The mode in which the materials composing these mounds are accumulated is very singular, the bird never using its bill, but always grasping a quantity in its foot, throwing it backward to one common centre, and thus clearing the surface of the ground for a considerable distance so completely that scarcely a leaf or a blade of grass is left. The heap being accumulated, and time allowed for a sufficient heat to be engendered, the eggs are deposited, not side by side as is usually the case, but *planted* at the distance of nine or twelve inches from each other, and buried at nearly an arm's depth, perfectly upright, with the large end upward; they are covered up as they are laid, and allowed to remain until hatched. I have

been credibly informed, both by natives and settlers living near their haunts, that it is not an unusual event to obtain nearly a bushel of eggs at one time from a single heap; and, as they are delicious eating, they are eagerly sought after. Some of the natives state that the females are constantly in the neighborhood of the heap about the time the power of sustaining themselves from the earliest period; and the great size of the egg would equally lead to this conclusion, since in so large a space it is reasonable to suppose that the bird would be much more developed than is usually found in eggs of smaller dimensions. In further confirmation of this point, I may add that in

THE TALLEGALLA, OR BRUSH TURKEY, OF AUSTRALIA.

the young are likely to be hatched, and frequently uncover and cover them up again, apparently for the purpose of assisting those that may have appeared; while others have informed me that the eggs are merely deposited, and the young allowed to force their way unassisted. In all probability, as nature has adopted this mode of reproduction, she has also furnished the tender birds with searching for eggs in one of the mounds, I discovered the remains of a young bird, apparently just excluded from the shell, and which was clothed with feathers, not with down, as is usually the case."

THE mold of every man's fortune is in his own hands.

MADAME PFEIFFER AND THE NEGRO.

THE honors of successful enterprise have not been entirely monopolized by the male sex; but few women travelers have undertaken distant and perilous journeys on sea and land with such courage and perseverance as were displayed by the heroic Anna Pfeiffer, a Viennese lady. This extraordinary woman appears to have been inspired with an insatiable thirst for visiting foreign lands, and for exploring countries unknown or little civilized. The wife of a Polish advocate, it was not until she had reached the age of forty-five years that she found herself, by the completion of the education of her children and their establishment in life, free to undertake her long-cherished designs. It was then that she began to mature the plan for her first long journey, which she determined to accomplish alone.

Her means were exceedingly small, but she says in her diary: "I resolved to practice the strictest economy. Privation and discomforts had no terrors for me. I had endured them long enough compulsorily, and I reflected that they would be much easier to bear if I encountered them voluntarily, and with an object in view."

When she imparted to her friends her intention of visiting Jerusalem, she was regarded as simply a crazy enthusiast, and few thought her to be in earnest in the matter.

Nevertheless, she kept her resolution, and in the year 1842 visited Jerusalem and other principal cities of the Holy Land; and, having journeyed as far as the Isthmus of Suez and the Red Sea, returned by way of Egypt, the Mediterranean, and Italy, to Vienna, where she was induced to publish her diary, under the title of "Journey of a Viennese Lady to the Holy Land." Though as yet Madame Pfeiffer's travels related only to well-trodden paths, the work attracted much attention, and, what was more important to her, provided her with a moderate sum with which to undertake new journeys.

Madame Pfeiffer now began to study languages, and to endeavor to obtain such an acquaintance with botany as would render her observations of foreign countries useful to the world. In 1845 she landed on the coast of Iceland, and traversed the island in every direction, visiting the Geysers and other hot springs, and ascending Mount Hecla, which shortly afterward broke out into eruption. Her narrative of this journey was published in two volumes, under the title of "A Voyage to the Scandinavian North and the Island of Iceland"; and the copies of the copyright, and of the sale of the geological and botanical specimens collected during this tour, again furnishing her with funds, she resolved to make a voyage round the world, a feat probably never before undertaken by a European lady alone.

MADAME PFEIFFER AND THE NEGRO.—"THE COUNT SPRANG FORWARD, AND, SEIZING THE MAN FROM BEHIND, AFFORDED HIS COMPANION AN OPPORTUNITY OF RISING."

"Greater privations and fatigues than I had encountered in Syria and Iceland," she remarks in her diary, "I could scarcely have to encounter. The expense did not alarm me, for I knew from experience how little is necessary if the traveler will but practice the strictest economy. My savings amounted to a sum barely sufficient, perhaps, to serve such travelers as Chateaubriand or Lamartine for a fortnight's excursion; but it appeared to me ample for a journey of two or three years, and the result showed that I had calculated correctly."

Madame Pfeiffer embarked from Hamburg in a sailing-vessel, in June, 1846, and reached Rio Janeiro after a voyage of three months. From that port she made many excursions into the interior of the country, on one of which she met with an adventure which had nearly brought her wanderings to a premature close. Having arrived at Porta

d'Estrella, she was anxious to visit Petropolis, a colony founded by Germans, of which she had heard much, and which was situated at only twenty-seven leagues' distance. The journey was generally performed upon mules, but, as she had been informed in Rio that the roads afforded a beautiful walk, traversing magnificent woods, she determined to go on foot, accompanied by Count Berchtold, a traveling companion who had taken a part in these excursions, particularly as the count was desirous of collecting botanical specimens, while Madame Pfeiffer was equally bent upon collecting insects. The first eight miles lay through a broad valley, covered with thick brambles and shrubs, and surrounded with lofty mountains.

After passing through this valley they reached the serra, as the Brazilians term the summit of each mountain that they cross, the present one being three thousand feet high. They now entered the luxuriant virgin forest, where they obtained an abundant harvest of flowers, plants and insects, and loitered along, enchanted with the magnificent woods and not less beautiful views which stretched over hill and dale toward the sea and its innumerable bays. Frequent troops of mules driven by blacks, as well as occasional pedestrians, which they met, eased their minds of every fear, and prevented their regarding it as at all remarkable that they were being continually followed by a negro. Suddenly, however, as they arrived at a lonely spot, the man sprang forward, holding in one hand a long knife and in the other a lasso, or cord, with which the South Americans are in the habit of catching wild cattle, and by gestures and words made the travelers understand that he intended to murder, and then drag them into the forest.

Unfortunately, the travelers had no arms, for they had been assured that the road was perfectly safe; and the only weapons they possessed were their cumbrous sunshades, or parasols, and a small clasp-knife, which Madame Pfeiffer instantly drew out of her pocket and opened, fully determined to sell her life as dearly as possible. They parried their adversary's blows as long as they could. In the struggle he dropped his knife, which rolled a few steps from him. Madame Pfeiffer instantly made a dash, and thought she had grasped it, when the negro, more quick than she, thrust her away with his feet and hands, and once more obtained possession of the weapon. He then waved it furiously over his head, and dealt her two wounds, a thrust and a deep gash, both in the upper part of the left arm. She now thought she was lost; despair alone gave her the courage to use her own knife. She made a thrust at her adversary's breast, which he warded off, and she only succeeded in wounding him severely in the hand, but at the same time falling herself to the ground. At this point the count, who was entirely unarmed, sprang forward, and seizing the man from behind, afforded his companion an opportunity of rising.

The affair had occupied but a few seconds, and the fury of their assailant was now roused to the highest pitch by the wounds he had received. He gnashed his teeth at them like a wild beast, and flourished his knife with terrible rapidity. Meanwhile the count had received a serious cut across the hand, and the travelers were beginning to regard themselves as lost, when happily the tramp of horses' hoofs met their ear, and the negro left them, and sprang into the wood.

Immediately afterward two horsemen turned a corner of the road, and hastened toward them. Their wounds, which were bleeding freely, and the hacked condition of their sunshades, soon made the horsemen understand the position of affairs. They asked which direction the fugitive had taken, and springing to their horses, hurried after him. The man was soon captured, though not without a struggle, and carried bound to Petropolis, where his crime met its due punishment. Madame Pfeiffer and her companion were enabled, by the assistance of their deliverers, to get their wounds dressed, and afterward continued their journey.

From Rio the adventurous lady sailed round Cape Horn, and landed at Valparaiso. From thence she visited the Island of Otaheite, and was presented to the celebrated Queen Pomare. While here she made excursions over the entire island, and ascended some of its loftiest mountains, being attired for her journeys in men's shoes without any stockings, trousers, and a blouse fastened up at the hips. From Otaheite, or Tahiti, as it is now called, she sailed for Canton, and spent much time in observing the manners of the Chinese, into whose country she penetrated with a daring, perhaps, never before displayed by a European lady.

Her next places of visit were the Island of Ceylon and Bombay, from which latter country she set out on an arduous journey through Persia and Mesopotamia, an account of which was published in her third work, entitled "A Woman's Journey Round the World." She had now determined to settle down in Vienna; but the sale of her journal and collections, and a grant of about £150 from the Austrian Government, having furnished her again with funds, her restless love of adventure soon revived, and she set out on a third ocean journey. This time she visited the Cape of Good Hope, Australia and Singapore, and landed on the coast of Borneo, where she made an excursion among the savage Dyaks. Subsequently she visited a number of islands in the Indian Archipelago, and once more traversed the Pacific for more than ten thousand miles, to California.

Her next travels were in Peru, the United States and Canada. The experiences of this great tour were narrated in her "Second Journey Round the World," published in Vienna in 1856. Her last journey was to Madagascar, where she met with some singular adventures, having become accidentally involved in a conspiracy to overthrow the power of the infamous Queen Ranavola, for which she was banished from the island. This journey unfortunately proved fatal to her, for the Madagascan intermittent fever, which she caught in the island, pursued her after her return to Vienna, in which city she died, on the 27th of October, 1858.

NEVER read in bed or in a reclining attitude; it provokes a tension of the optic nerve very fatiguing to the eyesight. An exchange says: "Bathe your eyes daily in salt water; not salt enough, though, to cause a smarting sensation. Nothing is more strengthening, and we have known several persons who, after using this simple tonic for a few weeks, had put aside the spectacles they had used for years, and did not resume them, continuing, of course, the oft-repeated daily use of salt water. Never force your eye-sight to read or work in insufficient or too broad light. Reading with the sun upon one's book is mortally injurious to the eyes."

A CHEAP common table-cover ingenious fingers can make by taking gray canton flannel, and cutting the cloth large enough to cover the table and form a deep drapery. Then procure some red velveteen or canton flannel, and cut out the leaves of a rose or other flower, place them in shape around the edge, and overcast the edges with silk. The stem or foliage may be cut of some green velveteen similarly treated, and then the veins and hearts may be worked with light-brown crewels.

A SEA-WAIF.

By the Rev. M. G. Watkins, M.A.

"My Archie come, for whom I yearned,
Come with a sea-won prize;
A box by dusky natives turned,
A pearl of royal size?"

"Yea, lass, I've brought a gleaming pearl,
Some queenly breast might grace;
See there, a living, laughing girl,
Blue eyes and dimpled face.

"Abandoned by the far Seychelles,
We picked her up one morn,
Before the mighty azure swells
To coral reefs were borne;

"Before the leagues of whitening spray,
By heated trade-winds fanned,
Ran up the palm-fringed land-locked bay,
To thunder on the strand.

"A relic of some hapless bark,
Or burnt or wrecked, we found
Her father lying stiff and stark
Beside her, outward bound.

"We gave him to the ocean, took
His little daughter. There!
She's mine, and therefore thine; so look
She meet a mother's care.

"A heaven-sent waif, she well may come
With joy and gladness fraught;
Pray that her presence bless our home
Beyond or wish or thought!

"Our jewel opes her trustful eyes;
No wickedness I'd dare
Before her sight; and would despise
Myself if I could swear

"Before her ears so innocent,
And shock this gracious child,
To me, a hardened sinner, sent—
I'll keep her undefiled.

"And she shall play with little Bess,
And daily go to school;
She's made me tender; none would guess
Me such a whimpering fool!

"Yet doing all the good we can,
And hating evil ways,
Is best, the Bible says, for man,
And gives God endless praise.

"So take the comely lassie, wife,
The treasure of the sea;
With sunshine may she flood our life,
In death a comfort be!"

THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE.

A Biographical Sketch.

On the 8th of September, 1749, while the Princess of Savoy-Carignan was attiring herself to attend a ball at the palace of the King of Sardinia, in commemoration of the raising of the siege of Turin by the French in 1706, heaven blessed her with a lovely little daughter.

This princess, who was named Maria Theresa Louisa, was born in the midst of public acclamations, and her first cries were, so to speak, stifled by those of the joyous populace. The sympathy and compassion which her last moments excited were stilled by the horror and fear which her cruel executioners inspired.

From her earliest years Louisa was remarkable for her exceeding physical and mental beauty, while her noble, generous qualities and extreme amiability rendered her the idol of all around her. She was the pride of her mother. The Court of France was even then renowned for its elegance and polish; and it was upon this theatre, therefore, that the maternal heart of the Princess of Carignan designed that her daughter should some day figure.

"Louisa," said she, to her husband, "has all the style and elegance of a French girl; she is born to shine in the Court of our ally, the King of the French. Since our children are obliged to be separated from us on marrying, I must admit that there, above all other places, would I wish to see her settled."

Poor mother! alas, could she only have looked into futurity!

The wishes of the Prince and Princess of Carignan were soon realized. The Duke of Penthièvre, grandson of the Duke of Maine, had a young and handsome son, who was a cause of pride and yet of uneasiness to his father. The duke, a man of extreme goodness and exemplary piety, feared, and not without reason, the influence over his son of his immoral associates. He fancied that the companionship of a young, beautiful and accomplished woman would have a beneficial effect upon the morals of his idolized son. The King manifested much interest in the views of the duke. In spite of his own licentious life, Louis XV. appreciated the virtues of his cousin. He designated Louisa of Savoy as a suitable bride, and sent his ambassador, M. de Choiseul-Gouffier, to ask her hand of the King of Sardinia. The proposition, as may be supposed, was joyfully accepted. If the house of Savoy was proud of the honor of being allied with Henry IV. and Louis XIV., the Bourbons might none the less feel pride in being connected with Duke Emanuel the Great and Prince Eugene, the first general of his age. Mademoiselle de Carignan's lot seemed an enviable one. She was to find in France a second father, and relatives who would adore her, princesses who would become her companions and friends, taste, magnificence, Parisian gayety, and, perhaps, liberty also, which she knew was enjoyed by women to a larger extent in France than elsewhere.

"Oh! I am sure that I shall love him!" she exclaimed, to her mother, as she contemplated the handsome portrait of the Prince Lamballe.

Nevertheless, when the princess reached France and stood on Beauvoisin Bridge, which separates the two kingdoms, she experienced a terrible sinking of the heart, and, in spite of all her efforts to restrain them, a few tears fell from her eyes as she looked toward the high mountains which appeared to be barriers interposed between herself and her memories of childhood.

At Montereau a most agreeable diversion served to efface this impression. As the princess was about to take her seat at table a messenger was heard approaching. It was a page, bearing her a bouquet from her future husband. This attention flattered her, and she received it at the hands of the page, whom she regarded with the liveliest emotion; his appearance had deeply impressed her.

"What a resemblance this page bears to M. de Lamballe's picture!" she whispered to Madame Guibriant.

"True," replied that lady, without apparently attacning particular importance to the remark; "it is on that account that the Duke Penthièvre admits him to so great an intimacy."

Louisa, who carried the prince's miniature with her, drew it from her bosom secretly, and found that it bore so striking a resemblance to the page that she had no longer any doubts as to his identity with the prince himself.

A SEA-WAIF.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 359.

Deeply touched and flattered by his assiduity and ardor, but supposing that he desired to preserve his *incognito*, she did her utmost to avoid making her recognition of him apparent; but she remarked with pleasure that his picture had not been flattered.

The prince, for it was indeed he, stood opposite to her during the whole meal; he could not remove his eyes from her face. The princess was much agitated, and timidly bent her glance upon her plate; she raised it from time to time, however, to obtain a look at her future husband, but the flame which darted from the eyes of the young prince soon caused her to lower her own.

Supper over, the page, after taking leave of the princess, without delay remounted his horse and returned to Nangis, where the meeting was to take place the day following. The princess's forebodings were dissipated. The favorable impression with which the presence of the page had inspired her had filled her mind with brightest hopes.

The princess arrived next day at Nangis, where the Duke de Penthièvre and the prince were awaiting her. The marriage was celebrated quietly, and the bridal party immediately afterward set out for Paris. Madame de Lamballe wrote at once to her mother, to make her a sharer in her joy:

"Your daughter will be happy. M. de Lamballe pleases me better even than I anticipated. He appears to be of a most affectionate nature, and manifests the utmost tenderness toward me. How sweet thus to find our deepest happiness in accord with our duty!"

A short-lived happiness, alas! For the same hand soon after wrote:

"Oh, my mother! where now is the happiness of which I wrote you? Are tears and memories of the past all that remain to console me? Why did M. de Lamballe so fill my heart with the love which he manifested for me, only to change so cruelly and so soon? Vainly do I pass in review my every action, to discover some cause for his coldness, but I can find none. Still another cause have I for unhappiness—the dissipated life led by M. de Lamballe is making sad inroads on his health. A thousand wretched presentiments overwhelm me! My God! my mother, I am so young to suffer thus! Give me your sympathy in my grief, and it will be less hard to bear."

By the advice of his physicians, M. de Lamballe was taken to Luciennes. His father accompanied him, and his wife, moved by his pitiable condition, forgot, while ministering to his sufferings, the cause which had produced them, and never left his side. But neither her tender care nor his father's fervent prayers could arrest the progress of the disease.

"Your tenderness is very dear to me," he said, in his dying moments; "it eases my passage to the tomb. I bless the hand which has smitten me, since it recalls me to myself, and I die beloved by you and my father. Promise me never to abandon him."

"No," cried Madame de Lamballe; "I will never leave a country where I have passed such happy days. I will never separate myself from my husband's father; he shall always be mine!"

THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE.

Happiness only came to the sad young widow with the friendship of Marie Antoinette. The fair dauphiness had introduced into France the German custom of sleighing. During the year 1771 this amusement was greatly in vogue. Madame de Lamballe, whose disposition pleased her greatly, was often invited to bear the dauphiness company in these rides; and thus was fostered a tender friendship which only ended with life.

After she became Queen, the princess and herself were more closely united than ever. And had the latter been ambitious she could have controlled the most important affairs of state, but her only desire was to use her influence in favor of the unfortunate. The Queen, whenever she saw her enter her presence at an early hour, being so accustomed to listen to her charitable appeals, would smilingly inquire:

"Well, dear Lamballe, is it to-day for a desolate widow, an infirm old man, or some poor young girl, that I have the pleasure of seeing you so early? They do well to appeal to you, for they know that I can refuse you nothing."

Sometimes the Queen delayed granting the princess's petitions, in order to detain her at Versailles, for she knew that she would not leave the palace until she obtained what she wished for her *protégés*.

The Queen at last succeeded in retaining her at her side, by appointing her mistress of the household.

The court was all gayety, even while the revolution was slowly but surely gathering strength. The Queen sought in pleasure and amusement a relief from the sinister forebodings which presaged the coming storm. She enjoyed, above all things, to sojourn among the shades of Trianon, and there found rest from the whirl and excitement of Versailles. She used frequently to walk out without attendants, wearing a simple muslin dress, and almost mixing with the public, whom she issued orders to have admitted to the grounds.

One day she was sitting alone with Madame de Lamballe on a mossy bank, near the railing which inclosed her private garden, when a man who was botanizing stopped at the gate. Finding it open, he entered, and passed so near the two ladies that he was obliged to bow. The Queen, certain that she was not recognized, ventured to speak.

"You are endeavoring, sir, to put your walk to some useful purpose," she said; "this spot, although the work of art, presents all the illusions of the country."

"Yes, madame," he replied; "I prefer these rustic gardens to formal parks; the vast parterres, the gushing fountains, all the embellishments designed to ornament them for royal enjoyment, do but remind me that I am only permitted to look on them by sufferance; whereas, in gardens like these, I amuse myself by imagining that I am the possessor of them, and build many bright castles in the air."

"You do not appear to like great folks, sir; yet they are human like others, and by this title merit your indulgence at least."

"Kings are always feared, madame, and love and fear never go hand-in-hand."

"You speak like a republican, sir," said the Queen, hastily; "and this explains why you do not like kings."

"I hate no one, madame; on the contrary, I love my fellow-creatures, notwithstanding the harm they have done me."

"They have done you harm? I pity you, sir, for you do not appear to me wicked."

"Yes, madame, they have hunted and persecuted me, the wretches! I, who only sought to ameliorate their condition."

The Queen appeared puzzled; this strange man had excited her curiosity. She inquired his name.

"My name!" he replied, as if surprised that he was not known; "you have perhaps heard it before. I am Jean Jacques Rousseau—Rousseau of Geneva."

Marie Antoinette started at hearing this.

"Rousseau of the world, say rather," she replied, with a gracious smile.

The philosopher appeared much flattered by this compliment from the mouth of a pretty woman.

"You are too kind, madame," said he; "I am only a poor, obscure man."

"Not so; you are only a little unjust toward royalty."

These words, warmly spoken, seemed to afford a ray of light to Rousseau; he started, and looked darkly at Marie Antoinette.

"I thought," said he, "that this walk was free. I was told that the Queen was not here."

"She does not wish to be here."

"Well, well, I shall never forget this day; it will dispel some of my prejudices; I now feel that it is possible to love a Queen, at least."

"Monsieur Rousseau, this partakes of flattery."

"Ah, madame, frankness is my principal virtue; do not deprive me of this merit. However, sincerity so rarely finds its way to Court, that I am not surprised that you fail to recognize it."

He bowed, and passed on. The Queen made no effort to detain him; she was completely overwhelmed by this meeting. When he was out of hearing she remarked:

"These philosophers are past all endurance; it is thus that they teach our subjects to dislike us; and yet we have such need of their love!"

"A few encounters like this would do them good," replied the princess; "your eloquence is more powerful than theirs."

The revolution was marching onward with gigantic strides. It was during the year 1789, at the time of the opening of the States-General; Madame de Lamballe, whom the Polignac party had succeeded in separating from the Queen, was residing in Paris with her father-in-law, and rarely went to Versailles; nevertheless, her unalterable affection for Marie Antoinette induced her, as an act of duty, to be near the unfortunate Queen.

The events of the 5th and 6th of October brought the royal family to Paris. The Princess Lamballe, being apprised of the Queen's arrival, hastened to the Tuileries, and Marie Antoinette, as soon as she saw her, threw herself into her arms.

"All is lost, my friend!" said she. "This palace is a prison, which we shall only leave for the scaffold!"

Vainly the princess thought to reassure her. Alas! she shared the Queen's fears too strongly to be able to inspire her with a security which she did not feel herself.

From the time of his entry into the Tuileries, Louis XVI. was a king only in name. Courageous after his own fashion, instead of after that of Henry IV., he dared that death which was hovering over him; and on perceiving that it was near at hand, he resigned himself to it, and submitted with Christian fortitude.

After this Madame de Lamballe could not be induced to leave the Queen. The more imminent the danger, the more constant was she in attendance upon her royal friend. From the palace of the Tuileries she accompanied her to the National Assembly, and from thence she followed her to the Temple, consoling her griefs and sympathizing with them like a sister.

"You have wished to share my fortune," said the Queen, extending her hand to the princess, as she entered the prison; "see what remains to me of my former grandeur—irons; perhaps death!"

"Ah! I only trembled when we were separated," replied the princess; "now that I am assured that I shall never be forced to leave you, I am happy!"

The consolation of being united, however, did not long remain to them. Under pretext that she was carrying on a secret correspondence, Madame de Lamballe was shortly afterward transferred to the prison of La Force. One night, at eleven, she was warned that she was to be interrogated by the members of the Commune, and was scarcely allowed time to embrace the Queen and bid her adieu It was their last farewell.

The princess was condemned; the Queen's affection for her sealed her fate. But how bring to the scaffold a woman whose virtues and whose tranquil and irreproachable life sheltered her from a judicial condemnation? She could not be given up alone to the steel of mercenary assassins; it was resolved that thousands of victims should perish with her.

It is well known how the massacres of the 2d and 3d of September took place in the Abbaye and other prisons.

From the time of the King's arrest the Duke de Penthièvre had been confined to his bed, overwhelmed by grief and suffering. Madame de Lamballe's danger crowned the climax of his anguish. Some prisoners had already been set at liberty; Mirabeau had saved them; it is known at what price!

"Spare nothing! Take my whole fortune—anything to save my daughter!"

Not a moment was lost; they hasten to Mirabeau. This man usually kept his promises faithfully. Besides, the beauty of Madame de Lamballe had struck him—she should be saved. Mirabeau answered for her life.

This joyous intelligence was communicated to the duke, whose next anxiety was to reassure his daughter in her dreary prison.

While Madame de Lamballe, completely overwhelmed with grief, was opening her heart to a faithful servant, who had never left her in her affliction, a prisoner entered her cell. He slipped a paper into the hand of her devoted companion and disappeared.

"God be praised, madame! you will be saved! This paper tells me so!"

Madame de Lamballe seized the note and read these words:

"Mirabeau has guaranteed the life of one who is dear to you; tell her, happen what may, to remain in her room, and by no means to venture below."

Madame de Lamballe raised her eyes to heaven and thanked God.

Blood was flowing freely from the Abbaye. The impassive populace remained mute spectators of the cruel massacre; indifferent or fearful, they contented them-

selves with applauding the triumphs of those who escaped the general carnage. For twenty-four hours the waters of the Seine had been reddened by the blood of those who had been butchered.

Mirabeau, faithful to his promise, had saved the princess from being among the first victims of La Force. Following out the instructions which she had received, she remained in her room, in spite of the general call. Only the shrieks of the dying, which wrung her very heart, disturbed her solitude. The nights of the 2d and 3d of September were dreadful to her. Vainly had she hoped that sleep would dispel those terrific images—it did but present them to her in still more terrific colors. Suddenly she awoke with a start.

"O God!" she cried, "what a fearful dream! I fancied myself summoned before that awful tribunal; the people looked on me without anger; I was just about to escape from the executioners, when, suddenly, one of those monsters seized me, and dragging me by my hair, threw me on a heap of dead bodies, when he plunged his poignard into my breast, and while I still lived the wretch tore out my heart and devoured it before my eyes."

As the princess finished relating her dream she fainted.

A few hours subsequently cries of "La Lamballe! La Lamballe!" rang through the prison.

"O God!" exclaimed the prisoner, falling on her knees, "my hour has come! May heaven preserve the Queen and the royal family!"

After a few moments she was awakened from her stupor by the bursting open of her door. A number of men in masks, with bare arms, made their appearance in her room.

"Come, they are waiting for you," said one of their number.

"Who are you?" inquired the Princess.

"What is that to you? Obey, or we will force you to do so."

Without a murmur she followed these strange messengers to the spot where Ceyrac presided over the committee, and was thus interrogated:

"Who are you?"

"Maria Theresa Louisa, of Savoy, Princess of Lamballe."

"Your rank?"

"Superintendent of the Queen's household."

"Were you connected with the plots of the 10th of August?"

"I was ignorant of there being plots—much less was I connected with them."

"Swear to liberty, equality, hatred to the King and Queen, and death to royalty."

"I will willingly take the first two oaths; the others I cannot conscientiously take."

As she uttered these words a voice whispered in her ear:

"If you would live, swear."

She turned, and perceived, in the costume of a bandit, a face which was not unknown to her. Hope revived in her heart. But she was incapable of purchasing her life by such blasphemy. She shaded her eyes with her hand and continued silent.

"Let madame be released" (*Qu'on élargisse madame*), cried the judge, "immediately."

This was the fatal phrase which signified condemnation.

Nevertheless, the mysterious being who interested himself in her fate followed her, and the voice repeated:

"Swear! or you are lost!"

She heard these words, and was troubled. What was she to do? She hesitated, she did not know what course to adopt. By a fatal coincidence, as she was leaving the hall, her eye fell on the still palpitating remains of some victims who had just been immolated. Her first step forward was in blood.

"Swear!" again urged the voice.

But, terrified and bewildered by the fearful spectacle before her eyes, she did not heed the voice, and her indignation overcame every other feeling.

"How horrible!" exclaimed the noble woman.

The multitude, always ready to become excited and indignant when it considers itself attacked, attached to this exclamation the idea that it was indicative of the contempt of the princess. All pity for her then ceased. Her death was resolved upon. The wretched woman perceived this and exclaimed:

"I am lost!"

In another moment the impatient executioners seized and dragged her to the scaffold; but nature had got before them; it was only a block of marble—an inanimate corpse—which remained in their power.

A few cries of "Pardon!" were heard, but so dense was the crowd that they were not heeded.

Every one knows the rest—of the death, the mutilation, the infamous procession—of her bloody head carried on a pole to the windows of the Temple and the Palais Royal. Let us draw a vail over this foul, this eternal blot on the honor of France.

The dream of the princess was fulfilled. Her death, by preceding that of the royal family, spared her, at least, the agony of witnessing the sacrifice of her well-beloved Queen.

* * * * * *

Some years since a visitor at the Trianon might inquire for the old keeper, who witnessed the murder of Madame de Lamballe. He would give, respecting this crime, details too frightful to relate here. He would tell how her fair body was dragged through the mire, attached to a ragpicker's hook. How it was roasted, and some portions of it devoured; how he himself refused, at the peril of his life, to take a bite from the hand of the victim.

"That hand, so delicate and so white," said the old man, with a shudder of horror.

* * * * * * *

Many years since we had the pleasure of meeting, at the house of M. Colart, M. Feuilles de Conches, then at the head of Foreign Affairs, afterwards Chamberlain at the Tuileries. This learned collector, who possesses the most precious autographs in the world, informed us that when the Princess Lamballe received the first blow from her executioners, a sealed letter, concealed in her hair, fell to the ground, stained with her noble blood.

"Here is that letter," added M. de Conches, unfolding it and displaying the red stains which still remain upon it.

And with eyes dimmed with tears we read the most touching words addressed to Marie Antoinette.

We shall never forget our feelings on that occasion—feelings which, some day, all will sympathize with, for M. de Conches will doubtless insert Madame de Lamballe's letter in his interesting and curious publications.

M. F. L.

In ancient Greece laws were passed restricting the number of wedding guests to thirty. The bride's mother had the special duty of carrying a lighted torch behind the carriage, while the bridegroom's mother received the guests, torch in hand, at his door. The bride arrived furnished with household utensils, and was presented with sweetmeats when she reached her bridegroom's house.

The great thinker is seldom a disputant. He answers other men's arguments by stating the truth as he sees it.

THERE'S BURGLARS IN THE HOUSE.

By Chandos Fulton.

The other night I was aroused from a profound slumber and blissful dream of an epicurean feast by my wife vigorously poking my arm with her doubled fist.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, testily.

"There are robbers in the house," she answered, in bated breath.

"Nonsense! Go to sleep," I responded, edging away to avoid the second thrust, which I felt intuitively was coming. I did not escape, however, and received a punch which completely awakened me.

"I tell you there's some one in the house!" she reiterated, emphatically.

"Of course there is—all of us," I retorted, gruffly, with a mental imprecation, and closing my eyes.

"I tell you there are burglars in the house!" she said, earnestly, with a perceptible tremor of alarm.

"Nonsense; you've been dreaming. Go to sleep," I said, carelessly, turning away and composing myself to get asleep.

"I AROSE AND WENT TO THE SPEAKING-TUBE WHICH COMMUNICATED WITH THE PARLOR, AND CALLED DOWN: 'WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?'"

"Very well, sir," she retorted, with asperity—"very well. I have been listening to them; and they may carry off everything in the house—I'll not disturb you again!" and she moved away in a pique to the opposite edge of the bed.

I closed my eyes and endeavored to go to sleep again; and would probably have soon succeeded in doing so, had I not been disturbed by her involuntary exclamation:

"There it is again! Listen!"

"Pshaw!" I ejaculated, angrily.

But I did listen, and distinctly heard a stealthy, careful, subdued step, as if some one were walking on the floor below.

"Don't you hear it?" inquired my wife, breathlessly.

"Yes—I hear something," I admitted, straining now my hearing to catch every sound.

"It's a man in rubber shoes, perhaps—a masked burglar!" my wife whispered, thoroughly alarmed.

"H'm! How long have you heard this noise?" I inquired, uneasily, becoming suddenly interested in the subject.

"For some time," she replied. "I have not been asleep at all."

"Oh, yes, you have! You were snoring a little while ago," I interrupted her to say.

"No; I have been awake the whole time," my wife answered, firmly.

"Well, I'll not dispute the point with you," I said, knowing that it was useless.

"MY WIFE FOLLOWED ON MY HEELS, IMPLORING ME IN AN UNDERTONE TO 'BE CAREFUL.' MY TWO DAUGHTERS FOLLOWED AT A SAFE DISTANCE, BRANDISHING SWORD AND CANE."

"My attention," she resumed, "was attracted a little while ago by a noise as if of a careful footstep on the basement stairs, sounding more on the oilcloth thereon than it does now on the carpets of the parlors. Listen—it's a human step!" I listened, and the sounds—it could not be called a noise—though quite distinct, continued, and soon convinced me that some one on burglary intent, perhaps with murderous designs, was in the house.

"He is quite bold, whoever he is," I said to my wife, trying to be facetious; but I have an idea that I failed miserably.

There was no misinterpreting the sound—that of a muffled footstep stealthily moving about on the soft carpets in the parlors.

I arose and went to the speaking-tube which communicated with the parlor, and boldly called down: "Who are you, and what do you want?"

I placed my ear to the tube to catch the effect of this bold interrogation on the intruder.

I merely heard, however, the same noise, slightly increased, as if the footsteps were in flight.

I do not think that I moved toward the door, though I may have done so, for my wife said:

"Don't seek them; let them take everything in the house—but don't risk your life!"

"I GOT RAPPED ON THE HEAD WITH THE BROOM IN MY WIFE'S HANDS, AND DODGED A BLOW FROM THE CANE CARRIED BY MY ELDEST DAUGHTER."

Touched by her affectionate appeal, I promised her I should not expose myself to their departing shots; but declared heroically that I could not quietly submit to the imposition, and asked her counsel in

devising means to capture or discover the intruders. The embarrassment of my position was increased by the fact that I was the only man in the house; in the next room slept my two daughters, both quite young girls, while in the rooms overhead reposed the cook and serving-maid; and my wife agreed with me that it was advisable not to alarm either of them.

The more I deliberated, the fiercer did I become in my determination to have satisfaction; my cheeks burned with shame at the thought of the comments my friends would make on my courage and manhood, when the particulars of my remaining quiet under such an imposition (not to use a stronger word) were made public by the papers, as they must be when the daring robbery became known.

We listened attentively. The sound proceeded from the hall, up-stairs—traversed the hall; it came down on our floor, even approached our door, then went, it seemed to me, very unconcernedly down-stairs, and continued its movements about the parlors with the same disregard for the comfort of others.

"HEARING THE STEP SCRAMBLING ON THE COAL-PILE, I FIRED IN THAT DIRECTION, AND, IN MY EXCITEMENT, MISSED MY FOOTING AND FELL FROM THE STEPS TO THE FLOOR."

"They are evidently prepared to leave," whispered my wife. "We have been spared."

"But they shall not escape so easily as they imagine!" I exclaimed—I mean I said "easily" in a whisper, hurrying on my clothes. "I've an idea—I'll fix them!" I continued, taking up my revolver.

"Oh, let them go in peace! I want a new set of furniture," said my wife, embracing me. "They are evidently going now—let them go. They have spared us; you spare them now."

But I was determined they should not escape so easily, and instructed her to watch from the back window, while I stationed myself at the front, that I might see them when they left, and shoot at least one of them in his tracks.

We accordingly took our stations at the windows, and watched patiently and silently.

Probably through magnetic influence—for I kept as quiet as a mouse—my daughters awoke, and would have screamed at my apparition if I had not hastily informed them of the facts of the case.

My daughters appreciated the situation, and controlled their nerves and remained perfectly quiet, declaring to each other in undertones that they thought they heard the burglars trying the drawers of an antique escritoire in the front parlor.

I do not know how long it was that I kept up my watch. I remained by the window till I was benumbed with the cold and tired of standing.

I returned tiptoe to the next room to consult with my wife, whom I found trembling from the cold and excitement.

"I GRAPPLED WITH A STALWART MAN, WHO EASILY THREW ME, AND STRUCK ME ON THE HEAD WITH A STICK."

"They cannot have left the house, or we should have seen them," said my wife.

"Yes, they must still be in the house," I responded. "I wonder what they are doing, that they keep so quiet?"

"Assorting the silver," suggested my wife.

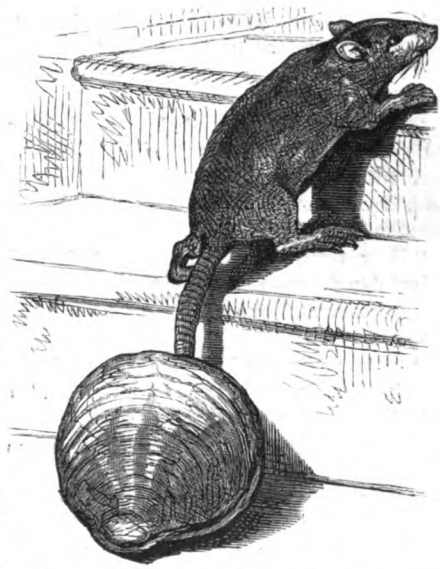
"More likely having supper in the kitchen," I observed.

Quick as thought she opened the window—what a cold gust came in!—to see if there was a light in the kitchen window; but there was not.

As soon as I had left their room, my daughters arose and joined our conclave, evincing a courage and self-possession that inspired me with valor.

The youngest and most mischievous asked through the speaking-tube if they had found the wine. She also told them to stir up the fire, and endeavored to engage them in conversation; but I soon checked this tendency to levity by impressing her with the terrors of the situation, which she did not until then thoroughly appreciate.

The most attentive listening could not detect any sounds down-stairs, and we agreed that the burglars could not be in the kitchen, and were concluding that they had mysteriously left—probably avoided our sight by keeping close to the wall under the window—when the steps were again heard in the parlors, but this time more distinctly and less cautious. My wife suggested they were in the parlor making bundles of their trophies.



"SHE SHOWED ME A LARGE RAT WHOSE TAIL WAS CLUTCHED BY THE MOUTH OF A CLAM."

Careful listening through the tube convinced all of us that there was only one step.

If there was only one, I felt equal to an encounter with him—

that is to say, that I could shoot him before he could me—for I did not propose a hand-to-hand encounter, if I could avoid it.

I announced my intention of seeking him, pistol in hand. At first my wife and daughters demurred at my leaving them unprotected, but finally decided to follow me at a safe distance.

My wife armed herself with a broom; one of my daughters seized my Knight-Templar sword, while the other appropriated my ivory-headed cane.

My wife, wishing to avoid, if possible, a conflict—evidently not rating very highly my combative powers—shouted through the tube:

"We are coming, armed to the teeth! Fly, if you value your life!"

And there was a bustle of sound down-stairs, as if of accelerated steps across the room, then perfect silence again.

I unlocked the door and boldly sallied forth, holding a small kerosene-lamp overhead in my left hand, while in my right I carried my revolver primed and in position for a shot.

My wife followed on my heels, imploring me in an undertone to "Be careful."

My two daughters followed at a safe distance, brandishing sword and cane.

The noise of unlocking the door aroused the servants overhead, and Bridget opened her door and called down: "Anything the matthur?"

Before I could reply, my youngest daughter thoughtlessly answered:

"Yes; there are burglars down-stairs! Come help us!"

"The Lord have mercy on us!" groaned the terror-stricken girl.

"There is no danger—be quiet!" I said, sternly; but the girl had run in and locked her door.

I proceeded cautiously down-stairs, and peered about the parlor with my light, my wife nervously poking under the sofa, under the tables, the piano, the easy-chairs, with her broom, while my daughters speared at the curtains and in the corners with the cane and sword they respectively carried.

We searched and researched every nook and corner without discovering anybody; examined and found every window fastened.

"Most mysterious!" I exclaimed, as we all gathered, shivering, over the heater in the back palor.

"Perhaps it was a ghost!" exclaimed my youngest daughter.

"Nonsense!" observed her mother, contemptuously. "Sh—sh! What's that?" and she clutched my arm.

A soft, measured, sliding step fled the length of the hall, from the front door. We listened with bated breaths.

"How fortunate I closed that door!" exclaimed my eldest daughter—she having on entering closed the door, which prevented our seeing the ruffian as he passed down the hall.

"What a pity we did not think of looking in the vestibule! We should have found him!" said her sister, thrusting the air with her sword.

"Let him depart in peace," pleaded my wife, perceiving the ferocious expression on my face.

"He shall not escape me now!" I exclaimed, rushing forward and opening the door, with a thoughtless disregard that makes me shudder now when I think of it—of the possibility of an accidental discharge of my revolver.

There was a hasty pat—the pat of a retreating footstep down the stairs leading to the basement.

I pursued hotly, leaving my wife and daughters to remain in the parlor in the darkness, or follow as best they could the trail of my light.

The mysterious footsteps proceeded from the lower hall to the dining-room, front; thence through the passageway between the closets to the kitchen, after closing the second door in my face—at least, I found it nearly shut; so that, thoughtlessly pushing it open with my "pistol-arm," my revolver was discharged into the floor; the lamp fell from my hand, but miraculously did not explode, the light being extinguished by the velocity with which it passed through the air; and the halls echoed with feminine screams and jangling of sword and cane against the banisters and walls.

I rushed to the hall through the kitchen-door, grappled with my youngest daughter, who came near running her sword into my eye, pushed her aside as soon as I found my assailant was she; got rapped on the head with the broom in my wife's hands, dodged a blow from the cane carried by my eldest daughter, and pursued the steps to the head of the stairs—the women, I believe, exchanging blows before they recognized each other.

Determined to pursue and capture the burglar, or die in the attempt, I pursued him half-way down the cellar-steps; I paused then, satisfied I had him caged, and hesitating to penetrate the Egyptian darkness that prevailed below-stairs.

I heard him distinctly groping about.

I called for a light as hastily as Richard called for his horse; my wife, creeping along the hallway, and suffering from a blow from the cane, angrily said I was foolish to expect any light at such a time; but Bridget had descended to the parlor-floor, and called over the banisters that a light would soon be coming.

I was nearly distracted, for my daughters were clashing and hitting things about in the hallway and kitchen with the sword and cane in the most reckless manner, screaming and laughing hysterically.

Hearing the step scrambling on the coal-pile, I fired in that direction, and in my excitement, missed my footing, and fell from the steps to the floor, receiving a momentary stun.

I scrambled to my feet, and was about groping my way out, but hearing a step on the stairs, I exclaimed:

"I defy you! Show yourself if you dare!"

"There he is! there he is!" exclaimed Bridget's voice.

Groping about in the darkness, my hand came in contact with another's, and, closing in, I grappled with a stalwart man, who easily and in a very business-like way threw me, struck me on the head with a stick, and then placed a revolver at my temple, observing that if I did not keep quiet, he would blow my brains out.

I kept quiet, satisfied that the house was infested by a band of masked robbers, and that resistance would be useless.

"Here! here!" exclaimed my assailant.

"Oh, spare my wife and daughters!" I exclaimed, piteously.

"Spare no one!" my captor replied, laconically, pressing his knee upon my chest.

I distinctly heard the voices of my daughters uttering words of encouragement to my wife up-stairs; but it seemed to me an age before the radiance of a light was discovered at the head of the steps.

It was the bull's-eye of a dark-lantern. Visions of men in black crape masks, armed to the teeth, with a coil of rope on their arms to bind captives with, and gags in

their hands to close their voices with, flitted across my mind.

"You stay here with the ladies," said a gruff voice behind the bull's-eye, which proceeded to come down the steps.

My captor released his hold on me, and I instinctively got up and was about dealing him a blow, when he collared me and almost shook the life out of me.

"Hit me, will you?" said my captor, angrily; and a renewal of the vigorous shaking—I was as helpless as a baby in his hands—robbed me of breath, and I fainted.

* * * * * *

When I returned to consciousness, I was lying in bed, and acutely conscious of a painful sensation in the head, which was bandaged with a towel saturated with vinegar and water. My wife and daughters were seated around the bed.

"Where am I?" I inquired (whereat all laughed). "Have I been dreaming?"

"I don't know!" laughingly replied my youngest daughter.

"The burglar——"

"Was a rat that had been nipped by the tail by a clam in the cellar. The rat aforesaid, dragging him around on his customary nocturnal depredatory excursion, made the pat-a-pat noise like a smothered footstep that so alarmed us."

"Here he is," said Bridget, whom I had not observed before, and she showed me in a basket a large rat whose tail was clutched by the mouth of a clam, which, doubtless, had it open for a breath of fresh air when it (the tail) passed athwart its obscured vision, and which evidently regarded the movement too tempting to readily loosen its hold—for it even now held on like grim death. (This is a fact—no invention).

"But the man I fought with?"

"Was a private watchman from the next block whom Bridget summoned from her window, and who grappled with you in the dark under the impression you were a burglar. The one with the dark-lantern was his comrade."

"Ah!" and the truth flashed across my mind.

THOUGHT-READING.

London society has been entertained recently by examples of thought-reading, given by a gentleman named Bishop. The experiments at Prof. Croom Robertson's house are thus described:

"First, Mr. Bishop was taken out of the room by me to the hall down-stairs, where I blindfolded him with a handkerchief; and, in order to do so securely, I thrust pieces of cotton wool beneath the handkerchief below the eyes. In all the subsequent experiments Mr. Bishop was blindfolded, and in the same manner. While I was doing this Mr. Sidgwick was hiding a small object beneath one of the several rugs in the drawing-room; it having been previously arranged that he was to choose any object he liked for this purpose, and to conceal it in any part of the drawing-room which his fancy might select. When he had done this the drawing-room door was opened and the word 'Ready' called. I then led Mr. Bishop up-stairs, and handed him over to Mr. Sidgwick, who at that moment was standing in the middle line between the two drawing-rooms, with his back to the rug in question, and at a distance from it of about fifteen feet. Mr. Bishop then took the left hand of Mr. Sidgwick, placed it on his (Mr. Bishop's) forehead, and requested him to think continuously of the place where the object was concealed. After standing motionless for about ten seconds, Mr. Bishop suddenly faced around, walked briskly with Mr. Sidgwick in a direct line to the rug, stooped down, raised the corner of the rug, and picked up the object. In doing all this there was not the slightest hesitation, so that to all appearance it seemed as if Mr. Bishop knew as well as Mr. Sidgwick the precise spot where the object was lying.

"This is Mr. Bishop's favorite experiment; so I may give some of our other observations relating to it before passing on to the variations which we introduced. It was soon found that he succeeded much better with some of us than with others, so at the second meeting, in order to make a numerical comparison, he was requested to try two experiments with each of the four persons who were present. With Mr. Galton, Prof. Robertson and Prof. Lankester he failed utterly, while with myself he succeeded once perfectly and the second time approximately. For on the first occasion I concealed a pocket matchbox upon the top of a book behind the leather lap of a book-shelf. After feeling along the rows of books for some time he drew out the one on which the matchbox was lying. In the second experiment I placed a visiting-card on the keyboard of a grand piano, and closed the cover. After going about the room in various directions for a considerable time, he eventually localized the piano, and brought his finger to rest upon its upper surface, about six inches from the place where the card was lying. It will thus be seen that his success with me, although so much better than with any of the other three persons present that evening, was not so immediate and precise as it had been with Mr. Sidgwick the evening before.

"It has also to be mentioned that in one of the experiments which he tried with Prof. Robertson the evening before, he was, after a good deal of feeling about, successful in localizing a particular spot on an ordinary chair which Prof. Robertson had selected as the spot to be found. From this it will be seen that it made no difference whether a particular article or a particular spot was thought of; for if the subject thought of was a certain square inch of surface upon any table, chair, or other object in the room, Mr. Bishop, in his successful experiments, would place his finger upon that spot. Neither did it make any difference whether the article or place thought of was at a high or low elevation. Thus, for instance, in one of the experiments I placed a small pencil-case high up in the chandelier of one of the drawing-rooms. There was first a great deal of walking about in various directions, examining tables, book-shelves, etc., so that it was thought that the experiment was about to prove a failure. (It may here be mentioned parenthetically, that in all the experiments tracings were taken of the routes which Mr. Bishop traversed, but it seems needless to occupy space with recording the analysis of these results.) Then, while feeling over the surface of a table in the other drawing-room, and not far from the corresponding chandelier, Mr. Bishop suddenly pointed at arm's length vertically to the ceiling. He remained motionless in this position for a few seconds, and then set off at a brisk pace in a straight line to the other drawing-room, until he came beneath the other chandelier. As his finger was all this time pointing to the ceiling, it touched this chandelier on his coming beneath it. He then stopped and pointed as high as he could, but not being a tall man, was not able to touch the pencil-case, which had been purposely placed above his reach. After satisfying ourselves that his determination to reach up at that particular spot could not be attributed to accident, but, rather, that his finger appeared to be smelling the object of his search, the experiment was concluded.

"As a rule, unless success is achieved within the first two or three minutes, it is never achieved at all; but in some cases, as in the one just quoted, after several minutes of feeling about in various places and directions, a new point of departure seems suddenly to be taken, and Mr. Bishop starts off straight to the right spot. As an instance of this I may quote another experiment, in which I placed a shilling beneath a sheet of paper lying on a table which was crowded with other articles. After going about the room in various directions for a considerable time, this table was reached, apparently by accident, and just at the time when I was thinking that the experiment would certainly prove a failure, Mr. Bishop suddenly became more animated in his movements, and exclaiming 'Now I am within two feet of it,' began to hover the point of his finger over the table, and eventually brought it down upon the sheet of paper just where the shilling was lying beneath."

Some maintain that thought-reading is in no way essentially different from the well-known "game" of "wishing" often played by young ladies. It consists of the following procedure: One person goes out of the room, while others arrange upon what she is to do. She enters blindfolded, and in the particular instance now alluded to, was turned round several times, so as to be quite unconscious of the direction in which she was facing. Two persons now place their hands on either side of each shoulder, making their fingers meet at the back of the neck and under the chin; or they may be placed round the waist; but as the forehead appears to be equally sensitive, perhaps it is immaterial where the hands be situated. After standing still a moment or two, the lady moved slowly round in the direction of a sofa, under the impression, as she afterward said, that she was walking in quite another way. Having reached it, she sat down (not even knowing the sofa was close by), and deliberately put out her hand, took up an antimacassar which lay upon the sofa, and raised it, asking, "Is this what I was to do?" This was perfectly correct, the antimacassar having been expressly laid there for the purpose.

CATCHING THE BUTTERFLY.

It was settled that another lady should walk into the conservatory. To do this she had to pull up a blind, lift an iron bar and open the shutters, then undo the glass door behind them which led into the conservatory. All this she did unhesitatingly, and walked straight into it. I could describe several other instances where ornaments and other things had to be selected out of various groups of objects, etc.; but the above will illustrate the process.

In another case the operators sat in a circle, silent, but determinedly "willing" that a certain lady should do what they had resolved upon. She stood in the centre, and was not blindfolded or touched by any one. In every case she did it correctly. One thing that was agreed upon was for her to take a bottle of wine from one table, carry it to another, and pour out a definite quantity of wine. This she did, not exceeding the amount predetermined. On a second occasion she had to find a key hidden away behind some books. As she approached the place she became very excited and hysterical, but at once extracted the key.

ALONG with a helping hand there should ever go a helping sympathy.

AN OLD HUNTER'S STORY.—"I HELD MY RIFLE UNTIL SURE OF MY AIM, AND THEN FIRED."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE TELEPHONE.

You can turn on the telephone just when you please,
As you turn on the gas at the main;
You can talk over continents, islands and seas,
If there's aught that you wish to explain;
You utter whatever you choose at one end,
And 'tis heard as a whisper—miles off, by your friend.

You can stay in the city and learn from your home
Of whatever may chance to befall—
If your wife from her duties should happen to roam,
And you'll know when the water-rates call.
You'll hear when the butcher delivers his book,
And you'll know when the policeman makes love to the cook.

You can fly to the lawyer when right makes you bold
To get wrong, from the law, through the wire:
And your doctor prescribes for a fever or cold,
While you neither stir out from the fire.
And your medical man won't know what you've been at,
When the pills and the mixture prove death to the cat.

You can list to a concert and never go out,
But can hear every song that is sung;
You can easily know what a play is about,
From the time when the curtain's uprung.
You can hear the debates in the House if you like,
But that twaddle might make many Telephones strike

Here's the Telephone taking the words that we say,
And the Telegraph's marvelous flight;
There's the light that's electric turns darkness to day
And the Photophone sounds through the night;
While the Phonograph keeps for historical page
All the tale of the wonder of Edison's age.

AN OLD HUNTER'S STORY.

THERE is something about an American Indian that always reminds me of the brute creation. I do not refer particularly to their well-known savage dispositions and their frequent total lack of mercy to innocent persons, but to certain characteristics which seem born with them, and which I have never observed in my own race.

In my experience in the early settlement of Missouri and Iowa, I certainly have had abundant opportunity to study these peculiar people, whose history is so interwoven with our own. It has been my fortune to encounter the red man in every mood, and under every imaginable circumstance. My habit of limping when I walk, and numerous aches and pains that frequently rack my limbs, and which my friends generally attribute to rheumatism, are the results of many a grievous wound received long years ago. Few persons live to carry more scars than I do; and there are few, I can honestly say, who can give a more varied experience than mine; but at the present I can only illustrate my observations with a single incident that happened nearly fifty years ago.

When a white man is shot mortally, he frequently gives utterance to some gasping exclamation, and as frequently succumbs without a word; but I never saw an Indian winged without a yell and a frenzied leap in the air, just as a wild animal does when struck to death.

The unrelenting passion of revenge is more characteristic of the same race than of our own, and the sullen, melancholy disposition, which for a lifetime in some of their race is never thawed into a smile or evidence of pleasure, is the same as that shown in the feline species, that seem to live only to prey upon the weaker and unresisting portion of the animal creation.

When I went to Iowa Territory, in 1818, I made my home with an old acquaintance, by the name of Green, who went from Western Pennsylvania, where he had led a pretty eventful life, his house having been burned twice over his head by Indians, during the early settlement of that State. He had lost two of his children by the same means, so that he had cause enough to emigrate.

He settled on Manson's River, or rather Creek, which flowed just by his door, and which a mile or two below descended fully a hundred feet by a series of rapids which were sure death for any man to attempt to shoot who was not a perfect master in guiding a canoe. Green could never summon courage to attempt it in his birch canoe until he had seen me do it; but he gained courage after awhile, and learned to do it with an ease and confidence equal to my own. When we engaged in fishing we frequently performed the feat, until it became a matter of amusement with both of us.

Green had a wife, and one child of about six years, who was as interesting a little girl as I ever saw. I was much attached to her, as I never had a family of my own, and she appeared to regard me with an affection second only to that which she entertained for her parents.

Shortly after I took up my quarters with them, in the Autumn of 1818, I was seized with the chills and fever, and did not entirely recover until Spring. I was nursed and treated so well by the entire family, that, when I became well again, I agreed to remain through the season, and to assist him in clearing his land, and getting his scanty seed under ground.

At that time there were Indians all round us, and some of them were of the very worst kind. They hated a white man like poison, and I was sure we should have trouble with them. It was that, more than anything else, that made me anxious to remain with them until the country became more settled.

The season was pretty well advanced, when a man called at our house one day, and told us that a party of Indians had attacked the settlers further up the creek, and after massacring several families, were descending the creek in a large canoe, for the purpose of serving us in the same manner.

This was alarming news, indeed, and we decided to change our quarters at once, while there was a prospect of escape. Green proposed that we should start through the woods for the settlement; but as that was twenty miles distant, and I knew they would follow our trail with the speed and certainty of the bloodhound, he took my advice, which was to embark in the canoe, leaving everything behind us. By this means we could effectually cover our trail; and as the shores were both lined with a luxuriant, overhanging undergrowth, we could glide under cover, and remain concealed until the danger had passed.

This was a good plan, and would have succeeded admirably had it been adopted an hour sooner. The hunter who had given us the intelligence started at once down the stream, in the hopes that he might be able to warn some of the other settlers in time. The light canoe comfortably seated us four, including the little girl, and within fifteen minutes after the alarm reached us we shoved out from the bank; Green took the paddle, and we started on our perilous descent of the creek, which, however, was large enough to deserve the name of river.

We had scarcely shoved out from the shore when a whoop reached our ears, and looking back, we saw, to our

dismay, that the Indian canoe was in sight. The redskins had discovered us, and naturally enough, determined that we should not elude them in this manner. I glanced at the miscreants, as they came dashing down the stream, almost with the speed of the wind, and saw that the canoe was occupied by five of them.

"Now, Green," said I, "use the paddle, for all depends on that."

I never saw him use the oar with such skill. He had seen enough of Indians to understand that it was now a case of life and death, and with his wife and only child depending upon his exertions, it need not be said that every particle of strength and skill that he possessed were needed and put into use.

Every moment or two the Indians uttered one of their frightful yells—so frightful, indeed, that the little girl began crying through terror. However, I persuaded her to lie down in the boat, and her mother soon soothed her fears, although she still shivered every time the fearful sound reached her ears.

My great fear was that the Indians would fire at us, which would be pretty certain to result fatally, as we were within easy gunshot distance. But they evidently considered this unnecessary, as it looked as though we must inevitably fall into their hands.

Despite the utmost exertions of Green, the savages gained steadily upon us, a fact which was as apparent to them as to us, and which their repeated yells were intended to signalize.

When we embarked in our canoe I don't think either of us thought of the rapids below. We started in such haste that we had little time to think of anything except as to how we could get away as speedily as possible. But when the roar began to rise in our ears, my friend looked inquiringly at me. I nodded my head.

"The best thing that could be for us."

I offered to take the paddle several times, but he was not willing. The changing of places would involve a moment or two of delay, and there was no time for that. However, as we approached the rapids, I could see that he was a little uneasy, and he made no objection to my taking the paddle in hand.

Our hopes now centred upon the inability of our enemies to guide their craft through these rapids. There was no question but that the Indians could manage their canoe with a skill equal, if not superior, to that with which we controlled ours; but in going through this dangerous place there were perils which might easily shipwreck the most skillful of their number, as many of them were hidden.

Before I attempted to shoot these rapids, I had spent several hours in surveying them from the shore, a proceeding which, I am well satisfied, proved my salvation in the exploit afterward performed.

I steered straight for the rapids. As we neared them, the roar became deafening, the mist filled the air, and the sight of the plunging, lashing waters was so appalling that Mrs. Green covered her face to shut out the dreadful sight, and the father was compelled to grasp his shrieking little girl, who was fairly wild at the sight.

The canoe danced and spun around like an egg-shell, and the blinding mist so covered us, and the foaming waters so surrounded us, that more than once I feared it was all over with us; but I guided the canoe with all the coolness I could summon, and, thanks to Providence, we shortly reached the comparatively calmer water below.

"Dare they follow us?" inquired Green.

"Yes; it's too late to retreat."

The Indian canoe was at this time close on to the rapids, and anxiously watching their movements, I saw the occupants stop using their paddles, while one of their number took his position in the stern.

"That looks as though *he* understood it," I remarked, as I ceased paddling, and we all gazed back at them.

So it proved. The savage soon demonstrated that he had been through this channel before. He followed precisely the course I had taken, and which was the only one that offered the least chance of safety.

"There is only one who can bring them through," I added, "and he won't be there long!"

I held my rifle until sure of my aim, and then fired. The Indian who held the guiding oar uttered a shriek that sounded far above the roar of the rapids, and springing several feet in the air, disappeared in the foaming abyss of waters.

The canoe, left without a controlling power, was seen to spin around as if in the maelstrom, and then striking a projecting rock, was shattered to fragments, the Indians struggling frantically for life.

I reloaded my gun as quickly as possible, and Green and I managed to send a bullet through a couple of the shaven crowns, which were tossed hither and thither like corks. The others needed no such treatment. They were so mangled by the furious waters, that when they floated out of their grasp, not a particle of life remained.

We made our way down the creek to the nearest neighbor's, where we remained several days, when we returned to our home, and found that it had not been disturbed in the least during our absence.

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK.

Once upon a time there were three brother-mice named Hickory, Dickory, and Dock, who lived together behind a carved oak cabinet in the hall of a large, rambling house. Not far from them stood an old-fashioned cuckoo clock, and under it there lived a beautiful lady-mouse, named Glossyfur. Now, all three of the brothers, Hickory, Dickory, and Dock, wanted to marry Glossyfur. And when they found that they could not make up their minds which of them should have her, they agreed to fight about it.

But it so happened that Glossyfur was just then taking a walk past the oak cabinet, and when she heard what Hickory, Dickory, and Dock were talking about, she called them to her and said:

"You must not fight, for it is very wrong and very silly. If you do, not one of you shall marry me."

"But we cannot agree about it," said the brothers.

"I will tell you how it shall be settled," said Glossyfur. "You know that the old clock under whom I live is a great friend of mine, and he has promised to give me a home inside his case when I marry. But he has been in very low spirits lately, because the last time that Master Tom came home from school he tied up the cuckoo with a needleful of sewing-cotton, so that she can neither sing nor clap her wings. This naturally annoys the clock very much; and I propose that whichever of you will go up and bite away the cotton and set the cuckoo free, shall be my husband and live with me in the clock-case."

All three of the brothers said they were ready to do it.

"Then," said Glossyfur, "Hickory shall have the first turn, because he is the eldest."

"Oh, but that is not fair at all!" cried Dickory and Dock. "That gives us no chance, for it is so easy, he is sure to do it."

Glossyfur replied that they must either do her way or

not at all. The mice still grumbled, and how long the discussion might have gone on it is hard to say, if the clock himself had not interrupted it.

"Crrp! Only two minutes to twelve," he said. "Now is your time, if one of you means to come."

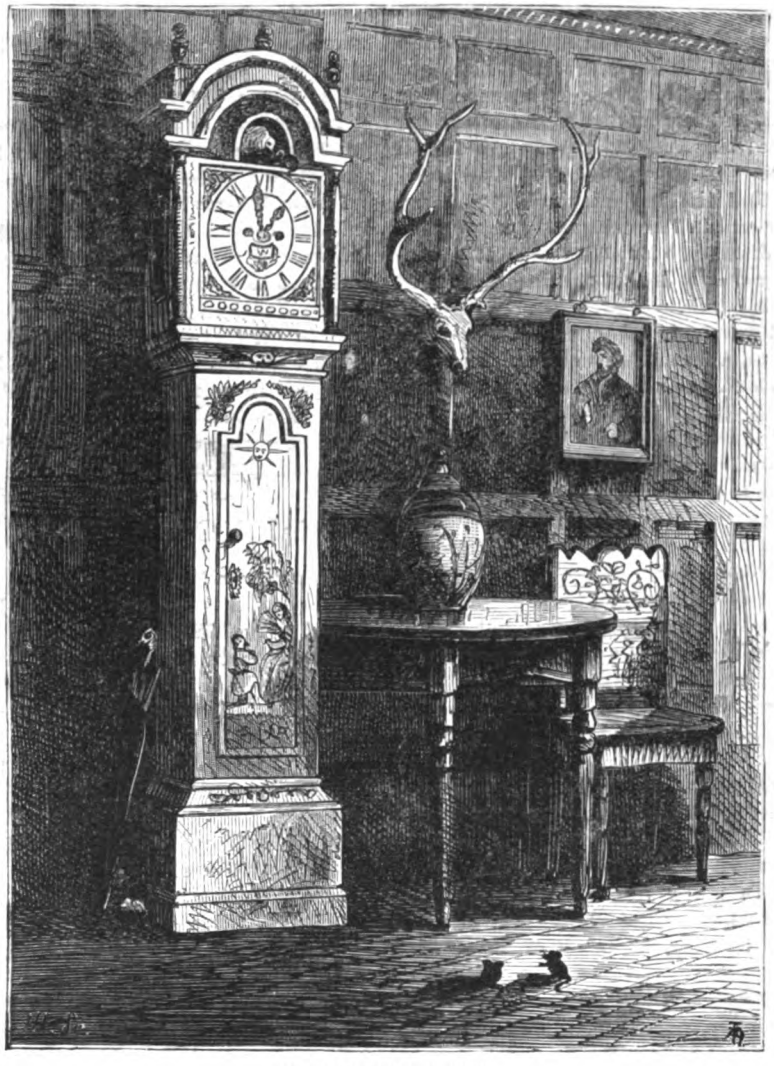
For you know the cuckoo only came out of her little house once every hour, just before the clock was going to strike.

Up ran Hickory as fast as he could, and as he got to the top of the clock, out came the cuckoo. Hickory saw the cotton that tied her plainly enough, and lost no time in beginning to gnaw it. But he had scarcely begun, when there came a great whirring and rattling, as if all the world were coming to pieces, and then such a great clanging noise that he was almost frightened out of his wits.

"Scrrrrr — One, two, three, four, five, six —" that was what he heard. But when it came to the sixth stroke Hickory could stand it no longer. Down he ran, a great deal faster than he had run up, and only discovered when he was safe at the bottom that it was nothing but his old friend striking the hour that had made such a terrible banging up there.

He felt very much ashamed when he had to confess that he had not done what he went up to do; and how Dickory and Dock did laugh at him!

"Well, to be frightened at the striking of a clock which you have heard hundreds of times before!"



HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK.

"It does seem very silly," said Hickory; "but you cannot think what a great noise it made up there. I thought it was Master Tom coming to kill me for meddling with the cuckoo."

"Was it afraid, poor dear?" said Dock. "Never mind, it has got safe down again."

"And now it is my turn," said Dickory.

"I suppose you will go up the next time the clock strikes," observed Dock.

"Well, I am not sure about that," said Dickory. "You see there are so many people about in the middle of the day, and if some great two-legged wretch were to come by just when I was at the top, they might spoil my chance. Besides, I have not dined yet, and I think I could bite the cotton faster after dinner. So suppose we say six o'clock this evening."

But the truth was, that although Dickory had laughed at Hickory as much as Dock did, in his own heart he felt very much alarmed at Hickory's account of the terrible noise, and so nervous at the idea of going up, that he thought he would wait a little, in order to screw up his courage for the attempt.

But waiting never screwed up any one's courage yet; and so when they met again at a few minutes before six, Dickory felt a great deal more nervous than he had felt at a few minutes after twelve. However, he tried to put a good face on the matter, sharpened his claws ready for action, made a low bow to Glossyfur, and then looked up at the clock to see whether it was time to begin.

"Crrp!" said the clock. "Only two minutes to six, so come along, if you are coming."

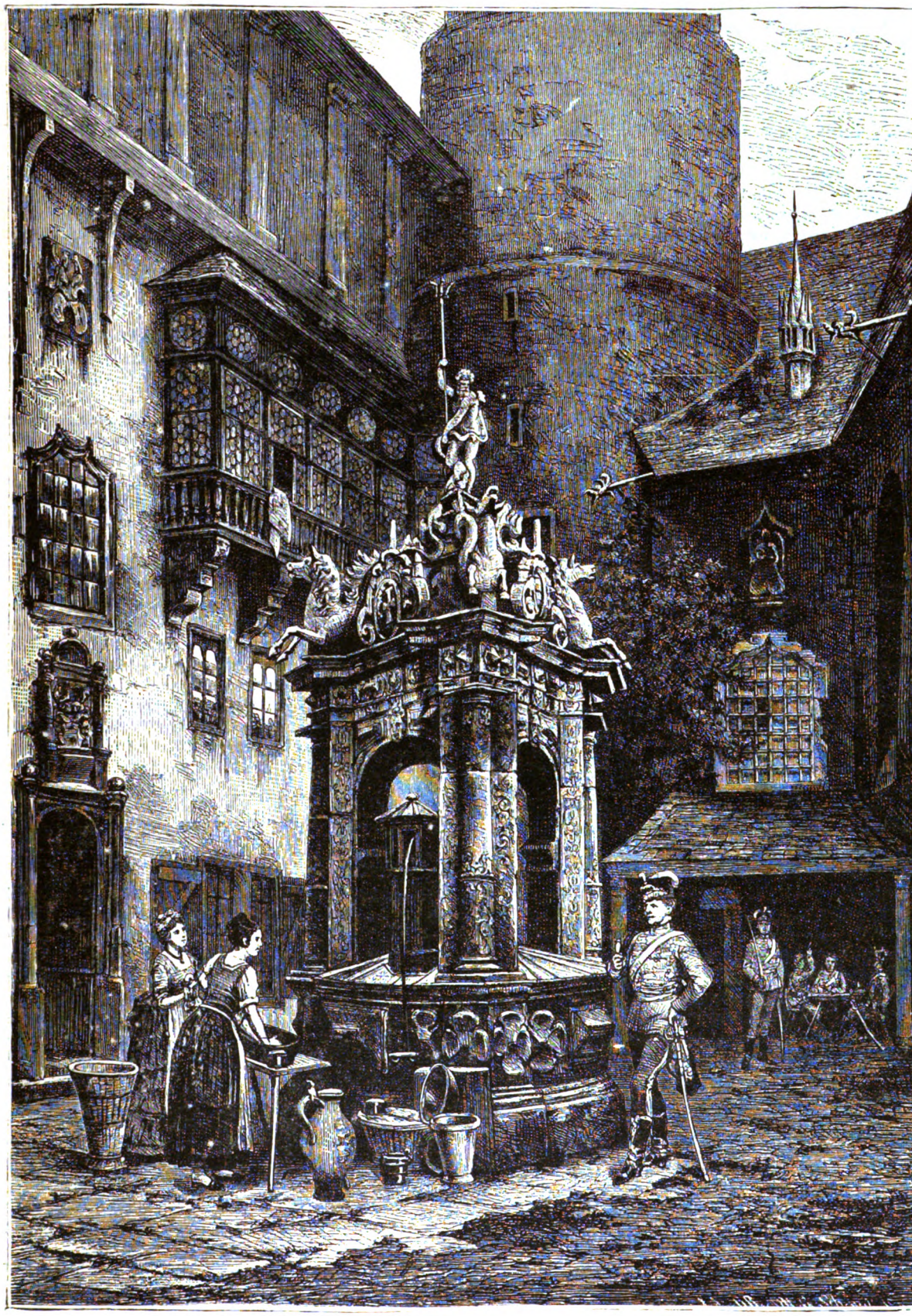
And Dickory ran up. But he lost some time in making up his mind which side of the cuckoo he would try first, and before he had well begun, "Scrrrrr — One, two, three," began the clock again. But the three had scarcely sounded when down came Dickory, squeaking with fright, and trembling so much that it was some seconds before he could speak.

"Did I not say that it made a terrible noise?" said Hickory.

"Noise!" replied Dickory. "I tell you it was five times as bad as when you went up; I am certain it was. And I have been feeling so much nervousness and anxiety all the afternoon, that it has given me quite a pain in my chest; besides, that last bit of cheese that I had was shamefully old and dry. And when that terrible noise came it made my heart beat so violently that I was afraid something serious might happen to me if I did not come down. So, of course, as it is not my fault, I am at liberty to try again if I choose."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Dock. "I will bite off your tail if you do. Next comes my turn, does it not, Miss Glossyfur?"

"Yes, it is your turn next," said Glossyfur. "And you will go up the next time the clock strikes, will you not, and not put it off any longer?"



THE FOUNTAIN IN THE COURT OF THE CASTLE OF MERSEBURG, PRUSSIAN SAXONY.—SEE PAGE 374.

"I should be delighted to obey your slightest wish," said Dock, "only it is not quite convenient to me. I can't see what hurry there is, for I am sure to win now. And I have an engagement to go and play dried peas" (which is mouse-billiards) "at eight; and after that I shall take a little nap. So suppose we say about one o'clock to-night? I dare say I shall be awake again about then."

Glossyfur felt rather disgusted at Dock's coolness, but there was no refusing him leave to try now, so one o'clock was agreed upon. Now the cunning fellow had a reason for fixing upon this hour. He had observed that neither of his brothers had run away until the clock had already struck two or three times; and he thought that if he went up when it was only going to strike once, he was sure of success.

I do not think that any of them slept much before one o'clock came, but they curled themselves up in their holes and made believe. As for the clock, he never had been known to sleep, and he ticked quietly on until Hickory, peeping out of his nest, called out to the others that it was nearly one.

"Crrp! Only two minutes to one. Now then," said the clock. And immediately Dock ran up the clock, and set to work on the cuckoo at once.

"Scrrrrr—One!" cried the clock. Down came Dock again, tumbling and rumbling, head over heels and heels over head, and lay at the bottom like one that was dead.

"Well, Dock, have you done it?" said Dickory.

"Done it!" said Dock, turning round savagely; "it is all your fault if I have not. Here have you two gone and made the place at the top of the clock so slippery with your clawings and scratchings, that it is impossible for a fellow to keep his feet. And I know the clock struck a full minute before he ought, just to put me out. And as for that cuckoo, the spiteful bird gave me a great kick as she went back into her hole, which would have been enough to knock either of you to the other end of the hall. It's all Glossyfur's fault; I saw she had a spite against me from the first; but I like fair play, I do. Get out of my way, will you?"

So saying, Dock marched off into their hole, and rolled himself sulkily up in a corner. There was nothing for the other mice to do but to follow his example, and presently the old hall was quite quiet again, but for the steady tick, tick of the clock. He ticked on rather sadly, though, for he thought: "My poor cuckoo will never be set free again."

Not one of the three brothers liked to be the first to stir the next morning, so there lay Hickory, Dickory, and Dock, each peeping out with one eye, and pretending to be fast asleep with the other, until it grew so very late, and they grew so very hungry that they could lie still no longer, and out they came together.

But who should they meet on the other side of the carved leg of the cabinet but Glossyfur herself, taking a stroll after her early dinner. She blushed very much at seeing them, and so did Hickory, Dickory, and Dock at seeing her. Dock stared rudely at her as he passed. Dickory looked another way, and pretended he did not see her. But Hickory said:

"Oh, Miss Glossyfur, I am so sorry we have all failed, for it is not only a loss to us, but to your friend the clock, too."

"Well, Mr. Hickory, said Glossyfur, "if you really wish to help the clock, you can always try again."

"And if I should be so happy as to succeed," exclaimed Hickory, "may I still hope for your consent to our being husband and wife?"

But Glossyfur blushed again, and only answered that she would see. The fact was, that though she wanted to marry Hickory, she did not at all want to marry either of his brothers.

"What nonsense, Hickory!" said Dock. "You surely are not going to take any more trouble for the sake of such a silly mouse as Glossyfur? I wouldn't, even if she asked me."

"No, indeed, Hickory," said Dickory. "I am sure she is not worth running such dreadful risks for. Why, I believe it would be the death of me if I were to try again. I have not got over it yet."

"I don't agree with you, and I mean at any rate to make one more trial," began Hickory, when the clock interrupted him with:

"Crrp! Only two minutes to one."

"Then I am off," said Hickory; "so please, brothers, let go my tail."

And whisking it away from their hold, the mouse ran up the clock. Out came the cuckoo to meet him, and with two great bites he gnawed the needleful of cotton in two.

"Cuckoo!" cried she, triumphantly, clapping her wings. It was a little behind the right time, certainly; but she had done it, and that was the chief thing after all.

"One!" joyfully struck the clock. And then the mouse ran down and threw himself at Glossyfur's feet, who gracefully gave him her delicate paw, and accepted him for her husband.

As for Dickory and Dock, they were so disgusted with the whole affair that they ran off to the fields, and never were heard of again. But Hickory and Glossyfur made themselves a comfortable nest in the old clock-case, and there they lived in peace and happiness, and brought up a large family of little mice, who played at "Puss in the corner" behind the wainscot, and sometimes even ran up the clock to feel what a terrible shaking and noise his striking made. And the old clock still ticks on contentedly, and the cuckoo has never once failed to come out and sing her song since the hour that the—

"Mouse ran up the clock."

THE FOUNTAIN NEAR MERSEBURG CASTLE.

MERSEBURG is a town on what was once a debatable border, where German, Wend and Slav were constantly settling little difficulties. The ruins show how castles were bravely held and more bravely taken, so that it is no wonder martial ideas still prevail.

For this reason, doubtless, the people of Merseburg will tell you that on account of the bravery of their ancestry in the fighting days of old, the town was called Marsburg, the very town and home of the god of war himself, and that the barracks of the Blue Hussars stand on the very site of the Temple of Mars.

Antiquarians—what a nuisance they are, destroying every pretty legend by hauling out some musty folio to show you that it is impossible!—insist that Merseburg is only a corruption of Mertensburg, that is, Martinsburg.

The place appears in history in the tenth century, as a German outpost on the frontier of the heathen Wends, and was probably founded by Henry the Fowler.

When the Huns invaded Germany they sent a haughty summons to Henry, whose answer was a dog, with its tail and ears lopped off. The enemy of course attacked furiously, but were trapped between the Elbe and Saale, and defeated with great loss.

Merseburg stands on the left bank of the Saale, and is

on the line of the Thuringian Railway. It has within its still defiant walls a population of nearly 14,000. The castle, of which we show the court, and the Hussars' Barracks, its cathedral and palaces, all tell of the brave days of old, before it sank into comparative insignificance as a mere town of Prussian Saxony. Its busy factories of wool and linen goods, paper, tobacco, vinegar and excellent beer, show the industry and thrift of the people; while its school of surgery and its orphan asylum show that it is not behind the times in science and benevolence.

COMETS.

By W. F. Denning, F.R.A.S.

Of all the phenomena which the heavens present for our contemplation, one of the most imposing is a large comet as it spans the constellations with its wreath of flame, and traverses the sky with a rapidity of motion seldom to be witnessed. The unexpected apparition of so startling a visitor from the interstellar spaces, and the majestic aspect it assumes with increasing dimensions, are such as naturally fill the unlearned with awe, and we can easily understand the superstitious dread with which these objects were regarded in bygone generations, when—

"——the blazing star was viewed,
Threat'ning the world with famine, plague, and war."

Occasionally a great comet would suddenly burst out upon the affrighted gaze of mankind, displaying a terrific appearance as it successively took up new positions and assumed a number of grotesque configurations. This was before the invention of the telescope enabled comets to be discovered at remote distances, and watched as they gradually approached the sun with increasing brilliancy. The light of science had not penetrated far into the deep mysteries of these bodies, so that they terrified mankind with their threatening aspect, and were looked upon as the bearers of malign influences—the ill-omened intruders upon the normal beauty of the sky. Little had then been learnt concerning them. Their erratic motions were perplexing in the highest degree, and gave rise to many wild theories which sufficiently demonstrated the prevailing ignorance. They came and they went, exhibiting singular varieties of appearance, and a diversity of motion in striking contrast to the regular movements of the other celestial bodies. Some of the ancient philosophers looked upon comets as merely the reflection of beams from the sun or moon; others considered that they were originated by luminous vapors or exhalations from the earth.

The visible character of a large comet renders it a special object of curiosity to those whose inclinations prompt them to seek knowledge of the most wonderful facts in nature. Indeed, the conspicuous appearance of such a body in the sky invariably attracts considerable notice, and is usually the prelude to many anxious inquiries from those who would catch a glimpse of the strange visitor. A newspaper paragraph generally gives the first public intimation of the discovery of a comet. But as a rule such notices refer merely to telescopic comets (Fig 1), of which several are detected every year, and it is only in the comparatively rare instance of a bright comet that popular interest is fully aroused. Then the next starlight night is rather impatiently awaited by many people anxious to indulge their curiosity, and perhaps to gain a little notoriety from their personal friends as being the first to point them out "the new comet."

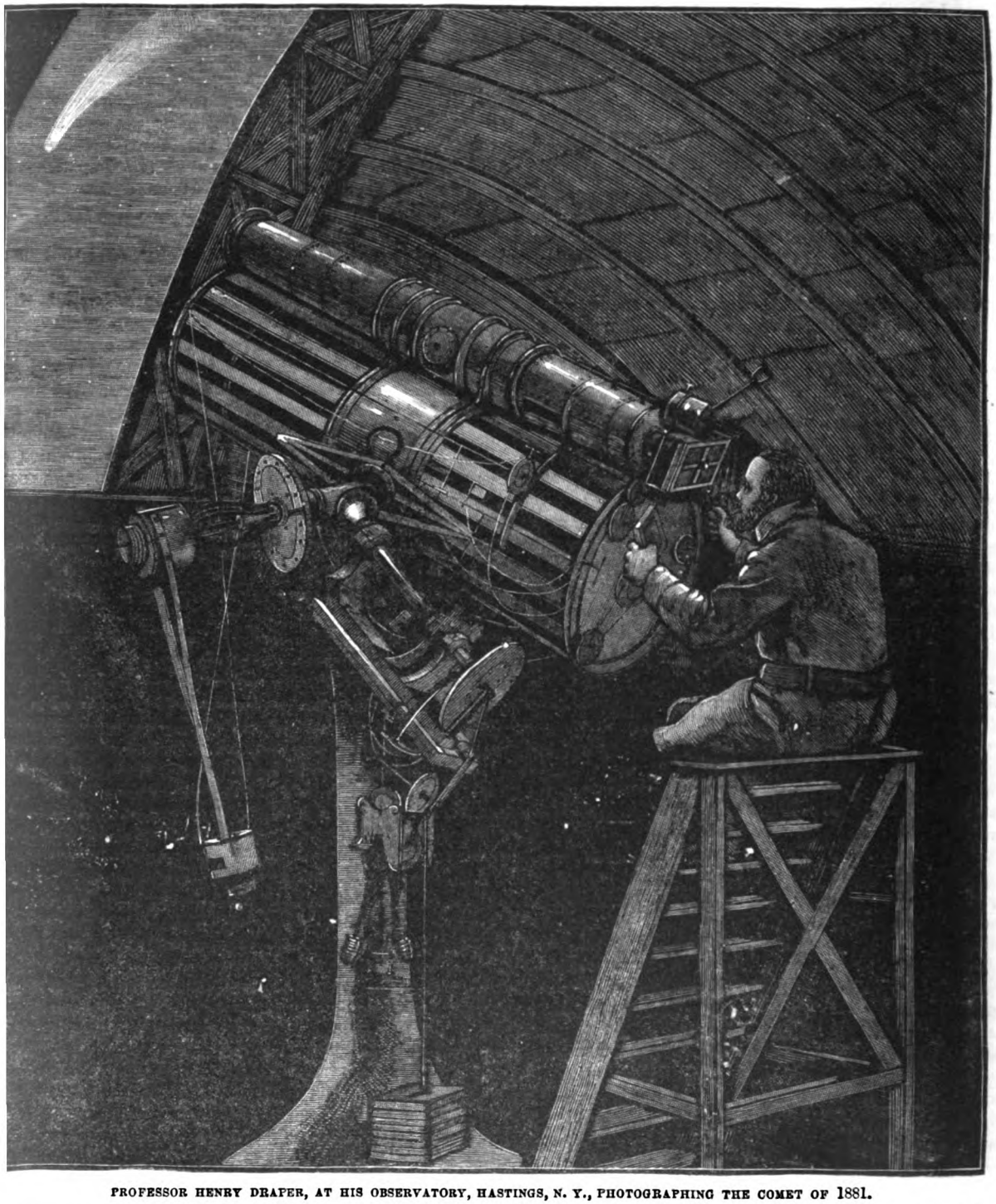
A fine evening draws in, and our intending observer, having carefully assured himself that he has correctly interpreted the description of the comet's place, begins to scan the sky in the suspected region with a good deal of erratic vigor, long before the twilight has disappeared. Nothing is seen at first, and he begins seriously to doubt the alleged discovery, until, as the darkness increases and the fainter objects in the firmament become perceptible, he distinguishes from amongst the host of stars a small hazy appearance, which is at once recognized as the body sought for, and it is promptly pointed out with no lack of enthusiasm and pride to such of his friends as are within call.

There is the comet, it is true, and the observers are much gratified at the view; but after the novelty of the first impression has departed they agree that really the spectacle is not *very* striking, and signs of impatience and discomfort soon become apparent amongst them, until a hasty retreat is made in-doors, with apologetic expressions relating to the fear of taking cold.

But the interest of the earnest observer is not of the same fugitive character, and he remains to watch the comet, and to note particularly its appearance and direction. Comparing its position with respect to a terrestrial object, he finds that it pursues the same relative motion as that of the stars, and that in a few hours it will have descended to the northern horizon. It exhibits a decided train, which he notes flows upward and becomes more diffuse and faint, until its extreme upper limits cannot be defined from the background of faint stars on which it is projected. The head, or nucleus, looks bright, something like a tolerably large star enveloped in haze or seen through a translucent medium, and its solitary aspect amongst the constellations lends a peculiar charm to the spectacle. Our observer, having satisfied himself on these points, determines to re-observe the comet on the first clear night ensuing, but cloudy weather intervenes, so that the sky is constantly overcast until nearly a week afterward. Meanwhile the comet has undergone rapid changes in size and position, which almost prevent its being recognized as the same object. It has traveled over a large space to the westward, and is considerably larger and brighter than before. The train now extends over many degrees, while the nucleus has evidently intensified; but the comet soon sinks to the horizon, where its beautiful form is lost amid the gathering clouds. The next night it is seen again, when the observer is struck at once with the fact that it has further increased in dimensions, and that its motion is rapidly carrying it toward the sun. A few more nights, and it will evidently cease to be visible. As the observer continues to watch the comet during the short interval before its early setting, his mind becomes filled with thoughts as to the origin and end of the strange apparition. It has been increasing in size with startling rapidity, and rushing toward the sun with a swiftness of motion to which he can recall no parallel. What will become of it when it reaches the sun? Will it be volatized in the tremendous heat, or will its great velocity enable it to sweep past into the immeasurable depths of space beyond? Is the comet to be regarded as the "shining sword" of retribution—the emblem of ill—or as simply one of the ordinary phenomena of nature, with its appointed course? Evidently it is a body of vastly different character and composition from the sun, moon, and planets, which display a regularity and harmony quite opposed to the erratic motions he has been observing, for while the planetary members of the solar system confine their orbital revolutions to the zonal region of the ecliptic, the comet has followed a path nearly at right angles to it.

When a comet is first discovered, it is usually a very

nt nebulous object, without any decided traces of a tail ig. 1, *a*). It soon develops itself into a more conspicus object (Fig. 1, *b*), giving signs of a nucleus, from ich a faint train is gradually thrown off as the comet comes better situated for observation. It approaches sun with increasing velocity, and is lost for a time in telescope of low power. Several astronomers are wholly occupied every clear night in the work of sweeping the sky for new comets. When a suspicious object is brought into the field of view, its position is at once determined, and it is referred to a catalogue of nebulæ, for it is sometimes impossible to distinguish, as regards ap-



PROFESSOR HENRY DRAPER, AT HIS OBSERVATORY, HASTINGS, N. Y., PHOTOGRAPHING THE COMET OF 1881.

rays, soon emerging again on the other side, and lergoing diminution as it recedes into space. As a rule, se bodies are not within the reach of the naked eye, they are watched merely by a handful of observers, itually engaged in such work at public observatories. nets are rarely discovered by accident; they are usually nd by the systematic exploration of the heavens with a pearance, between a telescopic comet and a faint nebula. If its position is not identifiable with one of the numerous class of objects included in the latter category, it is closely watched for traces of motion, which must immediately become evident in the event of its being a comet. Its exact place relatively to several adjoining stars is carefully fixed, and after a short interval, the comparison

shows a slight alteration in the observed positions, which at once settles the matter. The discovery is telegraphed to foreign observers, and subsequent observations of the

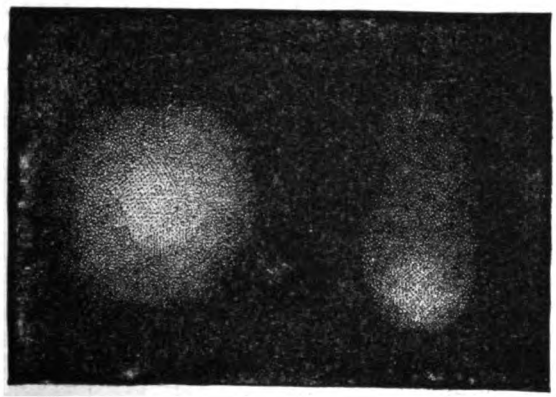


FIG. 1.—TELESCOPIC COMETS.

comet enable the orbit to be calculated and its period determined if the elements are found to agree with those of a previously observed comet. But there are some difficulties in the way of fixing the true form of cometary orbits, because these bodies can only be watched while traversing a small arc of their paths, and the larger invisible portion of the orbit has to be inferred from the visible portion. This occasions considerable difficulty, because several varieties of orbit are found accordant with the

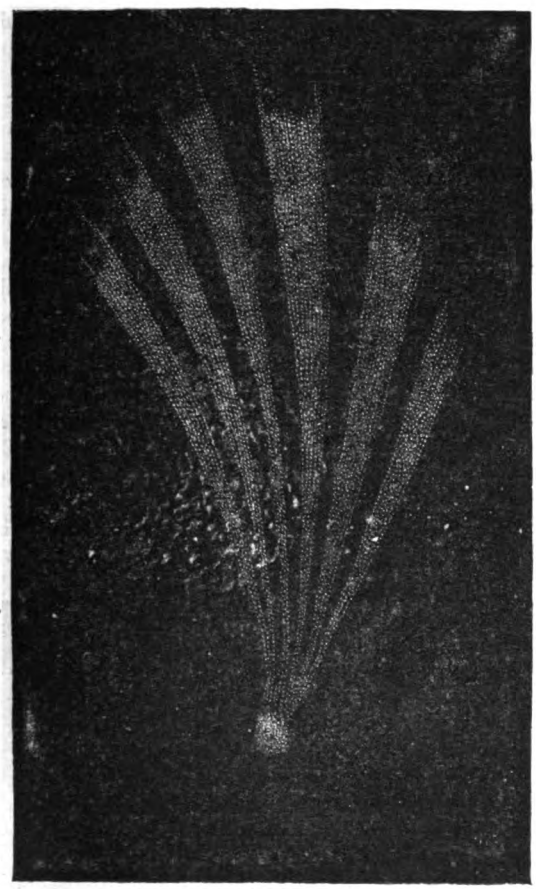


FIG. 5.—SIX-TAILED COMET OF 1874.

paths of these erratic and often unexpected visitors.

Cometary orbits are divided into three distinct classes—the ellipse, parabola, and hyperbola (Figs. 2 and 3). In

FIG. 6.—BORELLI'S COMET OF 1877.

some cases comets revolve in elliptical paths of various eccentricity, and reappear periodically, as, for example, Halley's comet, which returns to the sun at intervals of about 76 years; or, selecting one of shorter time, the comet of Encke, with a period of only 1,210 days (3·3 years). The elliptical comets represent, in fact, the periodical comets, for the character of their orbits proves that they must revisit the sun again and again at certain definite ascertainable periods, subject to some slight irregularities occasioned by planetary perturbations.

The parabolic form of orbit is, however, usually applied to represent the paths of newly-found comets, partly from the facility with which it is calculated, and partly from the fact that it best satisfies the observations. The parabola is an ellipse of indefinite length, whose branches unite at perihelion, but extend in parallel lines an infinite distance into space, so that no comet of this class can be regarded as periodical, because on leaving the sun it never returns again to perihelion. Sir John Herschel says: "The parabola is that conic section which is the limit between the ellipse on the one hand, which returns into itself, and the hyperbola on the other, which runs out into infinity."

The hyperbolic comets are those following paths which,

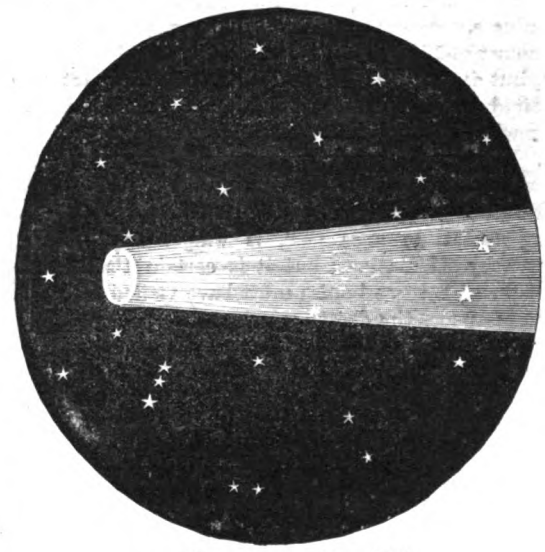


FIG. 7.—COMET NO. 2 OF 1877.

though uniting at perihelion, extend into illimitable space without ever re-uniting. The hyperbola differs from the parabola in respect of its branches, which are divergent, and not parallel. Very few comets have been found to pursue this form of orbit; the majority revolve in ellipses, and hence belong to our system. But in cases where the orbit is an hyperbola there is no such distinction, for, after visiting the sun once, the comet recedes into indefinite space, and is lost to us for ever. Indeed, that a comet belonging to this class is visible at all results from pure accident. Roving in space, they occasionally enter the region of the solar attraction, which soon makes itself appreciable as the comet is drawn toward the sun and wheeled around it with prodigious velocity, to depart again into space, never to return. Such comets do not properly belong to our system at all. Like certain fireballs and meteors which have encountered the earth, they are purely sporadic in character, coming irregularly from the interstellar regions within the influence of solar gravitation, and rendered subservient for the time to its effects. At their nearest point to the sun (in perihelion) their distances vary considerably (Fig. 4). Like the first comet of 1847, they may almost graze the sun's surface, or never approach within the orbit of Mars, as in the case of Faye's periodical comet. The perihelion distance of the comet of 1729 was computed to be nearly equal to 400,000,000 miles, while that of comet I., 1843, was less than 550,000 miles.

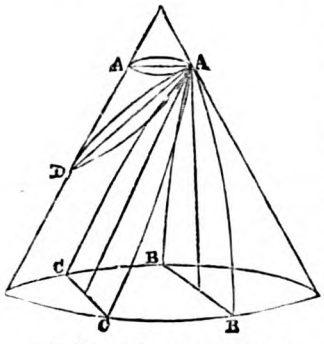


FIG. 2.— THE CONIC SECTIONS.

(A A) The Circle; (A D) the Ellipse; (C A C) the Parabola; (B A B) the Hyperbola.

Some comets appear wholly devoid of tails or of any nucleus indicating a condensation of materials; others show a very decided nucleus in the form of a luminous point situated in the densest region of the cometary vapor, and generally on the preceding side in the direction of the sun. Others, again, particularly in the case of large comets, show both a nucleus and train, which intensify and expand on approaching the sun. The nucleus is usually enveloped in an exterior nebulosity termed the *coma*, from the Greek *komé*, signifying hair. The comet of 1744 had six tails (Fig. 5), and, it is recorded, the intervening spaces were as dark as other regions of the sky. The comet of 1862 (III.) was not a very lucid object of its class, but it was chiefly interesting from the fact that it exhibited a series of singular luminous jets radiating from the nucleus and constantly varying in appearance.

The total number of comets which have entered our system, including those which properly belong to it, in ages past, is wholly beyond trustworthy calculation; but it is certain that a vast swarm of these bodies must have visited our region of space, the great majority of which were never visible to the human eye. Some would not approach sufficiently near the earth to be detected, others would be too small for inspection, and others again would elude discovery. In the three years, 1877 to 1879, no less than fourteen were detected (Figs. 6, 7), though in the two preceding years (1875 and 1876) a remarkable lull occurred in the progress of cometary discovery, there being an absolute dearth of new comets between December 6th, 1874, and February 9th, 1877. The average annual number of visible comets is three or four, though some years are more prolific than others, as in 1846 and 1858, which gave eight comets each. The total number recorded up to the present time is about 850, and the rate of discovery is rapidly on the increase; for though, in the last century, the aggregate of such

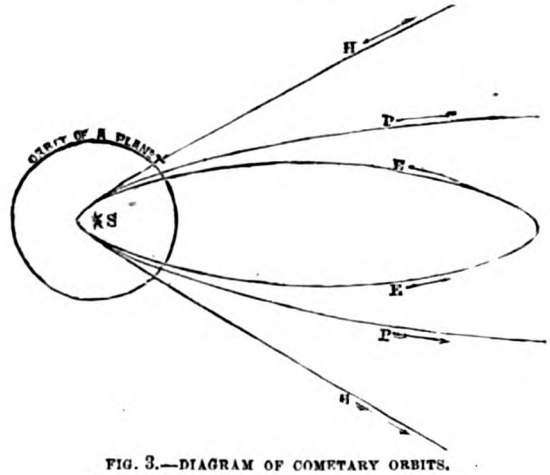


FIG. 3.—DIAGRAM OF COMETARY ORBITS.

(E) Ellipse; (P) Parabola; (H) Hyperbola; (S) Sun.

discoveries reached seventy-one, the number for the present century already exceeds two hundred.

It will readily be understood that, before the invention of the telescope, only the larger class of these bodies attracted attention; thus the number of comets observed in modern times vastly exceeds those of ancient periods. Moreover, with increasing numbers of observers and improvements in astronomical appliances, it is certain that future years will yield a rich harvest of such discoveries. It is much to be hoped that some of the British observatories will devote a share of attention to this department, seeing that not a single new comet has been discovered in England during the last quarter of a century.

The comets of short period, whose returns are capable of definite prediction, are essentially objects of considerable importance. They are apparently grouped into distinct families, with aphelion distances just outside the larger and more distant planets. Thus, the Jovian family consists of a number of comets having periods of about five or six years, including the periodical comets of Brorsen, Winnecke, Biela, etc. The comet of Peters (1846, VI.) and of Tuttle (1858, I.), with periods of about thirteen years, revolve in orbits extending beyond the path of Saturn. The comets of Tempel (1866, I.) and Stephan (1867, I.) have their aphelia near the orbit of Uranus, with

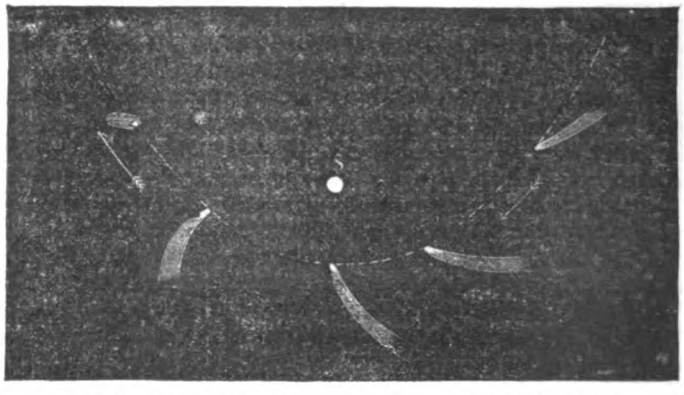


FIG. 4.— SUCCESSIVE POSITIONS OF A COMET NEAR PERIHELION.

periods slightly exceeding thirty-three years; while those of Halley, Olbers (1815), Pons (1812), and several others of the same group, give periods of between seventy and eighty years, and are, at their outermost points, more distant than the planet Neptune. In some instances periods of enormous length have been assigned to comets; thus the six-tailed (?) comet of 1744 was supposed to follow an elliptic orbit with a period of 122,683 years! and, like the second comet of 1844, having a theoretical time of revolution exceeding 100,000 years, can only possess interest for the historian.

The first of the periodical comets was discovered by the genius of Edmund Halley, and the chief facts concerning its history are very interesting. The large comet of 1682 induced him to investigate the subject of comets, and to calculate the elements of such of these bodies as had been sufficiently observed, with the view of finding some proof of periodical reappearances. His inquiries showed that the large comets seen in the years 1531 and 1607 moved in nearly identical orbits with the one he had observed in 1682, and he inferred that they were the successive apparitions of one and the same comet, revolving in an elliptic orbit, with a period of about seventy-five and a half years. He predicted its next return for the end of 1758 or beginning of 1759, and pursuing the question still further, detected historical records of other comets agreeing precisely in point of date with previous returns of the great comet of 1682. In the year 1456 a comet was seen "of unheard-of magnitude"; it had a tail sixty degrees long! In 1380 another comet was recorded, and in 1305 "a comet of terrific dimensions made its appearance about the time of the Feast of the Passover, which was followed by a great plague." In 1066 a large comet was seen, which "created universal dread throughout Europe, and was looked upon as a presage of the success of the Norman invasion." The returns of this remarkable comet have, in fact, been traced back to the year 11 B.C. by Mr. Hind, who has also identified from among the ancient Chinese observations many other apparitions of the same body. But the historical notices prior to the Christian era are too vague and imperfect to allow the returns of the comet to be traced back even further into remote antiquity. In 166 B.C. "a torch was seen in the heavens," but though the date agrees well with calculation, it cannot certainly be said to have been an appearance of this comet.

The predictions of Halley were fully verified. The comet was re-discovered on December 25th, 1758, and remained visible five months. On May 5th, 1759, its tail was forty-seven degrees long. In the Autumn of 1835 it was again seen, but it appeared to have lost much of its ancient magnificent character. The year 1912 will probably witness its next return to our parts of space.

Of the comets of shorter period, that of Biela may be instanced as certainly the most noteworthy. It has a period of less than six years and three quarters, and at its return in 1845 it was observed to divide into two distinct parts, which also reappeared in 1852, following parallel paths. Such a unique phenomenon had never before been witnessed; but another curious circumstance remains to be stated—viz., that this double comet appears, since 1852, to have wholly disappeared from our system! Repeated search has proved unavailing, and it seems a probable conjecture that it will never be seen again. Further divisions of its materials may have occurred, dispersing the original mass over a long range of the orbit, so that the only visible remnants of this singular body are occasionally seen as shooting-stars on the night of November 27th, when the earth makes a very near approach to the comet's orbit.

Encke's comet of short period, observed by Pons on November 26th, 1818, was found identical with one which had been recorded in 1805. Encke succeeded in computing the whole orbit, and found the period of revolution about 1,207½ days. The observation of this comet brought to light a marvelous fact in regard to its motion, which is slowly but certainly bringing it nearer to the sun, and shortening its periodic time. If this continues, the comet must ultimately fall upon the sun. The laws of gravitation fail to explain so curious an anomaly. The disturbing forces of the planets are often severely felt by the thin materials of a comet, but in the present case these have been duly taken into account, and nothing remains but to attribute it to the effects of a resisting medium pervading space. Some physical agency, the nature of which is not exactly determinable, must constantly oppose the comet's velocity, and intensify the results of solar attraction in such a manner that the orbit is closing in upon the sun.

Newton held the opinion that comets were simply the aliment by which suns were sustained, and that such bodies, as they swept around their central luminaries, were gradually declining upon them. He said: "I cannot say when the comet of 1680 will fall into the sun—possibly after five or six revolutions; but whenever that time shall arrive, the heat of the sun will be raised by it to such a point that our globe will be burnt, and all the animals upon it will perish."

The light and scattered materials of a comet could scarcely, however, give rise to so vast a conflagration, though the sun's light and heat would, perhaps, be greatly intensified in the event of such a catastrophe. The sudden outburst of light in the case of the temporary stars observed by Hipparchus (134 B.C.), Tycho Brahe (1572), and others, has been explained on the same ground.

The following is a list of the short periodical comets with which we are best acquainted:

Comet's Name.	Period in Years.	Next Return to Perihelion.
Encke	3·30	1881
Winnecke	5·55	1880
Brorsen	5·58	1884
D'Arrest	6·38	1883-4
Biela	6·63	1885
Faye	7·41	1881

Though considerable importance is attached to these bodies, they are insignificant objects, and appear to be in process of wasting away, for at successive returns the same comets show decided evidence of decreasing brilliancy, and it has been conjectured that their materials are becoming distributed along their orbits, so that many of the comets will follow the precedent of Biela, and become wholly invisible when the central mass has been disintegrated and scattered into meteor orbits. That comets are liable to distortion and division when near their perihelia is a fact borne out by many historical notices, and it may be due either to the unequal attraction of the sun upon the several portions of the cometary cloud, or to the action of a repulsive force. In an case, it is certain that the large area and unequal density of a comet as it wheels around the sun, passing, it may be, near one of the planets, is subject to many perturbations and disruptive influences which, frequently recurring, have the ultimate effect of sundering the original mass and extending it over a considerable arc, or, indeed, over the complete orbit, as in the case of the third comet of 1862, which gives rise to the annual display of August shooting stars.

FIG. 8.—GREAT COMET OF THE AUTUMN OF 1811.

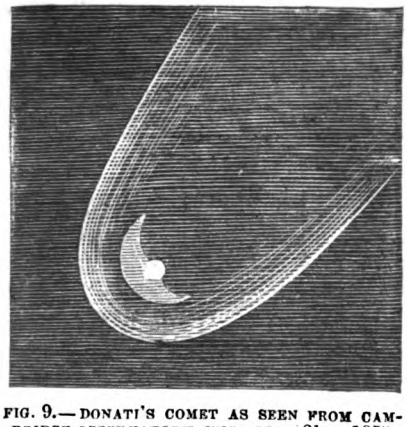


FIG. 9.—DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN FROM CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY, ENG., SEPT. 21ST, 1858.

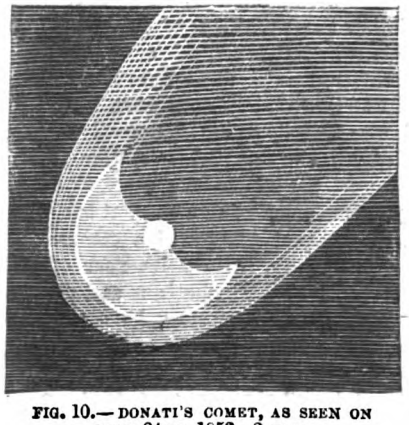


FIG. 10.—DONATI'S COMET, AS SEEN ON SEPT. 24TH, 1858—8 P. M.

The dimensions of certain comets have assumed extraordinary proportions; thus, the great comet of 1843 had a tail 200,000,000 miles in length. There were two large comets in 1811, each of which exhibited tails of at least 100,000,000 miles. The comets of 1618 and 1861 each had visible tails extending over more than 100 degrees of the firmament; and it is extremely probable that these estimates are far below the actual figures, for it must be remembered that the visible portions of these bodies represent merely a condensed fragment of the entire mass, which is undoubtedly scattered over a far greater range of space. The nucleus of this condensation is sometimes very small and brilliant. The comet of 1811 (Fig. 8) had a nucleus only 428 miles in diameter, while the "coma" in which it was enveloped was calculated to cover 1,125,000 miles. The nucleus (Figs. 9 to 16) of Donati's comet in 1858 reached 5,600 miles, but the actual magnitudes have been found to vary with considerable rapidity.

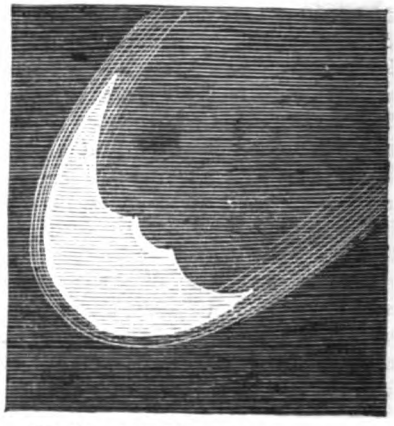


FIG. 11.—DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN ON SEPT. 25TH, 1858—7:30 P. M.

These changes are due in great measure to the effects of solar heat and attraction, which must be severely felt upon the scattered particles of these bodies. Planetary perturbations are also to be taken into account, for in cases where a cometary track falls near a planet there is reason to apprehend that the former is diverted from its original path. Such disturbing elements are always taken into account in calculations of cometary orbits and periods, as they are far too considerable to be disregarded. The planet Jupiter, from his immense mass, is eminently capable of influencing the motions of such comets as come within the range of his power; and, indeed, history contains a curious instance in which a comet wholly disappeared from our system, owing to its near approach to that planet. Lexell's comet, discovered by Messier in June, 1770, was computed, soon after its appearance, to revolve in an elliptical orbit, with a period of five years and a half; but this could not be admitted, as no such body had been observed in preceding years. In explanation of this anomaly, Lexell

FIG. 12.—DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN ON SEPT. 27TH, 1858—7 P. M.

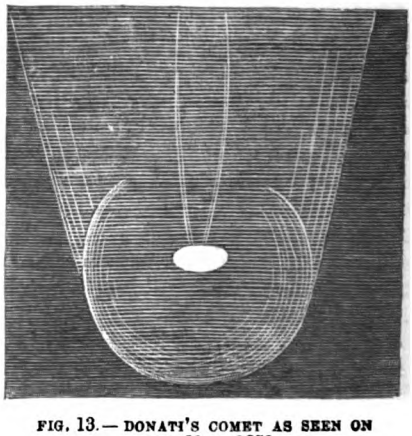


FIG. 13.—DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN ON SEPT. 30TH, 1858.

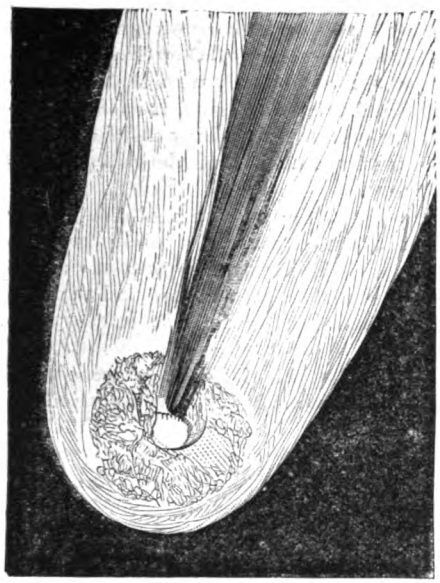


FIG. 14.— DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN FROM CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY, OCT. 1ST, 1858.

showed that in 1767 the comet must have passed close to Jupiter, and have sustained so great a shock that its orbit was entirely changed into the elliptic path derived from the observations in 1770; in fact, its incursion into our system was quite new, and wholly attributable to the disturbing action of Jupiter. Lexell also pointed out that in 1779 the comet must again approach the planet, and that probably its path would be converted into a parabola, in which case it would recede from us finally; and this eventually proved true, for the comet was never seen again.

Pons, early in the present century, was a most diligent comet-seeker. He found twenty-seven during the years 1801 to 1827; and, before him, Messier had been devoted to the same work, for between 1764 and 1798 he had discovered twelve of these bodies.

The duration of visibility in different comets is extremely variable, according to circumstances of position and to the degree of inherent brightness. The comet of 1811 continued in view for 510 days, and those of 1825 and 1861 for twelve months each. Yet other instances might be adduced in which comets had been observed on one or two nights only. Some comets are only visible in the Northern Hemisphere, others are confined to the Southern, while in some cases, as in that of June, 1881, they are seen in both hemispheres. A great comet was seen in the Southern Hemisphere early in February, 1880, with a train of some 40° or 50°, extending upward, and curved amongst the stars of Phœnix and Eridanus. On February the 7th, 1880, as seen at the Cape of Good Hope, the lower part of the tail enveloped the Southernstar Fomalhaut. It was unfortunate that the position of this fine and recent comet rendered it invisible to observers in the Northern Hemisphere.

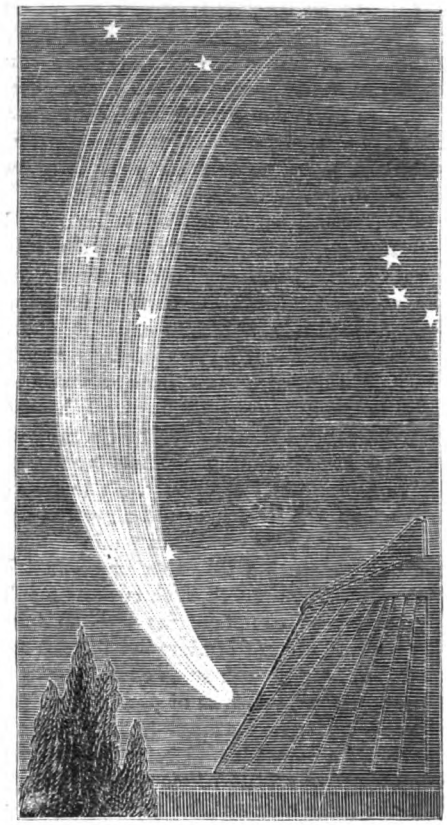


FIG. 16.— DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN ON OCT. 11TH, 1858.

The brilliant comet which became visible in the United States on the 22d of June, 1881, was not expected, and seems to be the same observed by Dr. Gould at Buenos Ayres on the 3d of the same month. It was moving rapidly northward, and except in length of tail, and a dark stripe throughout its length, resembled the comet of 1858. The tail was much curved, and a second one was soon seen, straight but dim. Some astronomers concluded it to be the comet of 1812, while others found its course not to correspond with either that of 1807 or 1812.

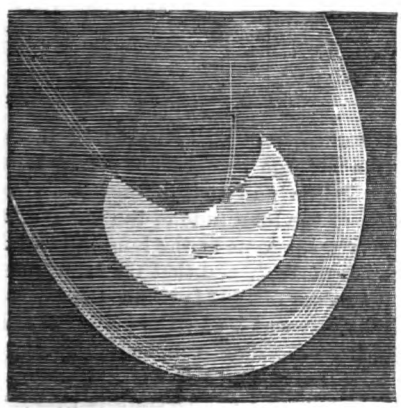


FIG. 15.— DONATI'S COMET AS SEEN ON OCT. 5TH, 1858—6:30 P.M.

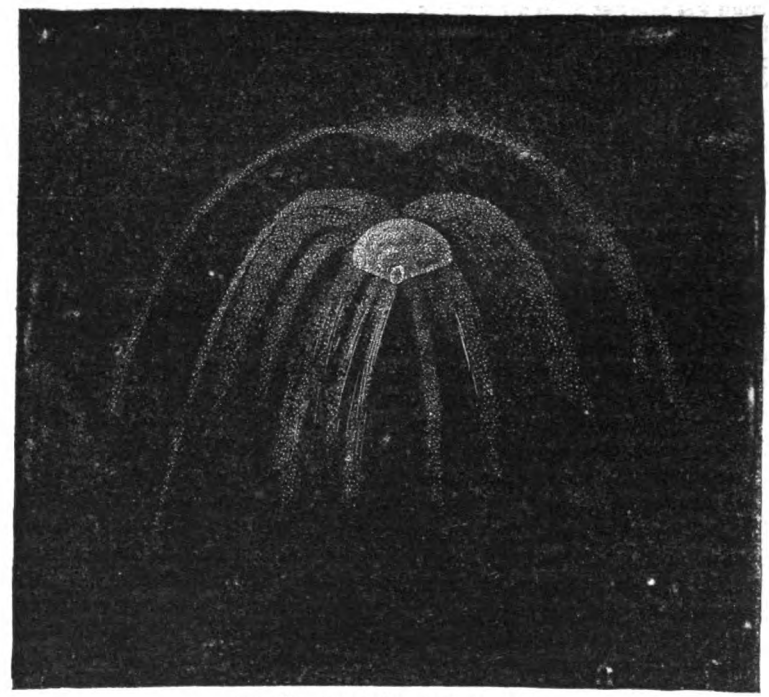


FIG. 17.— COGGIA'S COMET OF 1874.

Professor Draper, of Hastings, New York, succeeded in obtaining a photograph of the comet, and also of the rays of the more refrangible end of the spectrum.

The comet continued visible for a long time, enabling observers to make careful and distinct studies. Gradually a jet was thrown out, and this gradually formed into a distinct body, so that early in July two comets were seen by some observers.

The physical nature of comets has offered some puzzling questions for theorists. It has been more than ordinarily difficult to account for the erratic behavior of these bodies, and for the many curious forms which have been noticed in their appearance. But observation has at length accumulated a mass of facts regarding the visible aspects of these strange objects, which are of considerable value in such inquiries. It must, however, be admitted that the subject is still involved in mystery, and that the physical constitution of comets continues to present a problem of great complexity. The tails of these bodies, their comæ, the jets, fans and aigrettes, are phenomena so utterly different to what is seen in other celestial bodies, that our conception fails to afford a sufficiently clear idea of the forces producing such curious results. It has been supposed that comets shine with an inherent phosphorescence, and are not rendered visible by the reflected light of the sun, for though some comets have exhibited bright planetary disks, no signs of phases have ever been evident. But this fact alone cannot be held to negative the point, because if a comet is understood to consist of an immense assemblage or stream of planetary atoms, then it is certain that the solar rays will be permeated amongst the whole mass, and it will appear luminous throughout the entire range of its denser portions. Every individual fragment will have its phase, which must, however, be entirely imperceptible at the distance of the earth, for the vast concourse of miniature pellets composing the stream is visible only as a mass. A little dispersion must place them wholly beyond our reach; indeed, in the case of some of the largest comets, we have been struck with the great tenuity and rarity of their material composition. They shine like a wreath of thin transparent vapor, through which the faintest stars are readily discernible. Sir John Herschel has referred to the "all but spiritual texture" of comets, and they have been elsewhere characterized as "visible nothings." The faintest cloud we see illuminated by the sun has far more opacity than is found in the brightest comet.

It has been suggested by the ingenious experiments of Tyndall that the tail is simply due to a chemical action of the light transmitted through the nucleus, which means that it is merely a spectral appearance, and not a distension of the comet's materials. This would account for the generally observed fact that the tail flows in a direction away from the sun, though it would by no means eliminate other difficulties, such as the very sudden development of the tail in certain instances, and its remarkable variations as it is wheeled round the sun.

A repulsive force originated by the sun, which has the effect of distributing the outlying materials of the nucleus into trains off different curvatures, has been advocated as the true explanation of these phenomena; but this theory also has its objections.

The spectroscope usually reveals three bands, corresponding to the lines of carbon. In the case of Coggia's bright comet (Fig. 17) of 1874, Dr. Huggins wrote that three bands were seen in the coma and part of the tail. There was also a continuous spectrum, which in the comet's train became so decided as nearly to overpower the bright lines.

D'Arrest, at Copenhagen, saw "a beautiful continuous spectrum, crossed by three bright lines of carbon." Dr. N. de Konkoly, at the Observatory of O-gyalla, Hungary, found the spectrum agreed perfectly with that of carburetted hydrogen. Mr. Lockyer inferred, from his observations that the blue rays were singularly deficient in the continuous spectrum of the nucleus of the comet, that it was of low temperature.

Several observers found the spectrum of the nucleus to agree with that coming from a glowing gas, the nature of which was indicated by the positions of the bright bands, which were found to correspond with the bands seen in the spectrum of olefiant gas or heavy carburetted hydrogen.

But notwithstanding the aid of the spectroscope, and the long period over which telescopic observations of comets have now extended, it must be allowed that the question is still much shrouded in mystery. No clear exposition of the phenomena presented by the trains can be gathered from known physical laws, the changes are so sudden, extensive and curious, and differ so frequently in many details, as to defy explanation or prediction. But the forces of attraction and repulsion to which, in a general way, the appearances of comets are wholly attributable, are likely to affect different comets in different degrees, seeing that such bodies are often vastly dissimilar. Some of them approach the sun far within the orbit of Mercury, and will experience the extreme effects of these forces; while others, never coming within the orbits of the minor planets, will to a large extent evade their operation. Again, there are great differences in the density and size of these remarkable objects, which must render them liable in various degrees to the influences acting upon them.

Additional observations are still required regarding the visible character of comets, combined with the important facts of position and distance, both with respect to the sun and earth. When these shall have been duly compared, some of our present difficulties may disappear, and the physical constitution and extraordinary changes of these singular bodies will possibly admit of a more ready interpretation.

Comparing the comets of 1807 and 1881, Prof. Frisby, of the U. S. Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., says: "A comparison of the elements will show a very close similarity, and still a remarkable disagreement.

	Comet of 1881.			Comet of 1807.		
	Deg.	*Min.*	*Sec.*	*Deg.*	*Min.*	*Sec.*
Longitude of perihelion	265	31	15 4	270	54	42
Longitude of node	2 0	58	27.0	266	47	11
Inclination	63	25	55.7	63	10	28
Perihelion distance			0.735 8			0.64612
Time of perihelion passage	June 16 .3 001					

"It will be seen at once from a comparison of the elements that there is a strange coincidence; that is, the longitude of the perihelion and that of the node almost correspond crosswise, or the longitude of the node of the comet of 1807 is nearly the same as the longitude of the perihelion of the comet of 1881, and that the longitude of the perihelion of the comet of 1807 is about the same as that of the node of the comet of 1881; the inclinations are nearly the same, but the perihelion distance differs considerably. If we consider the mean distance of the sun as 92,000,000 miles, their distances will be slightly over fifty-nine and sixty-six millions of miles, giving a difference of nearly seven millions of miles. The period of the comet

of 1807 was computed by Bessel to be about 1,714 years, and there appears to be no record of the comet of 1881 being seen before; and although the periodic time in a very eccentric eclipse is an uncertain quantity, we can scarcely conceive how its orbit can have changed much, because it has a very great inclination to the ecliptic, and cannot be disturbed to any great extent by any of the planets of the solar system.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

VESBIUM.—Prof A. Scacchi, who has been for some time engaged in chemical investigations on the lava which issued from Vesuvius during the year 1631, has recently made an interesting communication to the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Naples, with regard to the probable presence in these deposits of a new metal. The material which Prof. Scacchi has operated upon consists of delicate yellow incrustations found in the crevices of the lava, in company with atacamite and azzumite, and has been named by him *vesbine*, while the supposed new metal is termed *vesbium*. Both words are derived from the ancient name for Vesuvius mentioned by Galen in his work, "De Morbis Curandis" (Book v. Chap. 12). Vesbine is found to consist of silicates of copper, the alkalies, iron, aluminium, etc., together with small quantities of the salts of what receives the name vesbic acid. The later is obtained in an impure state—containing traces of iron, aluminium, lead and copper—by evaporating the solution of vesbine in hydrochloric acid to 170° C., extracting with water, treating the residue of silicic acid, and vesbiates with hydrochloric acid, filtering from silicic acid, evaporating again to 170°, and extracting with water. The dark-green residue thus obtained formed the material for the series of investigations on which the discoverer bases his claims to the existence of the new element. The characteristic properties thus far noted are the following: When fused with phosphor salt, its compounds yield in the oxidizing flame a reddish or brownish yellow bead, and in the reducing flame a green bead. The alkaline vesbiates are soluble in water. The compounds with the other bases are soluble in acids, but insoluble in water—with the solitary exception of the manganese salt. The zinc salt is green, the silver salt is of a reddish yellow. The acid solutions of the iron and aluminium salts are green. Addition of sulphuretted hydrogen causes a flocculent brown precipitate, while the liquid assumes a deep azure blue hue—one of the most distinctive properties of the acid. The yellow vesbiate of potassium, when fused, turns black, and if then cooled is insoluble. If, on the contrary, the temperature is further elevated, the fused mass becomes transparent and is soluble on cooling. The analysis of the silver salt showed it to contain 47·58 per cent. of vesbic acid. This would give 105·29 as the equivalent weight of vesbic acid, and an atomic weight of about 130 or 162, according to the amount of oxygen in combination. In view of the small quantity of but three grammes of vesbic acid which Prof Scacchi has thus far succeeded in isolating, he very prudently desists from making any definite claims with regard to the certainty of the existence of vesbium, until he has obtained quantities sufficient to insure purity in the compounds and exactness in the analytical results. Thus far it appears allied to vanadium or molybdenum, although not responding to the special tests of these metals. A more accurate determination of the atomic weight will also show whether it can fill the gaps in the groups containing these metals according to Mendeleeff's classification.

NIAGARA MADE USEFUL.—"In May, 1879, in answer to questions put to me by the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Electric Lighting, I gave an estimate of the quantity of copper conductor that would be suitable for the economical transmission of power by electricity to any stated distance; and, taking Niagara as example, I pointed out that, under practically realizable conditions of intensity, a copper wire of half an inch diameter would suffice to take 26,250 horse-power from water-wheels driven by the Fall, and (losing only 20 per cent. on the way) to yield 21,000 horse-power at a distance of 300 British statute miles; the prime cost of the copper amounting to $300,000, or less than $15 per horse-power actually yielded at the distant station."—WILLIAM THOMSON, University, Glasgow.

M. LETOURNEAU laid before the Société d'Anthropologie, of Paris, some details concerning the sailor Pelletier. He had been shipwrecked, when twelve years of age on the coast of Australia, and had become completely assimilated to the savages among whom he had lived. When questioned by the French Consul at Sydney, he wrote the name of his native place and that of his ship in one word. He tried to write to his father, but what he wrote had no meaning. In a few days he recollected some fifteen to twenty French words.

THE EGGS OF EELS.—We direct attention to an alleged discovery of eggs in eels, and also to the fact that both sexes had been observed nearly two hundred years ago. The following extracts are made from the proceedings of the Royal Society, about the year 1690: "Until about twelve months since, it was currently believed that eggs had never been seen in eels, and it was considered quite an interesting discovery when a New England fisherman then discovered them in situ, and also observed specimens of eels both of the male and female sex. Thus a vexed point which had been discussed for two hundred years was settled satisfactorily, when, as I understand, Professor Packard confirmed the fisherman's discovery. Recently, while looking over some papers read before the Royal Society of England, dating very far back, I found that a Mr. Benjamin Allen, about the year 1690, read a paper before the society, claiming to have examined two eels, and 'found one with egg,' and another with 'fixed young ones, fastened to very small placentæ each, which was fixed to the intestine.' 'The eggs were on the outside of the intestine.' He also said, 'The parts distinguishing the sex are discoverable; those of the male affix to the extremity of the kidney; the female had a slender gland transversely lying near the bowel.' A discussion followed, and a Mr. Dale raised a doubt on account of Mr. Allen's anatomical details being inconsistent with nature, and from the fact of Leuwenhoek finding a uterus in all eels he examined, and also 'masculine seed,' from whence he conjectured they were hermaphrodite. He, however, so far confirmed Mr. Allen on one point, as to state that one Walter Chetwynd, Esq., had in the month of May, 'found them to be viviparous, by cutting open the red fundaments of the females, from whence the young eels would issue forth alive.' No other member is reported as having spoken on the subject, and so the matter rested."

ACCORDING to the researches of Bonnet ("Biedermann's Central-Blatt"), the blood reaches its minimum daily temperature between midnight and 3 A.M. The maximum temperature is observed between 2 and 4 P.M., though in permanently hot weather it may be delayed till 8 P.M. Neither sleep nor wakefulness, hunger nor satiety, neither age nor sex, has any influence.

DR. B. JOY JEFFRIES has made a careful examination on the prevalence of color-blindness among the schoolchildren in Boston. He finds this defect in 4·202 per cent. of the males, and in only 0·066 per cent. of the females—results agreeing substantially with those obtained by the most careful observers in Europe.

ACCORDING to the Paris correspondent of *Science*, a criminal who had been executed by hanging was completely restored to consciousness by a powerful electric current, but succumbed, on the second day following, to cerebral congestion.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

KNOCKED ON THE HEAD.—A nail.

THE OLDEST SETTLER IN THE WEST.—The sun.

A HOST IN HIMSELF.—The cannibal who devoured his entertainer.

IT is supposed that one of the chief objects of soldiers' drill is to make holes in the enemy.

NOW THAT smallpox is prevalent, mothers as well as astronomers are looking for spots on the son.

DOMESTIC PHILOSOPHY.—When there is a storm in the nursery, the mother will castor oil on the waters in vain.

"HOW DOES painting agree with my daughter?" asked an anxious parent. "It makes her too red in the face," replied the teacher.

"SAY, boy—say!" exclaimed a hot-looking man with a valise, "which is the quickest way to get to the cars?" "Run!" yelled the boy.

"LIE! well, I guess he does lie!" said his neighbor Jones. "Why, he's so fond of lying that he won't let a clock strike right in his house."

A NEWSPAPER asks, "Will some one tell us what Mrs. Langtry's maiden name was?" Certainly; her maiden aim was to marry Mr. Langtry.

NEW, AND TRULY SINCERE, FORM OF INVITATION.—"Mr. and Mrs. ——— request the favor of your presents at the wedding of their daughter."

A CLERGYMAN compares a geologist to a gnat mounted on an elephant, and laying down theories as to the vast animal from the phenomena of the hide.

THE DESIRE OF THE SONS OF MEN.—"What does *encore* mean?" asks a contemporary. It is only one phase of the universal desire among the sons of men to get something for nothing, and get it at once.

"IF I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley to Mrs. Smiley reflectively, "I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

BABY'S WARNING.

WHEN baby has pains at dead of night,
Mother in a fright, father in a plight:
When worms do bite, baby must cry,
If fever sets in, baby may die.
If croupy pains kill Leonora,
In that house there's no CASTORIA,
For mothers learn without delay,
CASTORIA cures by night and day.

DR. JOHNSON said to a young lordling who was boasting of his long line of ancestors: "A wise man never attempts to trace his genealogy but a little way back, because if he goes far he is sure to run upon an ancestor who has been hanged."

WEARY AMID LUXURY.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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ANNAPOLIS NAVAL ACADEMY.

BY N. ROBINSON.

A QUAINT old city is Annapolis, the county seat of Anne Arundel, and capital of the State of Maryland. So rich is it in historical reminiscences that it is known as "ye ancient citye." The town was founded in 1649, and was selected as the most desirable site for "ye greate citye of ye Southe"; but events changed the current of progressive development, and Baltimore seized the crown.

The city is charmingly situated on the south bank of the River Severn, and is but two miles distant from the Chesapeake Bay. The original settlement was called Providence, and was founded by Puritan refugees from Virginia, under a ruling elder, named Durand.

In 1650, Brooke, under a commission from Lord Baltimore, organized the county under its present appellation,

LAST REVIEW OF THE NAVAL CADETS, ANNAPOLIS, BY PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

and gallantly called the settlement Anne Arundel Town, in honor of Lady Baltimore. A few years later it was again known as Providence, and the seat of a Protestant Council, disputing the legislative authority with the Catholic Council at St. Mary's. The latter was finally abandoned in 1694, and the government was established at the settlement on the Severn, where a town had been regularly laid out, and called Annapolis, after Queen Anne, who gave it some valuable presents. A City Charter was granted in 1708.

At the close of the Revolution Maryland offered to cede Annapolis at the Federal Capital. During the negotiations for a permanent site it was resolved in 1783 that Congress should meet alternately at Annapolis and Trenton; the first Session to be held at Annapolis.

It was at this first Session, and in the noble State House, that Washington surrendered his commission as Commander-in-chief of the American Army; and within the State House grounds is the land office wherein are kept the original records of the Colonial Government. Many of the houses in Annapolis are pre-Revolution, and built of English red brick, the doors and windows being of the "severe classic" so much admired ere the House of Hanover reached the throne of England. These Old-World mansions are rich in mantelpieces, and oaken staircases, and deep embrasured windows, with seats therein, where belles in farthingales and powder whilom listened to the sweet whisperings of beaus in the bravery of silken small-clothes and the discomfort of Ramillies wigs.

The plan of the city bears some resemblance to that of the national capital, all the streets radiating from two points—the State House and the Episcopal Church. Its appearance is interesting from its air of quiet seclusion; and the antique look of many of the houses, with their peculiar style of architecture, gives the stranger an impression of some old European town rather than that of an American city.

For a long period before Baltimore was at all noted, Annapolis was the seat of wealth, refinement, and extensive trade. It was formerly a port of entry, but it is now chiefly distinguished as the seat of the United States Naval Academy, and as an oyster "shucking" depot, one firm alone "shucking" over ten thousand bushels a week of the celebrated bivalves for which the Chesapeake is so gratefully remembered.

Annapolis awakens just once a year—during graduation at the Naval Academy. The Old-World houses are smartened by dabs of paint and whitewash; the grass which comes up a luminous green through the red bricks of the sidewalks is, in most of the principal streets, carefully removed. Stores, over the doors of which hang cobwebs strong enough to bear the meanderings of all the descendants of Silvio Pellico's spider, yawn for the expected incursion of the public. Fathers groan dismally when daughters apply for shekels for personal adornment with a view to the functions in the "Yard," and the cherished cadets' hop. Professors relax their grimness, and repairing to the railway-depot, return to their quarters with parcels bearing mysterious resemblance to bottles and cigar-boxes. Officers' wives hang out the full-dress uniforms of their liege lords for an airing, and polish the gilt buttons in so dutiful a way, that, what signifies a month's pay to Lieutenant Nelson Collingwood Deadeye, if Mrs. N. C. Deadeye's toilet is fully as resplendent as that of Mrs. Captain Joseph Porter—or a quarter's rations to Commodore Blake Frobisher, if Mrs. Commodore B. F. can cut out Mrs. Admiral Pinafore's latest confection from Paris? Baltimore is invaded by the "woke-up" citizens of Annapolis, who return by the evening trains laden with purchases; and the oldest inhabitants, who speak of George Washington as a gentleman of their acquaintance, become galvanized into an alarming but very distinct vitality. As for the cadets, they are to be met with at every street-corner, importance written upon their bronzed brows, as they hurry in pairs on errands seemingly connected with questions of life and death, or in the superb consciousness of "buttons" make the gables of the Georgian houses shake again with their joyous and sixteen-year-old laughter. And what an honest guffaw a lad of sixteen can raise!

Armed with a message from the fond mother of a cadet—a fine young fellow, by-the-way, who is heir-presumptive to one of the oldest baronetcies in England—I entered the "Yard," as the inclosure where are situated the extensive buildings of the United States Naval Academy is somewhat irreverently termed, upon a lovely morning of last June, and sought my youthful "salt" at the cadets' quarters in "the new building," the most striking of the numerous "establishments" within the inclosure.

While the "cadet orderly" of the day goes in search of my friend, I shall take a brief glance at the history of the Naval Academy.

In January, 1826, a resolution was adopted by the Maryland House of Delegates, in session in Annapolis, which is of curious interest in connection with the history of the Academy:

"*Resolved*, by the General Assembly of Maryland, That our Senators and Representatives in Congress be, and they are hereby, requested to call the attention of their respective houses to the superior advantages which the City of Annapolis and its neighborhood possesses as a situation for a naval academy, and that they use their best exertions in favor of the establishment of such an institution."

By this resolution Annapolis drew attention to her superior claims as a fitting locality for a Naval School. But it was not until seventeen years later that the school was transferred thither from Philadelphia, and Fort Severn actually utilized by the Government. Fort Severn was an old army post, the site of which had been bought by the Government in 1808, at a time when Annapolis was considered a point of military importance. The ground comprised about ten acres, nearly square in shape, inclosed on two sides by a brick wall, the other sides being open to the water. At the angle of the water front stood the battery, a small circular rampart, mounting *en barbette* ten heavy guns, with a magazine in the centre. The point upon which it stood projected into the water, with the Severn River on one side and an arm of Chesapeake Bay forming the harbor of Annapolis on the other.

The United States Naval Academy was founded in 1845, by Hon. George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy, in the administration of President James K. Polk. It was formally opened October 10th of that year, under the name of the Naval School, with Commander Franklin Buchanan as Superintendent. It was placed at Annapolis, Md., on the land occupied by Fort Severn, which was given up by the War Department for the purpose. The course was fixed at five years, of which the first and last only were spent at the School, the intervening three being passed at sea. This arrangement was not strictly adhered to, the exigencies of the service making it necessary, in many cases, to shorten the period of study. In January, 1846, four months after the opening of the School, the students consisted of 36 Midshipmen, of the date of 1840, who were preparing for the examination for promotion; 13 of the date of 1841, who were to remain until drafted for service at sea; and 7 Acting Midshipmen, appointed since the September of the previous year. The Midshipmen of the

date of 1840 were the first to be graduated, finishing their limited course in July, 1846, and they were followed in order by the subsequent dates until the reorganization of the School, in 1851.

In September, 1849, a Board was appointed to revise the plan and regulations of the Naval School. The Board was composed of the following officers : Commodore William B. Shubrick, Commander Franklin Buchanan, Commander Samuel F. Dupont, Commander George P. Upshur, Surgeon W. S. W. Ruschenberger, Professor William Chauvenet, and Captain Henry Brewerton, U. S. A.

The plan reported by the Board was approved, and went in operation July 1st, 1850.

The new organization provided for a course of seven years, the first two and last two at the School and the three intermediate years at sea. The School was placed under the supervision of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography, and its name was changed to the United States Naval Academy. The corps of professors was enlarged, the course was extended, and the system of separate departments, with executive heads, was fully adopted. It was provided that a Board of Visitors should make an annual inspection of the Academy, and report upon its condition to the Secretary of the Navy. A suitable vessel was attached to the Academy as a practice-ship, and the annual practice-cruises were begun.

After the system had been in operation a year new changes were proposed, and the recommendations of the Academic Board on the subject were referred to the Board of Examiners of the year 1851.

The change recommended by the Board of Examiners, and adopted by the Department, consisted mainly in leaving out the requirement of three years of sea-service in the middle of the course, thus making the four years of study consecutive. The practice-cruise supplied the place of the omitted sea-service, and gave better opportunities of training. The change went into operation in November, 1851, together with other improvements recommended by the Board. The system has continued, with slight modifications, to the present time. The first class to receive the benefit of it was that which entered in 1851. Six members of this class completed the course in three years, and were graduated in June 1854; the rest of the class followed in 1855.

In May, 1861, on the outbreak of the war, the Academy was removed to Newport, R. I. The three upper classes were detached and ordered to sea, and the remaining acting midshipmen were quartered in the Atlantic House and on board the frigates *Constitution* and *Santee*. In September, 1865, the Academy was moved back to Annapolis, where it has since remained.

When the Bureau of Navigation was established, July 5th, 1862, the Academy was placed under its supervision; March 1st, 1867, it was placed under the direct care and supervision of the Navy Department, the administrative routine and financial management being still conducted through the Bureau. On the 11th of March, 1869, all official connection with the Bureau came to an end.

The term of the academic course was changed by law, March 3d, 1873, from four to six years. The change took effect with the class which entered in the following Summer.

In 1866, a class of Acting Third Assistant Engineers was ordered to the Academy for instruction. The course embraced the subjects of steam-engineering, iron manufacture, chemistry and mechanics, and practical exercises with the steam-engine and in the machine-shop. This class was graduated in June, 1868, together with two Cadet-Engineers who had entered the Academy in 1867. After an interval of four years, in October, 1871, a new class of Cadet-Engineers was admitted. This class followed a two years' course, somewhat more extended than that of the class of 1868, and was graduated in 1873. In 1872 and 1873 new classes were admitted, the first of which left the Academy in 1874 and the second in 1875. By an act of Congress approved February 24th, 1874, the course of instruction for Cadet-Engineers was made four years instead of two; and the new provision was first applied to the class entering the Academy in the year 1874. This class was graduated in June, 1878.

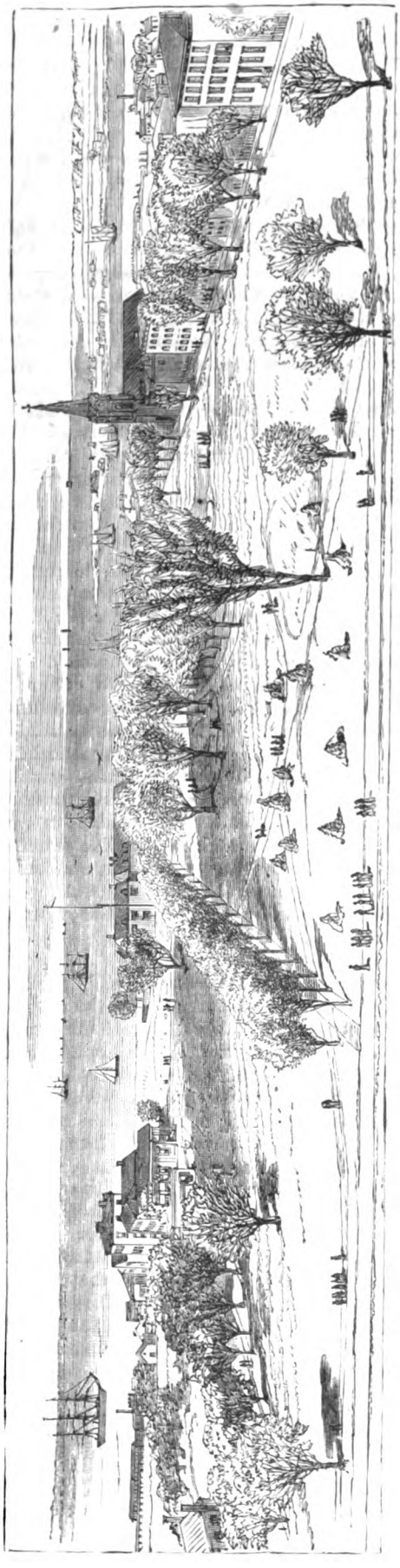
The superintendents of the Naval Academy since its foundation have been successively Commander Franklin Buchanan, Commander George P. Upshur, Commander Cornelius K. Stribling, Commander Louis M. Goldsborough, Captain George S. Blake, Rear-Admiral David D. Porter, Commodore John L. Worden, Rear-Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers, Commodore Foxhall A. Parker, Rear-Admiral George B. Balch.

The Naval Academy is under the direct care and supervision of the Secretary of the Navy. The Superintendent is a line officer of the Navy, of a rank not below that of Captain. He is appointed by the Secretary, and is charged with the general superintendence and government of the Academy, and all officers, professors, instructors, and cadets are under his command. He has charge of the grounds, buildings and vessels belonging to the institution, and he may appoint and remove all persons employed in it, except those for whose appointment or discharge special provision is made by the laws or regulations for the government of the Navy, or of the Academy.

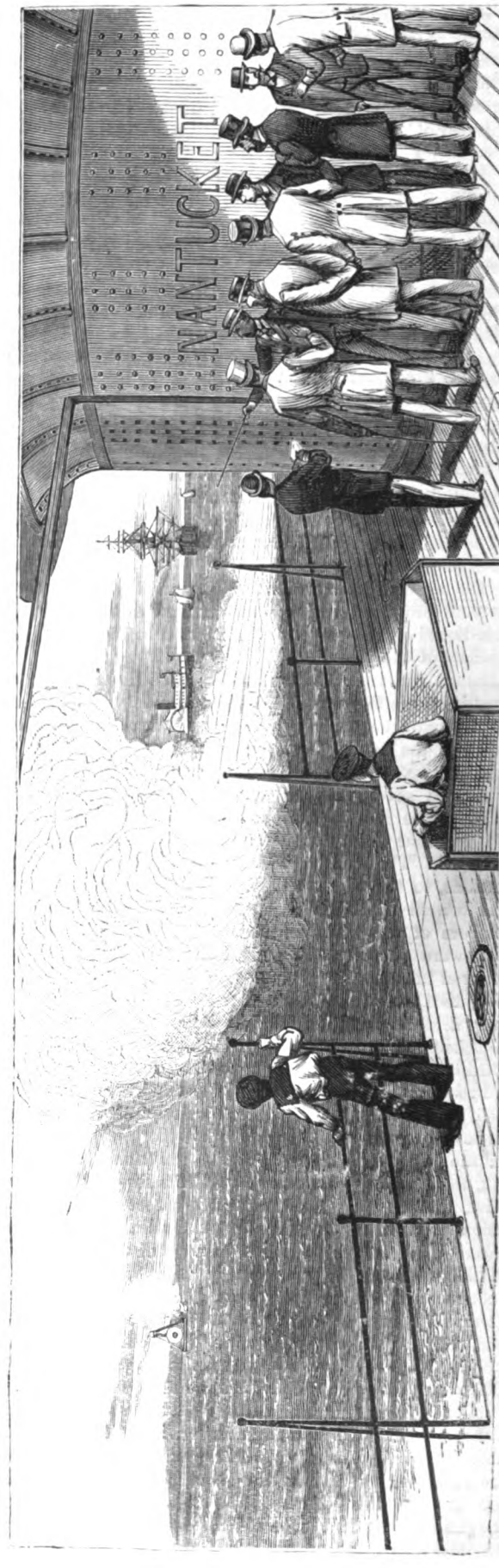
The Commandant of Cadets is a line officer of the Navy, and is next in authority to the Superintendent. He has immediate charge, under the Superintendent, of the police and discipline; and the drills and tactical instruction in the departments of seamanship and gunnery are under his general direction. The officers in these departments are the assistants of the commandant in carrying out the discipline. The Senior Aid, a line officer of the Navy, has special charge of the grounds, and buildings, of purchases and accounts relating to the public property, and of the workmen employed upon the grounds and about the buildings.

The Academic Staff, engaged specially in the work of instruction, comprises line officers, officers of Engineer Corps, and professors of mathematics, in the Navy, and a number of professors and assistant professors appointed from civil life. The branches taught are divided into groups, and these groups of studies are in charge of separate departments. Each department has an executive head, a naval officer or civil professor, as the case may be, and several assistants. The heads of departments arrange the details of the courses of study, and have general supervision of the work of their assistants, giving personal instruction when it may be desirable. The work of actual instruction is performed by the officers, professors, and assistant professors attached to the several departments.

The Academic Board, or faculty, of the Academy is composed of the superintendent, the commandant of cadets, and the heads of departments. The board prescribes the subjects and arrangement of the course of instruction, and the text-books to be used (subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Navy), the time of examinations, the relative weight of recitations and examinations, and the relative weight of different branches of study. The board also makes recommendations to the Department in the cases of deficient cadets, and "Cadets found deficient shall not be continued at the Academy, or in the service, unless upon the recommendation of the Academic Board."



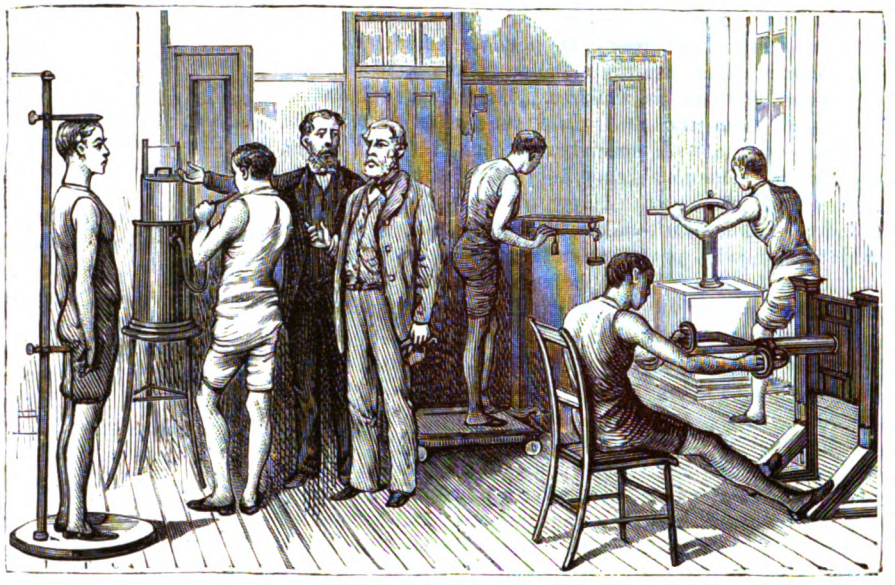
GENERAL VIEW OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS.



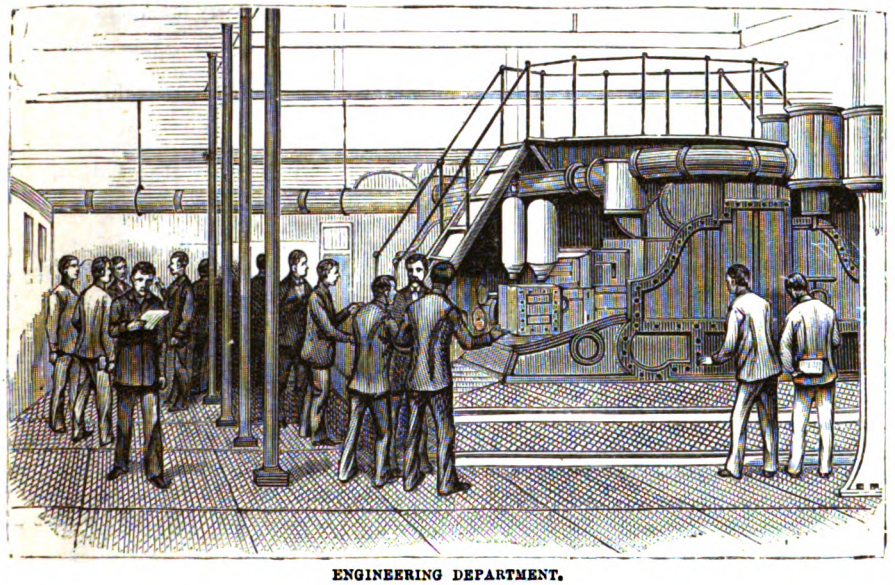
GUNNERY PRACTICE BY CADETS AT ANNAPOLIS.

Outside of the Academic Staff, there are attached to the Academy a chaplain, a number of officers of the Medical Pay Corps of the Navy, and four officers of the Marine Corps in charge of the Marine Guard, and three civil *attachés*—the librarian, commissary, and secretary.

There are two classes of students—the Cadet-Midshipmen and the Cadet-Engineers, destined for two different branches of the service—the line-officers and the engineer corps. The examinations for admission are distinct for the two corps, but the four years' course is pursued in many branches in common. In these branches, as well as in matters of daily routine and discipline, the same organization and regulations apply to both.



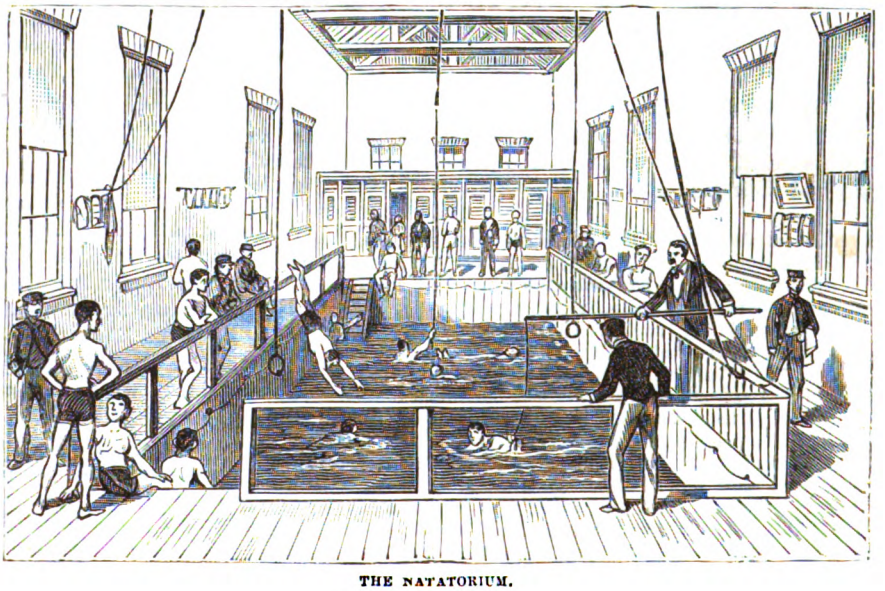
THE MEDICAL EXAMINATION.



ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT.

The academic year begins on the 20th of September, and ends on the 20th of June, consisting of two terms—the first term from September 20th to the Saturday nearest to January 30th, and the second term from the close of the first term to June 20th. At the close of the academic year, the members of the graduating class are granted leave of absence until ordered to sea, or some other duty, by the Navy Department. During the three months of Summer, the cadets of the newly formed first and third classes go on the practice cruise, and those of the new second class have leave of absence until the beginning of the next year. The candidates that have passed successfully the June examination for admission are quartered on the *Santee*, a black ship always at anchor in the Severn, as the nucleus of the fourth class, and have a light course of study and drill.

At the beginning of each academic year, the cadet organization for the year is prescribed. This organization is retained throughout the year, and is followed in all the drills and in all formations. All the cadets are arranged in four divisions for great-gun exercise, each division containing an equal number of



THE NATATORIUM.

guns'-crews. Each gun's-crew is composed of sixteen men, distributed as nearly as possible among the several classes. For exercises in seamanship, the guns'-crews are grouped in watches. The cadet officers are appointed from the first class, as far as practicable, and are chosen with special reference to their fitness for the positions; and they hold office during good behavior and efficiency. They are—one lieutenant-commander, 4 lieutenant-cadets, 5 cadet-masters, 4 cadet-majors, and cadet petty officers according to the number of the guns'-crews. These latter act as first and second captains of guns'-crews in the great-gun drills, and as sergeants and corporals in the infantry drills. Each table in the mess-hall is occupied by a gun's-crew, the first and second captains being placed at the head and foot of the table.

The cadet of whom I was in search having been unearthed by the petty officer, came tearing down a flight of stairs three at a time, and, after a pow-wow of a purely domestic nature, in which a prospective but immediate addition to his personal comforts was mooted, and most cheerfully entertained, he proposed to take me up to his room.

"This is called the new building," he said; "and all the cadets are quartered here, except the Cadet Engineers and the second class. I am on the third story."

Following my guide, philosopher and friend up three flights of stairs, I found myself in a splendidly ventilated and lofty corridor, on which was his apartment.

"There are two of us in every room; and if one's chum is nice, it's all very well; but if he's one of those 'toughs' which we sometimes get from the West, it's the very reverse of agreeable."

The furniture of the whitewashed room consisted of two iron beds, the same number of wooden presses, groaning under the weight of books piled on top; a table, the tattooing of which through the medium of pocket-knives would put Captain Costentius to the blush; two sets of galvanized iron toilet-ware; and a brace of wall mirrors. The occupants of the room alternate weekly as superintendent of the apartment, and the superintendent for the time being is responsible for its cleanliness and order, as well as for the safety of the Government property.

"An officer of the Academic staff is on duty day and night. He makes inspections of the rooms at any time he likes to drop on us, and woe to us if we are caught cooking any tid-bit over the gas-jet, or smoking, or playing at cards. We sometimes dodge the smoking by lying on our backs, with our heads under the grates, and puff up the chimney."

"What outfit do you bring in with you?" I asked.

"Just read that," replied the cadet, handing me a printed card, "and you'll see the pile of things we must get and their prices."

One parade suit, $37.72; one undress suit, $20.95; one working suit, $2.42; one overcoat, $23.30; one rubber coat, $3.68; one pair of rubber leggings, $1 05; two pairs white duck leggings, $2.24; one pair gymnastic slippers, 92 cents; one parade cap, $3.69; one undress cap, $1.71; *two pairs high shoes, $11.50; *eight white shirts, $10.16; *two nightshirts, 1.76; *four undershirts, $2.24; twelve linen collars, $1.68; *eight pairs socks, $1.84; *four pairs drawers, $2 24; *six handkerchiefs, $1 38; *eight towels, $2; two pairs drill gloves, $2.26; two pairs lisle-thread gloves, 50 cents; *one pair suspenders, 38 cents; one necktie, 50 cents; two clothes-bags, 50 cents; one hair mattress, $6.68; one straw mattress, $1.32; one hair pillow, 93 cents; one pair blankets, $3 78; two bedspreads, $2.24; six sheets, $3.66; four pillow-cases, $1; *one tooth-brush, 22 cents; *one hair-brush, 73 cents; *one whisk, 23 cents; *one coarse comb, 10 cents; one fine comb, 31 cents; one mug, 9 cents; *one cake soap, 10 cents; one soap-dish, 9 cents; one requisition-book, 32 cents; one laundry-book, 27 cents; one pass-book, 27 cents; one stencil and ink, one brush, 41 cents; one bottle indelible ink, 17 cents; one rug, $1.55; one wash-basin and pitcher, $1.05; one looking-glass, 95 cents; one water-pail, 70 cents; one slop-bucket, 70 cents; one broom, 27 cents—total, $164.86.

The articles marked *, not being required to conform to a standard pattern, may be brought by the cadet from home.

"And now, my excellent young friend," I observed, "tell me all about this Academy. Expound unto me cadet life, from the time the raw, unlicked cub, the grub, receives his notice requesting him to appear here, until he goes forth the gorgeous butterfly, to gladden the hearts of merry maidens in the various seaports of the world by his prowess in the dance—ay, and perchance to break a few, through that perfidy which is the inheritance of man, especially of the sons of the briny."

"I don't want to break any hearts," said the cadet. "I ain't going to the graduation hop, I belong to the Bachelors' Club."

"The what?" I exclaimed, as I gazed at the handsome features of the sun-kissed lad, now set in dead earnest.

"There is a club in the yard been called the Bachelors' Club," he continued, with the moody air of a St. Senanus. "I belong to it. There are over forty members. We will never marry."

"What, *never?*"

"Never!" apparently receiving no stimulus from my very novel facetiousness.

Drawing him away from a subject on which he seemed inclined to indulge in a "cogitabundity of cogitation," I induced him to talk about cadet life, and from him I learned much that I mean to set down here.

The number of Cadet Midshipmen allowed at the Academy is one for every member and delegate of the House of Representatives; one for the District of Columbia, and ten appointed at large. According to the Act of Congress approved June 17th, 1878, "There shall not be at any time more in said Academy appointed at large than ten."

The nomination of candidates for admission from the District of Columbia and at large is made by the President. The nomination of a candidate from any Congressional District or Territory is made on the recommendation of the member or delegate from actual residents of his district or territory.

Each year, as soon after the 5th of March as possible, members and delegates are notified in writing of vacancies that may exist in their districts. If such members or delegates neglect to recommend candidates by the 1st of July in that year, the Secretary of the Navy is required by law to fill the vacancies existing in districts actually represented in Congress. They are filled by appointments from the districts in which the vacancies exist.

The nomination of candidates is made annually between the 5th of March and the 1st of July. Candidates who are nominated in time to enable them to reach the Academy on the 11th of June receive permission to present themselves at that time to the Superintendent of the Naval Academy for examination as to their qualifications for admission. Those who are nominated prior to July 1st, but not in time to attend the June examination, will be examined on the 22d of September following; and should any candidate fail to report, or be found physically or mentally disqualified for admission, in June, the member or delegate from whose district he was nominated is notified to recommend another candidate, who shall be examined on the 22d of September following.

Students from the Empire of Japan are received for instruction, under a resolution of the Senate and House of

Representatives of the United States, approved July 27th, 1868.

Each candidate for appointment as Cadet Midshipman must present to the Academic Board satisfactory testimonials of good moral character, and must certify *on honor* to his precise age, which must be over fourteen and less than eighteen years at the time of the examination.

Candidates must be physically sound, well-formed and of robust constitution; they are required to pass a satisfactory examination before a medical board composed of the surgeon of the Naval Academy and two other medical officers to be designated by the Secretary of the Navy.

Attention is also paid to the stature of the candidate. Five feet is the minimum height of the candidate.

The candidates must pass a satisfactory examination before the Academic Board in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and English grammar.

All the examinations, except in reading, are written. Candidates who fall below the standard receive a second and final examination in the subjects in which they fail. Deficiency in any one of the subjects at the second examination insures rejection.

Candidates who pass the physical and mental examinations receive appointments as Cadet Midshipmen, and become inmates of the Academy. Each cadet is required to sign articles by which he binds himself to serve in the United States Navy eight years (including his time of probation at the Naval Academy), unless sooner discharged. The pay of a Cadet Midshipman is $500 a year, commencing at the date of his admission.

Each Cadet Midshipman, on admission, deposits with the paymaster the sum of $20, for which he is credited on the books of that officer, to be expended by direction of the superintendent in the purchase of text-books and other authorized articles.

All the deposits for clothing and the entrance-deposit of $20 must be made before a candidate can be received into the Academy.

Each Cadet Midshipman, one month after admission, is credited with the amount of his actual expenses in traveling from his home to the Academy.

A Cadet Midshipman who voluntarily resigns his appointment within a year of the time of his admission to the Academy, is refunded the amount paid by him for traveling expenses.

"You receive a letter from the Secretary of the Navy," observed my cadet, "ordering you to come here to be examined on a certain day. The first official you meet with when you get here, is James Holliday, a colored messenger as old as the hills, who is attached to the Secretary's office—I mean, the Secretary to the 'Yard.' He cheers you with his chat, as you go up-stairs to the Secretary. You present your letter, and you are ordered off to the hospital, where you are weighed, your lungs tested, your muscle tried, and your eyes examined for color-blindness. If you pass this physical examination, you go in for the mental before the Academic Board, in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and English grammar; and this passed, you get your bed and ware, which you must carry from the store to your quarters right here in this building."

"Any hazing?"

"Well, *I* had to eat soap, and I made the acquaintance of cold water under abnormal circumstances. But," he added, gloomily, "that sort of fun has all died out; and it is only some Western greenhorn who suffers nowadays—some chap that blows a little too much."

"I suppose your time is kept pretty well occupied."

"I should say so," he replied, with a grim smile, "I'll just read out the time-table. Listen to this;" and he read as follows:

Morning gun-fire and reveille	6 00 a.m.
Morning roll-call and prayers	6 45 a.m.
Breakfast	7 00 a.m.
Sick-call	7 30 a.m.
Morning call to studies	7 56 a.m.
Call to first morning-recitation (first period)	8 26 a.m.
Call to second morning-recitation (first period)	9 26 a.m.
Recall (first period)	10 26 a.m.
Call to third morning-recitation (second period)	10 41 a.m.
Call to fourth morning-recitation (second period)	11 41 a.m.
Recall (second period)	12 45 p.m.
Dinner formation	12 55 p.m.
Call to first afternoon-recitation (third period)	1 56 p.m.
Call to second afternoon-recitation (third period)	2 56 p.m.
Recall (third period)	3 56 p.m.
Call to drill	4 05 p.m.
Preparatory recall	5 10 p.m.
Recall	5 15 p.m.
Call to dress-parade on Tuesday and Thursday	5 50 p.m.
Evening roll-call and parade before supper, September 20th to October 20th, and April 20th to end of term	6 30 p.m.
October 20th to November 20th, and March 20th to April 20th	6 00 p.m.
Call to exercises in gymnasium, fifteen minutes after supper.	
Call to evening studies (As directed by the Superintendent.)	7 30 or 8 30 p.m.
Gun-fire and tattoo	9 30 p.m.
Warning-roll	9 55 p.m.
Taps	10 00 p.m.
Saturday forenoon drill-call	10 35 a.m.

"What do you think of *that?*"

"That means business; and on Sundays?"

He read:

Morning gun-fire and reveille	6 30 or 6 45 a.m.
Morning roll-call and prayers	7 15 or 7 30 a.m.
Breakfast	7 30 or 7 45 a.m.
Sick-call	8 00 or 8 15 a.m.
Church-call, first Sunday in the month	10 26 a.m.
Church-call, other Sundays	10 40 a.m.
Dinner formation	12 55 p.m.
Call to afternoon meditation	2 56 p.m.
Recall	3 56 p.m.
Evening roll-call and parade before supper	5 30 or 6 00 p.m.
Retreat-call	7 30 or 8 00 p.m.
Gun-fire and tattoo	9 30 p.m.
Warning-roll	9 55 p.m
Taps	10 00 p.m

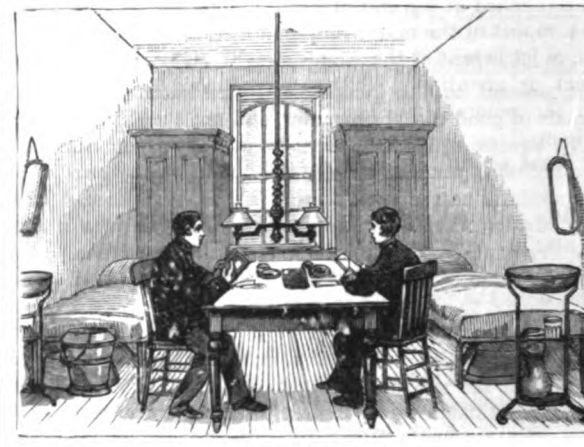
"How about your amusements?"

"Oh, we're very well off in that regard. The water around the Yard is very good for pulling, and we have class boat-clubs. We have a four-oar race in June, and the names of the winning crew are engraved on the staff of the Academy flag. Baseball is a good deal played. Each class has its nine, and then there is an Academy nine. We play clubs from Baltimore, Washington and Annapolis. Foot-ball is played; also hand-ball. We have a pistol gallery, a bowling alley, and a gymnasium. We have some top sawyers in the way of gymnasts, and we give exhibitions. On Saturday evenings we dance in the gymnasium, and we have hops from time to time, to which we invite some of the townspeople. The officers' wives all attend. The members of the Bachelor Club don't put in an appearance at all. In January the cadets of the first class give a ball, and in June those of the second class give a ball to the cadets about to graduate."

"Are you permitted to leave the grounds of the Academy?"

"We have leave to go beyond the Academic limits at the end of evening parade, and on Saturdays and holidays; but if we have demerits, by reason of misconduct

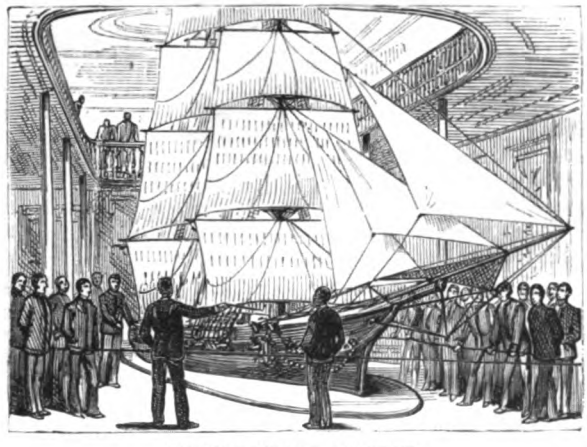
CHEMICAL LABORATORY.



A CADET'S BEDROOM.

or neglect of study, leave is stopped. The first class and one-fourth of the other classes can only get out at one time."

"How do you live—well?"



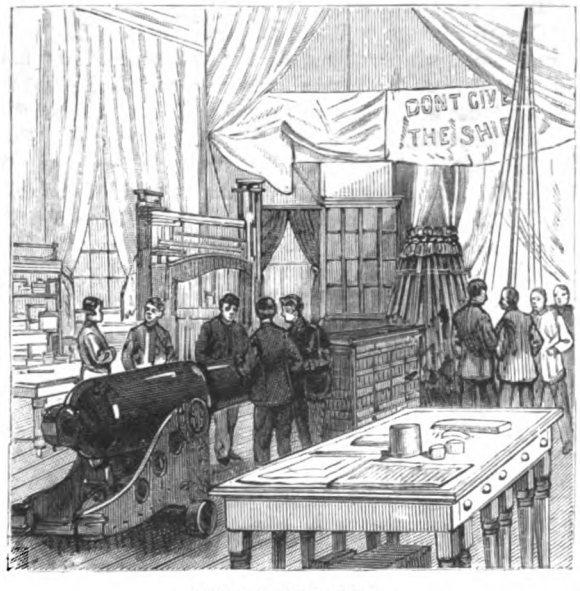
INSTRUCTION IN SEAMANSHIP.

"Capitally. We board at the mess-table. The living costs us about $20 a month. We are paid $500 per annum, but we cannot tap this at pleasure. The treasurer keeps our accounts with the storekeeper, mess and laundry, and charges us accordingly. Sixty dollars a year is stopped toward our outfit at graduation, and if there is a balance, it is paid us when we graduate."

"About your study and conduct marks?"

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"The scale of marks ranges from 4, as a maximum, to 0; and a mark below 2.5 is given to a recitation or exercise which is not considered satisfactory. The marks in each branch are averaged, and the rank list is made out



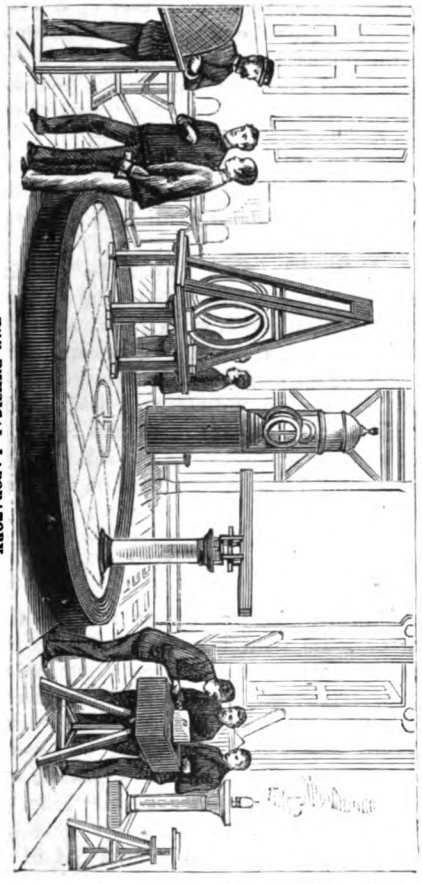
GUNNERY DEPARTMENT.

LIBRARY.

and published at the end of every month; and a report of the marks and standing of each cadet is sent at the same time to his parent or guardian. At the end of the year the general standing of each class is made up."

"What about the cadets who go below 2.5?"

"Any cadet whose mark at the end of the year is below 2.5, or 62.5 per cent., in any branch, is deficient, and he is recommended to the Secretary of the Navy for dismissal, or as we call it here, he is 'bilged.' In case of slight deficiency he is turned back into the next class, or subjected to re-examination; but in no case can a cadet graduate from the school who has failed to get 62.5 per cent. as his



THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

yearly mark in each and every branch of study pursued during a four years' course. Oh, it's pretty tough work!"

I learned from my young friend that as regards interior discipline, all officers and cadet-officers are authorized and required to report offenses coming under their notice in the line of duty, to the Commandant of Cadets; and any cadet, in a responsible position, who becomes answerable for a breach of the regulations, is required to answer the questions of his superior officer, relating to the offense, and relieve himself of his responsibility by reporting the offender. All the reports are deposited with the officer in charge, and they are collected and

ARTILLERY DRILL IN FRONT OF THE CADETS' QUARTERS.

arranged upon the conduct-report book every evening by the Officer of the Day. This conduct-report is read out in the morning and remains posted during the day. Cadets are thus given an opportunity of presenting excuses and explanations, which are examined and acted upon next day, in connection with the report. Demerits are given for each offense, but only as a record of misconduct, and in no case as a punishment. Certain limits are fixed to the number of demerits allowed any cadet, and if the number is reached the case is reported to the Navy Department, with such recommendation as the Academic Board may think proper. The punishments are as follows: removal from service; solitary confinement; coventry; public reprimand on parade by written orders; confinement under guard or in quarters; deprivation of leave or recreation; extra duties or drills; suspension; reduction of cadet rank. No officer of the Academy, except the Superintendent, is authorized to order or inflict punishment of any kind; and dismissal from the service can only be ordered by the Secretary of the Navy.

On the subject of the entrance or qualification examination in arithmetic, the candidate must be "up" in the tables of money, weights and measures, subtraction, multiplication and division of denominate numbers; the relation between troy and avoirdupois pound; and the reduction of differences of longitude to their equivalents in time, and the reverse. In fractions the candidate must be familiar with all the processes of common and decimal fractions, and must be able to give clearly the reasons for the processes; and he should be familiar with the contracted methods of multiplication and division given in the ordinary text-books of arithmetic. In the properties of numbers it is necessary to be acquainted with the test of the divisibility of numbers by 2, 3, 5, 8, 9, 11, 25, 125, or the resolution of composite numbers into prime factors; the method of determining whether a number is prime or composite, and of finding the greatest common divisor and least common multiple in large and small numbers. The definition and explanation of rational proportion; the methods of writing a proportion; the solution of problems in simple and compound proportion. The candidate must be "up" in percentage, interest and discount; in analysis; in miscellaneous problems, similar to those in the common school text-books; he must be acquainted with the measurement of rectangular surfaces and volumes, and in the extraction of square and cubic roots. Candidates must be thoroughly proficient in all branches of arithmetic, and unusual excellence may be allowed to count in their favor in case of a slight deficiency in other subjects.

In geography, candidates are questioned upon the grand divisions of the land and water; the character of the coast-lines; the direction and position of mountain-chains, and the locality of important peaks; the position and course of rivers and tributaries, and the bodies of water into which they empty; the position of important seas and bays; the political divisions of the land, their position, boundaries, and capital cities; the position and direction of great peninsulas; and the situation of important and prominent capes, straits, sounds, channels, and the most important canals, great lakes and inland seas; position and political connections of important islands and colonial possessions; locality of cities of historical, political, or commercial importance; and the course of a vessel making a voyage between well-known seaports.

In grammar, candidates are examined upon the whole of English grammar, as treated in the common school text-books. In reading, candidates read English prose aloud from some standard work. As regards writing and spelling, the candidates are required to write a short original letter and an exercise in dictation, and to spell twenty-four words in common use. An exercise having eight or more mistakes in spelling is not considered satisfactory, and is enough of itself to cause the rejection of a candidate. The following is part of a paper handed in by a Massachusetts candidate who stood No. 2 in a class of twenty in his school.

Dictation (Bancroft's "United States," 1, p. 234):

"Equally proverbial was the hospitality of the Verginians labor was valuable land was cheap compitance promptly followed industry there was know nead off a scramble aboundance. . . . the morasses were alive with water foul the creeks abounded with oisters in inexausterble beds. . . . the woods russled with quails."

A young man who taught school having obtained a nomination, his replies in geography were absolutely unique. To the question, "Give the position of the following cities, and tell on or near what waters they are situated: 1, Toledo; 2, Carthagena; 3, Cracow; 4, Trebizond; 5, Calcutta"—to which the school-teacher answered in writing, the orthography being execrable: "1, Toledo on the western end of Lake Erie. Cathegina northern part of france eng chanell. Calcutta southern part of europe Mediterranean Sea."

Is it to be wondered at that these worthies were incontinently "bilged"? And it is a matter of comment that so many lads come up as candidates so utterly unprepared for the examination.

Before I step forth into the Yard, under the guidance of my intelligent young friend, who is bursting with anxiety to show me the lions, I have a word to say about another class of cadets, namely, the Cadet-Engineers.

In pursuance of law, applications are received by the Navy Department for the appointment of Cadet-Engineers. The application is addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, and can be made by the candidate, or by any person for him, and his name is placed on the register. The registry of the name, however, gives no assurance of an appointment, and no preference is given in the selection to priority of application. The number of appointments which can be made is limited by law to twenty-five each year. The candidate must not be less than sixteen or more than twenty years of age; he is required to certify *on honor* to his precise age, to the Academic Board, previous to his examination, and no one will be examined who is over or under the prescribed age. His application must be accompanied by satisfactory evidence of good moral character and health, with information regarding date of birth and educational advantages hitherto enjoyed. Candidates who receive permission present themselves to the Superintendent of the Naval Academy on the 15th of September, for examination as to their qualifications for admission.

The course of study comprises four years at the Naval Academy, and two additional years at sea. All cadets who finally graduate are commissioned Assistant Engineers in the Navy as vacancies occur. The pay of a Cadet-Engineer while at the Naval Academy is $500 per annum. The academic examination previous to appointment is competitive, and on the following subjects, namely: Arithmetic; algebra, through equations of the first degree; plane geometry; rudimentary natural philosophy; reading; writing; spelling; English grammar; English composition; geography; free-hand drawing; and an elementary knowledge of the principles governing the action of the steam-engine. Candidates who possess the greatest skill and experience in the practical knowledge of machinery, *other qualifications being equal*, have precedence for admission.

Persons who contemplate presenting themselves as candidates for admission as Cadet-Engineers, are cautioned that the number of applicants is large, and the competition exceedingly close. It is, therefore, useless for candidates to present themselves unless well prepared on the subjects of the examination, and unless their physical qualifications are within the prescribed standard. Candidates must be physically sound, well formed, and of robust constitution; they are required to pass a satisfactory examination before a medical board composed of the surgeon of the Naval Academy and two other medical officers designated by the Secretary of the Navy.

Any *one* of the following conditions is sufficient to cause the rejection of a candidate: Feeble constitution, inherited or acquired; greatly retarded development; permanently impaired general health; decided cachexia, diathesis, or predisposition. All chronic diseases or results of injuries that would permanently impair efficiency, viz.: weak or disordered intellect; cutaneous and communicable diseases; unnatural curvature of spine, torticollis, or other deformity; permanent inefficiency of either of the extremities or articulations from any cause; epilepsy or other convulsions within five years; impaired vision or chronic disease of the organs of vision; great hardness of hearing or chronic disease of the ears; chronic nasal catarrh; ozæna polypi, or great enlargement of the tonsils; impediments of speech to such an extent as to impair efficiency in the performance of duty; chronic diseases of heart or lungs, or decided indications of liability to cardiac or pulmonary affections; hernia, or retention of testes in inguinal cavity; sarcocele, hydrocele, stricture, fistula or hemorrhoids; large varicose veins of lower limbs, scrotum or cord; chronic ulcers. Attention is also paid to the stature of the candidate, and no one *manifestly* under size for his age is received at the Academy. In the case of doubt about the physical condition of the candidate, any marked deviation from the usual standard of height adds materially to the consideration for rejection. Five feet is the minimum height for the candidate.

The board exercise a proper discretion in the application of the above conditions to each case, rejecting no candidate who is likely to be efficient in the service, and admitting no one who is likely to prove physically inefficient. No candidate rejected by the board is allowed a re-examination.

Accompanied by my embryo admiral, I descended to the Yard, and regaled my eyes with one of the most charming pictures it is possible to imagine. In the distance, and forming a background to the richest foliage, flashed the blue waters of the Chesapeake. On my left was the placid Severn, the wooded heights of the opposite shore reflected as in a mirror. In the centre of the river lay moored a grim-looking monitor, formidable and vicious as a sleeping watchdog. High above the elms fluttered the stars and stripes attached to the tapering masts of the *Santee* and *Dale;* while tiny launches, with whistles like the scream of a young miss who has been sharply pinched by her companion, scooted hither and thither in all the bravery of snow-white awnings. On my right, and facing grass as green as in the Emerald Isle itself, stood the quarters of the superior officers—three-story brick buildings painted a dirty gray, whose stoops were adorned with gayly attired ladies and groups of daintily gotten up children. Still further on the right lay the chapel, faced at right angles by the library—a quaint old house of the pre-Revolution period. Nestling in trees, the Superintendent's residence came next the grassy open sacred to baseball, leading to the wharf, with a monster mortar pointing its "ugly mug" seaward.

On my near left, and facing the greensward, were the buildings, each separate and distinct, devoted to the departments of Steam Engineering, Physics and Chemistry, Gunnery and Seamanship. Then came Stribling Row, fringed by the quarters of cadets of the first class; and further bay-ward, the apartments of certain of the professors, with their cozy clubroom, of the *cuisine* of which I hold so many grateful remembrances.

Out on the edge of the sea stands old Fort Severn, in outward appearance strongly resembling a permanent circus building. The principal alley leading through the heart of the Yard, through the grass and beneath umbrageous trees, is called Lovers' Walk. Here the sisters, and especially the cousins, promenade, or sit in coignes of vantage, with the cadets; here the fond mother listens to the aspirations of her curled darling, and to his earnest requests for coin and hampers—for beneath the boy's jacket beats the boy's heart, and candy is as sweet to a cadet, albeit he is about to graduate, as when he first learned to love it, not wisely but too well, in the sacred sanctuary of his nurse's arms.

In the grounds there is a brave display of cannon taken from the enemy; and here and there, peeping out of tufts of foliage, the grim figureheads of ships-of-war long since gone to Davy's locker. A Japanese bell is one of the sights of the fifty acres inclosed within the limits of the United States Naval Academy.

"Let us go to the Hospital first," exclaimed my cadet.

It is needless to say that the Hospital is bright and cheery, and clean to a fault. On the top floor are situated the rooms in which the youthful aspirant to naval honors is put through his facings. Here are lung tests and muscle tests. Here are colored worsteds, and large and small alphabets, and distorted letters, to try the eyesight. Then he is weighed and his height determined. After he has passed the doctor, he is assigned quarters in the new building.

"The sick call," observed my young friend, as we quitted the hospital, "is sounded soon after breakfast every morning, and a medical officer of the Academy is ready to examine and prescribe for any cadet who may be ill. After this examination, lists are made up of cadets to be excused from drills or from study. We can see the doctor at any time. We each pay fifty cents a month for dentistry."

"Now for the Natatorium."

This building is in the same square as the Laundry, and close to the Severn. The Prussian system for teaching the cadets to swim has been introduced into the School of Natation. This plan is a very simple one. To a long pole is attached a belt. The belt is fastened around the learner's waist. The teacher stands on the edge of the bath and literally fishes with the swimmer, relaxing his sustaining power by imperceptible degrees until the pupil is swimming without being aware of the fact. The bath is 20x40, and 5 feet deep at its greatest depth.

"This is the Department of Steam Engineering."

Following my young friend, I passed between two pillars composed of cannon captured from the British, and entering a neatly kept garden boasting a spray-tossing fountain, entered a spacious hall, wherein on benches affixed to the walls were all the implements necessary to turning, filing, punching and generally fitting up the machinery of which a marine engine is formed. In the adjoining hall stands an immense marine steam-engine, every inch of it the handiwork of the cadets. This engine is worked during instruction, and can be taken to pieces and put together again by the class in a very few minutes.

The Department of Drawing reflects considerable credit

SPORT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CONTINENT.—"THE ONLY RESULT OF THE TWO BARRELS WHICH I FIRED WAS TO TURN THE ANIMAL TOWARD THE SHORE HE HAD JUST LEFT."

upon the authorities, as well as upon the cadets, for some of the work executed displays more than ordinary talent, while the finish is admirable. The system is excellent, and the results eminently satisfactory.

As we proceeded *en route* to the Physical Laboratory the cadet initiated me into the slang of the Yard.

"'Bootlick' is a sycophant," he said. "'Plebe' is a raw cadet. 'Choke a luff' is to cry hush. 'Corpse mill' is the hospital. 'Frenching' means going out of bounds without permission. 'Snag' is to catch a fellow breaking regulations. 'Spot' means a demerit. 'Sax' is extremely swelly."

The Physical Laboratory is the handsomest building of its kind in this country, its marbles, inlaid woods and pedestals for scientific instruments being both unique and of exquisite finish. Here are astronomical clocks, and bewildering complications for calculating the ten millionth portion of the eighty millionth part of a comet's tail. It was awfully silent here, and the instruments seemed as though in circuit with another world; in fact, the place resembled a vault where the dead sciences lay entombed.

The next department we visited was that of Ordnance and Gunnery, and here we found ourselves, like the survivors of the Six Hundred, with cannon to the right of us, cannon to the left us, cannon in front of us, but, happily, not volleying or thundering. The cadet drew my particular attention to a quaint old piece of ordnance brought over by Hernando Cortez, and cast about the year 1490. This hall, facing the chapel, contains models and sections and tackle of great and small guns of every known pattern and every calibre—mortars, shot and shell. Here the cadets are daily instructed in the theory of gunnery. There are some remarkable specimens of matchlocks in the room, while flags captured from British and Algerine ships, and from the Malay and Corea pirates, hang round, each bearing evidence of having been "stormed at by shot and shell."

"Now for the Department of Seamanship."

Inserted in the floor is a perfect model of a full-rigged ship, such as a boy would willingly part with ten years of life for, every spar, rope and block being in its place and in full working order.

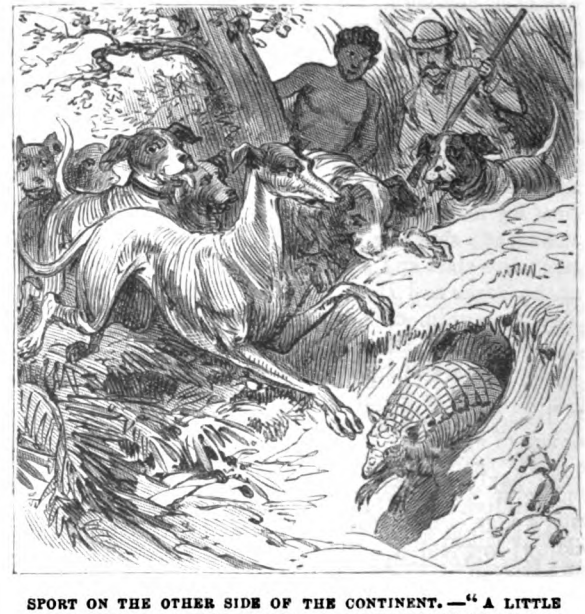
All round the walls are coils and knots of rope, some of them bearing such curious titles as "Single Matthew Walker," "American Stopper," "Rose on 4 Strands," "Double Diamond," "French Shroud," "Standing Turk's Head," "Crommet," "Midshipman Hitch." In the gallery are models of the various builds of ships, each perfect in its way. The cadets are exercised over these models, and thus learn the component parts of a vessel in miniature.

We now crossed Stribling Row, struck Lover's Lane, and passed along it beneath the trees till we arrived at the residence of the Superintendent. This is a charming old house of the Georgian era, and was formerly the official domicile of the Governors of Maryland. It is rich in narrow windows and deep embrasures, in brave old panels and oaken wainscots; while the dining-room possesses all the gravity of an apartment in which a succession of swells pledged bumpers high in claret that came up the Chesapeake without paying a penny duty to his Majesty the King.

The Library, equally venerable as its next-door neighbor (the Superintendent's residence), contains some quaint old pictures of naval engagements, notably the taking of His Britannic Majesty's ship *General Monk* by the American ship *Hyder Ally*; oil portraits of American admirals, from Paul Jones to Farragut; a bust of Horatio Lord Nelson, and a collection of valuable books. The new wing, designed by Professor Oliver, is a very charming apartment.

"I'll take you into the chapel, and then we'll do old Fort Severn—now the gymnasium," observed my friend the cadet, as we emerged from the library; "and, when you've done the fort and the ships, you will have seen everything in the Yard."

The chapel is unpretentious, and its walls contain tablets erected to the memory of gallant fellows, once happy and hopeful cadets, who died "facing the foe," or in the discharge of acts of signal bravery. Prayers are said by the chaplain daily, immediately after morning roll-call, at which the attendance of all cadets is required. Divine service is held in the chapel on Sunday morning and evening; cadets are required to be present in the morning, but attendance at the evening service is voluntary. Cadets whose parents or guardians desire it, may attend service permanently in the City of Annapolis, at any one of the



SPORT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CONTINENT.—"A LITTLE DIVERSION WAS CREATED BY AN UNFORTUNATE ARMADILLO WHICH BOLTED OUT OF THE SCRUB."

SPORT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CONTINENT.—"UNDER THE PLATFORM THE DEER CAME TO FEED DURING THE NIGHT, AND IN THIS WAY HE HAD KILLED HUNDREDS."

churches of the various denominations. In such cases, they are excused altogether from the chapel services, but they must attend every Sunday morning at their regular place of worship.

Passing the quarters of the professors, and that mess-room of which I cherish so grateful a remembrance, we entered the gymnasium, where cross-bars, and balancing poles, and swings, and trapeze bars told their own tale in much more forcible language than such as I could write.

The *Santee* lay at her moorings at the dock, beside her the *Dale*, and at anchor in the Severn the good ship *Constellation*, whither stores of every description were being ferried—for she was being fitted out for the Summer cruise. I went over the *Santee*, and crossed in a tiny steam-launch to the *Constellation*. Both ships were as neat as a "bride's kerchief," and sweet as "new-culled lavender."

"We've a lot of Plebes going this cruise," observed my cadet; adding, with a grim, anticipatory chuckle, "And won't they be seasick!"

Having completed my tour of the Yard, I said *au revoir* to my cadet, and left him feeling that I could report to his maternal parent that her boy was being superbly educated—that every possible care was taken of him by the authorities—that he was rosy and well, and happy as the Summer day was long.

SPORT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CONTINENT.

WHILE at Vancouver's Island, several years ago, I made the acquaintance of a retired army officer who lived at Elk Lake, some miles from Victoria, and I paid him a visit, at his invitation, to have a day's hunting together. He lived in a small hut, built with his own hands, on the borders of the lake. The site was well chosen with a view to sport. At the back of the hut were dense woods extending in every direction, and reaching down to the water's edge. The lake was well stocked with trout, and wildfowl frequented it in Winter.

I received a cordial welcome from the captain, and two magnificent hounds greeted my arrival with howls of delight.

It was arranged that I should take a rickety old canoe which lay on the beach, and paddle into the middle of the lake, while the captain hunted in the woods. Taking up my position, I had leisure to admire the scene, which was most beautiful; the lake was as calm as a mill-pond, and every rock and tree was reflected as in a mirror; the old craft, however, leaked so badly that I had to devote my attention to keeping her afloat.

Presently I heard the hounds baying, and the captain swearing—at least, so it sounded to me—then the dogs gave tongue again, their voices echoing from shore to shore. The sound gradually died away, and I concluded that a deer had been started, but had gone in the wrong direction—away from the water.

I waited patiently, listening for the slightest sound, and, at last, long after I had given up any hope of getting a shot, I heard a crash among the rushes at the far end of the lake, and presently saw something gliding along the water, leaving a long ripple behind it. Knowing that it must be a deer, I paddled in a direction to intercept its course, and, coming nearer, made it out to be a buck swimming boldly for the opposite shore.

Deer present but a small mark in the water, as only the head and horns are visible, and the only result of the two barrels which I fired was to turn the animal back toward the shore he had just left. The deer swam so fast that it was hard work to keep up to it, and the canoe leaked so badly that it was doubtful if it would float much longer; but there was no time to bail, so I worked hard with my paddle, and, just as the deer was striking soundings, I crammed in a couple of cartridges, and rolled it over as it was leaving the water.

The captain came up soon afterward, and was pleased with the result, as he had lost the trail, and was going home.

I paid him another visit shortly afterward, when I was posted down by the seashore with my coxswain, as the deer sometimes took that way, the captain hunting in the woods as before. The hounds soon started a deer, which led them away from where I was posted. Hours passed, the rain came down in torrents, and we were consoling ourselves for our bad luck with a pipe, when we saw a deer come out of the wood half a mile off, and deliberately walk into the sea; he then trotted along toward us, keeping the shallow water, evidently to throw the dogs off the

SPORT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CONTINENT.—"OUR DEPARTURE WAS SOMEWHAT DELAYED BY THE BEHAVIOR OF MY STEED, WHO SHOWED A DECIDED OBJECTION TO THE JOURNEY."

scent. Now and then he would stop and listen, and then trot on again.

We kept perfectly still, and the deer passed within forty yards of where we were sitting, when I shot him. He proved to be a nice young buck with fair horns. We had a hard job to carry him back through the woods to the hut, turn and turn about, over our shoulders.

I tried for several nights lying in wait for deer in the paddocks, where they came to feed on the farmers' crops, but though I frequently heard them jumping the palings, and feeding within a few yards of me, I never succeeded in getting a shot, owing to the darkness of the night.

On a moonlight night it must be a sure and easy way of killing them. It is, however, cold work, and one is very apt to get a touch of fever and ague—as I did, for my trouble. An invaluable recipe for shooting in marshy countries is a bottle of sherry and quinine mixed—a preparation which our surgeon thoughtfully provided me with on all such occasions.

Several years ago, the ship to which I was attached was detained at Panama for several weeks, and I availed myself of the opportunity to indulge my penchant for sport.

A gentleman living near Panama keeps a pack of hounds, with which he hunts in the neighboring woods; he kindly gave me an invitation to a *chasse*. We drove from the city before daylight, and arrived at the rendezvous just as day was breaking, where we were met by the huntsman and hounds. They were, perhaps, not exactly what an English fox-hunter would have expected to have seen.

The huntsman, who was on foot, was a withered old native, armed with a *machete*, or big knife, with which to cut a trail through the woods; his dress was of the lightest description consistent with decency, being no more than a cloth tied round his loins; no doubt it was admirably suited to the climate and the work he had to perform. The hounds were the most nondescript pack I ever saw. There were two English fox-hounds, who seemed rather ashamed at being seen in such company; a grayhound, a bull-terrier, and half-a-dozen mongrels, some with curly tails, some with stumpy tails, and one with no tail at all. However, as their worthy owner assured me, although they were not much to look at, they were devils to go! and he guaranteed them to hunt anything from a tiger to a cat.

Our first beat was one of the savannas, or large open plains, a few miles distant from the city. The guns being posted, the hounds were turned into a wood near at hand.

We were on the tiptoe of expectation, when a frightful din commenced, the old native shouting, and the dogs giving tongue; presently a deer bounded out, close to where my coxswain was placed, pursued by the grayhound, the bulldog and the rest in succession. Ricketts, being merely placed as a stop, had no gun; so he turned the deer toward me, and I rolled it over as it bounded into the bush.

Great was the rejoicing over this beast! The hounds crowded round; the old native came out of the bush, perspiring freely, and scraping the *garrapatos*, or ticks, off his skin with his *machete*.

This beginning seemed to promise well for a good day's sport, and, after waiting at my post for at least an hour, a deafening chorus broke forth, apparently close at hand. "Come," I said to myself, "a tiger at least, this time;" but nothing appeared, and as the noise seemed to be concentrated at one spot, I went to the place. I found my host and his dogs assembled round a hole in the ground, into which some animal had evidently bolted.

The scene was most ludicrous; the larger dogs, including the grayhound and the bulldog, stood off, ready for anything to bolt, and keeping up an awful din; the rest of the pack were in the hole, and their tails—those that had any—could just be seen. The old native had cleared away the bush with his *machete*, as though he expected a Bengal tiger to come out, and one of the party stood ready to fire whenever the beast should appear.

In answer to my inquiries as to what kind of a beast was expected, I was told that possibly it might be a "cornejo pintado," literally a painted rabbit, a species of animal I have never yet seen. A little diversion was created by an unfortunate armadillo, which bolted out of the scrub, to be rolled over in the open by the whole pack; the grayhound first caught it, and I could hear the poor creature's shell crunching under his powerful jaws.

Meanwhile the old native had dug down upon the hole, from which a low moaning could be heard; the yelping of the dogs was now redoubled, and one of the sportsmen approached the spot with his gun, after taking a look round to see the coast clear. Presently a mass of yellow fur was descried, into which both barrels were discharged, and a miserable, harmless ant-eater was dragged forth in triumph; the poor creature had bravely refused to desert its young one, which was soon after ignominiously pulled out. I tried to keep this little fellow alive, but he pined away and died in a short time.

Some days afterward I made another expedition, in company with one of our officers, to a country house called Limon, belonging to Señor A——, some twenty miles distant from Panama. We spent a couple of days most pleasantly at this place, bathing in the river, shooting ducks on the pools, and lying out for deer during the night. This last occupation was by no means agreeable, owing to the swarms of musquitoes, ticks, and other vermin, which gave us no peace. Our host told us that he usually built himself a platform in a tree, under which the deer came to feed during the night, and in this way he had killed hundreds without being molested by musquitoes; such luxurious kind of shooting is certainly excusable in these countries, but we had no time to enjoy it.

Whilst the coaling and refitting was going on, I accepted the offer of one of the merchants of a mount for E—— and myself, for the purpose of visiting a marsh, at a place called Pied-de-la-questa, about twelve miles over the mountains from the town, where we heard there was capital shooting.

Our departure was somewhat delayed by the behavior of my steed, which showed his decided objection to the journey by bucking me off, gun, cartridges and all, into the middle of the plaza. His owner assured me that this was his regular practice before starting, but that once under way he was as quiet as a lamb. I preferred to take his word for it, and exchanging the animal for another, we took a fresh departure. We were accompanied on this occasion by a guide, who was reported to be the best sportsman in the place, but he proved to be a far better hand with the bottle than with the gun. He told us confidentially that he came with us because the next day was a fast day, and he always made a point of getting drunk on those occasions.

Starting about three P.M., we followed our guide over the mountains in single file. A worse bit of traveling it would be difficult to imagine—the track was merely a watercourse, intercepted by rocks and roots of trees, and it was wonderful how our horses kept their feet. After riding through a forest for some miles we reached the top, and descended into the valley below, reaching the village of Pied-de-la-questa about sundown. We put up for the

night at a ranch kept by an aged crone and two buxom daughters, and we passed a pleasant evening over our pipes and grog. Our guide entertained us with an amusing account of his adventures, in all of which he was the hero. By his own account he was a deserter from an American man-of-war, had distinguished himself in fights both afloat and ashore, scalped more Indians than Mayne Reid ever heard of, and killed bears, buffalo and elk by the cartload. As the night wore on he got drunk and offensive, and as his language was not edifying he was put to bed. We also retired to the couches prepared for us, the women dispersed themselves about the ranch, and several dusky brats lay promiscuously on the ground.

The crowing of numerous cocks roused us before daylight, and we were soon ready for a start. Near to the village was a large lagoon, about twenty miles long by five broad in the widest part, extending from the village in a line parallel to the sea, from which it was separated by a strip of beach. It was arranged that E——, piloted by the Yankee, should make his way along this beach to a ranch called "Casadero," and that I should go by water to the same rendezvous. A native who rejoiced in the name of "Walk in," or what sounded like it, accompanied me to assist in paddling the canoe.

Launching our rotten old craft, we paddled quietly along the margin of the lake, occasionally landing to shoot a noisy "chachalaca," that would insist in calling our attention to his wherabouts. These birds are not unlike the English hen-pheasant, but are not so large; they are exceedingly stupid, and sit on the trees gazing at one, and uttering a cry like that produced by running a stick sharply across a "shingle" roof, or paling. Now and then a duck would rise from the rushes, when the paddle was quickly exchanged for the gun to bring him to bag, or a rabbit would scuttle away into the bush, giving only a snap-shot. Besides these there were hundreds of cranes, ibis, curlew, bitterns, boatbills, spoonbills and flamingoes to be seen, and alligators in every direction.

We arrived in due time at "Casadero," a solitary ranch by the water-side; by this time I had three brace of ducks, a rabbit, and a couple of chachalaca in the canoe, besides a few ibis and curlew. To my disappointment E—— did not appear, so, after waiting two hours for rest and refreshment, I took to the canoe again, and pushed on for the upper end of the lagoon, where "Walk-in" declared there were any number of ducks. For an hour or more we paddled along under a broiling sun, disturbing the alligators which were basking on the banks; sometimes eight or ten of them would glide into the water together, and rise again close to our frail craft, as though they would like to improve the acquaintance of its occupants. Occasionally one would become too familiar, when a charge of buckshot, delivered into the eye at three yards, generally had the desired effect, and sent him off, lashing the water with his tail and staining it with his blood. At length we reached the head of the lagoon, and, peeping through the rushes, we saw a large swamp, wherein many thousands of duck, widgeon and teal were feeding in fancied security.

Pushing the canoe through the rushes, we launched her in this sanctuary, when the sport began. "Walk-in," naturally a man of few words, now showed himself to be not wanting in intelligence; he had never seen birds killed on the wing before, and the rapidity with which a snap-action breech-loader could be loaded and fired quite astonished him. Leaving the canoe, he danced about the marsh, picking up the ducks which were falling in all directions. The shots alarmed all the birds in the neighborhood, and the place seemed alive with duck and teal, which kept flying overhead, presenting every variety of shot. There was shooting enough for a dozen guns, and I hoped that E——, hearing the shots, might join me; but, as it turned out, he was at that moment miles away.

I blazed away until my gun was hot and the ammunition began to give out, when we set to work to gather up the slain. Whilst I had been shooting the alligators had not been idle, and all my birds which had fallen in the deep water had disappeared; many of the cripples, also, had escaped in the rushes. However, we picked up at this one place fifteen brace of ducks and a couple of teal. The sun was setting as we turned our faces toward home, and the sky was still darkened by immense flocks of ducks preparing to settle in their favorite retreat. Our canoe leaked so badly with the additional weight she carried, that it was with difficulty we kept her afloat; and darkness had long set in, when, after paddling for four weary hours, we again hauled her up on the beach near the village.

On joining E—— I found that he had never reached Casadero, the guide having lost his way, and so lost him a capital day's sport. He had, however, bagged a magnificent "patoreale," weighing fully eight pounds.

We slept at the ranch that night, and the next morning were in the saddle before daylight, on our way back to the ship. As we rode through the woods the chachalacas were calling in all directions, and hopping from tree to tree; E—— bagged five without going off the path, and we might have got many more, had we cared to do so.

A LAWSUIT EXTRAORDINARY.

While Mr. Seward was a member of the New York bar, and in active practice in 1848, the postmaster of Syracuse refused to deliver a newspaper to a Miss Felton, to whom it was addressed, without the payment of a letter postage, the sender having placed upon it the initial letter of his name. Miss Felton thereupon sued the postmaster for the value of the paper, and the case was tried before a justice of the peace, who held postal instructions illegal, and consequently gave 6 cents damages and costs of $2.89 for the plaintiff. The case was carried by the postmaster to the Court of Common Pleas, which affirmed the judgment, with additional costs of $32.95. From there it was carried to the Supreme Court of the State, which added $37.65 to the judgment before rendered, and the postmaster then appealed the case to the Court of Appeals, where the judgment was affirmed, and the additional sum of $75.64, making $136.90 in all.

Not content with this measure of justice in the State courts, the postmaster went with the case to the Supreme Court of the United States, where it was elaborately argued by Mr. Seward, and decided in a very labored opinion of the Court, affirming the finding of the other Courts, rendering judgment accordingly, but with what costs the record does not show.

The case, as decided by the Court of Appeals in New York, is reported in the first Comstock, 537; and as decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, in the twelfth Howard, 384, in which volume it occupies nine pages.

"AMERICA."

The name of America for the newly discovered continent was first proposed in the little volume put forth at St. Dié, in the Vosges, in the year 1507, by Waldzeemuller, better known by the Hellenized form of his name, Hylacomylus. Three or four editions of this treatise were published at St. Dié before 1507, and a few years afterward an edition without date was printed at Lyons by

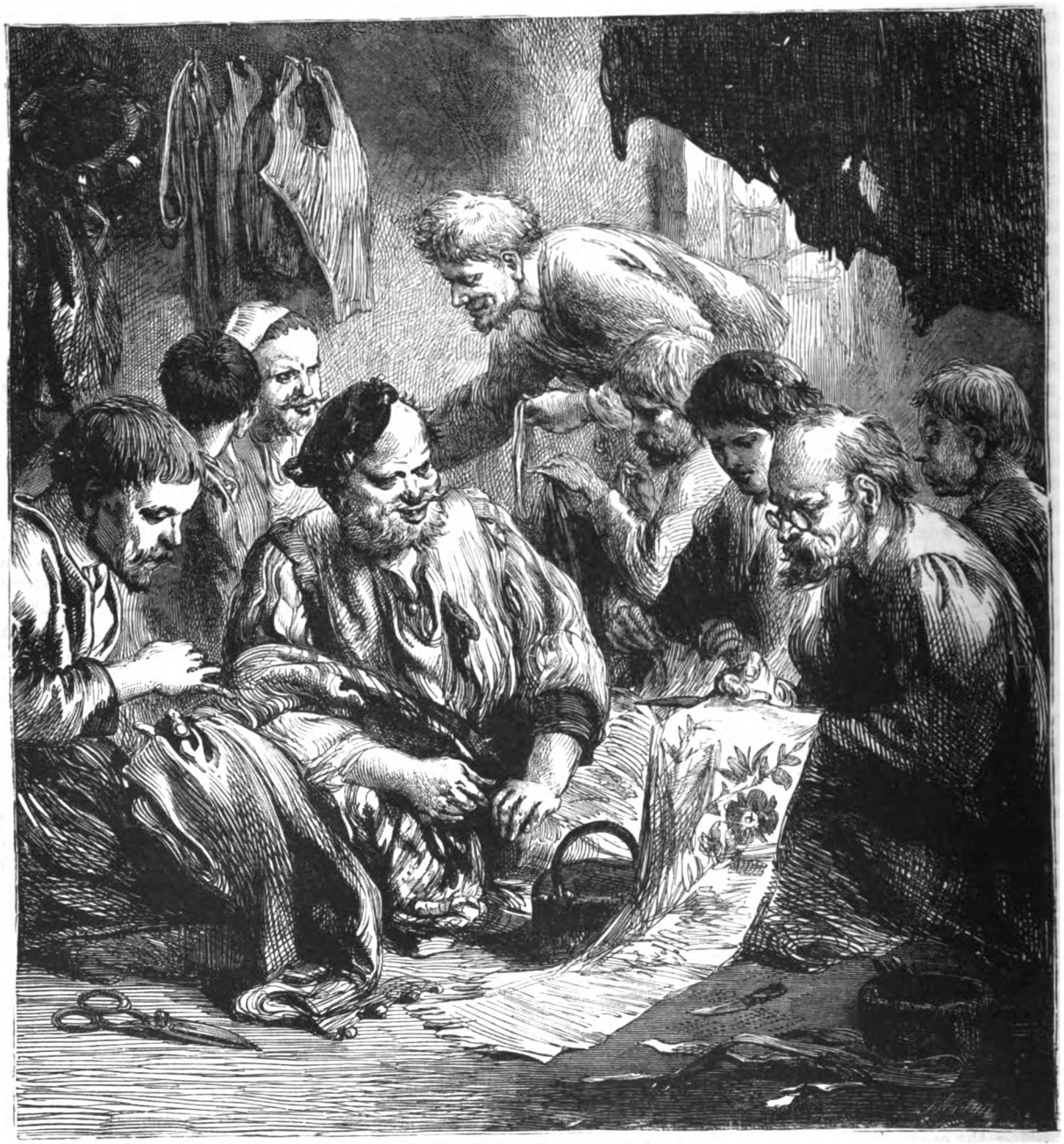
Jean de la Place. All these editions are of extreme rarity, and probably that printed at Lyons is the rarest of all, though the library of the British Museum possesses two copies of it. It has never been suggested that any maps were engraved to accompany either of the editions, but it has been always supposed that the earliest map with the word "America" marked on the new-found world was the "Typus Orbis," engraved on wood for the "Enarrationes Joannis Camertis in C. Julii Solini Polyistora," printed at Vienna in 1520 for Joannes Singrenius. In this map the New World is represented as a long island, on which is the inscription: "Anno d. 1497 hæc terra cum adjacentibus insulis inventa est per Columbum Ianuensem ex mandato regis Castelle. America provincia."

To BE really and truly independent is to support ourselves by our own exertions.

"NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN."

INSTEAD of this phrase being one of reproach, its origin reflects the highest honor on the "Sons of the Scissors." In the year 1742 a poor orphan boy applied at one of the fashionable West-end tailors' shops in London, in which nine journeymen were then employed. The forlorn, yet interesting appearance of the friendless lad touched the hearts of the benevolent tailors, who immediately contributed nine shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital the little fellow purchased fruit, which he retailed at a profit. Years rolled on, and as the result of his industry, wealth and honor smiled upon him, so that at length he was able to retire from business and keep his carriage. Instead, however, of applying to the College of Heraldry for his crest, he painted the following motto on the panel of his carriage-door:

"NINE TAILORS MADE ME A MAN."



"NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN."

A STRANGE DUEL.—"'YOU ARE THE MAN WE WANT,' SAID ONE OF THE MEN, ABRUPTLY. 'COME OUT OF THIS!'"
SEE NEXT PAGE.

REAPING.

By Julia Goddard.

A pale, sad woman sat forlorn
The tangled feathery fern among;
The reapers cut the yellow corn,
And careless hummed a harvest song,
With something in its light refrain
That touched her soul—"The seed needs rain,
To bring a golden reaping."

She twined wild roses in her hair,
As thinking of a happier time,
When birds sang sweet and winds were fair,
Ere Sorrow's bells began to chime,
And still she heard amidst her pain
The réapers' song—"The seed needs rain,
To bring a golden reaping."

The purple hills swept far away,
The purple sea beyond them rolled,
And out beyond the ocean lay
A land where workers toiled for gold;
And sharper rang the light refrain
The reapers sang—"The seed needs rain
To bring a golden reaping."

A voice she had not heard for years
Sudden upon the stillness broke;
Her eyes, half blind with trembling tears
Of joy, to new-born life awoke;
Her heart beat to the sweet refrain
The reapers sang—"The seed needs rain,
To bring a golden reaping."

Her eyes have looked into the eyes
She never thought again to see;
Her hand clasped in another lies,
That dead to her she thought to be—
Loud rises o'er the reapers' strain
A voice, "O love, we sowed in pain,
To find a golden reaping."

"O love! O love! this is no dream!"
She starts and shyly glances round,
Half doubting yet the golden gleam
Of sunlight that her life has crowned,
Whilst heavenward floats the reapers' strain,
Like solemn chant—"The seed needs rain,
To bring a golden reaping."

A STRANGE DUEL.

Chapter I.—Hands—Not Hearts.

A very moody gentleman, standing on the steps of the Capitol, energetically endeavoring to dig holes in the marble with the point of his umbrella, and scowling at the glistening Potomac far away, and over the stacks of chimneys all around and about, and at the sky now and then, and always ending with a deeper scowl up the crowded avenue, attracted the attention of every passer-by.

Nobody spoke to him, except a bold bootblack, who said, interrogatively, "Shine 'em up?" and was answered very forcibly, "No!" which kept him at his distance thenceforth.

So this handsome and gloomy person, dressed in faultless outdoor costume, with a bud in his buttonhole, went on with his hopeless attempt at excavation, and the adjacent policeman, who had been prowling on the watch for so long, concluded that the man was waiting for somebody who had failed to promptly keep the appointment.

And quite correctly. Mr. Lucius Butterworth had arrived at 1:57 P.M., which was exactly three minutes ahead of the time named in the schedule he had arranged at breakfast with Miss Blanche Treshington; and, you know, when trains miss connection, the engineer who waits is always in a bad humor. It was quite 2:15, and Miss Treshington was still nowhere in sight, and so Mr. Butterworth secretly fumed and fretted, and declared over and over he would not wait an instant longer—but somehow continued to wait.

He heard a footstep and a slight exclamation behind him, and turned; and there, in the doorway, stood the very lady he wished to see. Very pretty she was, of course—dark-eyed and dark-haired, and with ripe, rosy, laughing lips, as the alliterative Swinburne might say. And now she came forward, with her hand out and the most delicious little pleading smile.

Her plaid walking-dress fitted her lithe, seductive figure to perfection, and she really was so charming altogether that her friend, who had been so impatiently cooling his heels for those twenty dragging minutes, was instantly mollified, and, smiling in turn, asked:

"Where have you been?"

"Here—ever since a quarter to two. I remained inside looking at the pictures, because it would have seemed odd to loiter on the steps, and because I love to look at those pictures—they remind one so vividly of greenbacks."

He winced the least bit at the latter explanation, and his face darkened; but the change lasted but a second.

"Well, let us return and have another peep—or pretend to—and talk."

And so they re-entered the massive building, and presently were [standing, apparently rapt, before the picture of Pocahontas.

All sorts of people were moving about; but no one noticed them—no one heard Lucius say, in a hesitating voice:

"Since we are to discuss matters, I hope you will do so frankly, Blanche; for I believe the time for concealment has passed."

Blanche alone heard this low and distinct murmur, and her cheeks paled a little; but she continued to smile, and both continued to stare earnestly at the painting—neither, I dare say, seeing it; and when the young lady spoke, her voice was so little tremulous, that no one could ever have supposed there was anything like heartache beneath it.

"Well, you know the understanding," she answered. "At the moment we felt the ardor of our love diminish, there was to be an immediate confession."

"I remember very well, Blanche."

"Then you will understand me if I speak frankly. It will one day seem much better to have acted like sensible people, as we are about to do, and not permit our attachment to annoy or pain us in its progress or termination; much better, if it is fated to end, that there should be free confession either to the other; and now"—she went on, still with that melancholy smile, beneath which something—was it agony, death, hope?—seemed to be concealed—"I must tell you that since the last few weeks, in spite of myself, I—I——"

"You felt your affection for me surely slipping from you," he replied, quickly. "My dear Blanche, no one will ever win my esteem as you have done, for none will

have your frankness. You are the first to confess to-day what I a month ago was the first to feel."

She turned paler still, and bit her lip; but he observed nothing.

He was now looking down.

"You must have seen that I was gloomy and irritable, and at length you know why. But I hope we may still be friends, may we not?"

"Friends!" she sighed.

"The best of friends."

There was a pause, and then she resumed:

"Well, I thought this was the object of your desire to meet me here alone, Lucius, and I have brought you your letters. They breathe a great deal of passion, and some day you will be amused to read them over."

"No; keep them, or give them to the flames. Such letters are best burnt."

Not unwillingly, it seemed, she returned them to the pocket of her dress, and presently he said: "Let us go"; and so they both left that handsome but rather gloomy chamber, and were once more in the grounds.

Slowly they took their way down the walk, and at the gate paused again, and she held out her gloved hand, and he touched it; and then, without uttering a word, they separated.

Lucius strode away briskly, and was soon lost in the crowd moving along the avenue. Miss Treshington, entirely self-possessed, to all outward appearance, took a car for her boarding-house, and upon arrival there, ran quickly up-stairs singing to her room, and once in that pretty apartment, threw herself on the bed, and burst into an agony of tears.

Her passionate weeping was soon interrupted by a light tap at the door, and her sister Alice entered. That tall and proud young lady glanced down in utter surprise, not unmingled with a certain contempt.

"Good heavens! what has happened, Blanche? But I see—you and Lucius Butterworth have quarreled again. How foolish you are to cry in this way, when you know it will all be made up before to-morrow!"

"It will never be made up. I suspected some time ago that he had grown weary of our engagement, and to-day he has confessed as much. We had made a compact that we should tell each other freely when the time came if our feelings changed, and, as a test, I pretended that mine had, and then, Alice, he said that I was the first to admit what he a month ago had been the first to experience."

All this was interrupted by heart-breaking sobs, and Alice kissed her sister affectionately.

"I can sympathize with you, dear," she replied, "because I have many troubles of my own. You may congratulate yourself on your escape from marriage."

The young lady's tone was so peculiar, that poor Blanche instantly raised her head from the pillow.

"Your husband is in one of his moods again?"

"In one of his worst moods. Monsieur de Grignan has really lost his senses! But I deserve my fate for marrying a man so much older than myself, and the native of another country."

"He certainly is changed from what he was," assented Blanche, very thoughtfully, and her tears now dried. "Yes; he, too, is much changed."

And up she rose, intent upon some new reflection, and began to change her walking-dress for another.

"Ah, Emilia, in the play, speaks truly," continued young Madame de Grignan, with great philosophy. "'It is not a day shows us a man.' Monsieur de Grignan was all life and spirits and kindness itself; and now he is moody and strange, and one finds it impossible to get a pleasant word from him. That is just why I have left him in his room to mope alone."

"You are going out?"

"Yes; since he will not. And, dear, you must lend me that walking-dress you have just taken off. Other people's clothes always fit me better than my own, and, besides, I ruined mine last week, as you know."

And straightway she began to exchange her present costume for the one spoken of; and this matter of toilet absorbing all thoughts, she could answer no more questions for the present. And Blanche went over to the window and stood looking out at various picturesque back-buildings and at the far-away, melancholy sky.

"I think I shall talk a little to Maurice while you are away, Alice," she said, presently, "and perhaps I may discover what ails him."

"I hope you will find him in a better humor than I left him," said the wife, with a careless laugh through the row of pins between her rosy lips, as she stood before the mirror. "He flew into a passion because I called him Monsieur de Grignan instead of Maurice. Such a child! Sometimes I half believe the man is jealous."

"Of whom?"

"*N'importe.* You could never guess"—with another bright laugh of quiet and rather sly enjoyment. "And now, Blanche, for your hat, coat, gloves, and everything; for back to my room while he is there I will not go."

All these things duly transferred, the handsome young lady took a final peep in the glass and floated from the room, and humming some gay chanson, she descended the staircase. Blanche looked in the direction she had taken, finger on lip, and deeply thoughtful.

"Jealous? If he is jealous of Lucius, there *might* be reason, and it would explain many things. There is only one way to assure myself, and I think I shall adopt it."

When she entered the adjoining room she found Monsieur de Grignan, as she had anticipated, quite alone, and deep in dismal reverie, though a book lay on his knee. This gentleman, attached in some capacity to the French Legation, had married Alice nearly a year before. Until of late they had lived together happily enough; but since the last few weeks a shadow had fallen upon their lives whose origin and nature could only be surmised.

Monsieur de Grignan smiled when Blanche appeared, and when she approached him took her hand.

"You pity the poor solitary," he said, with the faintest trace of foreign accent in his speech, and uttering every syllable with a peculiar, clear-cut distinctness. "Come, sit down, my child, and tell me something amusing."

"I am afraid I have nothing very amusing to tell you, Maurice," she replied, taking her place beside him. With this prologue, she gradually confided to him all that had happened that afternoon between herself and Lucius.

Monsieur de Grignan listened patiently; but when she looked up, his face was strangely distorted.

"So that little romance is ended!" he said, with an odd and rather sinister laugh. "Has it ever occurred to you that there may be peculiar reasons why Mr. Lucius Butterworth desired to break off his engagement to you?"

He had risen, and seemed wild with sudden fury. Blanche, much alarmed, also stood up.

"Swear that you will never breathe what I am about to say," he continued, fiercely, "and I shall conceal nothing."

"What do you mean, sir, in heaven's name?" she cried, clasping her hands with terror.

"Mean! I mean that he is in love with your sister—my wife—and that his passion is returned."

"It is not true, Maurice. Unsay that mad speech, or I

shall leave the room," she returned, passing swiftly to the door.

"I shall unsay nothing. I have for some time suspected, and now I know the truth. Let them both beware!"

Amazed and terrified beyond measure, she left him.

* * * * * *

About half an hour later Alice returned from her walk. Monsieur de Grignan had gone out. Very much fatigued, she threw herself on the sofa and lay there thinking of him, of herself, of many things. Gradually she fell into a doze, thence into a deep sleep.

She reclined thus helpless when her husband re-entered.

Something caught his eye—a bundle of letters in the pocket of her dress, the least bit exposed. Instantly he plucked them from their concealment, and taking them to the window, read them one by one. They were love-letters, all addressed to "my darling," and signed by "her devoted Lucius."

When every word they contained had burned itself indelibly upon the retina of his memory, Maurice de Grignan sank into a chair, and, with his hands over his eyes, sobbed bitterly.

CHAPTER II.

THE DUEL WITH DICE.

Lucius Butterworth, who looked like a young man in a great deal of trouble, must have hoped to deaden his anguish by exercise that afternoon—not, perhaps, a bad expedient. For, leaving the architectural marvel of which Americans are so proud, he pegged away upon a good tramp to the end of the avenue, and then back and out Seventh Street to the very extremity, and all the while carrying his head down and his hands in his coat-pockets, regardless of appearance.

And so at length, quite worn out, he returned to his boarding-house and went directly to his room. Tea had passed into history an hour before, and there were sounds of revelry by night from the parlors; and Lucius sat

REAPING.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 402.

A LEOPARD BESET BY MONKEYS.

smoking in the dark and listening to the music, until his own tenebrous solitude became no longer endurable. Up he rose, and lighted his gas and made his toilet, and then down-stairs he marched, and made an effective entrance among the brilliant company.

Mr. Butterworth's eye traveled swiftly from face to face through the rooms. They rested for an instant on Blanche Treshington, pallid and melancholy, attended by young Fairfax, of the Treasury; and then on her sister Alice, quite alone in another part of the room. By the mantelpiece stood, tall and dark, Monsieur de Grignan, discussing something with several ladies and gentlemen.

Lucius glided quietly over to Alice and stood by her chair, and presently they were smiling and chatting, and all the while Monsieur de Grignan, still continuing his conversation, watched them with a countenance which had become in the interval *funeste* and ominous. So the drama progressed, to the accompaniment of piano music and the tinkle and murmur of small-talk, and then Lucius suddenly felt a hand upon his shoulder. He glanced round, and his eyes met those of Maurice de Grignan, pale and stern, but smiling.

"May I speak with you just one moment?" he said, softly, and with a polite inclination of the head.

"Certainly," replied Lucius.

And they withdrew to the front room and occupied a sofa quite out of earshot.

"For some time I have observed many things," proceeded Maurice, still wearing that pale, stern smile; "but have said nothing. This afternoon, Mademoiselle Blanche spoke to me in the frankness of her heart and revealed all. A mystery, inexplicable to her, was no longer so to me. I am a man of the world, monsieur—a casuist in social ethics, gifted with a quick sense to detect dishonor in any shape." He paused a moment, and then said: "If I understand your character aright, not a word more is necessary, Monsieur Butterworth."

Lucius sat stupefied. Blanche had told the story of the breaking of the engagement to her brother-in-law, and he, with his Continental and fire-eating notions, viewed the business as dishonorable, and was resolved now to have what is technically called "satisfaction."

The idea was so absurd that Lucius, in spite of himself, laughed in the Frenchman's face. De Grignan colored and gnawed his lip, and his eyes flashed lurid lightnings.

"There are, of course," he said, icily, "certain cases wherein one may be driven to use the horsewhip——"

"Stop, sir!" interrupted Lucius. "We rarely fight duels in this country, not because we are afraid of death, but of something more terrible—ridicule. If you and I should go out with a pair of pistols, it would be much better for us both to fall than to come back."

"You decline to give me a meeting, then?"

"I decline to make a fool of myself. I do not know how many daily newspapers are published in this country; but, on the morning following our affair, every one from Maine to California would contain a comic notice of the affair of honor near Washington, and a delightfully humorous description of the belligerents. That is what I fear, sir—the publicity, not the duel itself."

"I cannot understand such a feeling, monsieur," said Maurice; "but I am fertile of expedient, and have thought of a way to avoid all that. On that centre-table there are three dice in their box. We may sit there without remark and have a game of three throws apiece—a game, monsieur, of life and death! Whoever throws the lowest number is bound upon his honor to die in any manner he may choose within the next twenty-four hours."

Monsieur de Grignan's face was immovable as he uttered this somewhat quixotic proposition, and his fingers played with his watch-chain. Lucius stared at him as if in doubt of his sanity.

"Would not that be rather too melodramatic for this practical epoch?" he said, smiling.

"I see, sir," said De Grignan, enraged, "you are a coward. I shall do now what I should have done at first—dismiss you with a smack across the face—and then wipe my hand of the contamination."

He was about to rise, but Lucius grasped his arm and pulled him down again. Patience has limits—so, also, has even that powerful emotion, a dread of ridicule.

"I accept your proposition, sir," said Lucius, all on fire. "Let us fight our duel with the dice without an instant's delay."

He sprang to the table and seized the dice-box, and De Grignan stood, with a dark smile, at the opposite side. Several of the company, who had observed the excitement of the two men, gathered about them, anxiously asking the cause for it.

"Merely a jest," said the Frenchman.

"Yes," said Lucius, "we are about to leave it to the dice to decide who is to pay a debt."

And with these words he made his first throw—eighteen! His opponent uttered a slight exclamation. Pale, and with a trembling hand, Lucius shook the dice and threw again—six. A murmur ran round among the spectators. For the third time the young man shook the box and cast the ivory squares upon the glistening marble—three!

"Twenty-seven in all," he said, in low tones, pushing the weapons toward his antagonist.

De Grignan's teeth were set, and his gaze stern and corrugated as he made his first throw—eighteen! He threw again without a second's pause—eighteen! Then, for the last time, he flung them with a crash upon the table, and they marked—eighteen!

"Fifty-four!" chorused the crowd.

"And I pay the debt!" added Lucius, white as a spectre—an awful agony written upon his contorted features as he stared at his victorious enemy. "Before noon to-morrow," he said, "it shall be paid in full."

Bowing, he left the room, and people immediately drifted into corners and whispered that the debt was no trifling one, and that Lucius looked like a ruined man.

De Grignan alone was calm—a seeming apathy that vailed inward triumph.

CHAPTER III.

"HE ABOUT TO DIE SALUTES THEE."

MAURICE DE GRIGNAN would have passed with a stranger for the most self-possessed man in that room. Under this ice no one suspected the hidden volcano. He never looked once at his wife, and yet she never passed from his gaze for an instant. At ten o'clock a note containing an inclosure was brought in, which he took to a deserted quarter of the room and quietly read. It ran as follows:

"MONSIEUR DE GRIGNAN:—You will be kind enough to give the inclosed letter to Miss Blanche Treshington. Now that I have returned to myself, I feel how wrong I was to lose my temper and accept the challenge you offered me; but do not fear, sir; I am a man of honor, and shall abide strictly by the conditions we agreed upon. All that I ask is that you will maintain the most inviolable secrecy.

L. B."

An hour later Blanche and her sister were missed from the room. De Grignan no sooner observed this than he likewise took his leave and ascended quietly to his bedchamber. He found them both there, and both showing signs of excitement and trouble.

"The time has come," he thought. "We must be alone."

Still wearing the cool demeanor which had hitherto marked all his proceedings, he handed the letter from Lucius to Blanche.

"It contains," he said, "I have no doubt, matter of deep interest, which you had better study privately in your own room."

Blanche was very much surprised, but curiosity overcame all other feelings, and she followed his suggestion at once by withdrawing; and now De Grignan, advancing upon his wife, caught her by the wrist and stood over her, the fire of vengeance in his dark eyes.

"I may as well tell you, madame, without preface, that I know all," he said. "If you will confess, you may save me further pain; and that is something with a man who has suffered anguish such as mine."

Alice stared at him, and then burst into the merriest fit of laughter she had enjoyed for many a day.

"My dear Maurice, what farce is this? You look as if you were burlesquing Othello. But my wrist pains, if you please."

"Do you mock me? Then behold the letters!"

He drew the bundle from his pocket and held them up, and she instantly attempted to seize them.

"The letters I supposed I had lost this afternoon in the street."

"You were mistaken. I took them from your pocket while you slept on that sofa there. I have read them all."

"Indeed! I hope they amused you; love-letters are the most ridiculous things in life to people who have been married for a while—as we have, dear."

"These letters were written by Mr. Butterworth."

"So they were—to Blanche, who has been inexpressibly worried all the evening at their supposed loss." And she told the circumstances of the change of dress.

De Grignan's face underwent many changes of expression while he listened, and at the end, in a troubled voice, he said:

"But—must I believe all this?"

"That as you please," replied Alice, coolly rocking herself in the chair. "I have been fully aware, Maurice, that you were jealous of Lucius; and it really was too absurd a complaint to treat seriously. Lucius never loved any one in this world but Blanche. For the last few weeks he has been in some trouble, and has tried constantly to make a *confidante* of me; but you know my inflexible rule—never to meddle with other people's vexations, having quite enough of my own. Well, I think Lucius broke his engagement with Blanche this afternoon, and the letter you gave her a while ago probably explains all."

"*Mon Dieu!* is it possible?" exclaimed De Grignan, in great disorder. "I must learn the contents of that letter."

He went instantly to Blanche's room, followed by Alice. Miss Treshington voluntarily gave him the letter, without a word.

"My Darling:—These are probably the last words of mine that you will ever read. I have loved you faithfully, Blanche—I love you still. Since the last few weeks I have been very melancholy; but no one knew the cause. I would have confided in your sister, but she refused to permit it. Your impression was that I no longer cared for you, and desired to end our relations on that account. My darling, the love I bore you has never lessened, but circumstances have occurred of late which placed me in such a position that I felt I could not honorably hold you to your engagement any longer. In short, I have lost my secretaryship, and at present have scarcely the means for my support—much less yours. Senator Bilberry's son has returned from college and taken my place—an excellent and economical arrangement for them, but disastrous for me. When you hear of me again the news may be bad, indeed; but remember, Blanche, that to the last I loved none but you. L. B."

De Grignan read this aloud.

"Really, all you people should be on the stage," said Alice, with a laugh.

"My child!" cried De Grignan, in a tone of frenzy; "do you not see what that letter means? He is about to die! and—oh, heaven! it will be by my hand!"

He rushed out into the corridor, and directly into Butterworth's room. He found a servant there, and everything in confusion.

"Where is Mr. Butterworth?"

"He has gone away. He took the eleven o'clock train for New York."

"His address there?" shouted the agonized Frenchman. "Do not stare at me—tell me his address!"

"I do not know, sir; no one knows."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed De Grignan, petrified. "He is the soul of honor; by noon to-morrow he will have kept his word and paid my debt. Oh, if I could think of some means, however desperate, to save him!"

CHAPTER IV.

ON HIS TRACK.

Lucius arrived at the Sixth Street Depot that night barely in time to procure his ticket and take his seat in the train, when it moved off; but, as he tore through the darkness, he had abundance of leisure to reflect upon everything. He could not help smiling when he thought of his absurd duel with De Grignan (men smile sometimes even on their way to execution), but he had accepted the challenge, and would bow to the decree of fate.

Now and then his hand involuntarily sought something in his breast-pocket, and felt its cold surface with a shudder.

"New York is a large city," he reflected, with a dismal smile; "I can take a room at a small hotel in the Bowery, destroy all traces which might lead to my identity, and then—a flash—a report—and darkness! It is done every day."

He sought to divert his mind by looking out of the window, but he could see nothing, except now and then a watchman's lantern as the train sped by a station with its shrill scream; and so at length he leaned back in his seat and tried to doze.

It was ten minutes past midnight when the engine stopped at the Charles Street Depot in Baltimore, as if to recover breath before plunging on again. Two tall men entered the car where Lucius sat, and passed from seat to seat, examining the faces of the passengers. They took a second look at Lucius, and then laid hold of him.

"You are the man we want," said one of them, abruptly enough. "Come out of this!"

He naturally made some resistance; but the bell of the locomotive began to toll again, and the strangers by a united effort hustled him out upon the platform.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" gasped Lucius. "Where are the police? Release me at once!"

"Be quiet!" commented one of the fellows, gruffly, reading a paper under the great lamp. This document was a telegram to the following effect:

"Chief of Detective Police, Baltimore:—Meet eleven P.M. New York express, Baltimore Railroad. Look out for a man twenty-seven years of age, blue eyes, brown hair, fair complexion," and so on with the description of personal appearance and dress, and the dispatch concluded: "Arrest this man, and detain him at all hazards. His name is Lucius Butterworth, and he is an escaped lunatic. Do not mind anything he says to the contrary."

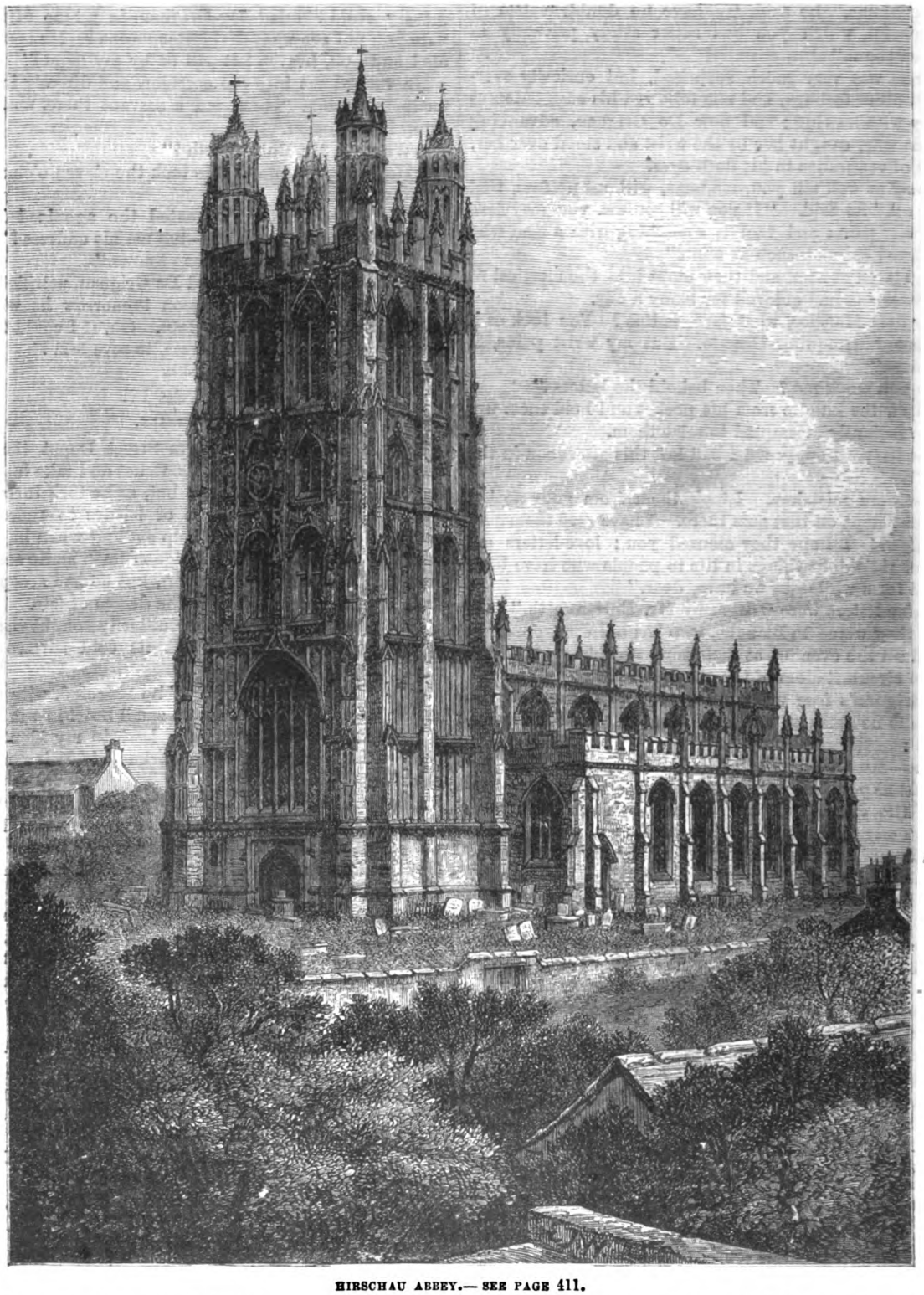
"You are the party we want," said the detective, after promulgating this strange order; "and you must come along with us."

Lucius protested in vain. He was unceremoniously bundled into a carriage and driven away. It was very plain to him that the whole business was a plan to abduct, rob, and perhaps murder.

As the hack rattled into a livelier portion of the city he thrust his head out of the window and shouted for help. One of his companions hereupon stopped his mouth with his great brawny hand, strong as a padlock.

After traversing several streets the vehicle halted, and Lucius was taken from it and into a house. He resisted as only a desperate man can, and the consequence was he found himself presently in a strait-jacket. Then the key was turned upon him and he was left alone to his reflections.

Nearly all that night he kept awake; but toward morn-



HIRSCHAU ABBEY.— SEE PAGE 411.

ing sleep overcame him, and when, after a stupor of some hours, he became conscious again, he found the sun shining brightly in at the window.

At the same moment he heard footsteps. The door opened; one of his captors appeared and said:

"Your friends have come for you."

He was pushed aside, and Maurice de Grignan stood there. One step—one cry—and he fell weeping upon Butterworth's shoulder.

"I have saved you! I have saved you!" he said.

Behind him came Blanche and Alice.

"Pray, what is the meaning of this extraordinary scene, Monsieur de Grignan?" demanded Lucius, blandly.

"Ah, *mon ami!* last night when I heard you had left Washington I was distracted. I felt that I was a murderer. There seemed absolutely no hope. But, sir, I am a man of intensely dramatic instincts, and am, therefore, fertile in expedient. I knew your train would stop at Baltimore, and I telegraphed instantly to have you arrested as a dangerous lunatic who had escaped from his keepers! Was it not fine—superb—inimitable?"

"More original than pleasant," said Lucius, dryly.

But explanations were in order, and when he had heard all a great load was lifted from his bosom, and he shook De Grignan's hand with hearty sincerity.

* * * * * * *

They all returned to Washington together, and as Lucius and Blanche occupied a reserved seat in the corner of the parlor-car, and talked entirely in whispers, and looked very happy, it is reasonable to suppose the young man did not regret the postponement of his untimely decease. Maurice succeeded in getting him better employment than the lost Bilberry secretaryship, within the following week, and I suppose the next thing on the cards is a wedding.

THE ADVENTURES OF PETER DE LA FONTAINE.

PETER DE LA FONTAINE was born of noble parents in France; he received a military education, and served at the siege of Philipsburgh, under the celebrated Marshal of France, James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick, son of James II.

The campaign being ended, he went to Paris, where a gentleman invited him to spend some time at his country-seat, when he fell in love with his daughter, who wished to marry him; but, the father interposing, she eloped with her lover, and they lived a considerable time, as married, at Rouen.

On their return to Paris, the young lady retired, as a lodger, into a convent; but De la Fontaine appearing in public, some officers of justice, seeing him in a coffee-house, told him they had the King's warrant for apprehending him, on which he wounded two of them with his sword; notwithstanding which, he was seized and lodged in prison. On this he wrote to the young lady, informing her that he was obliged to go into the country on urgent business, but would soon return; and having made interest with the daughter of the keeper of the prison, she let him out occasionally to visit his mistress.

THE ADVENTURES OF PETER DE LA FONTAINE.—"WHILE DE LA FONTAINE WAS CONVERSING WITH THE WOMAN, THE STRANGER (WHO AFTERWARD APPEARED TO BE A FLEET PARSON) READ THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY."

Being brought to trial for running away with an heiress, he would have been capitally convicted, agreeably to the then law of France, but that the young lady voluntarily swore that she went off with him by her own consent. She thus obtained his acquittal; but she soon after died, the victim of her unfortunate attachment.

De la Fontaine went again into the army, and behaved so bravely at the battle near Kehl that the Duke of Berwick rewarded his courage with the commission of Lieutenant of Grenadiers. An event happened to him at this time which showed that France was not entirely emancipated from its age of romance.

A young lady of Strasbourg, who had fallen in love with De la Fontaine at Paris before his affair at Rouen, got a pass from the Marshal de Belleisle, and being introduced to the Duke of Berwick, obtained leave to see De la Fontaine.

On the following day, she again went to the duke, dressed in man's clothes, and begged to enter as a volunteer in the same regiment with De la Fontaine. Strange to say, she was indulged in the novelty of the humor. She went through the regular duties of a soldier, to be near her lover, but she did not long survive. The Winter following the campaign she died of the smallpox, leaving part of her fortune to the object of her affections.

The Duke of Berwick being killed at Philipsburgh, De la Fontaine made the tour of Europe. Returning to Paris, he fought a duel with an officer, who being dangerously wounded, his antagonist repaired to Brest, and embarked as lieutenant of marines on board a vessel bound for Martinico.

The ship being taken by a Turkish corsair, was brought into Constantinople, where De la Fontaine was confined in a dungeon, and had only bread and water for sustenance. While in this situation, he was visited by another prisoner, who had more liberty than himself, and who advised him, as the French consul was then absent, to apply to a Scotch nobleman in the city, distinguished for his humane and generous feeling.

De la Fontaine sent a letter to the nobleman, who had no sooner read it than he hurried to the cells.

Having promised his interest to procure his enlargement, he went to the Grand Vizier, and pleaded so effectually, that De la Fontaine was released, and went immediately to thank the Vizier, who, in Turkish fashion, wished him lengthened happiness, and presented him with a sum of money. Hence the adventurer sailed to Amsterdam, where he embarked for the Dutch settlement of Curaçoa; but, finding the place unhealthy, he obtained the governor's permission to go to Surinam, where he continued above five years.

While in this place, the governor invited him to a ball, where one of the company was a widow lady of rank, of whom he determined, if possible, to make a conquest. Other officers having addressed the same lady, De la Fontaine was occasionally involved in difficulties on her account.

One of these officers having traduced him in his absence, he, on meeting him, bid him draw his sword, but the other refused, on which De la Fontaine struck him with a cane, and cut off one of his ears. On this he was seized and tried by a court-martial, but acquitted; the officer was degraded on account of the provocation he had given. De la Fontaine was treated with unusual marks of civility, and the governor bestowed on him a considerable tract of land, which he cultivated to great advantage; but the malice of his enemies was so restless, that they prevailed on one of his negro servants to mix a dose of poison in his food.

Unsuspecting of any villainy, he swallowed the poison, the consequence of which was, that he languished several months. The lady whom he courted, affected by his situation, gave way to melancholy, which brought on consumption that deprived her of life. After her death, De la Fontaine obtained the governor's permission to return to Europe, and lived for some time in a splendid manner at Amsterdam; but at length he determined to embark for England.

Having arrived in London, he took elegant lodgings, lived in the style of a gentleman, and made several showy connections.

Among his acquaintances was Zannier, a Venetian, who had been obliged to quit his own country on account of his irregularities. This man possessed such an artful address, that De la Fontaine welcomed him at all times to his table, and admitted him to a considerable share of confidence.

Zannier improved this advantage; for, contriving a scheme with an attorney and bailiff, he pretended to have been arrested for three hundred pounds, and prevailed on his new friend to bail him, on the assurance that he had a good estate in Ireland, and would pay the money before the return of the writ; but when the term arrived, De la Fontaine was compelled to discharge the debt, as Zannier was not forthcoming.

De la Fontaine's appearance as the fashionable stranger in London, was, at the time, one of the wonders of the season. He took all manner of means to increase the impression he made; on one occasion, there being a procession of freemasons, he dressed himself in the most superb manner, and joined them, his chariot being the most elegant of any in the train.

He had shouts of applause from the spectators. Among them, the daughter of an alderman had her curiosity so much excited, that she caused inquiry to be made who he was; and on the following day sent him a letter, intimating that she should be at a ball at Richmond, where he might have an opportunity of dancing with her.

He did not hesitate to go; and, when the ball was ended, he received an invitation to dine with the young lady on the following day at her father's house. He attended accordingly; but the father, having learned his character, insisted that she should decline his visits. He soon, however, got over his disappointment by wedding a widow of considerable wealth; but his taste for extravagance rendered these riches unequal to his support.

Unfortunately, at this juncture, he again fell in with Zannier, who came to him begging his forgiveness for obliging him to pay the debt. De la Fontaine too easily complied, and once more considered him as a friend; this led to his ruin, for the Venetian sought him to victimize him again. The scheme he put in force was this:

Zannier induced De la Fontaine to go to a tavern, where they met with a woman whom the latter had formerly known, and a man who was dressed in black. While De la Fontaine was conversing with the woman, the stranger (who afterward appeared to be a Fleet parson) read the marriage ceremony from a book which he held in his hand; and the next week De la Fontaine was apprehended on a charge of bigamy, and committed for trial at the Old Bailey.

Zannier visited him in Newgate, and proposed for a sum of money to secure his acquittal. De la Fontaine was so enraged at this perfidy, that he on the instant beat Zannier with such severity that the turnkey was obliged to interpose to prevent murder. In revenge of this, Zannier laid an information on oath against De la Fontaine for forgery, in imitating the handwriting of a gentleman

named Parry; in consequence of which De la Fontaine was brought to his trial and capitally convicted, though a gentleman swore that the writing resembled that of Zannier, and there was too much reason to believe the latter committed the forgery.

On the evidence adduced, the jury found De la Fontaine guilty; the court sentenced him to death, and the day was appointed for his execution.

His innocence was, however, so loudly urged by himself and his friends, that he was respited; this was from time to time continued, during five years, when he was pardoned on condition of transportation. His not being able to clearly show his total innocence from guilt prevented the Government from doing more for him. In September, 1752, with many other convicts, he was shipped to the English colony of Virginia, in America.

HIRSCHAU ABBEY.

The visitor to the mountains of Southern Germany will not have far to seek for traces of former days; they have left monuments enough behind them which only await a candid student to examine their silent testimony. He cannot travel many leagues, especially in the outer range of mountains, without seeing some lordly castle frowning down upon him from a lofty peak, or the towers and gables of some strong but hospitable convent or monastery inviting him to enter; and again and again the ruins of one or the other will remind him of the instability of all things here below, and show him that those empires which appear most firmly established, are in reality built upon ever-shifting sand, which is gradually but imperceptibly passing away from beneath them. Castles and convents were formerly the distinctive and most prominent features of mountain scenery and of the surrounding country.

It was, indeed, a grand conception to people deserted and all but uninhabited districts with these colonies; for, fertilized by the industry of the monks, the land became fruitful, and brought forth abundantly. Towns and villages clustered round the convents; and if the latter assumed authority over the people of the country, it was but in obedience to that natural law which gives the creator power over the created. The inroads of the Huns, it is true, laid waste the land; but, like vigorous roots which have remained uninjured far beneath the surface of the earth, the monastic institutions sprang up afresh and grew apace, until, at last, their shadow positively darkened the land which gave them birth. But the ax was laid at the root of the tree in the unwisely precipitate suppression of monasteries in 1803; the confiscation of property cut off the supply of sap from the roots; and of the many rich convents which gave the name of Pfaffenwinkel (priest's corner) to the lands on the Isar and Loisach, nothing remains but the bare trunks stripped of their branches and leaves. Of the buildings once peopled by the monks, some enjoy a prolonged existence as breweries, like Polling or Ettal; some are empty and deserted, like Schlehdorf; others, such as Benedictbeuern — where Frauenhof, the optician, made his grand experiments and discoveries—are converted to totally different purposes, as stables or barracks. A few still retain something of a monastic character; for at Beuerberg, Frauenwörth, Dietramszell, etc., nuns have set up schools for girls. Others, again, like Bernried, are the country-seats of noblemen; and a few are the resorts of princely leisure, such as the charming Tegernsee, where Maximilian Joseph, the first King of Bavaria, held his splendid but simple and hospitable court; where Werinher, the famous illuminator, lived, and Walter von der Vogelwaide was entertained as a guest.

The convents had their day and fulfilled their mission; now they have passed away like the secular institutions of the knights.

Of these ruined abbeys of the past, none, perhaps, is more picturesque and lovely than that at Hirschau, in a beautifully secluded spot on the Nagold, not far from Stuttgart. The abbey, with its church, dedicated to St. Peter, and the knightly castle that towered not far from them, were all destroyed by the French under Melac. in the war of the Palatinate, in 1692.

BEES AND THEIR FOLK-LORE.

By T. F. Thiselton Dyer.

From the very earliest times the bee has been the subject of special interest, being supposed to possess a certain amount of understanding or instinct unshared by the rest of the animal world. Indeed, it appears that our forefathers placed this favored little being in the scale of creation immediately after man, attributing to it a portion of the "divine mind." Hence a degree of deference has generally been paid to it, which would scarcely be offered to beings endowed with only ordinary instinct. The ancients also believed that there existed a mysterious connection between bees and human souls; and there are various legends on record in which the soul is represented as issuing from the body in the form of a bee. As might be expected, therefore, numerous superstitions have clustered round this highly useful insect, and in many a country place it is regarded almost with feelings of veneration. This can only be accounted for on the supposition that through its extraordinary instinct it is able to take cognizance of things which otherwise it could not do. In the present paper, then, it is proposed to give a brief outline of the extensive folk-lore associated with the bee, showing in how many ways it has given rise to superstitious fancies and curious customs.

In allusion to their swarming we find various odd ideas, some of which may be traced back to a remote period. Thus a popular proverb reminds us of the relative value of a swarm in different months:

> "A swarm of bees in May
> Is worth a load of hay;
> A swarm of bees in June
> Is worth a silver spoon;
> A swarm of bees in July
> Is not worth a butterfly."

And old Tusser, in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," says:

> "Take heed to thy bees that are ready to swarm;
> The loss thereof is a crown's worth of harm."

In Sussex, it is considered as a sign of a death in a family if bees in the act of swarming make choice of a dead hedge-stake for their settling-place. A similar superstition prevails in Norfolk, should they swarm on rotten wood, or a dead tree—a notion thus alluded to by Gay:

> "Swarmed on a rotten stick, the bees I spied,
> Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson died."

In many places it is considered especially lucky when a strange swarm settles in one's garden, such a circumstance being thought to foretell either wealth or prosperity of some kind. In Suffolk, however, it is regarded just as unlucky, and the following occurrence is a curious

PUTTING THE HIVES IN MOURNING.

illustration of the alarm which this piece of superstition occasionally produces:

"Going to my father's house," says the writer, "I found the household in a state of excitement, as a stray swarm of bees had settled on the pump. A hive had been procured, and the coachman and I hived them securely. After this had been done, I was saying that they might think themselves fortunate in getting a hive of bees so cheap: but I found that this was not agreed to by all, for one man employed about the premises looked very grave and shook his head. On my asking him what was the matter, he told me in a solemn tone that people *did* say that if a swarm of bees came to a house and were not claimed by their owner, there would be a death in the family within the year. As it turned out, there was a death in my house, though not in my father's, about seven months afterward, and I have no doubt but that this was taken as a fulfillment of the portent."

In the "Report of the Devonshire Association," (1876, viii. 51), the following anecdote is related as having happened in the neighborhood of North Bovey:

"'All of 'em dead, sir—all the thirteen. What a pity it is!'

"'What's a pity, Mrs.——? Who's dead?'

"'The bees, to be sure, sir. Mrs. Blank, when she buried her husband, forgot to give the bees a bit of mourning, and now, sir, all the bees be dead, though the hives be

A ROW OF NORMAN BEEHIVES.

pretty nigh full of honey. What a pity 'tis folks will be so forgetful!'

"Mrs. —— continued to explain that whenever the owner or part-owner of a hive died, it was requisite to place little bits of black stuff on the hive; otherwise the bees would follow the example of their owne

"Mrs. ——'s husband, who listened while this scrap of folk-lore was being communicated by his wife, now added:

"'My wife, sir, be always talking a lot of nonsense, sir; but this about the bees is true, for I've seed it myself.'"

GOING TO TURN THE HIVES.

This custom of putting the hives in mourning is very common, and is strictly adhered to, from an apprehension of its omission being attended with fatal consequences. At Cherry-Burton, on a death in the family, a scarf of black crape is applied to each hive on the occasion of the funeral, and pounded funeral biscuit soaked in wine is placed at the entrance to the hive.

HIVING THE BEES.

"A neighbor of mine," says a writer, "bought a hive of bees at an auction of the goods of a farmer who had recently died. The bees seemed very sickly, and not likely to thrive, when my neighbor's servant bethought him that they had never been put in mourning for their late master. On this he got a piece of crape and tied it to a stick, which we fastened to the hive. After this the bees recovered, and when I saw them they were in a very flourishing state—a result which was unhesitatingly attributed to their having been put in mourning."

A curious superstitious custom formerly prevailed in Devonshire, of turning round the bee-hives that belonged to the deceased—if he had any—at the moment the corpse was carried out of the house.

Some years ago, at the funeral of a rich old farmer, a painful circumstance occurred. Just as the corpse was placed in the hearse, and the visitors (a large number) were arranged in order for the procession of the funeral, a person called out, "Turn the bees!" A servant who had no knowledge of such a custom, instead of turning the hives round, lifted them up, and then laid them down on their sides. The bees, thus suddenly invaded, instantly attacked and fastened on the visitors. It was in vain they tried to escape, for the bees precipitately followed, and left their stings as marks of their indignation. A general confusion took place, and it was some time before the friends of the deceased could be rallied together to proceed to the interment.

Another writer says an old blacksmith in Cheshire lamented to him the ill-success that had attended his bee-keeping ever since the death of his wife, which he attributed to his having neglected to turn the hives round when that event happened.

In Germany the same superstitious fancies prevail, for not only is the sad message given to every bee-hive in the garden and every beast in the stall, but every sack of corn must be touched and everything in the house shaken, that they may know the master is gone.

Again, in some localities bees are invited to funerals, and a formal invitation is even sent to them. At Bradfield, a primitive little village on the edge of the moors, in the parish of Ecclesfield, this custom has been kept up from time immemorial. Among other superstitions relating to a sympathy between bees and their owners, there is

AN OLD-TIME BEEHIVE.

a popular belief in Cumberland that when the former die their owner will soon do likewise. There is also a vulgar notion that when bees remove or go away from their hives

the owner of them will soon die. In Northamptonshire the entrance of the wild or humble-bee into a house is deemed a certain sign of death; and a Welsh belief informs us that a short time previous to the death of the owner of bees, the bees themselves will die without any apparent cause.

Death, however, is not the only event in human life communicated to bees—that more joyous one, marriage, being also announced to them. Thus, in many country places it is said that not only do bees expect to be informed of every wedding, but to have their hives decorated with a wedding-festoon. In Lincolnshire it is even customary to present a piece of wedding-cake to the bees, for fear of their becoming irate and stinging every one within their reach. The same practice exists on the Continent; and in Lower Brittany, whenever a marriage takes place, the beehives are adorned with a piece of red cloth. It is believed that if the bees are not allowed to participate in the feelings of the family on such an occasion, they will take offense and desert the place.

There is, too, a great deal of weather-lore associated with bees. Thus, when many enter a hive and none leave it, rain is at hand. Hence the rhyme:

> "If bees stay at home,
> Rain will soon come;
> If they fly away,
> Fine will be the day."

Nothing, it has been remarked, can be more melancholy than the appearance of bees in wet weather. Some come to the mouth of the hive, as if to view the passing clouds; and others, who are tempted to quit the hive, return to it with great difficulty. A sunshiny day in May is their delight, and it is then that bees seem most active on the wing. Wilsford, in his "Nature's Secrets," tells us: "Bees in fair weather, not wandering far from their hives, presage the approach of some stormy weather." There is an old proverb which says, "A bee was never caught in a shower."

In the North of England the peasantry have an idea that the bees commemorate the Nativity by making a humming noise on Christmas Eve. Mr. Henderson, alluding to this superstition, writes: "A man of the name of Murray died about the age of ninety, in the parish of Earsdon, Northumberland. He said that on Christmas Eve the bees assemble and hum a Christmas hymn, and that his mother had distinctly heard them do this on one occasion when she had gone out to listen for her husband's return." In Cornwall, it is said that to remove bees on any day but Good Friday would most certainly insure their death.

There are countless other items of folk-lore connected with bees, to which we can only briefly allude. Thus, for instance, they are said to love children, and to show their affection by not stinging them. When they make their nest on the roof of a house, it is a common notion that none of the girls within it will marry. When bees sting, it is by many regarded as a sign of bad luck, and is supposed to indicate crosses and difficulties. In Lancashire, dreaming of bees is counted fortunate:

> "Happy the man who, dreaming, sees
> The little humble busy bees
> Fly humming round their hive."

KINDNESS is stowed away in the heart like rose-leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them, and to bring hope to the weary-hearted.

DOMESTIC rule is founded upon truth and love. If it has not both of these it is nothing better than a despotism.

FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

A GRAVE sweet wonder in thy baby face,
And look of mingled dignity and grace,
Such as a painter hand might love to trace.

A pair of trusting innocent blue eyes,
That higher than the stained-glass windows rise,
Into the fair and cloudless Summer skies.

The people round her sing, "Above the sky
There's rest for little children when they die"—
To her—thus gazing up—that rest seems nigh.

The organ peals; she must not look around,
Although with wonderment her pulses bound—
The place whereon she stands is holy ground.

The sermon over, and the blessing said,
She bows—as "mother" does—her golden head;
And thinks of little sister who is dead.

She knows that now she dwells above the sky,
Where holy children enter when they die,
And prays God take her there, too, by-and-by.

Pet, may He keep you in the faith alway,
And bring you to that home for which you pray,
Where all shall have their child-hearts back one day

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

"I HATE tall women," said Fred Alden to his cousin Maude, as he sat at her feet, this mild May evening, watching her crochet, and smiling up into her round and rather expressionless face.

Blanche Haliday, at work in her garden near them, heard this, through the rifts in her father's old stone wall, and trembled silently.

This craggy wall, with its ragged outlooks on her neighbor's grounds, had grown to be a source of torture to her, as through it she heard all sorts of things she was not intended to hear (she was hopelessly and undeniably tall), and saw all sorts of things she would rather not have seen. Through it and over it she looked out from her uncomfortable, poverty-stricken home upon comfort and elegance and beauty; upon fountains and arbors and rustic seats, made to while delicious Summer days upon; and at Fred Alden holding mild flirtations with his cousin Maude, who had a face and figure like one of the round pink-and-white shepherdesses cut in china on the mantel; light, fluffy hair, blue eyes, pink cheeks, a dear little dimpled chin, nestling down amid cloudy ruffles of *crêpe lisse* or *point-appliqué;* and soft, dimpled, chubby hands, idling with blue and lilac wools, so becoming to their whiteness.

Blanche, herself browned by sun and wind and weather, cast shy and angry looks at her from the beds she was weeding, and did not long so much for the beautiful home and wardrobe as for the love such things seem to bring with them.

She, at first, had liked to look at Fred, because he was so pleasant to look at; had liked to hear him talk, because he had such a genial way of speaking to every one—even Maude's father, who had the gout, and was, in every way, much like a hornet. At first she had loved him, slowly and imperceptibly, then fondly and anxiously, then tenderly and absorbingly—getting, at last, into such a mad passion over him, that she envied Cousin Maude one touch of his hand, one glance of his careless eyes.

Fred, being a rising young man, full of fine and youthful notions, regarded the Halidays' thriftless, untidy home with supreme dissatisfaction.

Blanche's father, a weak, incompetent man, always failing in all his effortless ways, left his family to get along the best way they could, and was never certain to be on hand, only at meal times, which, so they were on time, it never occurred to him from what source they were procured.

Blanche, having tried many ways of earning her living—and having gone poor and shabby so many years, she had dropped out of society altogether—at last hit upon the idea of taking and cultivating the large waste plot of land back of the house, and with some help as to the spading and grubbing, she hoed and weeded and pruned all through the Spring and Summer, raising berries, flowers and vegetables, and keeping the family free from starvation by the sales of her hard-earned products.

She worked away with untiring zeal from the time the morning began to grow pink till the moon shone, having the satisfaction of seeing her mother's face a little less careworn, and her little brothers sent to school, clad something near like the other children.

Her pretty elder sister early escaped the difficulties of an uncomfortable, shabby home by marrying a wealthy suitor. Blanche would have fain done likewise, but, not being pretty or attractive, had no lovers, and was obliged to fall back on her own resources.

It is not disheartening work to watch thrifty flowers and vegetables growing under one's own care, and Blanche had shot up like a reed, tall and healthy, with a pleasant, mild face, in a framing of soft brown hair, with eager, nervous hands that must work and grasp at something higher than herself, and beseeching, loving ways.

Eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves, so Blanche, innocently playing the *rôle* of one, with her head down among the weeds, was often entertained by such colloquies as these:

"There's old Haliday coming up the walk, as drunk as a fool."

This from Maude's father, settling himself for his after-dinner nap, in his arm-chair on the porch.

"Did you ever see such a scarecrow as that Blanche Haliday is getting to be?" said Fred.

This from Maude:

"I thought you used to like her looks, Fred?"

"So I did; but why is the girl eternally delving in that old garden, making a regular man of herself. Why don't she teach school?"

Here Blanche wipes away a bitter tear. Hadn't she aspired for years to one of the town schools? and were not the board strong democrats? and her father, always on the opposite side of everything, had each time taken his daughter's fate in his hands, and gone shaking his liberal views in their faces, and ranting against democracy, till the board declared "Old Haliday's daughter might starve for all the school they would give her, for some folks would be poor and contrary anyway." And so she might, had she not thought of the old garden.

I, from my old-maid attic, whose window looked out above both gardens, of the Halidays and the Aldens, often saw Blanche wince and scringe under these ordeals; but I also saw that, for all Fred thought hers such manly employment, and for all his hatred of tall women, he often came and hung over the wall, and talked with her, and there was a kindlier tone in his voice than he used even to little Maude, and a sort of kindredness of spirit seemed to be between them; and Blanche confided to him all the secrets of her garden and her aspirations for the children, and began to flatter herself that her love was partially returned, though an occasional pang of jealousy troubled her when she saw him walking with Maude on the terraces, evenings, hanging over Maude and her piano, and riding with Maude on the blessed, sunshiny afternoons, when she was out thinning the lettuce and radishes.

One hot June afternoon Blanche was transplanting cabbages, while all the world lay white and gasping with the dust and heat.

Old Mr. Alden had gone off to sleep, with his handkerchief over his head to keep off the gnats; Fred was in the doorway, with a palm-leaf fan, talking to Maude, who was shaking out a snowy satin dress, with puffing of tulle looped up with orange-blossoms.

"How do you like it, Fred?" she was saying, enthusiastically. "Is it not exquisite? Do you like puffed waists on any one so short as I? and tell me how you like this sash? You ought to be the judge, you know, as this is my wedding-dress."

"I shall never get any higher than cabbages," said Blanche to herself, after the first regretful pang; and she cried a little, in the shadow of the stony-hearted wall, which, nevertheless, remained deep and callous to all her pain.

After this she watched the further preparations with a stoical indifference pathetic to see.

Dress after dress came home for Maude; Fred's new suit came, too, with his white vest and gloves; the house began to be decorated and embellished in more than usual grandeur; a new corps of negro servants came, as well as the bride's cake and part of the silver.

Blanche avoided Fred now in every way, and never spoke to him but once after she saw the preparations for the wedding; this was one day when she was weeding the onion-bed, and watering it with her tears.

"What are you cultivating now, Miss Blanche?" called Fred, from the other side.

"*Forget-me-nots*," said Blanche, shortly, and ran into the house rapidly, to hide her swollen eyes.

The wedding festivities went on, and there was not an hour in which something new and delightful did not make its appearance for the eventful day.

A few days previous Maude's rich uncle arrived, a pursy, important old gentleman, "with a forehead going benevolently around to look for the back of his head," and Blanche saw him presenting Maude with a set of diamonds, glittering like gathered dew in their velvet cases.

The wedding guests had all assembled, and Blanche could catch but faint glimpses of the gorgeousness within, as she sat on the broken steps of her back porch, stroking her old pussy's head disconsolately, and seeing lovely forms dimly through the drawn curtains swaying to and fro, to the melody of the Strauss waltzes, and hearing the lighted carriages roll away down the moonlit drive on the bridal journey, with light tinkles of laughter intermingled with manly tones, and went to bed with a dismal ache at her heart, and rose next morning to her work with a very haggard air.

She was not one to waste her life in sighs over any needless, unattainable thing, and she schooled herself to think it wrong to care for him now; yet she could not help her thoughts, and went about with a wretched heart through all the bright August and September days.

People with the best of intentions to do so cannot very well die of love, with a mother and five small, ragged, half-savage, and very healthy brothers to support, and though Blanche's life was a burden to her, and she took up her daily cares with lagging feet, yet she remained the same healthy girl as ever, though she missed Fred in the dawning, in the bright noondays, in the fading August afternoons, and when she saw the leaves falling her heart went down with them.

The wedding-trip to Niagara and Lake George was prolonged till late in the Fall, and the leaves lay in brown and yellow heaps in Blanche's garden when she saw them return—Maude, lovelier than ever in her ashes-of-roses traveling-dress; Fred, distrait and weary-looking, as if he had been out in a sour and uncomfortable world, and reciprocated its feeling. And the old uncle had come back, too, with his gold-headed cane, his natty gloves, his fat, pudgy little figure and shining silk hat; and Blanche stood looking at them with sad eyes from her post behind the crazy wall.

The next day, I saw Fred go down the walk and lean over his neighbor's wall. Blanche Haliday came out just then, with her rake, a sorry-looking figure in her shrunk calico and garden hat; a flush came into her brown cheeks at the sight of the individual over the wall, and she began to rake away spitefully, making valiant attacks on the shriveled earth and dry leaves.

"Why, are you not going to speak to me, Blanche, when I have been away so long?"

Blanche came a few steps forward, and stood leaning on her rake, looking sadly down on her little strawberry bed.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.—"BLANCHE CAME A FEW STEPS FORWARD, AND STOOD LEANING ON HER RAKE, LOOKING SADLY DOWN ON HER STRAWBERRY-BED."

"How thin you have grown, Blanche! You have been working too hard, and you do not know how I have missed you since I have been away, or how lonely I have been."

Blanche trembled violently. Was this the right sort of talk for her to hear, or to expect, from a young and happy bridegroom? And yet, with all her good resolves, and wicked as it was, she would fain have laid her head down on this married man's shoulder and wept her life away.

"I tried to speak to you before I went away," he continued, "but some way you always avoided me; and since Maude married that old fossil"—with a gesture toward the window where the supposed uncle's bald head and daily paper were comfortably rocking back and forth—"I have been banging all over the country on their senseless wedding-tour."

"And are *you*—not—married—to Maude?"

Blanche dropped the words out slowly, as if she were paralyzed, while Fred smiled a curious little smile.

"Provided I wished to marry my own cousin, there would be very little hope for a young man on a salary, when such old coveys as he come courting with their bank-checks and diamonds."

He had now climbed the wall, and was sitting on the top of it, and Blanche, as if in assertion of woman's rights, was standing beside him.

It is anything but a romantic day for courtship. The first snow-flakes are coming crookedly down upon the garden, and a leaden November sky is hanging low above it, as I hear these words from the top of the garden-wall:

"Blanche, I love you."

My old-maid ears are getting deafened by the wintry wind, but I hear something like a sob from Blanche, and an "Oh, Fred, I'm so glad!" and I go in the house with the tears in my eyes over this tender little episode, glad that I shall see again the beauty of happiness in her soft, pathetic fa

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CHILDREN were entirely unprotected by law in ancient Greece. Parents might dispose of them absolutely, and girls were consequently very often made away with to save the expense of bringing them up. When a child was born it was customary to hang up a wreath of olive over the house-door if it was a boy, and a fillet of wool if a girl had entered the world.

A MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST.—"I SAW A LITTLE BABY, WITH A LADY LYING FAST ASLEEP CLOSE BY. THE WICKED THOUGHT CAME INTO MY HEAD THAT I WOULD STEAL IT, AND I CUT THE LEATHER."

A MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST.—"'REALLY,' HE SAID, 'YOU ARE MAKING A VERY MYSTERIOUS STORY OF IT.'"

A MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST.

I LIVE in a spot which has grown up to be a great watering-place. In fact, I was born and have always lived there. Before it grew famous we were a quiet little village, lying all below there along the banks of the river, owning a few small vessels, but living chiefly by fishing. On these cliffs there was not a brick laid; it was a heath-grown common, with fields beyond, and one walk near the cliff's edge, leading to the few houses in the next bay. Our village was then scarcely known beyond a circuit—or semi-circle I should say, rather, for seamen from all parts knew our lighthouse pretty well—of a dozen miles, but still a stray visitor would come now and then for sea-air.

There was then a neat, roomy cottage standing—indeed, it stands now, but has developed a shop-front—about half-way up the ascent to the cliff, and inhabited by an elderly man, named Parkes, a retired custom-house officer, and his niece. They let lodgings, and at the beginning of the Summer of 183- (I forget the exact year), they took in a young couple, with a child and nursemaid. I can describe them all to you, for at that date visitors were stared at almost as much as the first Spaniard in Peru, and I had my native share of curiosity. The wife was tall and slightly made, light-haired, blue-eyed. She was evidently not in strong health, for she walked slowly, always leaning on her husband's arm, and looked, unless when turning to him or to the child, languid and dejected. He was a strongly-built, active man, with a set, resolute face, and dark, quick, watchful eyes. The child I scarcely noticed so minutely, but I was even then judge enough of babies to pronounce it a little more than a year old.

Regularly as the mornings came—it was bright June weather—he took her and the child slowly up the hill to the top of the cliff, to a spot overlooking the sea, and there they spent their forenoon, he reading or playing with the child, while she lay asleep, or at least at rest, amongst the shawls and cushions. These he took up each morning, strapped behind him like a knapsack, to leave his arm free to carry the child. It was evident that he had brought her down to our breezy coast for air and sunshine, and more than a few amongst us, though they spoke to no one, were beginning to watch with something

of friendly interest for the signs in her of returning strength.

Now comes the sad part of my story.

When they had been here about three weeks, they went one morning, as usual, to the camping-ground on the heath. In about half an hour the husband returned, looked in at the cottage for a moment (his movements on that morning were afterward diligently traced), and went on to the post-office. He was seen shortly after returning up the path to rejoin his wife, reading his letters as he went, walking slowly and stopping often. He was then lost sight of for an interval of rather less than half an hour. At the end of that time he walked hurriedly into the cottage, carrying what looked like his customary load of shawls and cushions, mounted quickly to his bedroom, issued thence immediately in search of the nursemaid, and told her in few words that she must pack her box at once, and be ready to start home by the midday coach; that she was to get the house ready, and he would be there the next day with his wife and the child. Her box was ready, standing in the hall, and with it a small portmanteau, which he had packed in the meantime for her to take with her. He went for a porter, hurried him back, helped him with his weight, and the three were at the garden gate.

The piteous scene which followed was described to me by old Mr. Parkes, whom the bustle had brought out to the door.

The wife, looking scared and anxious, reached the gate as they were leaving it. Before she could speak, the husband reeled back as if he had been heavily struck, covered his face with his hands, and uttered a moan of pain. The next instant he had recovered himself, caught his wife as she was falling, carried her swiftly up the garden, and so to her room, the others looking on in mute wonder. A cry for water roused them. He took it at the door from their hands, shut himself into the room, and all was again silent.

An hour passed. A small crowd had gathered round the gate, and was again dispersed. It satisfied them that a lady had fainted, but was better. But the mind of the old custom-house officer was not so smoothly satisfied. He had noticed that the child was not amongst them, that a sudden flight with packages had been tried for, and that the failure of this design had been a heavy discomfiture to one, at least, of the party. To talk it over with the head constable seemed to him his instant duty, and he slipped quietly out by the back-door and did it. You can almost guess what followed. The husband was soon summoned from his room, and in a few minutes appeared, pale, but self-controlled. He gave up his keys, and turned to the window while the portmanteau was opened. In it was found the child, dead, and horribly battered in the head and face, and, of course, the father, without more delay than was needful, was arrested on the coroner's warrant.

It is long since all this happened, but I believe I recollect the minutest incidents. Not only were they discussed and sifted again and again amongst us wherever two men met, but I was on the jury, and was, therefore, called upon to give the closest attention to every fragment of evidence.

At the inquest the poor wife's deposition was read, as they dared not move her. It was a short and simple statement. Before her husband left her to go for his letters he had tethered the child to her waistband by two straps, by which he was used to carry up the shawls. This precaution he had thought necessary, because she often would fall asleep up there in the morning, either from weakness or from the effect of the opiates which she was constantly taking at this time, and he feared that the child, who was just able to crawl, might possibly stray to the edge of the cliff. She had fallen asleep, for how long she could not say, had found the child gone when she awoke, and the strap untied from her band, but saw at once pinned to her shawl a paper with a few words written by her husband in pencil, saying that he had taken the child home, and would return for her immediately. After waiting some little time, she began to feel anxious lest the child should be ill, and walked down by herself to the cottage.

The husband was, of course, examined in person. He was submissive and yet haughty in manner, alternately deferential and contemptuous. He looked, however, haggard and weak, like a man just shaking off a fever. He had a self-consistent story to offer, which he told in a low voice, with hands clinched, and eyes that never once moved. He had found, he said, when he reached his wife, the strap severed, and his own knife lying open on the turf a yard or more off. After a hasty look round he went at once to the edge of the cliff, and scrambled down by a rough path to the sea. He had seen something on the rocks below, which he thought might be his child, and found it there, mangled as we saw it.

For a few minutes he was paralyzed, but, roused by the need for instant action, seized it and rushed back up the cliff. As he reached the top he paused for one horrible moment, unnerved by the terror of the thought that his wife might die if her eyes should open on so fearful a sight. A thought came suddenly to his aid. Creeping stealthily toward her, he saw that he could trust to the soundness of her sleep. In a few seconds he had written the note, cut off from her band the remnant of the strap, seized a shawl lying near, and wrapping the child in it, was on his way to the cottage. It was better, he thought, to take her within, and break the news to her gradually there. But as he neared the cottage his purpose again changed; he shrank from the idea of being the talk of a strange place; perhaps, also—who could say?—a mark for some suspicion under circumstances, the mystery of which seemed then for the first time to strike him. He therefore rapidly resolved, if possible, to keep the child's fate secret until he could reach his own home. His mind, once set on this, soon found the plan. He would at once send home the nursemaid, and trust to finding some way to persuade his wife that it was necessary for him both to start the child off at once, and to follow with her the next day. The letters he had that morning received might easily be made to warrant the necessity for an instant return.

This was his account of himself, and by many it was forthwith believed. He declared himself willing to give the jury every opportunity of testing the truth of his statement, but the difficulty was to devise any test. Inquiry had been made about him in the town where he lived, and not only his general worth, but especially his kindness of nature, were so universally recognized that it was thought useless to take any special evidence on those heads. The only fact that seemed proved was that the child had been murdered. There were some of us on the jury—I confess that I was one of them—upon whom his attempt to smuggle the body away, together with his demeanor, both at the moment that his plan was frustrated and afterward at the inquest, had produced a very strong conviction of his guilt.

There was nothing left us, however, but to acquiesce in an open verdict, upon which he bowed gravely and retired. As soon as his wife could be moved he left our

town, and, as we afterward learned, at once broke up his home and traveled. I didn't believe his story a bit——

"Yes, but," I interrupted, "it is barely possible, I suppose, that his account may have been true for all that. I plainly see that, even then, what you really must allow me to call your infirmity, prejudice, had set in, and that you were unable to do justice to an outer barbarian."

"Quite possible," he answered; "for it is plain that barbarians (as you seem to call yourselves) and I are two different races, born to suspect each other. I said I didn't believe it."

"I am sure," I broke in, "that I could frame a plausible account of the matter, which should bear out his story. Shall I try now and make a speech for the defense?"

"I think I would wait for the conclusion of the speech for the prosecution. However, as you please. I undertake beforehand to be able to discredit your plausible account. No account that you can invent will I receive as the true one."

"Then I won't waste invention. But would you mind taking me to the spot before I go to-morrow?"

He agreed to do so, merely smiling curiously at my rudeness. Accordingly, we went over the ground, saw the cottage, and the spot where the poor lady had lain asleep, and finally I went down the cliff to the rocks, down swiftly and up slowly, with a strange fantastic terror, as if I were carrying a murdered child back to its mother.

"It is true," I said, vehemently, "he came up there, as he said. He couldn't have forged that story; yours is prejudice invincible."

"I repeat," he said, slowly, "that I didn't believe it."

I then left the seaside, and went inland to the principal town of the county. As I was staring, a few days after, moodily into the rain out of the window of a coffee-room, my eye wandered to a signboard all but fronting me, bearing words which I had no doubt seen before, but then for the first time noticed, the "*Northshire Herald*, Established 1824."

The thought gradually suggested itself that I might find in a back number the full contemporary account of the events which were still constantly in my mind. At length I sent over my card to the editor, with a request that I might be allowed to refer to an early file of his paper, and was soon poring over the narrative in his back office.

I found that I had met in my Blackby friend a most faithful, if not an impartial, chronicler; but, besides, I learned from editorial comment and from correspondence shrewd and foolish, how intense had been the interest excited at the time. I read the afternoon away, and was passing out, when the editor himself walked in. With his courtesy to thank him for, I could scarcely escape abruptly, and naturally I told him what had been the object of my search.

"You know the sequel?" he asked.

"No; was it ever cleared up?"

He answered by reaching down the file of 1838, and turning rapidly over the leaves, I read:

"A MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST.—Most of our readers will remember how, four years ago, public interest and curiosity was thrilled by a tragic circumstance that occurred on our coast at the thriving village of Blackby. We need scarcely say that we refer to the apparent murder of a child, under circumstances of the greatest mystery. It is gratifying to us to be able to state on indubitable authority that events have, during the last week, transpired that lift the cloud of suspicion which, in the minds of some, had condensed upon the fair name of a gentleman by whom the sacred ties of nature were erroneously conjectured to have been disregarded. To us it is doubly gratifying to recollect that, although in the interest of justice we opened our columns at the time, without fear or favor, to a free discussion of all sides of that painful question, yet we consistently" (they really had gone dead in against the poor man) "avowed our belief that Slander would yet regret the envenomed darts which she then launched against the party in question. The facts which we have to announce are these."

Then followed a long narrative, the graceful flowing periods of which I shall take leave to clip.

A poor woman had been received into the hospital of that town, maimed by a falling weight having crushed her foot. She suffered intense pain, which was at length relieved by amputation. In the weakness that followed, she believed herself to be dying, and declaring that she had something weighty on her mind, begged for a clergyman to be sent to her. The chaplain took down, from her lips, in the presence of another gentleman, a confession of which this was the substance:

"About six years back I was married to a man who took to treating me ill, and I was very miserable. But after my child was born he began to use me better. He played a good deal with the little one, and that seemed to make him kinder to me. Four years back he went away from home in the Spring to look for work, and soon after he was gone the child was taken ill with convulsions. I sat up with it a week or more, and just as I thought it was coming round, it had a very bad fit, which frightened me so much that, weak as I was, I set off to Blackby along the cliff, to carry it to the doctor. As I was going, it died just in my arms; but I walked fast on, scarcely knowing what I did. All of a sudden I saw a little baby, just the size of my dead thing, picking at the grass, with a lady lying fast asleep close by. I stole up, and the wicked thought came into me that I would steal it, and leave my own there. When I saw it was tied I gave it up, but a knife lying open on the grass put the thought back again, and I cut the leather. I stood still, thinking whether I should do it, but the child held out its arms to me, so I picked it up. But I knew at once that they would come after me, and find it by its clothes, so I ran off with the two, and then I changed their things, and put the dead baby under a wall. I did not think about the poor lady, not till long after. Many's the night since that I've been awake all night, crying for thinking of her, but then I only thought of myself, and hoped my husband wouldn't come back before there was time for the child to grow a bit out of his mind. And then that made me think how the lady, when she came to wake, would know the other wasn't hers. And then I did what I can't die with. I shut my eyes and dropped a heavy stone on its poor little dead face, and then rolled the stone and it down the cliff. God forgive me! I've dreamed about it till I fancied I couldn't live another long day without telling somebody. But then I was afraid what would come to my husband if he ever knew; and he and I both always treated the child well, and it grew up strong, and didn't ever seem to miss anything. But I couldn't die without saying it; and you, gentlemen, must do what is right."

There is little more to tell. The woman recovered. The story was attested before a magistrate, and the child was restored.

I couldn't resist going back to Blackby. I really wished to convert my obstinate friend from an opinion, which I felt all along to be unfounded; but I wished still more to deal a killing thrust at his conceit. It was visitor on the side of visitor against inhabitant, and I determined not to spare him. I broke in upon him in the evening.

"Back again?"

"Yes."

And we were soon chatting discursively.

"By-the-way," I broke in, "I was right about the Blackby tragedy, after all."

"After all the pains you took to go wrong?"

"It was all cleared up, as I said it could be. It was a woman who committed the murder, or, rather, there was no murder; but a woman had changed the children, and beaten in the head of the wrong one."

"Really," he said, "you are making a very mysterious story of it; give yourself time."

"I have cleared up all the mystery," I replied; and then I related to him the facts I had collected. "Now," I ended, "confess that once in your life—you were a young man then, I allow—you formed a hasty judgment. I told you that you were mistaken in thinking the man guilty."

"And I don't remember that I denied your conclusion. Now you have come back, I may as well finish a sentence you interrupted—you were a young man then, I allow—about a week ago. 'I didn't believe his story a bit,' I said, and was going to add, 'but it turned out afterward to be perfectly true.' At that poor woman's confession, the substance of which you have given very correctly, I was present with the chaplain; and I subsequently spent a month in searching for our former visitors, and restored to them their lost child. I was glad enough, I warrant it, to own to myself that a young man had formed a hasty judgment. Indeed, I have felt tender toward young, hasty judgments ever since, and never contradict them."

Now, no one can say that I didn't learn something at Blackby.

A STRANGE COMBAT—THE BALD EAGLE AND THE HUMMING-BIRD.

Reader, have you ever seen a cypress-swamp? If not, picture to yourself an impenetrable labyrinth of enormous trees, rising as thickly as they can grow from a bed of mud and slime and stagnant water. Here grow reeds ten feet high. Over them an ancient-looking gray moss hangs in tattered shreds of many feet in length, and in prodigious quantities, from leafless, lichen-covered limbs.

Indescribable solitude and gloom brood over such places. The road winds among stagnant pools, swarming with alligators, and sluggish, shoreless, tan-colored creeks, crossed by high wooden bridges, so crazy and rotten that you may well think and speak better of them, having once crossed in safety.

Where such a morass as this found a sudden termination in the swollen, turbid tide of the St. John's River, a single gigantic cypress, stripped of its leaves and lower branches, stood out in advance of all its fellows, and bore upon its topmost boughs a huge collection of sticks and rubbish, which I at once recognized as the aerie of the bald eagle. At first I feared to find the nest deserted, but toward night I was reassured by a loud snoring in the cypress, which, I was confident, could proceed from no bird or beast but the one of which I was in search. The next morning I had the good fortune to see him before he had taken flight. His mate rested a little below him, and as the morning light lit up his noble white crest, I could, with my glass, see the flashing of his keen eye and the muscular grip of his talons. He looked every inch a monarch, and I determined to leave no means untried to secure him for my collection.

A STRANGE COMBAT—THE BALD EAGLE AND THE HUMMING-BIRD.

I had planted my bait, which consisted of a calf I had found floating down the river among some driftwood, and towed behind a skiff, procured for the purpose, to the present spot. I had, I say, planted my bait over night, and I now went to take observations.

Stationing myself behind a thick clump of underbrush, I peeped out, and was disgusted to find my spread was being devoured by uninvited guests.

At least a baker's dozen of carrion crows (*Vultur atratus*) were hard at it, and I felt thoroughly convinced that before an hour had elapsed there would be as many more, and that in a comparatively short space of time my calf would be winging its way through space in fifty different directions. It was in vain to attempt to frighten them away, for they scarcely moved even when I came within a few feet of them, and when effectually disturbed they only flew far enough to be out of immediate reach, and returned and resumed their feast at the first opportunity.

I would remark here that these birds are generally called

FASHIONABLE RESORTS ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.—GENOA—SCENE AT THE FISH-MARKET.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

turkey-buzzards when met with in the streets of Charleston or Savannah, and carrion-crows in Florida. They are, however, properly speaking, neither the one nor the other, being essentially distinct from the turkey-buzzard, which they somewhat resemble, and belonging to the family of vultures and not of crows.

My anticipations with regard to the final destiny and distribution of my bait were fast being realized, and I indemnified myself for my disappointment as well as I could by watching the progress of my unbidden guests, as they gorged themselves at my expense.

The progress was rapid, but the manners were wanting. Such a greedy, selfish, gormandizing, voracious set of creatures I never saw, except, perhaps, among the politicians of my own race in their raids upon the public treasury, or the heirs of a rich man quarreling over his estate after his decease, to which class of persons I mentally compared them. In one respect, however, they fell short of their human prototypes. There was nothing vicious about them.

It is true they hissed, clawed and struck at each other with their powerful wings in their struggles for possession of some particularly filthy and delicious part of their common feast; but they never spared a moment or exerted a muscle for the gratification of mere spite, nor was the quarrel in any case carried further than necessary to determine the disposal of the morsel in dispute.

In curious contrast to this scene of repulsive greed and noisome banqueting, I noticed, on a hummock of decayed wood, where sufficient earth had lodged to give root to several land plants, a wild-rose bush, covered with beautiful flowers, among which darted, like a tiny flash of ruby-colored lightning, a humming-bird, now pausing in front of one flower with vibrating wings that seemed to change to pinions of mist, and then appearing in front of another, at some distance off, as if by magic, with scarcely a sense of interval or flight between the two.

As I lay upon a fallen cypress log enjoying this living illustrated page of natural history, I became conscious of a movement among the vultures, and to my astonishment I saw my bald eagle alight upon the carcase, while the vultures scattered in every direction, as the jackals are said to do in like instances when the four-footed monarch of the forest—the lion—makes his appearance.

After leisurely surveying his surroundings, fortunately without perceiving me, he proceeded, in utter defiance of old-fashioned popular ideas on the subject which represent the eagle as rejecting all prey not killed by itself, to satisfy his imperial hunger with ignoble flesh. After observing him for a while, I carefully sighted my rifle, which I had already placed in position, and was about to fire, when the most astonishing and unexpected event occurred which it is possible to conceive. The little ruby-throat, which had already attracted my notice, flew at the great bird with the utmost fury, and to my utter astonishment commenced an attack upon it.

A more unequal combat it would seem hard to conceive. The smallest, weakest denizen of the forest, scarcely larger than an insect, challenging the largest, fiercest and most warlike bird of prey on the continent to mortal combat! Breathless with suspense, I awaited the result. The eagle, apparently as much astonished as myself, and to my further surprise not a little dismayed, rose with a harsh, metallic scream into the air. No sooner had the gigantic foe spread his wings for flight, when the humming-bird darted upon the eagle's crest, and from the manner in which the feathers flew about, was evidently determined to make him a bald eagle in earnest. I shall never cease to regret I did not await the end of this strange combat, but on the impulse of the moment, fearing I should lose my chance, (which might never come again) of a shot at the eagle, I fired. As I did so, I had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the ruby-throat dart away into the recesses of the forest, and the eagle, untouched by my hasty bullet, soar screaming above the tree-tops.

Humming-bird or eagle I never saw again, but the vultures came back and finished their interrupted feast in quiet, while I sought elsewhere for a specimen of the *Falco leucocephalus*, wherewith to furnish my collection.

FASHIONABLE RESORTS ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By Frederic Daniel.

The fact that a vast portion of the civilization we are enjoying to-day sprang from the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea clothes them with a fascinating interest which no other region of the earth excites. This interest, far from waning, increases in proportion as improved means of traveling permit the more easily, nowadays, a tour of inspection through Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Italy, France and Spain.

The number of foreigners who yearly traverse all these lands is immense. For an American, Englishman, Frenchman or Russian to run over the classic ground is nothing at all, and going down into Egypt has even become a mere trifle for the antipodal Australian, Japanese or Brazilian. At the present moment King Kalakaua, "the monarch of all he surveys" in the Sandwich Islands, is making a tour around the world, and he proposes to do the job in something under eighty days, if possible. This is only another sign of the times, indicative of a general waking up in the East, where gentlemen hitherto did very little traveling, save when they were after porterhouse steaks on the hoof.

The Anglo-Saxon legion of wealthy Americans and English spread out over this Mediterranean area is at all times strong. One of their highest aims and duties in life is to ferret out and get glimpses of all that the ancients left behind, even down to the smallest shred, and thus, while ruminating over the fathers and their relics, to mingle at the same time with their latest offspring, revised and corrected. Particularly into Italy and the limitrophe French maritime department does the aforesaid legion crowd. Go when and where one may in the great Italian cities, one is sure to stumble across Jonathans and Bulls, with their wives and children, sisters, cousins and aunts, doing their best to inculcate the beauties of the English language into the native noddles, though so provokingly obtuse on this special score. In short, it is a perpetual invasion of Italy going on, not, however, under the cover of cannon and bayonet, but of the more powerful weapons of dollars and cents, pounds, shillings and pence. It is a kind of invasion the inhabitants rather take to, also, and so both parties ultimately shake hands, perfectly satisfied with their respective bargains. The foreigners see the old stock of goods while having a good time in the present, and the natives get a good deal of money put in their purses, together with modern ideas into their heads.

Of course it is the larger and more famous cities that chiefly attract the vast motley throng of visitors from far and near; but the small towns and other curious and enjoyable localities by the wayside are not neglected. There is always a permanent and large colony of Americans and English residing in Florence, Rome and Naples, so well supplied with artistico-historical treasures in addition to their general pleasantness. Likewise they are to

be found settled, or temporarily congregating, along the French and Italian coast at various charmingly picturesque and healthy points, which, from having been formerly spots sacred to invalids and doctors, have at last grown to be the abodes of fashionable people—ay, centres of fashion.

For instance, during Autumn, Winter and Spring, Nice gathers within its bewitching walls (of flowers) the cream of the world of fashion.

First Traveler.—"Where are you off to?"

Second Traveler.—"Oh, I'm going to Nice."

There you have a little dialogue frequently heard in both hemispheres during the course of the year. Thus, Nice, changed into a "small great world" in itself, rich in natural beauties, has become, from a society standpoint, the queen city of the Mediterranean coast, though the latter has many other points better deserving the title, if natural charms alone be weighed. One of the most suggestive and striking spectacles to be witnessed in Europe is to look on at this world of fashionables and its high jinks in the favorite resorts along the coast between Marseilles and Naples, or at Cannes, Nice, Monaco, Mentone, San Remo, Pegli, Genoa, Spezia, Lucca, Pisa, Leghorn, Sorrento and Capri.

The coast of the Mediterranean from Nice to Genoa rises abruptly and often in rocky heights up to the Maritime Alps and the Apennines. The country is a continued series of mountain terraces, valleys and ravines, formed by the interjunction of these great chains, the geographers not being yet agreed as to where "Alps" begin and "Apennines" end. This coast-land bears still the name of "Liguria," which the Romans gave it when they took possession of it. The Ligurian tribes inhabiting it were brave and hardy, and were amongst the last of the original occupiers of Italy incorporated into the Roman Empire. As they had allied themselves with the Carthagenians, the Romans, after the second Punic War, assailed them with eighty years' hostility, and they were for a time rendered obedient; yet they were not finally subjugated until conquered by Augustus Cæsar, who commemorated his triumph by a remarkable trophy, the ruins of which are still existing at Turbia, a little village only a few miles from Nice. This mass of solid ruins, which is now only the nucleus of the celebrated "Tropha Augusti," towers above the houses of the village, and can be seen from afar. The inscription contained the names of the conquered Ligurian tribes, but only a fragment of it remains, turned upside down over a door. Broken bits scattered about show that, in part at least, the building was covered by sculptures of trophies of arms, and surmounted by a statue of Augustus. A church near by has been built of stone taken from it. In the Middle Ages, it was converted into a fortress and much dilapidated; but it was reduced to its present state of ruin by Vauban, the famous engineer, who blew up the greater part of it—the French destroying what others had spared. Under the Romans, this rock of Turbia was assigned as the boundary of Italy and Gaul; it is now a much-pointed-out curiosity for the traveler as he passes by.

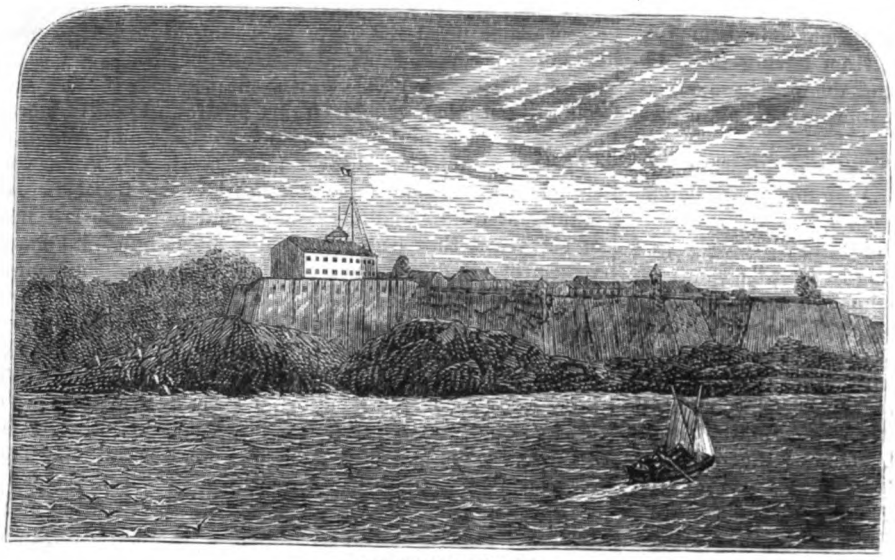
But conquest did not break up the Ligurian nationality. The tribes continued to retain their identity, though under Roman supremacy; and this corporate succession (as in the great cities of the South of France) was maintained in great measure until the last great European revolution, in 1789. Thus the towns dotting the coast were rather the allies than the subjects of Genoa when it flourished as a Middle Age republic. Owing to this species of political independence so long enjoyed, all the inhabitants of this coast possess a very decided national character, and present all the outward physical tokens of a pure and unaltered race, excepting at Genoa, where there was a considerable mixture of Lombard blood—and in the tract between Nice and Mentone, where the Provençals intermingled. Their forms are robust and square, eyes very black, and hair equally so (lank and smooth), and the complexion brown and swarthy. From the earliest period the people of Liguria have been a community of sailors and merchants; and until the last five or six years, they had more ships afloat and built more vessels of all dimensions, than did the rest of the peninsula put together.

Genoa, the chief city of Liguria, and birthplace of Columbus and Doria, vied with Venice for commercial supremacy in the Middle Ages; and at the present day has largely recovered its old commercial prosperity.

The breadth of the coast-district known as Liguria is, on an average, about seven and a quarter miles. The climate is most agreeable, the atmosphere remarkable for its transparency and purity. In several of the localities protected from the north and northeast winds by the huge mountain-range, the thermometer rarely falls below the freezing-point; and hence the singular beauty of the vegetation, in which the botany of the temperate zone of Southern Europe and Northern Africa is combined with that of the tropics. The first exhibits the natural productions of the basin of the Mediterranean, though in part, particularly the olive, transplanted at some very remote period by the hand of man; the second, the American species, introduced by the Genoese who followed Columbus across the Atlantic. Where the ravines open into the mountains, the sharp wind occasionally penetrates; but the olive rarely suffers, and this affords a test of the temperature—cold below the freezing-point being fatal to this tree. Yet these transient variations of temperature render pulmonary complaints not rare among the native dwellers along the "Riviera," as the Italians call the coast between Nice and Genoa; and hence doctors agree that the climate is not over-suited to consumptive invalids, who yet persist in resorting thither in the attempt to recuperate their shattered and wasted bodies. The mountains abound in mineral resources, only partially explored; they also contain inexhaustible quantities of the finest marbles, furnishing the stock from which the palaces of Genoa are adorned. Taken as a whole, the Riviera has all the beauties of the Swiss Alps and of the shores of Naples and Cuma—that is to say, the unique combination of rugged grandeur with a balmy and serene softness, not even the breadth of a line passing between the two.

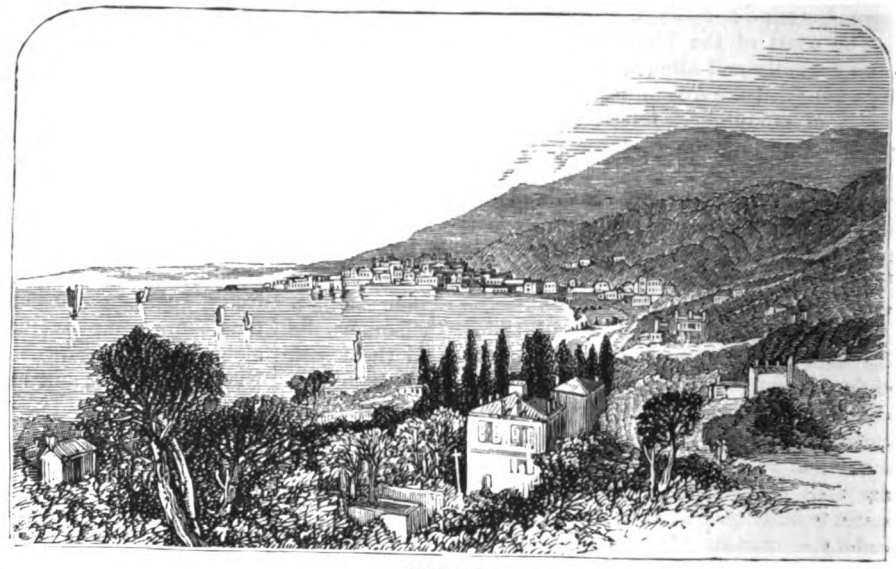
Facing the sea (or the south) the olive is extensively and profitably grown; the vine is also cultivated, and wheat and corn in rotative crops are grown also. Vegetables, roasted chestnuts, and corn meal, made into *polenta*, which is a kind of hard mush, served in slices simply baked or fried, form the chief food of the people, who are generally poor—though, since the completion of the network of coast-railways, business has had a decided tendency to mend, as new markets have been opened for the local crops and wares.

Altogether, the coast-railway has worked wonders for the Riviera—wonders not always acceptable to the tourist, who is allowed, by steam, to catch only fleeting glimpses of some of its most charming tracts. Tunnels and smoke play havoc with superb views, such as are to be had nowhere else on earth. It was very different when the only road was the celebrated "Cornice" route, over which coaches and carriages plied between Nice and Genoa; true, the Cornice is still used, and is as beautiful as ever; but most travelers, being in a hurry, take the rail. Yet



A VIEW NEAR CANNES.

the trip by the Cornice Road is in many ways preferable, and a pleasure that afterward lingers in the memory, an unfading picture. The great thoroughfare was planned and partially executed under Napoleon I., and completed by the Italians. It is magnificent in its windings, in accord with the edges of the sea, and its ascents and descents of the abrupt mountain slopes perpendicularly cut off by the surf dashing against their base. But words can give not even a faint inkling of the lovely picture, or rather series of pictures, to be enjoyed by any one passing over this justly famous route—alone, it is considered worth almost a trip to Europe in the eyes of landscape admirers.

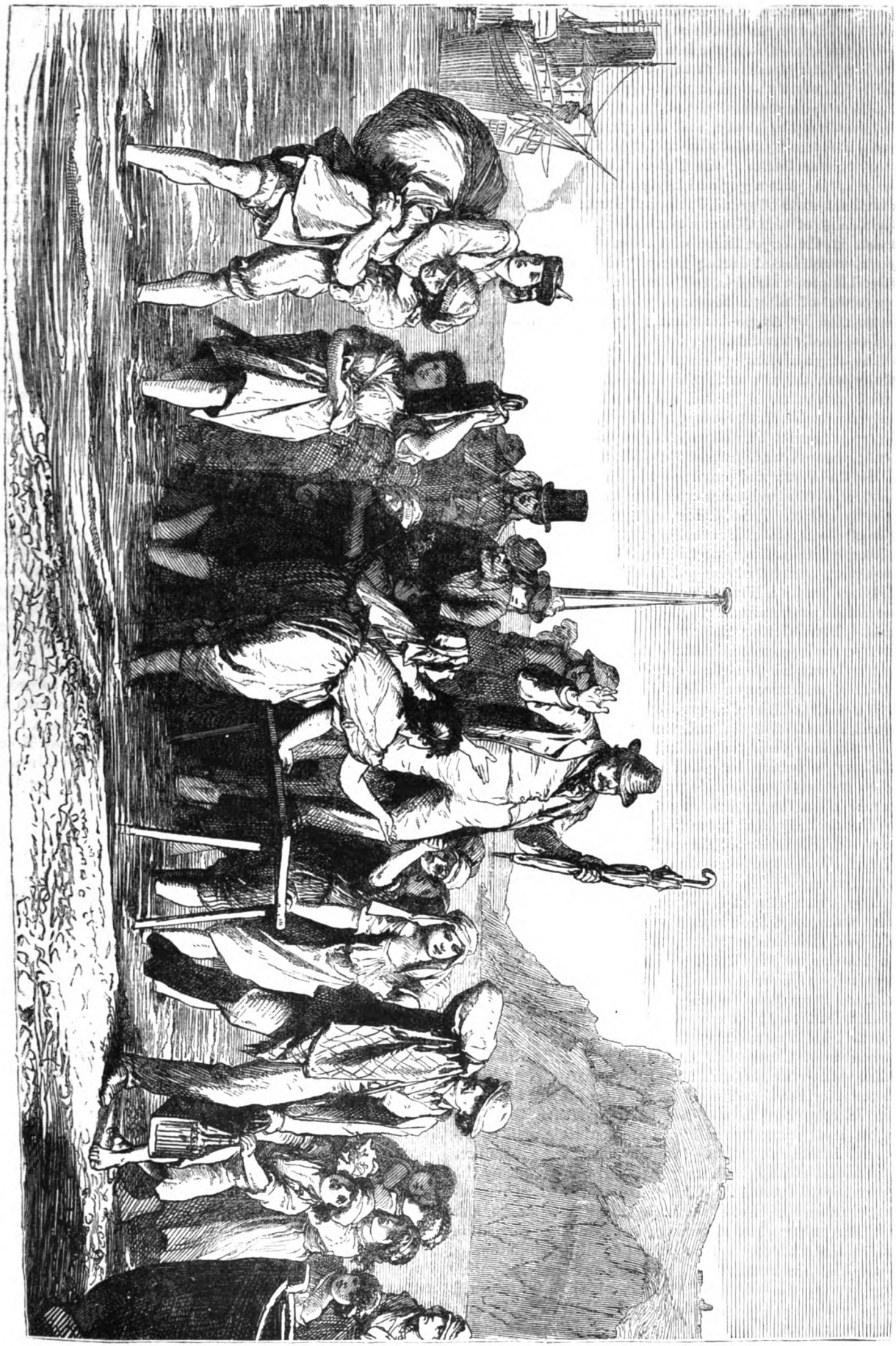


MENTONE.

Cannes, twenty miles distant from Nice, on the coast of France, is rather of recent growth as a fashionable resort. In 1834 it was only a miserable, obscure little village. In that year Lord Brougham made its fame among English people by fixing his abode there accidentally ; he was on his way from England to Nice, when the officials of the latter place refused to allow him to enter it, for fear he should bring along with him the seeds of cholera then prevailing. Thus turned back, he made up his mind to settle in some village in the neighborhood, and hit upon Cannes as being pleasantly situated and eminently suited to his purpose, namely, of ending his life in a mild climate and retirement. But he could not get rid of his countryfolk ; they began to follow in his tracks, and took up their sojourn also in this chosen seashore spot. This was the origin of its vogue, which has yearly gone on increasing, until now its name is known everywhere. Lord Brougham was buried there.

THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS, NICE.

One of his countrymen, with a name of great fame and weight, died and was buried there in May, 1873—John Stuart Mill. Mr. Mill's wife, to whom he was so ardently devoted, had also only a few years previously



PASSENGERS LANDING AT CAPRI.

departed life there. Still another celebrity, who did a good deal toward increasing the vogue of the place, died there two years ago—to wit, the late Empress of Russia, wife of the late Czar assassinated at St. Petersburg last March. More fortunate than her nitro-glycerined husband, the Empress died peacefully, and, as it were, pleasantly, in bed, under a bright sky, and surrounded by flowers; she was sent home by rail, to be buried in the imperial mausoleum on the banks of the Neva. The court she held at Cannes was quite a gay and lively one, being attended by a brilliant suite of grand dukes and duchesses, and a large sprinkling of the Muscovite nobility, ever exceedingly lavish in the expenditure of rubles. This imperial sojourn, which lasted during many "winters," yielded considerable profit and *éclat* to Cannes, which is now a thriving town of fifteen thousand citizens, more than ever frequented by Anglo-Americans, by foreigners at large, and especially invalids.

The original village is situated immediately on the edge of the sea; the new and fashionable quarter of fine houses, hotels and villas is located on the adjoining hills, which present a series of terraces planted with orange-trees and flower-gardens. The climate is always salubrious, the air being scented with fragrant wild-flowers in the Spring, while the views and environs are charming to the eye, whether of the sojourner or of the mere passer-by in the railway trains. Quiet, decorous, agreeable, it is the paradise of the South of France.

Nice, which is the most fashionable resort on the Mediterranean, anciently belonged to the Counts of Provence, and has partly a French and partly an Italian character, the latter predominating. Its population is fifty thousand. Twice during the present century has it, with its county, undergone annexation at the hands of France; first by war, and then by treaty with Italy. Napoleon I. seized it and incorporated it with his Empire in 1805. The results of the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, transferred it back to Italy, and the House of Savoy thus not only regained their old dominions, but also obtained the territory for which they had more than once struggled when in the times of their prosperity, and which they regained after the protracted season of revolutionary misfortunes. Italy held it until April, 1860, when, in the course of execution of Cavour's bargain with Napoleon III., made at Plombières two years previously, it was annexed, along with Savoy, to the Empire, and still, to-day, belongs to the French Republic.

A bitter opposition was made to this annexation by Garibaldi, the celebrated *condottiere*, who was born at Nice on the 4th of July, 1807. The house in which he was born is pointed out to strangers, and bears a marble slab with an inscription to the effect; a monument has also been raised to him on one of the public squares. Of course Nice is as proud of the "Hero of Two Worlds" as Genoa is of Christopher Columbus. In early life Garibaldi took to the sea, and became an expert captain in the mercantile marine of Italy. At the age of thirty he joined the Mazzini faction, and sought to overturn the small dukes and kings then ruling in the peninsula, and to resurrect it into one nation. The movement was premature. Mazzini fled to England, and Garibaldi was caught by the authorities, imprisoned, tried, and condemned to perpetual banishment. Escaping, he again took to the sea, and was long engaged in the wars of independence carried on in South America, where he gained no little reputation.

In 1848 the revolution broke out afresh in Italy, and this time on a more extended scale. He at once returned home and took the leading part in it. Together with Mazzini he drove out the Pope and established a Roman Republic, which lasted only a few months, for it was crushed by Napoleon III., and the Pope reinstated in the Vatican. Garibaldi, however, greatly increased his fame by the fierce resistance he opposed at Rome to the French troops; but a second time he was banished, and fled to New York in 1850. Here he was for some time employed at a candle factory on Staten Island, in the more humble work of making candles. But peaceful employment was for him irksome, and he again set sail for Monte Video, where he was sure in advance of keeping his hand in good fighting practice among the riotous, rebellious inhabitants dwelling in that savage portion of the New World. While practicing war in South America he constantly had in view an ultimate return to his home, believing firmly in the final redemption and unity of Italy. Nor was he mistaken or disappointed.

In 1859 France and Italy declared war against Austria, and Garibaldi was given a division of volunteer soldiers, in order that he might help in the work of freeing his native land from the Austrian yoke. He acted very gallantly in the field, but that campaign ended too suddenly and unsatisfactorily to please him. His next great move was in May, 1860, when he started from Genoa, through the connivance of Cavour, on a ship bearing a thousand of his armed legionaries, direct for Sicily. There he landed amidst the applause of the population, and, almost without striking a blow, captured the island from the King of Naples. From Sicily he went over to Naples, and, after a brief campaign on the mainland in conjunction with the soldiery of Victor Emmanuel, he soon annexed the then Kingdom of the Two Sicilies to the Italian kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, which thereby had absorbed the whole peninsula, with the exception of Venice and Rome—both secured by 1870, Garibaldi continuing to agitate and skirmish for such a purpose until the final stage of independence was reached. In 1870 he offered his sword to France, and fought a few insignificant combats with the Prussians between Dijon and Lyons.

Since he has been a Member of Parliament at Rome, but has mostly continued to reside alone as a hermit-hero, much broken and wasted with rheumatism, on the little island, which he owns, called Caprera, near Leghorn. He is adored not only at Nice as a special "hero-countryman," but throughout Italy, and counts his admirers in the world at large. He is dubbed the "Washington of Italy"; but, saving honesty of purpose and patriotism, the two had little in common. The Italian's judgment was always rash, his temper was hot and reckless even unto folly, his generalship sorry, and it may truly be said that his sole and unaided efforts would rather have ended in riveting than in breaking Italy's chains. Mazzini and Cavour were the real founders of King Humbert's present kingdom.

Nice has the honor of having been the birthplace of two other celebrated men. The astronomer Cassini was born there, subsequently removing to Paris, where, under the protection of Louis XIV., he made valuable discoveries in the line of his profession; and Massena, one of Napoleon I's. ablest marshals, first saw the light of day there. It was also from Nice that Napoleon himself first started out at the head of an army of French bare-footed ragamuffins to conquer Europe, gradually improving their uniforms as the conquest went on.

In the older parts of Nice the streets are narrow, and the houses dingy and small; but "Old Nice" is surrounded by "New Nice," containing fine, open streets and broad avenues, squares and terraces, which have the usual character of a watering-place where everything is laid out for visitors. The small port, protected by a mole, admits ves-

sels of two and three hundred tons burden, and it enjoys the privilege of being a "free port," that is, partially exempted from paying custom-house duties. The town has some manufactures of silk and a few other articles; its exports of native produce are chiefly olive oil—the best in Europe—wine and fruit. The turnery and hard wood joiner's work of the locality are good; the inlaid tables, trays, boxes, etc., are made of the varieties of wood grown on the neighboring hills, and there are many shops in which they are sold as trinkets and mementoes to foreigners. In this special line of turnery and inlaid woodwork, Sorrento, near Naples, far surpasses Nice. In the new town there is a superb terrace, from which the view is extensive and beautiful; the mountains of Corsica, the birthplace of the great Napoleon, may be seen with the naked eye. The sharp west and dusty mistral winds are occasionally trying to invalids; but there are very few days even in Winter that persons, unless in a very delicate state of health, cannot go about with comfort, though even in Summer the invalids have to use caution against these special winds. The faubourgs and quarters in which the American and English residents dwell contain many palatial houses with magnificent gardens attached, and though provisions are abundant and living could be cheap, yet, as a matter of fact, living at Nice is a most costly affair. This is owing to the manner in which the fashionable nobility and gentry have put up the prices of everything. The demand for extravagance among the foreign frequenters is greater than the town can supply, even with France and Italy to draw upon. There are no remarkable monuments or public buildings, no art galleries or museums of statuary; but then the hotels are grandiose, well managed on the English "limited" style, and they, as all the other appliances of the place, are for the comfort and fun of the world of foreigners. There are several theatres, and, until it was recently burned, an opera-house, in which the great *prima donnas* found it profitable to warble during the gay carnival season. Patti and Nicolini sang in it last Winter, at the rate of three thousand dollars a night.

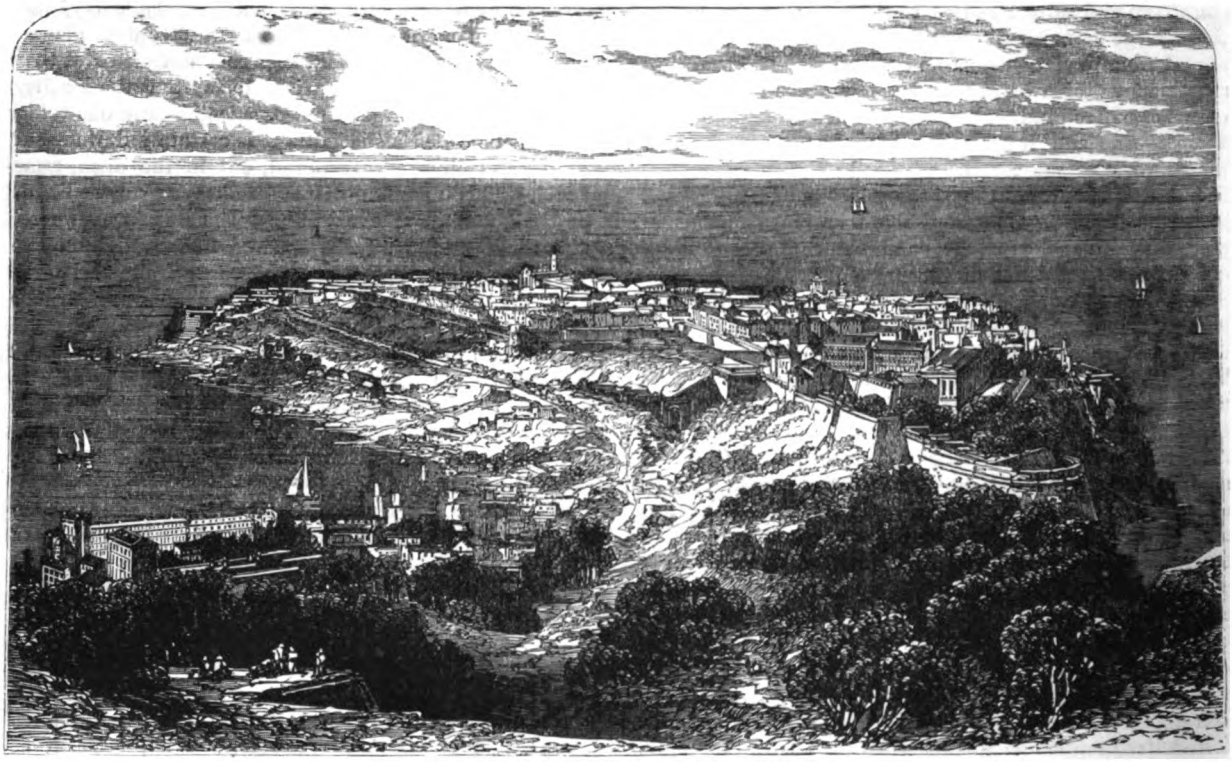
The citizens, who are far from being privileged characters in their own city (on the contrary, much to the reverse in every way), speak what is called the "Nizzard," a wretched dialect derived from the ancient Provençal language, the same that the troubadours delighted to use in their songs, and these songsters are said to have given the earliest impulse to the poetry of Italy. The "Nizzard" is uncouth, and abominated by the foreigners, who, of course, talk with the utmost freedom and ease, each his or her own tongue; thus Nice in Winter comes nearer, perhaps, to being a polyglot dictionary or a Tower of Babel than any other city extant. At the table d'hôte of the hotels all languages cross the table with the strength and rapidity of electricity, and, far from being shocked or stunned, the guests of various nationalities do not even remark the difference and confusion of tongues. Meanwhile the native, with his poverty, ignorance and wretched Nizzard lingo, stays on the bottom rounds of the ladder—that is to say, when he is not engaged in holding it up for the foreign magnates, or in some other form nursing their magnificence. But such is the fate of "natives" in every fashionable resort the world over. Only there is a greater display of such a fate at Nice than anywhere else; the citizens make their living by merely being "natives," some of them even amassing small fortunes through the process. Money can be rarely seen so all-powerful and one of the various roots of all evil, as in this little "free," "off" city of Nice, given up to pleasure on a Sybarite scale.

The neighborhood of Nice is exceedingly lovely, and the gardens, many of which abound with tropical plants, are most luxuriant. The flora is so rich and plentiful that it would scarcely be inappropriate to say that the locality is one immense flower-garden. If Nice has any one thing that might be called a specialty, it is certainly flowers—of all kinds, and all the year round, out in the open, tame and wild. This blooming display is always ready at hand, to be delighted in at every step. The air is everywhere, in the town, in the streets, squares, houses and on the surrounding hills, scented with the fragrant odors. Flowers on the men, women and children, flowers on the horses, oxen, donkeys and goats—an indispensable part of the attire and gear of all, and more or less cherished and cultivated by all. Wild-flowers line the walks in the environs. Flowers are borne about by the carriage and wagon load, and shipped not only to Paris and London, but to all parts of Northern Europe, icy St. Petersburg included.

Fair Florence has its name derived from flowers; Nice has the article itself, and is entitled to bear the palm, for nowhere else is it to be seen in such astonishing profusion and loveliness. The eye is certainly pleased to behold so many various kinds of roses and violets—of kinds that are unknown in other and colder regions—to light at every turn on the intermingling of colors, well illustrated by the profusion of scarlet, purple and pink anemones, forming such a gaudy floor for the neutral olive-trees in the olive grounds. As civilization increases, the appreciation of flowers, Nature's most sightly gift, becomes more and more general; and few who frequent Nice fail to acquire a fondness for them.

The main outlets are the drives along the seashore, the principal one of which was made originally at the expense of the English visitors, who raised a subscription for the purpose of opening a splendid drive for the city and of employing the poor. It was called, in their honor, *L'Avenue des Anglais* (the English Avenue). It has of late been extended and greatly improved, and is the finest seashore avenue in Europe, frequented as it is only by the most elegant and wealthy society of all nations, the town's folks considering themselves out of place on it. The beauty and fashion, the wealth and culture of both worlds may be surveyed on the "Avenue des Anglais," and hence a description of the equipages, thoroughbred horses, toilettes, etc., etc., need not be given. The parts unite to form a congenial whole. The other drives in and around the city are very pretty, and afford magnificent views, the calm expanse of blue sea being always within a stone's throw, under a bright, balmy sky. There are points two or three miles distant to which a pleasant drive may be made by way of excursion. At Cimella, only two miles off, are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, called by the peasants the "Bath of the Fairies." Another excursion may be made to San Bartolomeo, a picturesque old convent; also there are fine drives to Vallone Oscuro, a noted gorge; to Fontana del Tempio, a cheerful valley; to the Chateau Villeneuve, to the Convent of Sant' Andrea and the Villa Guerrio.

It is only during the extreme heat of Summer that Nice is uncomfortable, and relatively deserted by the fashionable throng, which then hie to cooler latitudes. It is not a bathing-place, only on account of the excessive heat, for there is otherwise every accommodation for sea-bathing, a privilege that the natives avail themselves of with alacrity. Even in midwinter Nice is so warm and bereft of shade, artificial or natural, that parasols by ladies and umbrellas by gentlemen (both of a light stuff peculiarly Nicean) are universally used. Old Sol there darts down his benignant



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF MONACO.

rays while Paris is shivering amidst ice and heavy snows; hence the frozen Parisians at that season drop down to Nice in order to be thawed out. Mixed with the other foreigners, chiefly among whom are Americans, English and Russians, they are to be met parading the avenues, climbing the hills and basking in the gardens; but one easily perceives that they are not thorough amateurs, and are longing all the time to be back home on the treadmill of the Boulevards. So near Paris and yet so far away, the Parisian is verily a fish out of water on the Nicean shore. The other foreigners are not only evidently at home there, but they are fascinated by the many attractions. All the world sees and knows each other at the hotels, in the clubs and theatres, on the avenues and drives; the interest never lags; families meet, fun goes on, and friendships and close ties are formed for a lifetime. Crowned heads are often seen disporting their grandeur along the "Avenue des Anglais," though they are supposed to be present *incognito*—that is to say, under fictitious names. The Prince of Wales is an old habitué, and so are many of the other crown princes; and as for English lords and Russian grand dukes, they are to be counted by the dozen. Altogether the crowd forms a merry set.

But the revelry is not so much carried on at Nice as at a little village distant half-an-hour's ride by rail—Monaco. There they all get on a lark. The spice of life at Nice is running to and fro several times night and day to Monaco, which is equipped with the powers of the magnate—and that magnate is gambling at "Monte Carlo," the one institution giving the locality its high renown among cities. Shortly after leaving Turbia—the before-mentioned seat of Augustus Cæsar's trophy—the wayfarer comes across a custom-house, upon which is painted in gay colors the lozenge shield of the Grimaldi family, surmounted by a crown. This custom-house informs the said wayfarer that he has entered the territory of the Prince of Monaco, the smallest monarchy in the world—just as San Marino, in the old Papal States, is the smallest republic. "Limited" is the trade-motto of both.

THE ARCHWAYS AT MENTONE.

The history of this smallest of monarchies is very obscure, though it does not go back into the usual

legendary myths uniting men with the gods. It seems, however, to have been one of the very few allodial domains which escaped the process of feudalization. The sovereignty was acquired by Mr. Lucchino Grimaldo, the first of the family, in 1344. The family became extinct in the male line in the person of Antonio Grimaldi, who died in 1631, and left one daughter, wedded to a count. This count assumed the name and arms of the Grimaldi, and from him the present house dates. The late ruling prince, Honoré IV., was in the line of direct descent, and something of a scapegrace. He found his dominions dull, and, indulging in absenteeism, lived the greater part of the year at Paris in as luxurious style as his restricted treasury would allow. The inhabitants are very proud of their separate sovereignty of a few acres, and of the dignity of their royal house, which they generally suppose to have been founded by an illegitimate son of Louis XIV. The officials of the monarchy do not take the trouble to bother travelers passing through their little territory. The revenue arises in part from a rent in kind ; the remainder is derived from the license given to the gambling-hell flourishing at the villa of Monte Carlo, on the royal soil. The whole number of subjects is 6,000, living in two towns and one village.

Monaco, one of the towns, was the old capital ; Mentone is the new one. Monaco stands close to the seashore, covering the table surface of a broad rock commanded by higher hills. It is of very remote antiquity, its foundation having been attributed to the Greeks, who were at an early period acquainted with Liguria, where many of their traditions were in fact localized for the sake of convenience, as attested by the classics. It is not worth while, however, to go into them on such a small point. Monaco was fortified at the expense of its putative royal founder, Louis XIV. The view, as one looks down upon the town within its microscopic walls—the towers above, and its little quiet port in the centre of such a wide expanse of sea and mountain shore—is peculiar and pretty. The royal palace is in a large square, and contains some fine apartments : one is rich in painting, gilding, and all the attributes of sovereignty ; guard-room, ante-chamber, and throne-room are there, but all in sad abandonment and decay.

At Monte Carlo, the site of the most famous and now unique gambling-hell in Europe, things are lively, and no sad abandonment exists there, except of the gold raked in by the *croupiers*, or dealers, so to say. Here many bet away their "bottom" dollars, and lives to boot. To say the establishment is elegant and gotten up in the most tasty way conceivable, in full view of the prettiest of shores and seas, is almost a picture completed. The charm of scenery and gambling combined has been enough to draw men and women from north, south, east, west. A few details may be, however, thrown in for those not possessed of the imaginative *forte*.

The grounds form a garden on an eminence, overlooking the sea, the railway running between at the foot of the eminence, up which paths and broad walks lead from the station. Flowers and rare shrubs and trees are at every step; outlying chalets, pagodas, music-stands, *cafés*, etc., abound. In the centre of the grounds stands the modern Hades, over whose doors the words "Leave all hope behind ye who enter" are not written. They are not necessary, being in the end indelibly stamped upon

ON THE RIVIERA.

the minds of the players when they leave the building—a far more profitable way of warning them. Some of them go home and digest the warning. The building has all the modern appliances and latest discoveries to the hour in running use. You can have anything you ask for—the "bank" itself, if luck consent, for often has a lucky player broken the bank—temporarily, for afterward the bank would take its "revenge" and break him with as much unconcern as the other thousands of betting nincompoops. Several parties at the head of the bank have successively grown rich. The late M. Dupré, among the number, became an arch-millionaire, and delighted to increase the accommodations and renown of the place. He died not long ago, leaving the machine to be run in the family, by his widow. The costliest furniture, finest wines and fares, obsequious flunkeys, good music—in short, it goes without saying that all these things and the like are on hand to be tapped perennially. And above all and before all, the grand centre-table is there, covered with the green cloth, ruled by the dealers, and adorned with rows of the fairest, the wittiest, the bravest, the deckliest of Europe's high society, intent in their seats on only one thing—winning a pile of gold or notes at the game of "*rouge et noir*" (red and black) and "*trente et quarante*" (thirty and forty). The players keep the score or run of the cards as they are turned out by the dealers, sticking pin-indentations on printed narrow slips or cards. Let everything else blow up behind them—let a player rise and take the floor for a suicide or an apoplectic stroke, it matters not; let the corpse be removed, and let business proceed. On with the game!—and verily the game does go on. "Make your game, gentlemen!" coolly urges the dealer, in the stereotyped, mechanical voice usual to his profession; and, after the bets are made and the cards are evolved, he as coolly adds: "*Couleur gagne, rouge perd*" (black wins, red loses), or "*Rouge gagne, couleur perd*" (red wins, black loses). And so it goes on for ever.

The anxieties of the gambling-table are trying to the children of men, as is well known. These perils and anxieties are only intensified at Monte Carlo, in view of the immense stakes played for and of the parties playing, who stake other advantages besides that of a bank-account. Of course, decorum, an air of indifference to loss or gain, are the rules observed; but, for all, the pitch is boiling under the surface of smiles, jokes, rank, fame, beauty, culture. The defiling process is sure to crush in the end, except a very few of the luckiest ones. Young and old, fair women and handsome men, loaded with every luxuriance, sit down to that green-covered banquet-table, and ere they rise up again are changed into utter wrecks, beyond recovery. It is a sad spectacle—one of the most disgusting to any one who will or can look under the outside glitter.

Between Nice and Monaco is situated the fine and large harbor of Villafranca, now the station of the American war-vessels cruising in the Mediterranean. It is also a station for the French navy. The port and dockyards are in good condition, particularly the latter. Though so close to Nice, the climate is softer than that of the latter place, and thus it is considered a snug retreat by invalids requiring privacy and quiet. In the rocks near by is found the shellfish *dattola*, or sea-date, a name given to it either from its shape or its sweetness. It is a great delicacy, and is very dear, a dish of it sometimes costing ten dollars. The cliffs all along this part of the coast abound with picturesque grottoes and caverns.

The new capital of the smallest of monarchies, Mentone, is a very dismal little town, just bordering on the frontier of Italy; but the site is lovely. It has some fine villas and gardens, and is a favorite resort for foreigners in Winter, being so snug and cozy, mild, and sheltered from any biting winds that may arise. On a hill above, its sides feathered with gray olives, are the ruins of an old castle, very much admired. The female peasants in this part of the country wear a straw hat pointed at the top like the roof of a barleymow; and their appearance in bevies on *fête* days is singular to behold, thus crowned and decked out in gorgeous streaming ribbons. At Mentone, the beauties of the Cornice Road to Genoa fairly begin. From this part, or at Montalbano, the view is particularly fine. To the west, the great bay of the Mediterranean extends as far as Antibes and far beyond, the coast of France losing itself in the horizon; to the east, Villafranca, the Riviera, headlands, towns and towers sweep away in the perspective. The coast-route of the Cornice is never blocked up by snow in Winter, as were the Mt. Cenis and St. Gothard passes before their tunnels were built. The road has been most skillfully carried along the shores or slopes of the mountain-range, as the latter traces them. In some parts it ascends to a great height; and, though in reality always safe, yet a parapet wall has been deemed necessary to calm the apprehensions of nervous travelers, by keeping off the immediate view of the precipice below.

Upon the sides of the hills sloping to the sea grow olives, oranges, cypresses, and the stone-pine, so frequent in the landscapes of the great masters. Then successive indentations of the shore, large bay-inlets, headlands advancing and closing in the prospect, and the blue sea, constitute the leading features of this most favored tract, in which Alpine heights and maritime scenes are conjoined to the ornaments given by human art. The yachts and sail-boats, of the Latin *felucca* order, as seen from eminences of the road, form admirable pictures on the placid Mediterranean expanse. Poets innumerable, some of the greatest Italy ever possessed, have sung of the charms of this particular route and its unequaled scenery.

The towns and villages, thickly studded along the coast, and glittering upon the sides of the hills, sometimes placed at a great height, wear a gay aspect. The churches for the most part have very lofty fronts painted in fresco. At a distance their lofty, bold elevations, the gay colors, the tall belfries and the numerous cupolas, produce a striking effect, thoroughly Italian, yet altogether differing from the styles prevalent in Lombardy and Tuscany. The Cornice road frequently passes through the towns, where the streets are generally so narrow as only just to admit a carriage; and then all side-shows, in the shape of other passengers on foot or astraddle donkeys, are obliged to stand in the gateways to allow the vehicle to pass. As corsairs continued to harass the coast as late as 1770, and carry off much plunder, towers were planted, so that from their summits alarms might be given at the pirates' approach.

The Riviera, sloping to the sea and exposed to the Southern sun, enjoys in many parts a mild temperature, such as is not again met with until the Bay of Naples is reached; and this is its greatest claim to the sympathy of the unfortunate legion of invalids. This is most strikingly evinced to the eye by the tropical luxuriance and character of the vegetation. The cactus or prickly pear, the Eastern palm, the American aloe, flourish in profusion. The palm was introduced and cultivated for the purpose of supplying the branches used in the ceremonies of the church on Palm Sundays. Several families have, by special license from the Popes, the exclusive privilege of furnishing the churches of Rome with palm branches. The people of

the Riviera are the least beautiful of its objects; still they are a stout, active and hardy race, generally well clothed and fed, and, when met on the Cornice Road, they do not detract from its beauty, thanks to their variegated attire and animation.

San Remo, close upon the seashore, about midway between Nice and Genoa, is a flourishing town of 20,000 inhabitants, and a resort much patronized in Winter by delicate queens and crown princesses of feeble health. It is quite an exclusive, aristocratic resort. The members of the German royal family are very fond of wintering there. The town rises from the shore up a lofty hill; terraces and orange groves are seen intermixed with handsome churches and white houses, in gay and picturesque confusion. Many fine residences and hotels have been put up since the distinguished royal personages gathered there of late years. It is in the vicinity of San Remo that the palms grow in the greatest luxuriance. The gardens, generally upon terraces, are very pretty, filled with jasmine, the orange-flower, the long, waving branches of palms; and, in short, whatever in the shape of flowers that can give sweetness, has here a peculiar fragrance. Ariosto, the poet, has some very graceful verses in regard to the odoriferous groves and babbling, rushing streams around San Remo.

Pegli, within a few miles of Genoa, is a favorite resort of the Genoese, who occupy it during the Summer season for its magnificent bathing facilities. It is situated immediately on the water's edge, and its sandy beach is much enjoyed day and night by the mercantile craft from Genoa. The dwellers in the latter city are really driven to Pegli for elegant rustic quarters, as the streets originally built by the Genoese fathers afford little room for an airing—they are so steep, narrow and obscure from being lined with lofty palaces. True, many of the latter are of marble throughout, and are justly admired specimens of architecture. Genoa is now a fine port, the first of Italy for business; within the last five years it has been greatly improved, through a legacy of four millions of dollars left for the purpose by a wealthy old citizen. To the Cornice Road Genoa forms a very worthy termination. In appearance it is the queerest of large cities, though majestic in its crescent-like seat upon a mountain slope. Its galleries, churches and monuments are well worthy of its great commercial fame. It need scarcely be remarked that busts and statues of Columbus abound in Genoa.

Spezia, between Genoa and Leghorn, is one of the finest natural harbors on the Mediterranean. It was long the American naval station, and it has yet a fine navy yard. Some of the recently built monster ironclads of Italy were built there. The environs are charming, and much frequented by strangers; the town has ten thousand inhabitants, and is blessed with the usual mild and fructifying climate. A little further down the coast stands Leghorn, which is the chief trade centre of Tuscany, and the bathing-place of the Florentines. The baths (mineral springs) of Lucca, not far distant, on the spurs of the Apennines, are also well patronized by all the other cities of the Peninsula, as well as by foreigners permanently domiciled in the kingdom. Its waters are highly beneficial in certain maladies. Pisa, within a few miles of Leghorn, is renowned for its balmy atmosphere and its famous Leaning Tower. Pisa enjoys the reputation of being the finest of all the resorts for consumptives; and foreign society helps to enliven it very much.

In South Italy merry Sorrento, perched on the cliffs just across the cerulean bay of Naples, that prettiest of all bays, occupies a rank somewhat similar to that of Nice in the North, though there are no gambling facilities in the neighborhood. It is a charming retreat, ensconced in one vast grove of orange and lemon trees. It is only a village, and lives on the revenue derived from foreign visitors, and the sale of its artistic woodwork to these customers, and of its fruit and fish in the Naples markets. The climate is one of the finest along the whole coast—in Winter, that is, for in Summer the heat is excessive. Within a short row, by boat, of Sorrento, stands the Island of Capri, athwart the entrance, as it were, of the harbor of Naples, thus affording excellent protection to the latter. Many foreigners delight to dwell in Capri, as the Emperor Tiberius did of old. The ruins of his palace are still extant. Capri presents a most effective feature in the generally lovely scenery around fair Parthenope, the old city founded by the Greeks.

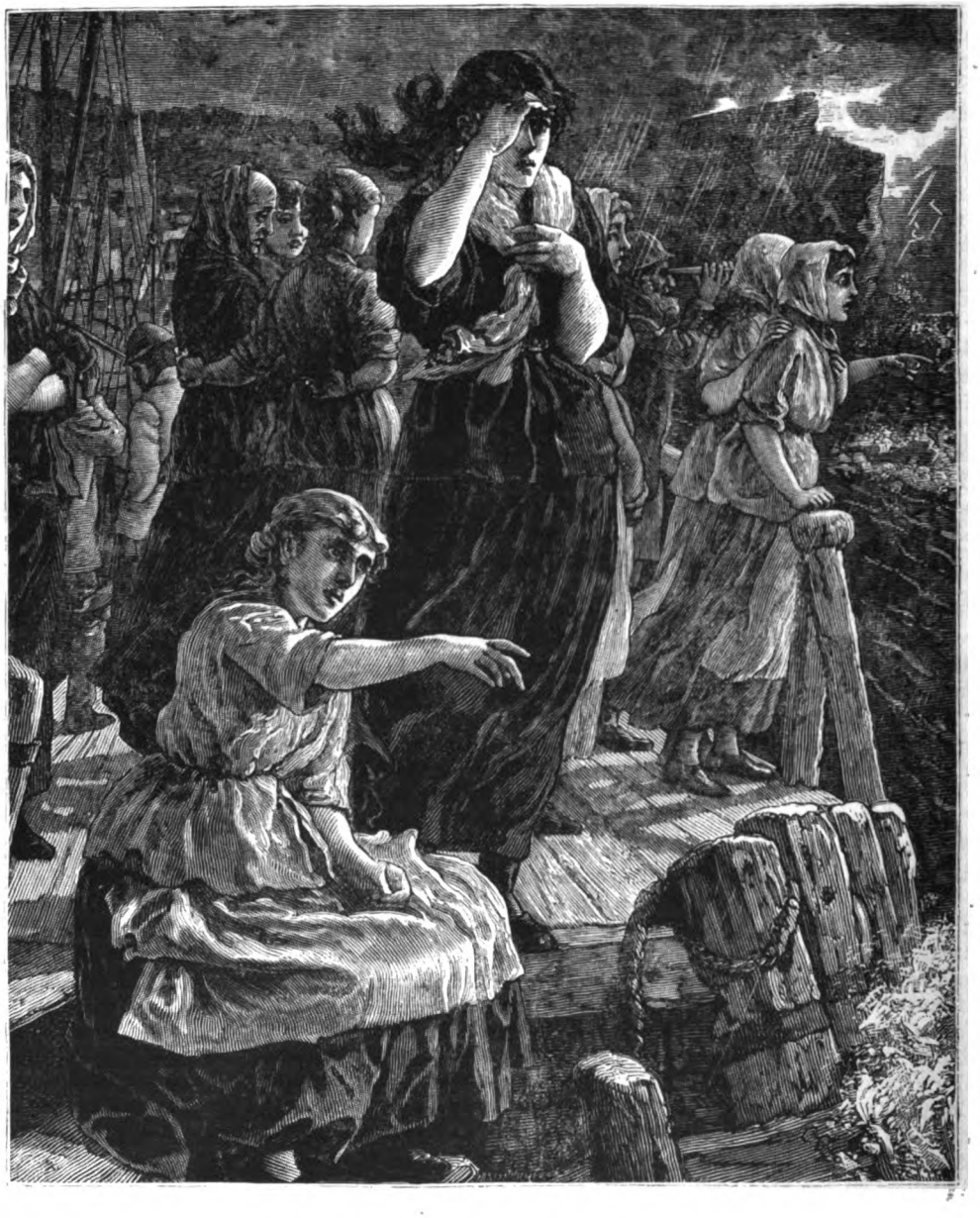
HOW HOGARTH ONCE DISPOSED OF HIS PICTURES.

On the 16th of January, 1745, William Hogarth, of Leicesterfields, England, painter and engraver, put forth an advertisement offering for public sale nineteen pictures in oil, of his execution. These comprised the six paintings of "The Harlot's Progress," the eight of "The Rake's Progress," "The Four Times of the Day," and "The Strolling Players in a Barn."

The conditions attached to the sale were curious. To every bidder was allotted a numbered page in the sale-book, in which were entered his name and place of abode. On the day of sale a clock striking every five minutes was to be placed in the auction-room; and when it struck five minutes after twelve the first picture mentioned in the sale-book was to be deemed sold; the second picture when ten minutes after noon had struck, and so on in succession until the whole nineteen pictures were disposed of. Upon the biddings the advances were only to be in gold; and to this the painter added the injudicious stipulation that no persons were to be allowed to bid save those who had previously entered their names in the book. He furthermore begged as a favor that, as his rooms were small, none but duly inscribed bidders would come to view the paintings.

The sale proved singularly unproductive. The painter had thought to emancipate himself from the thraldom of the picture-dealer and the auctioneer, and to secure to himself, without the costly agency of middlemen, the price which persons of rank and wealth might be induced to offer publicly for works of genius.

But the novelty of the method proposed disgusted, instead of attracting, the town. Noblemen and gentlemen were offended at the tedious formula of having to enter their names and places of residence in a book open to indiscriminate inspection, and they resented as impertinent the proposals of the artist, who seemed to consider that he did the world a favor in suffering them to bid for his works. In any case, the noble and wealthy patrons of Art haughtily staid away from the sale, and from the aggregate of nineteen pictures Hogarth only realized the sum of four hundred and twenty-seven pounds, seven shillings. The engravings of the "Harlot's Progress" had sold much better than those of the "Rake's"; yet the former produced only fourteen guineas each, while the latter went for twenty-two. The picture of "Morning" brought twenty guineas; the "Night" fetched six-and-twenty. By the same cumbrous and blundering process he subsequently disposed of his immortal pictorial drama, the "Marriage à la Mode," for which there was only a single bidder, who obtained the six magnificent works for the sum of one hundred and ten guineas, or little more than nineteen pounds apiece.



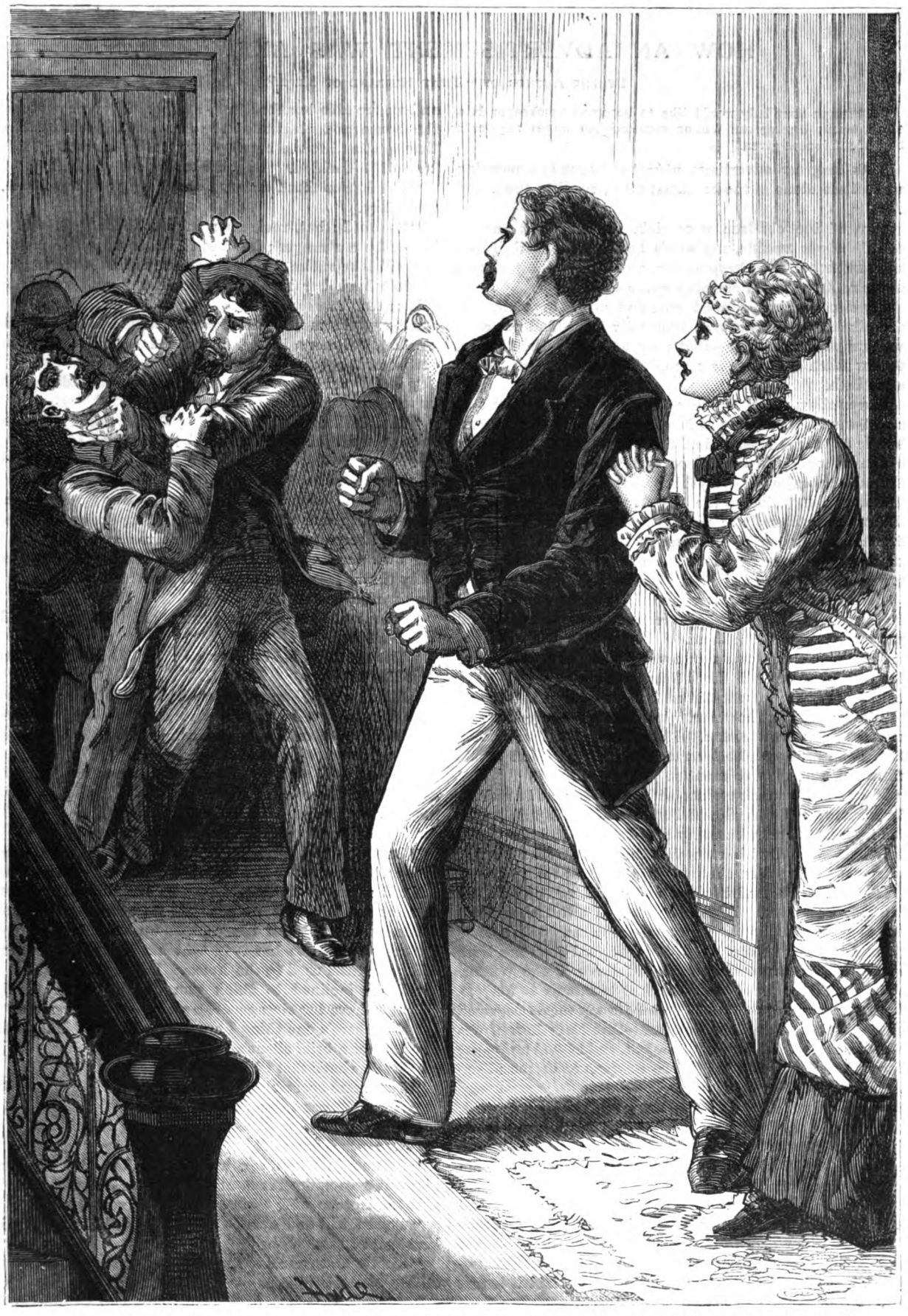
WATCHERS BY THE SEA.

By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks.

Oh, sparkling and clear in the setting sun
  Shone the dancing wavelets within the bay,
As our fishing-boats sailed out one by one
  To the deeps where the gleaming mackerel lay;
So we crowded the jetty, old and young—
  The weather-worn jetty that met the tide—
With gay good wishes on lip and tongue
  Of the widowed mother or blithe young bride;
Whilst we waved our kerchiefs with hearts at ease,
For the sun shone bright on the smiling seas;
And fishermen's sweethearts, mothers, and wives,
Have hopeful hours in their anxious lives.

But midnight came with a thunderous shock,
  Blue lightnings flashed o'er a turbulent bay,
Mad breakers beat on the threatening rock,
  Drenched women and jetty with blinding spray;
The sky was as black as the boiling flood,
  Our faces as white as the frothy foam,
Yet heedless of roar or of rain we stood,
  Waiting and watching, for love and for home—
Watching with eyes that strained thro' the dark
For sail or sign of a home-bound bark—
As fishermen's wives must watch and wait
When tempests rave and the boats are late

Oh, never did watchers so welcome the morn,
  Under cold gray skies and pitiless rain,
As we wretched women, wet and forlorn,
  Still looking out o'er a billowy main;
And brighter than ever streak of the sun,
  Was the first white speck of a tattered sail
But we held our breath until, one after one,
  We counted our boats from the jetty rail—
Counted our boats, ah, counted not *men*,
Back my true love came never again!
Watch I, or wait by the taunting tide,
Never comes Reuben back to his bride.



HOW AN ADVERTISEMENT WAS ANSWERED.—"HE GAVE ONE BOUND, BUT IN THAT MOMENT TWO OFFICERS WERE UPON HIM."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

HOW AN ADVERTISEMENT WAS ANSWERED.

By the Author of "That Husband of Mine."

"A middle-aged lady would like to become housekeeper in a small family during the Winter months. No wages required; best of references given."

This singular advertisement met my eyes one morning while I sat alone at the breakfast-table, reading the *Daily Item*.

Two of the children were sick, an inefficient servant added to our trouble, my wife's health had nearly given way under her housekeeping cares, and everything seemed to me on that special morning going to the dogs.

My situation was a good one, and my salary fair, but then the doctor's bills were unusually large, and our cook wasteful, because Mary—that's my wife—could not attend to her kitchen and take care of the sick children at the same time.

Mary, allow me to say here, is one of the sweetest of sweet women; not only in face, expression and manners, but in taste, in dress, and all the little *etceteras* that make a man's home the best place this side of heaven. She thoroughly enjoyed everything that I did—art, music, literature; and, during the first two years of our married life, we were literally in paradise. I gave not one regretful thought to my old companionships, although I had numbered among my friends some of the best fellows in town, and had been very fond of society.

Then the little ones came, and they were welcome; but trouble, in the shape of accidents, illness, constant and petty cares, came with them.

Jack, our eldest, was now seven; Tom, five; Alice, our fairy girl, three; and the little crib in the room up-stairs held a rosy beauty, who did nothing but sleep.

Tom and Jack, however, were healthy, energetic, and consequently troublesome. Mary managed them with a firm hand until scarlet fever took up its pestilent abode with us for nearly two months.

Mary grew thin and white with watching and anxiety, for our two noble, handsome boys are her idols; and since the fever left them with many a little ailment which could only be removed with care and time, the tender-hearted woman had forgotten almost everything but their welfare.

Hence the cook had her own sweet will, not only in the kitchen, but about the house; and, to tell the truth, it was neither comfortable nor pleasant for me.

Only the day before the doctor had said that the boys would require constant attention all through the Winter. What was to be done, therefore, but to submit to his verdict? The consequence was that I ate my meals deprived of the light of Mary's countenance—that Mary herself was growing more and more hollow-eyed, and looked no longer like the neat, trim little lady, so anxious to be the all-in-all in a husband's partial eyes.

"If I only had a sister or an aunt," she often said, "you would not be so lonely; but you married a woman without relations."

For which—though I did not tell her so—I hope I am reasonably thankful.

One morning—by-the-by, it was the very morning I had read the advertisement—my wife came panting to the table, a smiling cherub in her arms, and sat down to her cold coffee, trying to smile. I had marked the advertisement in the *Item* with my pencil, and now I laid it before her. She read it, and her face brightened.

"What do you think of seeing this woman?" I asked. "She only seems to want a home during the hard times, and we are able to afford that, I hope. If she can oversee the house and 'legislate' the cook, and give you more time to attend to the boys—your humble servant includes himself"—I added, "what a blessing she will be!"

"I dislike to think of a stranger coming to the house," said Mary.

"So do I; but, remember, in a little time she will no longer be a stranger; besides, if she is a capable woman, she will take entire charge of the premises. Of course we needn't have her if we don't like her appearance or her references."

After a few more talks Mary concluded to send for the woman, and, accordingly, dispatched a letter as the advertisement required.

"Well," said my wife, on my return that day, "she came, she saw, she conquered."

"Rather Cæsarean," said I. "I trust she is not a general in petticoats. Tell me all about it;" and I seated myself opposite the cozy sitting-room fire, beginning to dread the intrusion of a third party.

"She came here about noon," said Mary; "a peculiar, prim-looking woman, in a plain traveling-dress. Her face and manner prepossessed me in her favor, and, according to her own account, she certainly is a very capable person. Only think, that she can play the harp and piano, and is very well educated!"

"Worse and worse," thought I; and then said aloud: "But what about references?"

"Her principal reference is a Judge Nelson, and he lives in Ohio."

"All right. I know his brother pretty well; he is a practicing lawyer here. I'll write to the judge and speak to the advocate, and between them both we shall probably get a satisfactory certificate."

The funniest part of this veracious narrative is that I did neither, but allowed the matter to drift away from my memory altogether.

"Well, did you engage her?" I asked.

"On the whole, I thought I had better. She can come here and stay awhile, and, if we suit each other, of course she will remain. In fact, we must have somebody; your comfort must be looked after. As it is, she is at some expense, as boarding, of course, uses up what little money she may chance to have. I told her to come to-morrow and get a little used to the house. Did I do right?"

"I am inclined to think you did," was my reply. "Best to have the strangeness over as soon as possible."

"But there's one thing I am sure you won't like," said Mary, after a brief silence.

"Well, what's that?" I asked.

"She wears spectacles."

"Horror!" was my rejoinder.

"Blue ones!"

"Worse and worse!"

"I knew just how you would feel; but she has very pleasant eyes under them, and she thinks she may soon be able to dispense with them altogether."

"Then I will endeavor to endure the infliction with the best grace I can. How does she look?"

"That's a woman's question, and I sha'n't answer," said my wife, laughing. "However, I will say that she is tall and fair, with blue eyes, blue dress, and a blue vail."

"Blue seems to be the prevailing color," I said; and there the conversation stopped, tea being brought in.

On the following day I came home to company. In other words, I was introduced to Miss Campsted, and by stealth took an inventory of her charms, for the lady was rather good-looking. She wore a small, plain cap and the blue spectacles aforesaid. The hair, put smoothly back, showed ripples on the surface; the features were small and regular, but at first I was not pleased with their expression, though I could not have told why.

The dominant thought with me was that Mary could rest, and, with a mind wholly at ease, give herself up to the care of her little ones for a season.

For a few weeks things went on as smoothly as I could desire. The coffee speedily improved in color and flavor, the tea was delicious. Little *entrées* made their appearance which before our circumstances had not seemed to warrant. The table was always in order, even at times decorated with flowers, and the work was well done, and as if performed by some invisible agency.

"Harry, she is positively a treasure," said my wife to me, one evening, after we had retired to our room. "I have so much more time, now, to attend to baby and the children. Miss Campsted is an admirable manager, and she has some very nice-looking people to visit her."

"Has she many visitors?" I asked. "I thought she talked as if she were a stranger here."

"Now and then one—richly dressed—almost too richly," my wife added, in a hesitating voice. "But then we don't visit, and really know nobody. She has a brother, too."

"A brother!" I cried, more and more surprised. "She told me she had no relations here."

"Well, he wasn't here till yesterday, when he returned from California. I caught a glimpse of him as he went down-street, and he is really a majestic-looking man."

"Oh, this will never do!" I said, impatiently. "We are not rich, but there is considerable solid silver in the house, and some little gold in the way of watches and chains, which are, besides, valuable as heirlooms. I don't like visitors—I don't like the brother."

"Now you are suspicious and unkind," said Mary. "I would trust her with everything in the house—even my husband," she added, laughing. "And though she calls herself middle-aged, and perhaps she is—some women wear so well—she looks almost like a young girl, with her cap and spectacles off, and her hair dressed differently. You will see, for I have persuaded her to dispense with both to-morrow."

To-morrow presented Miss Campsted as a young lady of perhaps twenty-two or three—not a year older, according to appearance—and yet yesterday she looked forty.

The ripple in her hair ran to curl now. The spectacles gone, disclosed beautiful eyes, fringed with long, soft lashes. She noticed my look of surprise, and smiled, as she said:

"I have worn caps since I was thirty, but your wife has persuaded me to leave them off for a while. Do you, too, think it an improvement?"

"I certainly do," was my reply, "for I hate caps and abominable spectacles.'

"What a fright I must have appeared in your eyes, then!" she said, sweetly, which speech necessitated a complimentary answer, and made me feel excessively silly.

Her brother dined there one day. He was a heavy, handsome, well-read fellow, apparently young and very clever.

"Would you object to my brother's presence at dinner to-day?" soon became a regular form of request.

What could I do? Her brother was good company, played the piano, violin and flute with skill, talked well, and almost before I knew it, I was supporting him as well as his sister.

His conversation entertained me, and though my better judgment protested against the encroachment, still I allowed it until it was impossible to say No.

Mary occupied herself more and more with the children, who continued ailing and nervous. Gradually she withdrew herself from our circle on the plea of work for the little ones, and one thing and another, all of which excuses I allowed to convince me. Unconsciously, I began to look forward to the pleasant after-work hours.

Miss Campsted read, sang and played equally well. Always she deferred to my judgment, sang my songs, read from my favorite authors. Her brother was equally ready to talk, or to add to the amusement of the evening.

I became accustomed to this interesting partnership. Sometimes Mary stole in to sit with us a while, and then stole out again.

I knew she was not my Mary as of old, but I laid it to her cares. Nor did I notice, then, that her eye grew languid, her movements slow; that she seldom smiled—that her merry, silvery laugh never rang out as of yore.

I did not dream that she was fast becoming a prey to insidious disease.

"Your wife is not well," said Miss Campsted, on one occasion. "She devotes herself too constantly to her nursery cares. I often beg her to let me assist her, or take her place for a while, but she will never allow me. She does not do herself justice, do you think? A wife had better forget her children than neglect nearer ties."

"What do you mean, Miss Campsted," I asked, turning toward her.

Something in her manner—in her voice—made me angry.

"My wife," said I, in cool, measured tones, "forgets nothing—no one; it is her duty to remember!"

"Oh, of course! Pray pardon me. Mrs. Blair is most lovely! Pray—pray forgive me, and understand me. It was solicitude for her welfare, and anxiety to relieve her of some of her daily burdens, that made me speak."

She put up her hands, white and shapely, with an appealing gesture, and I saw what makes any man a fool for the time—tears on her lashes.

"Why do you talk of offending me?" I said, half laughing, half distressed. "I thought you spoke of my wife in a rather thoughtless manner; but, of course, you cannot comprehend her anxiety with sickly, nervous children."

"Indeed, I meant nothing but for her good. At least—at least—I sympathized with your loneliness, and felt so sorry for your wife," she murmured, confusedly.

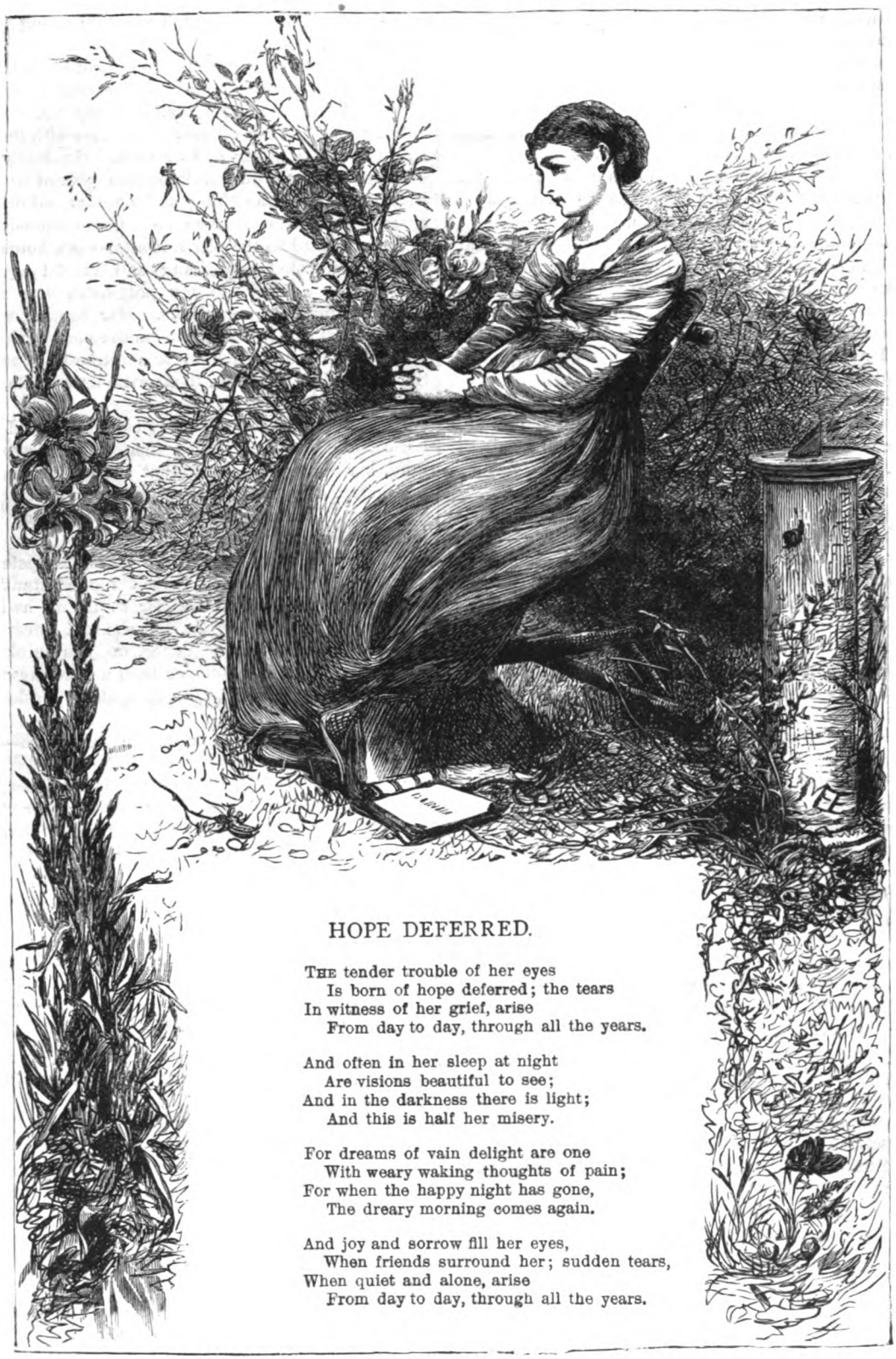
"Oh, Mary and I can take care of each other," was my reply.

Did the small arrow she had let fly annoy me? I think it did, on reflection, but not in the way she intended.

I thought of Mary's increasing pallor, silence, alteration; surely she was changing—but what had I to do with it? I never thought to ask what had Miss Campsted to do with it.

Mary grew worse. The doctor said it was some disease of the nerves. Miss Campsted was full of solicitude. She and her handsome brother were very attentive.

When I went into the hall Miss Campsted contrived to be there to bid me good-morning. I never thought of her now as middle-aged. She appeared to me, gradually, to become an impertinent, forward young person.



HOPE DEFERRED.

THE tender trouble of her eyes
  Is born of hope deferred; the tears
In witness of her grief, arise
  From day to day, through all the years.

And often in her sleep at night
  Are visions beautiful to see;
And in the darkness there is light;
  And this is half her misery.

For dreams of vain delight are one
  With weary waking thoughts of pain;
For when the happy night has gone,
  The dreary morning comes again.

And joy and sorrow fill her eyes,
  When friends surround her; sudden tears,
When quiet and alone, arise
  From day to day, through all the years.

One memorable day—shall I ever forget it?—I went up-stairs to say something that had escaped my recollection, after my usual visit to Mary's room.

I found my wife weeping hysterically, with all the children grouped about her and crying in chorus.

"For heaven's sake, Mary, what has happened?" I cried, frightened almost out of my wits.

"Don't stay, Harry," she gasped; "it does me no good. I am better alone. Go down—please go down."

"But I'm not going down or out, leaving you in this state," I said, throwing down hat and bundles, and trying to take her in my arms. But she resisted my tenderness.

"No matter for me," she sobbed. "I shall be better soon out of the way, perhaps."

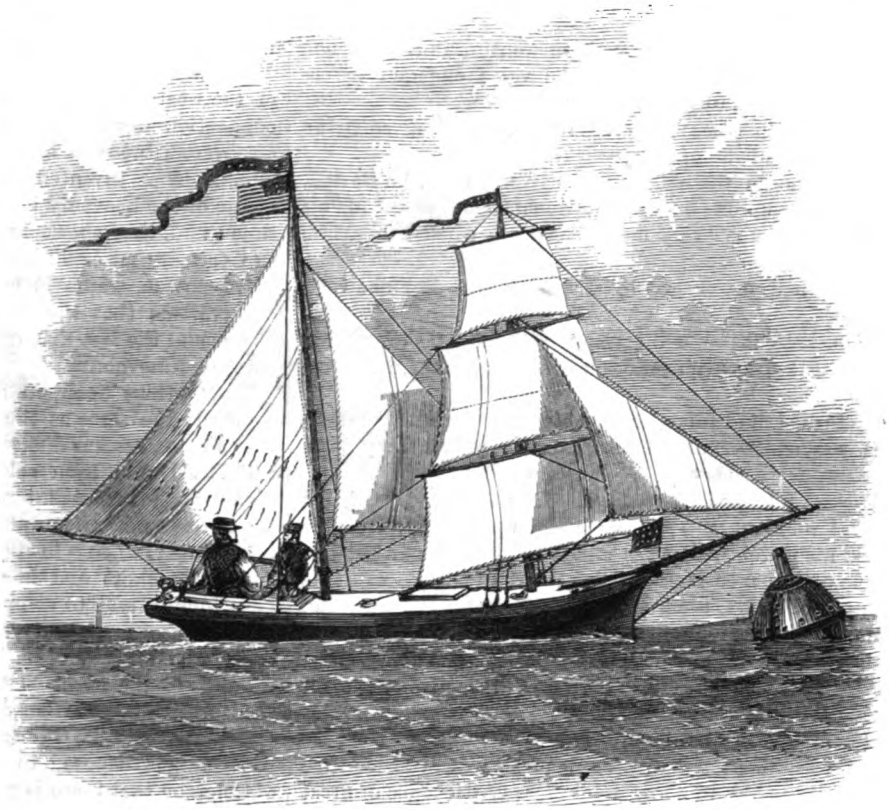
"Mary, darling," I said, at my wits' end, "if you won't let me stay, at least let me send Miss Campsted up."

"That woman!" cried my wife, with hysterical anguish—"no! Do you want her to poison me? It is bad enough that she has ruined my home."

I was thunderstruck.

"Poison you!—ruined your home! Miss Campsted! What can you mean, Mary? Are you crazy? I thought you considered her invaluable?" I repeated, still dazed and nervous.

"Invaluable!" murmured Mary, great tears running down her pale cheeks; "can I like a serpent? Can I like one who has stolen from me all that made my life blessed—my husband's love! I hate her! Go! go! She has told me, oh, such horrible things! Leave me; Miss Campsted is down-stairs," and she fell to shuddering.



THE TINY CRAFT MANIA.—THE "VISION," 1864.—SEE PAGE 439.

I have heard that an innocent man always has his weapons about him. I don't believe it. At all events, it was not so in my case. So obtuse and confused was I at this entirely new phase of matters, that it took a minute and twenty seconds before the real import of her words reached my consciousness. I am quite positive of that fact, for mechanically I was following with my eye the hands of the clock in the corner. Then it dawned on me by degrees, and Mary, after a while, told me a pitiful story.

My wife, my one crown of glory, my idolized Mary, had been subjected to the most cruel of all tortures, that of hearing her husband's words and actions misrepresented, stories manufactured, lies cunningly invented.

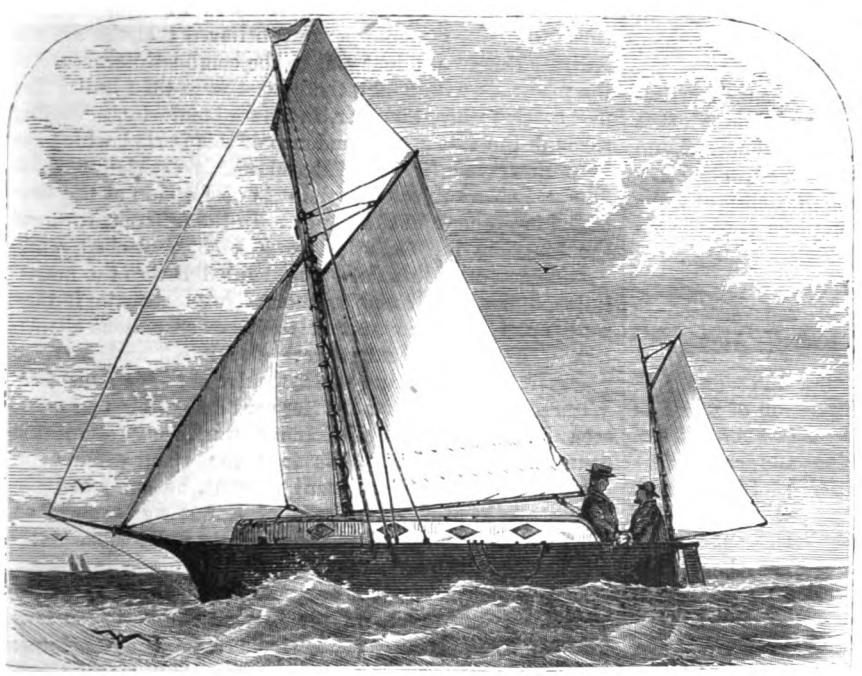
I no longer wondered that my poor wife felt a dread and abhorrence for the creature, which no language could express, or even feared for her life in the presence of such a viper.

The strangest thing to me was, then—in truth, always will be—that Mary did not tell me of these things; but a foolish fear of being thought jealous, and something also of pride and the sensitiveness of her nature, sealed her lips.

In my anger I suppose I rather overstepped the bounds of prudence, and in my next interview with the fascinating Miss Campsted, as some of my friends called her, I had a grand opportunity of witnessing the uncontrolled fury of a woman whose vileness had been prematurely unmasked.

Never, even upon the stage, have I seen such a perfect piece of acting.

Trouble never comes singly, they say. I had given Miss Campsted warning, when a person, whom I had reason to believe was a detective, entered my house. In an instant Miss Campsted grew pale and quiet, and begged me to allow her to see the gentleman alone.



THE "CITY OF RAGUSA."

Of course I consented, keeping strict guard, however, outside the door.

For some time the conversation went on in a low tone; then, gradually, Miss Campsted's voice changed to entreaty. Sobs followed, and bitter weeping.

Suddenly in came Fred Campsted, whistling softly an air from one of the operas.

Seeing me in the hall, apparently on guard, he started, slowly hung up his hat, took it down again, asked for his sister, and seemed very much surprised when I told him she had company.

"You had better go in," I said, "for I fear she is in trouble."

"Oh, hang it!" was his rough response, "she's always in trouble. I have an errand down-town, and must be excused."

He turned, and there, facing him, standing on the door-step, was another detective. How long had they been watching my house?

The man looked like a tiger. He gave one bound, but in that moment two officers were upon him; then he seized his pistol, which was snugly concealed, and fired.

One of the men was wounded; but the other, with the strength of a lion, secured the prisoner, and brought him, bound and raving horribly, into the house.

"Do you know, sir," asked one of the detectives, afterward, "that this house has been a rendezvous for thieves during the past six months?"

How should I, absent all day? How was I to be made aware that our cook had been bought from time to time with heavy bribes to allow the ingress of packages of great value?

How did I know that Miss Campsted brought three immense Saratoga trunks with her, professing that they had been left in her charge?

After that we examined those same trunks, wherein property was found concealed to the amount of forty or fifty thousand dollars—silks, velvets, diamonds and jewels.

One of the packages—a very small one—I looked upon with great distrust. It was taken with the other things to the station-house, and found to be a machine calculated to destroy both life and property, for it was filled with explosive materials, and, opened by ignorance or chance, life would most certainly have been the forfeit.

To this day I look with distrust upon such advertisements as the one that heads this story; and, though that was probably the single exception in a thousand, no earthly power could induce me to repeat the experience.

And if, after a long search after some article not to be found, we conclude to give it up, we place it to the account of the fascinating Miss Campsted.

WHAT THEY KNEW FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

From one of the books compiled after the manner of our modern cyclopædias, and the compilation of which is shown to have been made more than 2,000 B.C., it has been ascertained, what has long been supposed, that Chaldea was the parent land of astronomy; for it is found from this compilation, and from other bricks, that the Babylonians catalogued the stars, and distinguished and named the constellations; that they arranged the twelve constellations that form our present zodiac to show the course of the sun's path in the heavens; divided time into weeks, months, and years; that they divided the week, as we now have it, into seven days—six being days of labor and the seventh a day of rest, to which they gave a name from which we have derived our word "Sabbath," and which day, as a day of rest from all labor of every kind, they observed as rigorously as the Jew or the Puritan.

The motion of the heavenly bodies and the phenomena of the weather were accurately noted down; and a close connection detected, as M. de Perville claims to have discovered, between the weather and the changes of the moon. They invented the sun-dial to mark the movements of the heavenly bodies; the water-clock to measure time; and they speak in this work of the spots on the sun—a fact that could only have been known by the aid of telescopes, which it is supposed they possessed, from observations that they have noted down of the rising of Venus and the fact that Layard found a crystal lens in the ruins of Nineveh.

The "bricks" contain an account of the Deluge, substantially the same as the narrative in the Bible, except that the names are different. They disclose that houses and lands were then sold, leased and mortgaged; that money was loaned at interest, and that the market-gardeners, to use an American phrase, "worked on shares"; that the farmer, when plowing with his oxen, beguiled his labor with short and homely songs, two of which have been found; and to connect this very remote civilization with the usages of to-day, I may, in conclusion, refer to one of the bricks in this library, in the form of a notice, which is to the effect that visitors are requested to give the librarian the number of the book they wish to consult, and that it will be brought to them; at the perusal of which one is disposed to fall back upon the exclamation of Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

As soon as the flames had been got under, and all fears of a further outbreak removed, the step of the Council was to institute an inquiry into the cause of the fire. Upon this point the nation was divided into three distinct sets: those who attributed the fire to the designs of the French, the Dutch, and the Papists; those who attributed it to the vengeance of an offended Deity at the open sin which was allowed to reign supreme in high places; and those who, like sensible persons, believed that the fire was entirely due to accident and to the combustible nature of the materials with which the houses were then built. The first section were, however, in a large majority. Wading through the vast correspondence of this period which has been preserved by the State, almost every letter which alludes to the subject lays the ruin of London at the door of the foreigner and the Papist. In the different towns of the kingdom the Catholics were keenly watched, while Frenchmen and Dutchmen were hauled before the magistrates, and might consider themselves fortunate if they were not at once committed to jail as suspicious characters. The wildest rumors were circulated, and in some places it was dangerous for a foreigner to show his face. Witness after witness came forward and swore to having seen Frenchmen and Dutchmen wandering about the country, throwing fire-balls into the open windows of houses. Numbers of innocent persons, but who had the misfortune to profess the creed of Rome, were seized on "eminent suspicion," and found to have on them "several fire-balls as large as tennis-balls."

In Warwickshire and Leicestershire suspicion seems to have been very much on the alert, owing to a curious form of theft. Sheep were stolen from the meadows; "strange robberies have been committed, many sheep having been killed in the fields, and only their tallow

taken away; this was thought to be intended for the making of fire-balls, and one malefactor was apprehended who said that he did it through poverty, and sold the tallow." The harshest conclusions were drawn from the flimsiest of premises.

To be a foreigner was to be an incendiary; to be a Papist was to be a plotter against English security; to be seen with a ball in the hand was to be the owner of a fire-ball. "It is impossible," writes one Ralph Hope from Coventry, "to persuade the people into any other belief than that the Papists have a design to rise and cut their throats; and they impute the late sad conflagration solely to their continuance and propagation; this has been insinuated by what has happened at Warwick. A boy gathering blackberries sees a man doing something in a ditch, who hastily puts something into a bag and goes away; the boy finds at the place a blackish-brown ball, and carries it away before the deputy-lieutenants there met. There is no appearance of anything combustible in it, but all take it to be an unfinished fire-ball; the boy describes the man, and takes his oath; the whole town takes the alarm; hue and cries are sent out everywhere to take the man, but in vain; the town is in a tumult all day, every man in arms, besides the militia-horse keeping strict guard all night."

THE FATE OF DAMIENS.

On the 5th of January, 1758, as King Louis XV. was entering his carriage at Versailles, a stout young man pushed through the Swiss Guards and stabbed the King with a pocket-knife. The wound was slight, but all France was convulsed. The assassin was Pierre Damiens, a fanatical Jansenist, a poor lunatic without accomplices, plan, or rational motive. In his pocket was found a neatly bound New Testament, and his purpose was to promote the orthodox faith. From the hour of his arrest to the moment of his death, a period of two months and twenty-three days, he was in torture whenever he was awake, so cruelly was he bound, chained and confined.

When at last the day of execution came he was taken to the torture chamber and subjected to the greatest amount of anguish which the human frame is capable of enduring, surgeons standing by to give timely notice of insensibility. Then he was driven by a circuitous route through the streets of Paris to the place of execution. This took an hour and a half. Another half-hour he was kept waiting in full view of the preparations, the apparatus not being ready.

Then, in view of the assembled multitude, many of whom were women, he was placed on a lofty platform and the hellish work began. First his right hand was burned off; next masses of flesh were torn from him by red-hot pinchers, and melted lead and rosin poured into the wounds; lastly, a strong horse was attached to each of his four limbs, and an attempt was made to tear him in pieces. After a considerable period it was found impossible to do this, and a message was sent for permission to cut the muscles of the joints. It was refused, and again an attempt was made to tear the limbs apart, but without success. A second time word was sent that the horses could not tear the dying wretch asunder. Permission was then given, and the muscles were severed, but not until both legs and one arm had been torn off did the prisoner expire.

In talking, everything is unseasonable which is private to two or three or any other portion of the company.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

"As safe as the Bank of England" is an assurance of safety which is never questioned. No one has ever lost money by the Bank of England. Its notes are good all over the world. Many strangers go to see it; only a few persons can go round at once with a guide. In one room notes that have been paid have the corners torn off and holes punched through them. Over 50,000 notes, worth £1,000,000, are paid every day, and thus cut. They are kept five years; and if you give the number and date of a note, in less than three minutes it can be found; so that, if you paid a note you owed, and a man said you did not do so, you could prove that you had paid it. The largest note is £1,000. One hundred and twenty men are in the room where paid notes are clipped, and 1,200 in all the bank. All the notes used are printed in the bank, and the printing machines keep a register of every one. Here pensions are paid to crippled soldiers. Here gold and silver plate (private property) is kept.

Two things I heard interested me.

"Gold is very brittle," said our guide. "If you throw a good deal about upon a counter—that is, a number of good pieces—and then sweep it off the counter, you will find that the fragments count up. We are very careful of them. In the weighing-room, all gold sovereigns that you put in your pockets in the morning, with other pieces of coin, at night will not be just the same. We know that, and we weigh every sovereign that has once been out of the house. The bankers lose the difference. We have sent boxes of gold coin to them by express that have come back to us unopened, yet the rubbing of the gold has worn off five pounds' worth."

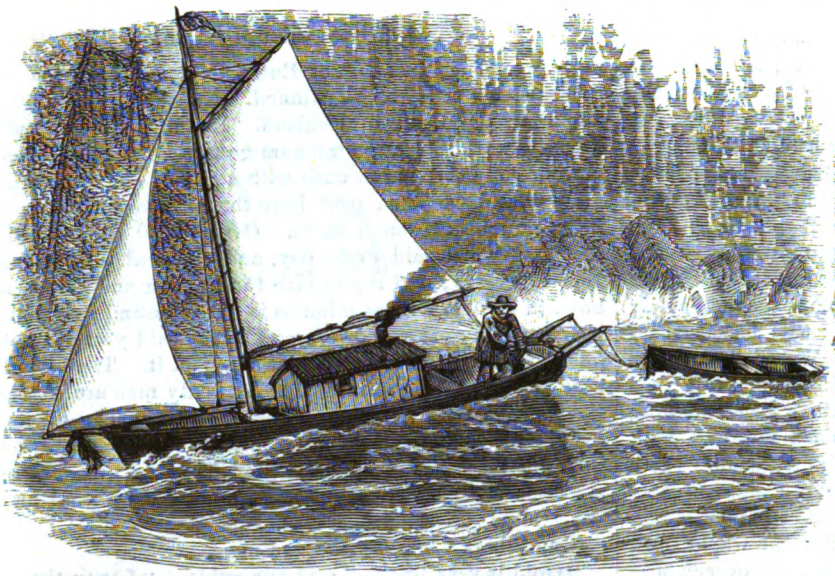
We came away agreeing that this great bank was one of the world's wonders.

THE TINY CRAFT MANIA.

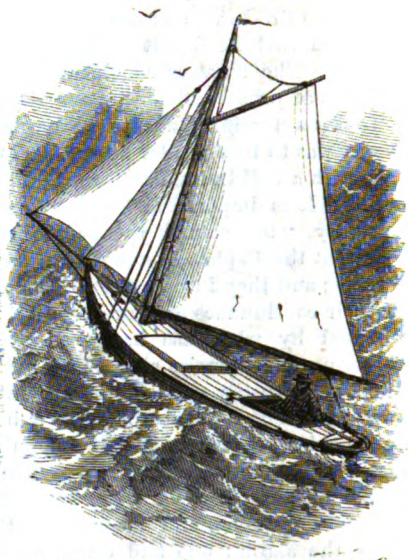
"Fear," says Sir Philip Sidney, "is more painful to cowardice than death to true courage"; and Hobbes observes, "Courage may be virtue, where the daring act is extreme; and extreme fear no vice, where the danger is extreme." There is a deal of truth in the saying that the sensation of danger is agreeable to men. Danger is courted; hair-breadth escapes, by flood and field, eagerly sought; the hundredth chance taken against the other ninety-nine. To have stood the test—to have been in the sinking ship; before the blaze of the battery, or in the imminent deadly breach — to have faced the King of Terrors, no matter when, where, or how, is an inner craze with individuals otherwise cast in cold and passionless mold. And thus it has been, and thus it will ever be.

There is a "crank" amongst seafaring men at this present writing that is likely to develop into a novel but royal road to suicide—namely, the "Dory crank"; the crossing of boundless oceans in boats scarcely fitted for fishing excursions to adjacent islands. The smaller the craft, the greater the glory; and because, forsooth! half-a-dozen fools have, by a combination of lucky influences, escaped a watery grave, hundreds of fools, in an endeavor to follow their perilous example, are bound to go down to what mariners playfully term "Davy's Locker." Here, indeed, the sensation of danger *must* prove agreeable to the Doryites.

And now, before attempting to cross the Atlantic in a dory, let us take a glance at the various diminutive craft in other hemispheres, specimens of which we may look forward to beholding in New York Bay ere the leaves on



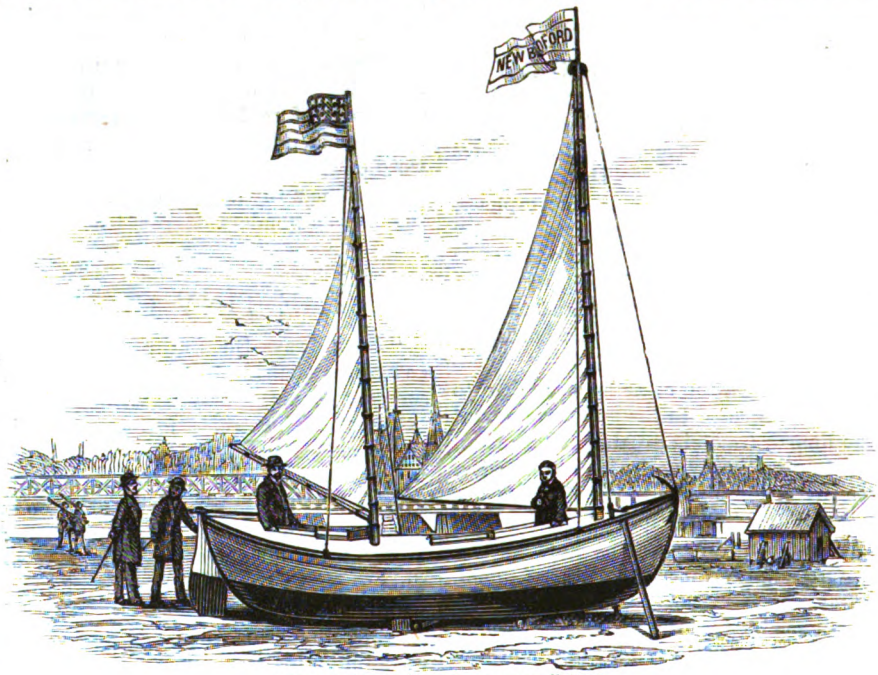
WILLIAM JOHNSON'S VOYAGE DOWN THE YELLOWSTONE, MISSOURI AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS.



CAPTAIN JOHNSON'S DORY "CENTENNIAL."

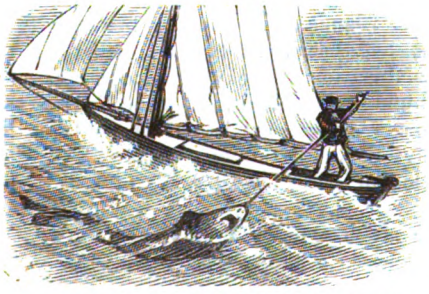
the verdure-clad heights of the Hudson, in the Fall of '82, assume their Autumn mantle of yellow and russet and gold.

Russia has copied all her vessels from English models since the time Peter the Great came over to England to study naval architecture in a shipwright's yard. The only small vessels peculiar to the Baltic are little Finnish schooners, which cruise along the coast, and bring up provisions to the capital. They have sails of thin white canvas, and very few ropes, and those are white and free from tar. The Finns, however, are a very hardy race, and the best seamen of all the people under the dominion of Russia. Holland possesses some peculiar small craft. *Galliot*, *Dogger*, and *Schuyt* are names given to different sorts of Dutch vessels. Let the *Galliot* serve as a type for the rest. She is very strongly built with stout timbers and thick fir plank, she has flat floors, and but little keel. There is not much difference in the shape of her head and stern, which are both well rounded, or, rather, the bow may be called very bluff, as she has little or no keel, but a deepish, thick stem, and her rudder is very wide and is hung outside of all. On each side is hung up a huge leeboard, to prevent her going to leeward. Her planking is not painted, but after she is calked it is covered over with a very thick coat of a yellow and peculiarly bright varnish, which shines in the sunbeams. She has high bulwarks, and the after part of the deck being sunk slightly, a wooden house with arched roof is raised over it. The masts are well scraped and polished, and the cross-trees and mast-head are painted. She is really a very fine sea boat.

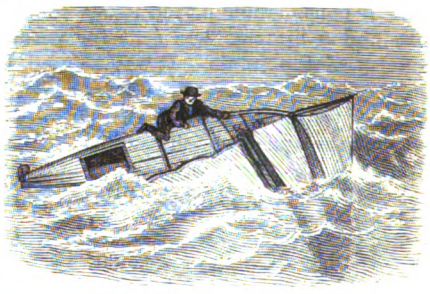


THE SAILBOAT "NEW BEDFORD," 1877.

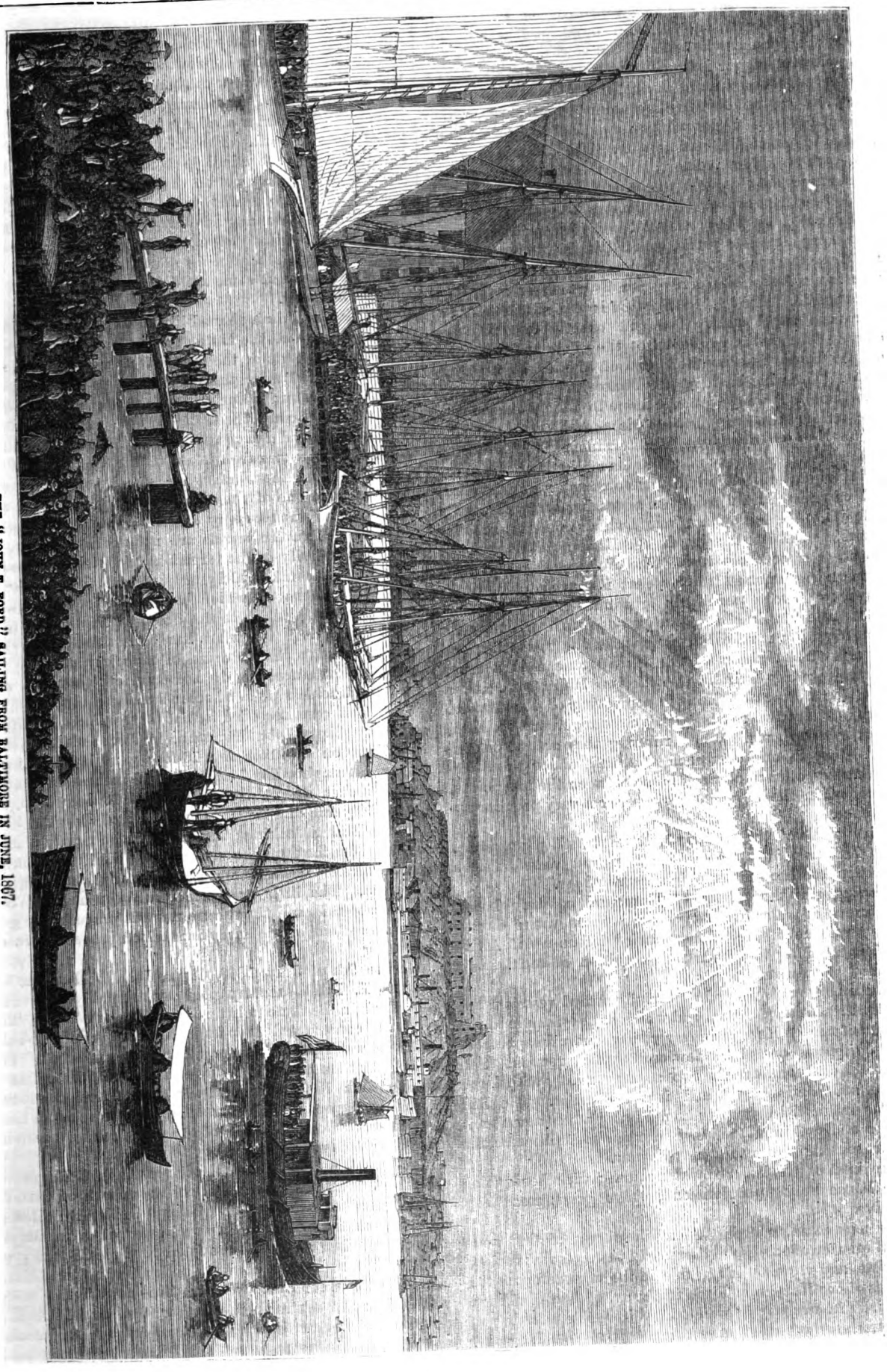
From Holland and Belgium we pass along to the coast of France.



CAPT. JOHNSON'S ENCOUNTER WITH A SHARK.



THE "CENTENNIAL" CAPSIZED.



THE "JOHN T. FORD" SAILING FROM BALTIMORE IN JUNE, 1867.

Here luggers of all sizes are prevalent, as well as the long narrow fisher vessels, with bows bluff above the water, though sharp below, and flat sterns. In Spain the same class of lugger is found, but Portugal boasts of tiny trading schooners unlike any other craft, the *Heate* being a notable example. They have only lower masts, which rake at different angles, while the gaffs of the foresail and mainsail hoist to different heights. The *Rasca* is long and low, with considerable sheer, low bulwarks, with stern and stem much alike, both being sharp, rising also at each end. She has two or three short stumpy masts, raking forward, and on these are set beautifully cut lateen sails, with long tapering yards, so that, when under way, she has a peculiarly picturesque appearance. The entire outside is painted black, and generally green or some dark color inside. The Lisbon *Beanpod* is the most curious of European small craft. Beanpod exactly describes her shape. The *Catria* employed by the pilots and fishermen off the Douro is accounted one of the finest sea-boats afloat. The wine-boats of the Douro are remarkable constructions, but we may never hope to behold one on this side, unless it be brought over piece-meal.

The *Scanpavia* of the Mediterranean is a graceful-looking craft, of a very mixed order of rigging; the mainsail is square-rigged, while her foremast rakes forward, and carries a lateen sail, with a steering bowsprit, and a little jib. On her mizzen mast, which rakes aft, she also carries a small lateen sail. In the *Bombarda* the foremast has no tops or cross-trees. The *Polacca* brig is a very common rig amongst the Greeks; its masts being all in one, they have a peculiarly light and graceful appearance. The Greek *Mystico* has but one mast, with square sails set on it; it rakes forward, while the bowsprit steers upward. The *Felucca* of the Mediterranean is a long, sharp, gracefully-built boat, with two lateen sails and a jib. The *Balanza* of Sicily is something of the felucca. The *Settee* has two masts pretty close together with high, peaked lateen sails. When running they are set wing-a-wing—that is, one over each side, and, under these circumstances, a triangular sail is set between the two points, which, when she is bow on, gives her a very peculiar appearance.

The vessels of the Adriatic are quaint and picturesque. The *Trabacolo* is a fore and aft rigged vessel, like a schooner, but her sails are high, narrow lugs.

Having run the gamut of European coasting boats, specimens of which are likely to visit these waters during the prevalence of the "Dory crank," let us see if Africa or Asia is likely to join in the exhibition of cockleshells manned by maniacs.

The numerous large and powerfully armed vessels fitted out by the Barbary States, and which at one time held the merchantmen of Europe in terror, have now disappeared. The *Saicque* is one of the few crafts which remain. She is broad of beam, carries two stumpy masts, with large lateen sails and no jib, and is a fast sailer. The Riff pirates are partial to rowing boats, but possess a craft not unlike a dory, in which they prowl about the seas for weeks, seeking whom they may devour.

The boat of the Nile we will not see; with her quaint little house built up at one end, where passengers sleep and live.

We now come to Asia. Along the shores of that wonderful quarter of the globe there exists a very great variety of boats and vessels. No people in the world surpass the natives of the Empire of India in the art of boat-building, especially in the way in which they join the planking of the vessels, so as most effectually to keep out the water without any additional calking.

The Arab *Dow* possesses a hull of an odd shape, and has a most unseaworthy look. The bow rises high out of the water, gradually narrowing, and projecting a long way beyond the hull, till it becomes a mere point. Her stern is raised, and ornamented with quaint and elaborate carving. She carries one large lateen sail, extending completely fore and aft. The boat used in the Indian seas is peculiar, its great principle being the outrigger, which projects a long way out on the weather-side, with a small canoe attached to it. The lee-side is perfectly flat, but the weather-side is rounded to throw off the seas. The stem and stern are exactly alike, so that the boat is never put about, the sail alone being shifted. These craft are of different sizes, and some are decked, with one mast and a shifting bowsprit.

The Ceylon *Dow* is shaped like a Dutch *Dogger*; indeed, in consequence of the Dutch having been long masters of the principal parts of the island, it is very probable that she was formed after the smaller vessels that came from Holland. Next in order come the *Pattamar* or *Pattamach* of the Malabar coast, the *Catamaran* or surf boat of Madras, the *Budgerow* and *Dingy* used on the Ganges, the Burmese boats, the *Chop* or cargo boats of the Chinese, the *Mandarin* boat and the *Junk*. The Japanese are certain to come to us in one of their fir or cedar junks. Upon our own boats it is unnecessary to write a line, while the Brazilian and Peruvian vessels are not worth mention, save for the peculiarity of the formation of their canoe craft.

Having thus taken a flying glance at the craft of the world, specimens of which are likely to sail into our waters, we shall return to the dory, while we scud across the Atlantic, and see what has been done by the mad mariners who, with the craze of notoriety or gold upon them, have ventured to do and dare four thousand miles upon the trackless plain of ocean's melancholy waste.

The first case recorded is that of the *Vision*, built and sailed by Capt. John Donovan, in June, 1864. He left New York on the 15th in a 16-foot yawl boat, converted into a hermaphrodite brig, 4 feet 10 inches beam, and 2 feet 9 inches deep. She had masts 19 feet high, and spread 50 yards of canvas. On the 5th of July the *Vision* put into Boston, leaking; and having been repaired, again set out. On the 20th she was supplied with provisions by the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company's steamer the *Peruvian*. The little craft never has been heard of from that day to this, and though no news is proverbially good news, this is one of the exceptions which proves the rule—false!

On the 9th of July, 1866, Capts. John N. Hudson and Francis E. Fitch, accompanied by a small poodle, left New York in the famous little *Red, White, and Blue*. This craft was constructed in part from an Ingersoll life-boat, and was water-proof, fire-proof, and worm-proof. She was 24 feet long, and 5½ feet beam, drawing 20 inches of water aft and 18 forward, and was fully rigged as a three-mast ship, spreading 65 yards of sail. She reached London in safety on the 16th of August, having occupied thirty-eight days in the passage.

On June 4th, 1867, sailed the life-saving raft *Nonpareil* manned by Capt. Mikes, a Prussian seamen of twenty seven years' experience, and George Miller and Henry Lawson, sailors. The *Nonpareil* was of a construction patented in 1865, and consisted of three 26-inch cylinders, 25 feet long, each with a double rubber casing covered with white canvas duck. She carried five sails and had in the centre a little locker, 6 x 4 and 14 inches deep, containing two compasses, two quadrants, and ocean and English channel charts. As additional means of propulsion, the *Nonpareil* was provided with seven oars. Sh

had twelve water-tanks of India rubber, six holding seven gallons each, and six ten, and was furnished with canned provisions, biscuits, hams, etc., for forty days' full rations. She reached Southampton July 26th, having occupied fifty-one days in the passage.

In the Summer of 1870, E. R. W. Hayter and N. Primriaz sailed from Liverpool to Boston in 90 days, the return voyage the following year occupying 38½ days. The *City of Ragusa*, in which they made their voyages, was 19 feet long and 6 feet beam, and on her way out (Sept. 3d, 1870), rode out a storm on George's bank, in which two large ships were dismasted.

In 1876, Alfred Johnson, a Dane, crossed the ocean alone in a decked sailing-boat, 16½ feet long, 5½ feet beam, and 2½ feet deep, arriving in the Mersey Aug. 20th, after a voyage of sixty-six days.

June 2d, 1877, Capt. Thomas Crapo and his wife sailed from Chatham, Cape Cod, in the schooner *New Bedford*, built somewhat on the whale-boat model, but shorter, broader, deeper, and with more sheer. Her custom-house measurements were as follows: Length over all, 19.55 feet; breadth, 6.4; depth, 3.16; length of keel, 13 feet; centre-board, 3½x1½; tonnage, 1.62. The foremast was 18 feet from the deck, and mainmast 17; the principal sails were "leg of mutton," and she hoisted the American ensign at the main, and a burgee with her name at the fore. She was provided with an anchor, pump, oars, etc., and carried 130 gallons of fresh water in six kegs, three on each side. Canned provisions and a kerosene stove brought the weight of stores up to 1,500 pounds. She reached Mount's Bay, near Penzance, in forty-nine days, having been compelled to lay to fifteen days through stormy weather. In one gale the *New Bedford* shipped a sea, soaking the bedding, and involving the crew in signal discomfort. When Capt. Crapo reached England he had stood one watch of seventy hours, and his left hand was stiff and clinched from long steering, while his wife was nearly dead from eight days' suffering with diarrhœa and sea-sickness.

June 13th, 1878, the *Nautilus* sailed from City Point, South Boston, manned by two brothers, William and Walter Andrews, of Beverly, Mass. She was 19 feet over all, 6 feet 5 inches beam, and 2 feet 3 inches deep, copper-fastened, and weighing 500 pounds. She was lateen-rigged, with a mast 8 feet long and a 25-yard sail, bent on a boom 23 feet in length; she also carried two storm-sails. The voyage to Mount's Bay occupied forty-nine days, and was full of discomfort. For eighteen days they never saw the sun, and for four weeks they had to sleep in their wet clothes, on sopping bedding, while several days they could not sleep and scarcely dared take time to eat. One of the brothers talked of coming back to the United States alone; or, rather, in company with a dog, but nothing more was heard of the plan. The other got into trouble in England, where he stabbed a man.

In 1879 cockle-shell navigation was all the rage. One enthusiast sailed from New York to Boston in a boat the size of a small coffin, five feet long, the voyage occupying forty-nine days; while two Boston architects, Messrs. Clarke and Baron, cruised from London to Constantinople in a two-ton yacht, the *Dorian*. June 1st, Captain Lewis Gerhardt Goldsmith, a Danish sailor, left Boston in the *Uncle Sam*, accompanied by his wife, to whom he had been married but a short time. The *Uncle Sam* was 18 feet over all, and 6 feet 4 inches beam, having a depth of 3 feet 2 inches, with air-tanks at the bow and stern, and a water tank under the standing room, running to the keel. Between the inside of the boat and the gunwale were eight tanks or lockers, four on a side, for storing provisions, while round the boat ran an unusual thing in boats of her size, a three-inch bulwark. A "trunk" covered with duck was provided for the lady's accommodation. Mrs. Goldsmith, who had never been to sea, funked decidedly on one occasion, and was for returning home, but regained her courage, and the boat went on, reaching Halifax June 20th, and St. Johns, Newfoundland, August 7th. Mrs. Goldsmith, after being laid up with seasickness, had an attack of inflammation of the bowels, and her husband had to work day and night. A dense cold fog prevailed on the banks August 14th, and after being nearly run down by a brigantine, he had to take to using the fog-horn, till his lips were swollen with blowing it. On the 16th, in a tremendous storm, which carried away the boat's drags and oars, the *Uncle Sam* shipped a sea which saturated all the bread and clothing, and left the husband and wife lying in water up to their necks. Thence till the 19th he did not sleep, and had no food but some cold canned mutton. Three of the cleats to which the mainsheet was fastened gave way, and only the fourth stood between them and destruction, when they were rescued by the bark *Queen of Nations*, in latitude 47 degrees 36 minutes north, and longitude 43 degrees 20 minutes west. Mrs. Goldsmith, almost dying, was hauled on board by a bowline, and the *Uncle Sam* sank with her stores and instruments as the captain's foot left the deck.

Captain Goldsmith's idea had been to go round the world by the way of England, Gibraltar, Suez, Bombay, Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong, Yeddo and San Francisco.

Herbert B. Burrell and Andrew B. Milton planned as ambitious a voyage—from Boston to Cape de Verde, down the African coast to Cape Town, and then across the Indian Ocean to Melbourne, where they intended showing their raft at the exposition. The *Golden Gate*, in which they set sail from Boston July 7th, was schooner-rigged and 19 feet over all, 5 feet 4 inches beam, and 2 feet 6 inches deep. She "tumbled in" from 5 feet 4 inches at the water-line to 4 feet 11 inches at the deck, being planned to right herself if she were capsized by a squall, or in a heavy sea. She spread 75 yards of canvas, and was well fitted with compasses, sextant, quadrant and chronometers; had copper water-tanks lined with tin, and containing two and one-half barrels, and carried five months' provisions hermetically sealed. She had a cabin in which both men could sleep at once, and a system of brass ventilation tubes allowing them to occupy it even when the hatches were battened down. Indeed, the *Golden Gate* was the best equipped of all the tiny vessels that ever undertook the long voyage. She came to grief on the Brazilian or African coast, where the men were compelled to abandon their voyage through the water and provisions spoiling under the tropical sun, involving them in terrible suffering.

The *Little Western* was much more fortunate. She sailed from East Gloucester June 12th, 1880, manned by George P. Thomas and Frederick Norman, and passed the Scilly Isles July 26th. She was 16 feet 7 inches long over all, 6 feet 7 inches wide, and 2 feet 6 inches deep, clinker built, of cedar and pine, and sharp at both ends, being a fishing dory decked over. She was cutter-rigged, with a mast 15 feet high, hoisting a square sail 8x9, with a ten-foot hoist, and a thirteen-foot mainsail. She had a centre-board, and a drag for heaving to, and carried 500 pounds of ballast, 50 gallons of water, 100 pounds of bread, 50 pounds of tinned beef and tongue, 48 cans of tinned fruit, 12 of condensed coffee, besides chocolate, milk, corn, oatmeal, dried fruits, etc., and port wine. They cooked with kerosene and alcohol, and had hot coffee twice a day

THE "W. R. GRACE."

throughout the whole voyage. She made an average of 63 miles a day, and sometimes the little craft reeled off nine knots an hour steadily.

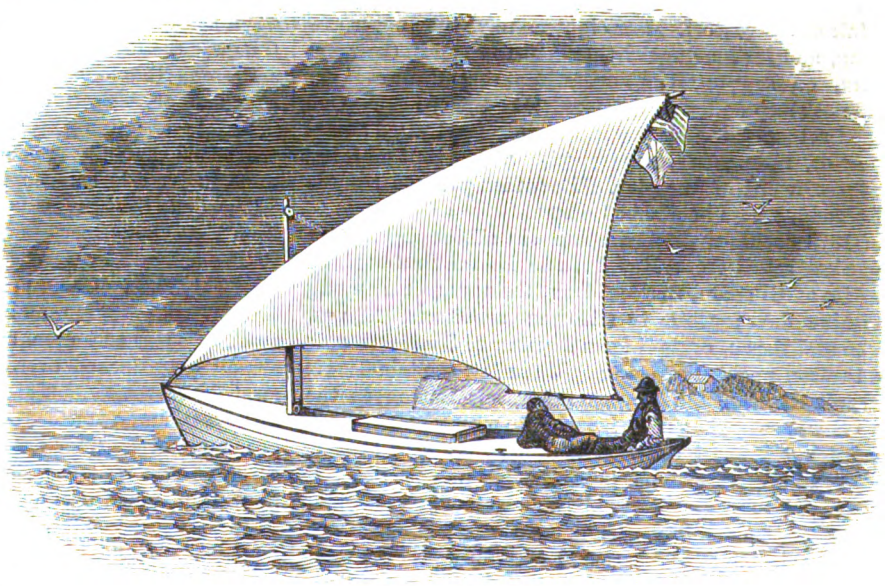
She was first spoken on June 30th, in latitude 44°, longitude 47°, by the British steamer *Bulgarian*. The captain offered to take the two men off, but they declined. The *Little Western* was next spoken on July 10th, by the Bremen steamer *Neckar*. The chief officer of the *Neckar*, in speaking of the incident, said: "We met the *Little Western* right slap in mid-ocean. It was on the afternoon of July 10th, shortly after noon, that we sighted a tiny speck on the horizon. It was a bright, clear day, but a stiff breeze had started the sea in a lively style, so that even the *Neckar* heaved about like a sick porpoise. You can imagine how difficult it was to get, through our telescopes, a glimpse of the little black atom which danced in the distance. At first it was thought that some vessel had run into an iceberg, and left her crew afloat. The captain ordered the life-boats ready to pick up the wrecked men, and all the passengers crowded to the rail, eager to see what they anticipated would be a dozen or more starving sailors. In a few minutes the dark speck proved to be a white one, and then we made out a small boat, with mainsail and jib set, scudding along at a spanking rate. As we approached the tiny craft the crew and passengers were thunderstruck. It was the strangest sight I ever saw. Just think of running across a vessel no bigger than one of our lifeboats, steering on her course as though merely cruising in New York harbor. When we got near enough I saw two men on board. The boat was a large dory, decked over trimly, and they were seated in the hatchway, not seeming to have noticed our presence. When the captain yelled out to them the two voyagers looked up in apparent surprise, and one of them cried out: "Look out there; in another minute we'll run you down!' This raised a laugh among the passengers, who gave three cheers for the two men, who answered the usual nautical inquiries: 'This is the ship *Little Western*, sailed from East Gloucester, Mass., on June 10th. We are bound for England, and don't you forget it.' The strangers' faces were weather-beaten and bronzed, but they seemed quite happy. They said that the voyage was a pleasant one, and their boat was storm-proof. Before we left them the occupants of the dory refused to take any provisions, saying that they were well stocked. As the two vessels kept together the difference in size, added to the independent demeanor of the men, made the scene humorous."

The *Little Western* was shown at London and in all the European capitals.

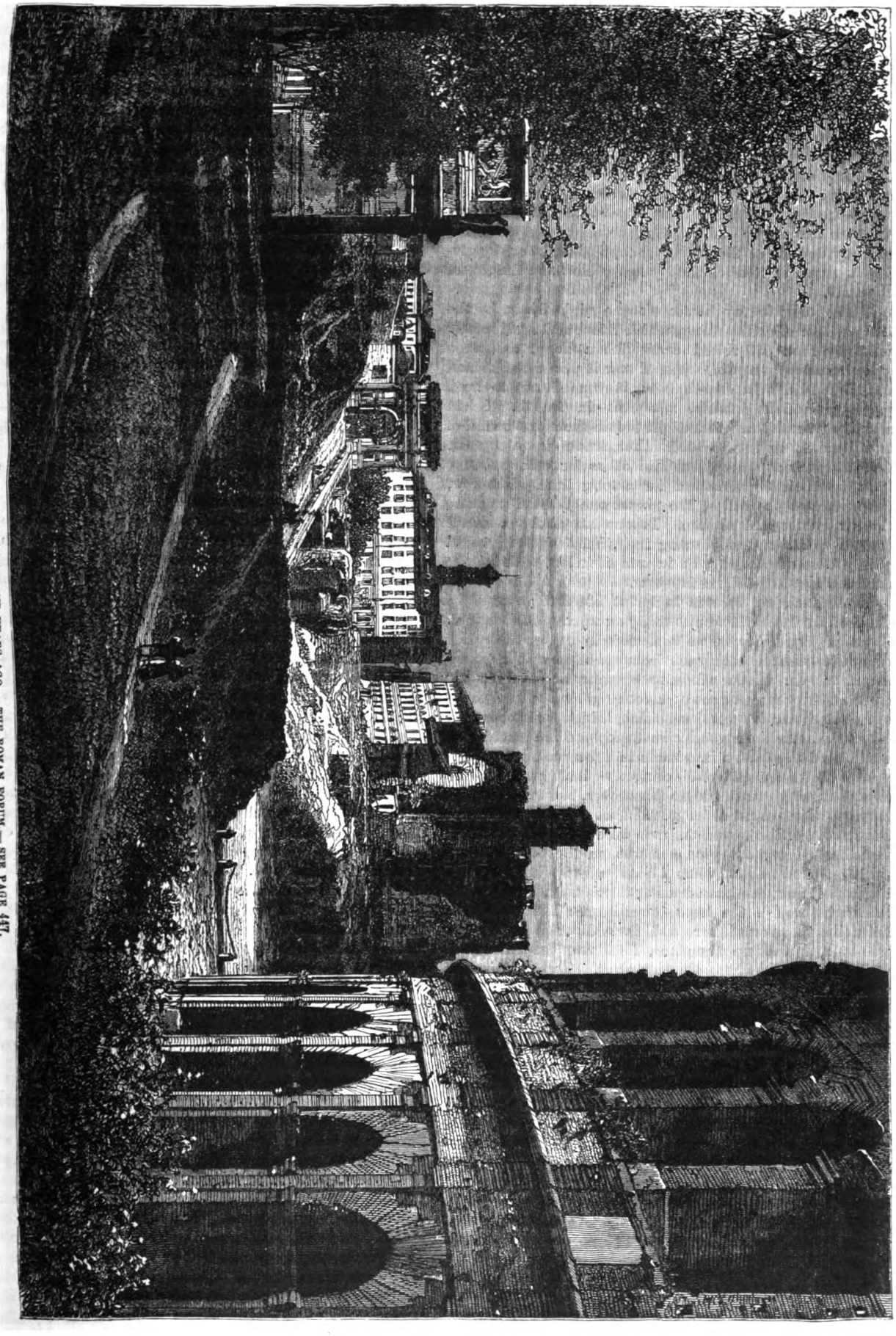
The commander of the North German Lloyds steamship *Donau*, in a letter to the newspapers, complained of an hour's delay to his vessel, caused by his supposition that the dory *Little Western* contained shipwrecked persons. He says the experiment of crossing the Atlantic in small boats is now only a sporting venture, made for money and notoriety. Every shipmaster is morally obliged to investigate small boats, to discover whether they are cases of distress. It is to be feared that some shipmasters, after being fooled in the way he was in regard to the *Little Western*, may not pay attention to the cases of actual urgency if these sea tramps continue to cross the ocean.

The "Dory crank" will boom in the coming year, and we shall be visited by dories from every part of the world.

"What fools these mortals be!"



THE "NAUTILUS," 1878.



A ROMAN LAW-SUIT TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.—THE ROMAN FORUM.—SEE PAGE 447.

PLEASANT CAMP NIGHTS IN GUIANA.

One night some haimara had been caught and hauled into the boat, where their blood got mixed with some water in its bottom. A cayman, attracted to the spot by the smell of the blood, made several efforts to upset the boat, by striking it heavy blows with its tail. We captured two young caymans, each of about three feet in length, and tying a cord round their bodies, kept them in the boat for some time, intending to take them to Georgetown, but they died on the voyage down.

On the rocks at Christmas Cataract we saw a common alligator sleeping soundly. One of the men approached it softly and killed it with my geological hammer, by giving it three or four decidedly heavy blows on the top of the head.

Upon going to my hammock one night I saw, by the lamplight, a sticklike thing, which I touched accidentally with my foot. It rolled away like a hoop, and then straightened out again, when I saw it was a snake and dispatched it. On examination it turned out to be a young poisonous labaria, two feet in length. I had scarcely "turned in" that night before the sweet sound of two jaguars, calling to each other, smote upon my ear. One was near our camp, but the other far off; and they kept up their conversation for a long time. The low, deep notes of the call of the nearer one seemed to make the air quiver and vibrate. It was no doubt a grand sound, with a true, noble ring in it, but one that I would gladly have dispensed with in our situation, with intense darkness around, and no fire near.

So used had we become to forest life that we slept the sleep of the innocent amidst many an unsuspected danger. Some nights, however, we had stirs in camp, the quick ears of the men detecting the footsteps of an animal prowling about us. Then efforts were made to blow life into some smoldering remains of a cooking fire, often without success. When we were traversing forests away from our boats the men took good care to keep a fire smoldering which could be blown into flame in a few moments.

One night an unusual occurrence took place, which caused some merriment after it was over, but which for the moment startled us all a good deal. We were in our hammocks, and most of the men were asleep, while I had just finished my last pipe and was on the point of composing myself to rest, when I heard a heavy body splashing in the river, and then coming thundering up the bank, crashing through the trees toward us. The moonlight fell upon the ground here and there through gaps in the tree-tops, and lit up the place, disclosing the network of white hammocks where the men slept. Toward this spot the crashing noise was making its way, so I sat up to see the result just as the men, roused out of sleep by the noise, and not comprehending its cause, began to yell out in a most appalling manner. This evidently turned the frightened animal, for in an instant I saw the remaining brands of the fire scattered in every direction, as it plunged amongst them, and next moment its huge dark form brushed past my elbow like a flash of lightning. This was rather too close a shave to be pleasant, for had the animal—a large tapir—been going at right angles instead of parallel to me, I should have been completely destroyed. It was very evident that the tapir was going somewhere, most probably in advance of a tiger, and we did not feel very safe until some minutes had elapsed, in case that animal might likewise come headlong through our camp.

From a flock of hogs the men obtained a young one, which we kept for a few days, feeding it on the inside of the nuts of the Sowori palm, but it eventually escaped. The full-grown hogs feed upon these nuts, breaking their extremely hard shells with their strong teeth.

At daylight one morning we awoke to find a large quata monkey directly overhead, which, at the moment we emerged from our hammocks, threw down some dry limbs amongst us, causing us to scatter for safety, to our great annoyance. Ben fired at it to drive it away, never imagining that it could be wounded at such a height, when, to our astonishment, down it came to the ground amongst the hammocks from a height of over 120 feet. This fall, it might be supposed, would have been enough to kill it; but on the contrary, it seemed rather to arouse it to life, for with a hurried look around, it sprang up, climbed a hammock pole, and from the top waved its long arms about, as if to reach the branches overhead. With its red face, in which were a few shot holes, and its black shaggy coat, it was a curious-looking creature. Descending rapidly from the pole, it scuttled quickly to a small tree, up which it ran, and climbing from its top into the branches of a large one, sat looking down upon us for a short time in a most comical way. Then it slowly made off as if nothing had happened.

ANCIENT AQUEDUCTS.

The largest and most magnificent aqueducts with the existence of which we are acquainted were the works of the Romans; and the ruins of several of them, both in Italy and other countries of Europe, remain to the present time monuments of the power and industry of that enterprising people.

The aqueduct of Appius Claudius was the most ancient, and constructed in the four hundred and forty-second year of Rome. It conveyed the Aqua Appia to the city, from a distance of between seven and eight miles, by a deep subterranean channel of more than eleven miles in length. The aqueduct of Quintus Marcius was a more extraordinary structure. It commenced at a spring thirty-three miles distant from Rome, made a circuit of three miles, and afterward forming a vault of sixteen feet in diameter, it ran thirty-eight miles along a series of arcades at an elevation of seventy English feet. It was formed of three distinct channels, placed one above the other, conveying water from three different sources. In the uppermost flowed the Aqua Julia; in the second, the Aqua Tepula; and in the undermost, the Aqua Martia.

The Aqua Virginia, constructed by Agrippa, passed through a tunnel of eight hundred paces in length. The Aqua Claudia, begun by Nero and finished by Claudius, conveyed the water from a distance of thirty-eight miles. This aqueduct formed a subterraneous stream of thirty miles in length, and was supported on arcades through the extent of seven miles; and such was the solidity of its construction that it continues to supply the modern city with water to the present day.

The waters of the River Anio were also conducted to Rome by two different channels; the first was carried through an extent of forty-three miles, and the latter through upward of sixty-three miles, of which six and one-half miles formed one continued series of arches, many of them upward of one hundred feet in height.

Nine great aqueducts existed at Rome at the commencement of the reign of Nerva. Five others were constructed by that emperor, under the superintendence of Julius Frontinus; and it appears that at a later period the number amounted to twenty. The supply of water furnished by these different works was enormous. According to the enumeration of Frontinus, the nine earlier aqueducts

delivered every day 14,018 *quinaria*, corresponding to 27,743,100 cubic feet, and when all the aqueducts were in action the supply was extended to the enormous quantity of 50,000,000 cubic feet of water. Reckoning the population of ancient Rome at a million, which it probably never exceeded, this would furnish no less than fifty cubic feet for the daily consumption of each inhabitant.

The remains of some Roman aqueducts in other parts of Europe give evidence of the existence of works on a still more magnificent scale than those of Rome. Of these the aqueduct of Metz was one of the most remarkable. A number of its arcades still remain. It extended across the Moselle, a river of very considerable breadth at this place, and conveyed the water of the Gorse to the City of Metz. The water was received in a reservoir, whence it was conducted by subterraneous canals, formed of hewn stone, and so spacious that a man might walk in them upright. The arches appear to have been fifty in number, and fifty feet high at the deepest part. Some of the middle ones have been swept away by the descent of ice down the river; those at the extremities still remain entire.

The aqueduct of Segovia, in Spain, is in a still more perfect state than that of Metz. About 150 of its arcades remain, all formed of large stones without cement. There are two rows of arcades, the one above the other, and the height of the edifice is about one hundred feet, passing over the greater part of the houses of the city.

Aqueducts have been constructed in modern times, particularly in France, which rival those of the ancient Romans. One of the most remarkable was constructed by Louis XIV., for conveying the waters of the River Eure to Versailles. It extends about 4,400 feet in length, or nearly seven-eighths of a mile, and is upward of two hundred feet in height. It contains 242 arcades, each divided into three rows, forming in all 726 arches of fifty feet span. The introduction of cast-iron pipes, which has only taken place within the last century, has superseded the use of such expensive structures.

A ROMAN LAW-SUIT TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

By E. Cobham Brewer.

In the digests of old Rome we find the following most curious story:

During the month of June, B.C. 217, the Consul for the time being opened his grounds to the public for contests in jumping, running, wrestling, together with the throwing of the discus.

While the sports were going on, the Consul's son, Junius Servilius Nepos, stepped into one of the booths erected on the outskirts of the grounds, to get the dust brushed from his whiskers, his finger-tips re-scented with the "nidor of Hesperides," his golden locks fresh curled, his chin well trimmed, with other coxcombries befitting the young blood of the period.

Por Publius Tonsor—or, to use the more orthodox term, Publipor Tonsor—received his visitor with becoming reverence. He bowed obsequiously to the very ground. He even felt vexed with himself he could bow no lower, but he showed the true spirit of servility by bending his body for the second time.

This ceremony over, he ensconced his guest in the *solium* (or bench with elbows), then withdrew for two or three minutes to get together the few implements required; but first he stepped into the dormitorium, to beautify himself before the steel mirror which hung there. Being togged in his robe of office, he returned to the young knight, bowed to him once more, then throwing the white *penule* round the neck of his customer, proceeded to business.

Behold our young knight covered from chin to eyebrow with thick, white, curded suds, the very picture of helplessness! Behold the very proudest spirit of Rome tweaked by the nose most unceremoniously by one of his own "clients." With well-poised instrument, flourished from left to right, Por Publius Tonsor commenced in true Truefitt style to scrub off the suds from his victim's chin, when lo! his elbow being jerked by some overthrown discus, his keen-edged instrument dug deep into the young knight's flesh, cutting him to the very bone. Out spirted the blood-red tide. It flew remorselessly into the eyes of Tonsor. It covered him with crimson. It trickled in five or six rills down the snow-white *penule*, dropped on the sleeves, dropped on the very ruffles of our knight. In towering wrath he sprung from the solium, clinched his fists, vowing with ten million "Hercules" he'd knock the monster into the middle of next week, or pummel him to jelly like the mummies of Memphis. In time, however, he grew more cool; then trudging off to the city judex, requested the proper summons to bring the wretch before the courts for "cutting with intent to kill."

Por Publius Tonsor, in self-defense, sued him who threw the quoit, the true source of the whole mischief. Two suits were therefore instituted, in which three persons were concerned: first, Junius Servilius Nepos, the young knight; then Publipor Tonsor; then the thrower of the discus.

When proceedings were brought on, the courts were crowded to excess. They were full to the very ceilings long before the doors were open. Silver keys were in use in old Rome, where every petty officer who knew no other spelling could decipher "the letters of Ephesus."

The young noble told his story. The feelings of the court went with him. It is ever so. Mobs, with their wonted inconsistency, deride the titles of the upper ten, while they bow in reverence to their very "shoe-tie." They even glory in being snubbed, provided the snubber is high-born.

When Junius Servilius left the dock, Publipor entered it to give his version of the story; then followed the thrower of the discus. Every incident being duly sifted, the three judges, beginning with the youngest, proceeded to judgment.

"Oh yez! Oh yez!" shouted the court crier. "Silence! while our most noble judge delivers sentence."

Silence being thus enforced, Lucius Cornelius Scipio, the Just, spoke to the following effect:

He thought the discus-thrower most worthy of the court's highest censure for sending his missile beyond the prescribed limits. Bounds should be bounds, he urged. If suffered to be overstepped, every one will shift the line to suit his own convenience. If B or C is permitted to send his quoit one inch beyond the line, then M or N might shoot more perilous missiles for ells or miles, till no single spot on the whole of Rome would be peril-free. "Now," he continued, "if he who kills his brother wittingly is guilty of murder, he who kills him unwittingly is not wholly irreprehensible. Such, brothers, is my judgment; but I humbly defer to your profounder wisdom. Brother Sempronius, the court is now with you."

Sempronius Fulvius Sophus, the Stoic, folding his fingers over his fist, cried "Hem!" then closed his eyes in solemn reverence. Three times he rocked himself from side to side, then, bending slowly over his purple cushion, proceeded in these words:

"The thrower of the discus, in my opinion, brother

THE DISK-THROWER.— FROM AN ANCIENT STATUE.

Scipio, is quite guiltless of offense. He did his best, though without doubt his best provoked the mischief. We must not, however, punish those who do their best, else those who do less well will be deemed the better. To me it seems the very *fons et origo* of the whole mischief rests with Por Publius Tonsor, who opened his booth so close to the discus-ground. He could not but know the folly of so doing. He could not but know how quoits will sometimes diverge even with the most skillful. Who knows not how Zephyr once drove the discus of the Sun-god into the skull of his young friend? Who knows not the flower "inscribed with woe," which testifies of this incident? If the indicted is to be censured for hitting the elbow of Publipor with the discus, then the high Sun-god deserves reproof for killing his young friend; but nothing the gods do is ever wrong. The Sun-god we know unwittingly slew his friend, to his deep grief; so, without doubt, the indicted unwittingly struck the elbow of Publipor. Hence, I must differ from the judgment of brother Scipio. The whole onus of this offense rests, in my opinion, with Publipor Tonsor. Out of vile greed, he scrupled not to open his shop-booth on the very confines of the kingdom of Pluto, knowing the whole time the terrible history of the young friend of the Sun-god. Now, this high court must not suffer this; it must not suffer the lust of greed to gorge itself on the lives of the Republic of Rome. Our noble Consul, be sure, when he opened his grounds to the public, did not open them to peril the life of his own son. My sentence is, therefore, this: He who prefers his own greed to the lives of his fellow-countrymen is not fit to dwell in Rome."

With this wise dictum the Stoic closed his eyes, twined his fingers together, thrice rocked himself slowly from side to side, cried "Hem!" then turning to Vitellius, the senior judge, begged him to conclude the business of the court.

Rounds of but ill-suppressed shouts greeted this sentence. The common herd is ever most willing to hound your stricken deer. The judge, of course, frowned, but the corners of his mouth disclosed how he chuckled inly with delight. "Silence!" shouted the court crier. "Silence in the court! our most noble judge delivers sentence."

The hubbub roused Vitellius from his slumbers. White with the frost of fourscore Winters, he piped in his voice from loss of teeth, but his lungs were sound still, so his words were perfectly distinct. They resembled in tone the shrill, full notes of the forum-bell, when it rings the hour of prime, or those other bells, which tell of the presence of the god in the beach-groves of Dordone. Slowly he delivered sentence, without either "if" or "but": "In my judgment, the thrower of the discus, brother Scipio, merits the encomium, not the censure, of this court. He did his best. Well would it be for Rome if every citizen did so, too. Por Publius Tonsor is likewise guiltless of wrong-doing. He, too, did well in minding his own business. Both quit this court unsoiled. In respect to the spot where Publipor built his booth, we must not interfere, brother Sophus, with the liberty of the subjects. It is not for this court to fix the 'where' one is to seek his livelihood. Every one must be his own best judge. One seeks it in the town, one in the suburbs, others in the fields. I should never interfere, I must confess, if some enterprising citizen thought fit to open his shop-booth in the bosom of Vesuvius, in the ghoul-cells of the Cyclops, in the nethermost pit of Pluto, or in the wretched confines of Æolus, the despot of the winds. It is wholly the concern of the persons themselves, not of this court, to find out where is their best interest. The only one deserving of censure, in my opinion, is the young simpleton with the cut chin. He risked his life with his eyes open, the risk therefore rests on his own shoulders. He must not come here for the court's protection when his own folly brings him into trouble." Then, turning to Servilius, he continued: "We dismiss you, young sir, without condign punishment, for your wound is punishment enough for your indiscretion. Henceforth chew upon this: those who will heedlessly meddle with edged tools must not be surprised if their fingers get sometimes cut."

The court rises.

Honor to high Jove!

MEASURE Christianity by its teachings, and not the short-sighted, selfish practices of a few unworthy followers.

RASH words are scarcely more dangerous, and are generally much less unwholesome, than capricious silence.

THE DISK-THROWER.— FROM THE STATUE IN THE VATICAN, ROME.

BY THE LAKESIDE.

A LATE REMORSE.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Part II.—Chapter XI.

"Your voice sounds tired, Elinor. Don't read any more. I declare, I am growing a dreadfully selfish woman —I impose upon you worse every day. I am quite ashamed of myself."

Miss Seymour spoke so penitently that Elinor laughed outright.

"If you wanted to be selfish, you would not know how to set about it," she replied. "I should like you to try, just to see what an ignominious failure you would make of the business."

"You see me succeed without trying, only you won't give the thing its right name," returned Miss Seymour. "The truth is, you enjoy being imposed upon, I think; you are never so happy as when you are making sacrifices of some sort."

Elinor rose and approached her friend's chair, leaned forward and kissed Miss Seymour's forehead, saying:

"I hope what you say would be true where you are concerned, Lucy, if there were any sacrifice that I could make; but certainly the occasion has never yet offered."

"Well, I should say that stopping shut up all Winter with a fretful, captious invalid, tending on her, comforting her, being hands and eyes to her, would come under that head!" exclaimed Miss Seymour.

"And now for my side of the story," returned Elinor. "I was desolate and alone; a new trouble had overtaken me, and a kind friend carries me out of reach thereof; gives me a home—gives me what is worth far more, confidence and affection. What do you think I must feel?"

"Ah, my dear! if I had thought you were going to take me up so seriously, I'd not have said what I did," replied Miss Seymour.

"It doesn't pain me to think of those things, Lucy—I like to, sometimes. The contrast makes the peace and sunshine of the present seem even more blessed."

"Then we are both satisfied! Oh, Elinor! what should I have done without you this Winter? I thought I was resigned, but when my poor eyes began to fail so much more quickly, I knew I had not realized what it would be to find myself blind."

"But you won't be, entirely. Dr. Graves says the trouble with the left eye is completely arrested. He is certain that in a few months an operation can be performed on the other which will prove perfectly successful. Don't forget that."

"Oh, I am not complaining; I can still see your dear face—so I am never without sunshine," replied Miss Seymour, cheerfully. "But only think if I had been alone during those weeks when I was threatened with losing the sight of both eyes!"

"I am thankful you were not; but if you had been, you would have borne it patiently—I know that."

"I hope so; I should be sorry to have to despise myself. But it would have been very dreary. Then, I could not have kept the fact from Reginald, and he would have come back at any cost; and only think what a loss, if he had had to give up those commissions!"

"Luckily he did not—and what wonders he has done! I wrote him the other day that he had become so famous and made so much money, we felt quite embarrassed at receiving him in our quiet abode, and expected him to put on as many airs as if he were the Grand Turk."

"Fancy Reginald putting on airs!" said Miss Seymour, laughing. "The dear old boy! Only a few weeks more, and we shall have him back."

"Yes; and you won't lose him again. He can afford to settle down in America, now that he can command his own price for his pictures."

"Then I shall have you both!" cried Miss Seymour. "If you were not the hardest-hearted pair in the world, you would fall in love with each other, and make me perfectly happy."

"I am afraid we can't go so far, anxious as we are to content you!" replied Elinor, playfully.

"I suppose not," said Miss Seymour; then she added, more gravely: "But, oh, Elinor! I do hope he has got entirely over that affair—it was so long ago—but he hadn't when he went away; I could see! He tried to be the same, but I felt the difference. It seems to me that I never can forgive that Florence Denham!"

"My dear, if she was capable of trifling with a man like Reginald, she is not worth hating," returned Elinor; "and you may be sure that, however much she made him suffer, he will get over it. He is too strong, too full of good sense, to allow his life to be wrecked by the wicked folly of a frivolous coquette."

"Yes, I know that. Ah, well! sometimes I hope to see him happy in the love of a good, true woman!" Miss Seymour said, sighing as she spoke. Then Elinor's hand, laid on her shoulder, seemed to her a warning not to indulge in sad reflections, and she looked up with a cheerful smile, adding: "She couldn't be as nice as you, dear, because no girl ever was. But I shall have to be content with the second best, I suppose."

"Mercy on us, what tendencies toward match-making you have suddenly developed!" retorted Elinor. "By-the-way, if you are anxious to exert your powers in that line, you might devote them to Jenny and the good-looking new gardener. I saw them only this morning standing down by the asparagus bed, with such sentimental faces that I felt quite confused at having interrupted them."

"Oh, good gracious, I hope there is nothing of that sort going on!" cried Miss Seymour, ruefully. "Jenny's head is none of the best at any time, and love-making will upset it completely. Why, she will break every teacup in the house, and Townsend will let all the flowers die—else he'll pick them for her."

"You see, the prospect of lovers in the house is not so agreeable as you fancied it would be, so you had better leave Reginald and me as we are," said Elinor, teazingly.

"Wouldn't interfere for the world!" Miss Seymour declared. "Dear me, dear me, perhaps that accounts for Jenny's being gone so long. I sent her to the post-office a great while ago, and told her to hurry back."

"I think she is innocent this time," said Elinor; "I asked her to go on into the village and see if the people in the bookshop had not received those reviews you wanted. Here she comes now," Elinor added, as the door opened, and a pretty, exquisitely tidy girl of eighteen or so entered, her face rosy from the effects of a rapid walk.

"Please, Miss Seymour," she said, "it isn't my fault I was gone so long. I went on to the village, as Miss Elinor told me, and got the magazines."

"That is all right; still the village is not more than a Sabbath day's journey, and a teacher in Sunday-school, like you, knows how far that was," Miss Seymour answered, pleasantly.

She had brought Jenny up from a child, and was very fond of her, though a rigid disciplinarian in a mild fashion, but more for the girl's own good than because nature had made her a martinet.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I know; but, indeed, I didn't dawdle," pleaded Jenny. "There was nobody in the shop except old Mrs. Perkins, and she was busy ever so long, and after that she couldn't remember where she had laid the books—she never can."

"Well, then, Jenny, we will let the blame rest on Mrs. Perkins—only as she is old, we needn't be very severe."

"No, ma'am; but I think I'd be there yet if the young lady herself hadn't spied the magazines on a shelf, and took 'em down."

"Why, you silly Jenny, you just said she was alone—and what young lady has she got for clerk?"

"Oh, good gracious! *she* a clerk!" cried Jenny, laughing outright, then beginning to color at having done so, but too eager to pour out some wonderful news she wished to impart, to have leisure to grow much confused. "It's the people that bought Mrs. Delancy's place, furniture and all—and the name isn't Towers, as Miss Roswell said the night she was here to tea. Mr. Towers, he was only the agent, and——"

Miss Seymour lifted her hands appealingly, and glanced up at Elinor, saying, in a doleful voice:

"Oh, my dear, you were certainly right—I may as well send an order to town for unlimited china." Then she turned to Jenny again. "Your young lady, who was not a clerk, has developed into a whole family very suddenly.

How often, my girl, have I tried to teach you to explain things clearly, when you feel the necessity of explaining at all."

She spoke too pleasantly for Jenny to be disconcerted; then, too, she was aware that, seldom as her mistress cared to pay or receive visits, she liked to hear what was going on in the neighborhood.

"Yes'm," she said, rather breathlessly, "that was her, and oh, so pretty spoken, for all she was dressed so fine and riding in her carriage—just running behind the counter herself to help Mrs. Perkins, when she knocked down a big box of paper——"

"Always in the carriage, Jenny?" interrupted Miss Stuart, with a burst of irrepressible laughter, in which her friend joined, and added, "I don't wonder such a remarkable performance upset your poor head, my girl. But what is the name of this princess who drives her coach into shops, and has bought Mrs. Delancy's place?"

"It's not her—it's her stepfather drives—I mean buys—that's buyed—no, bought Lakeside," cried Jenny. "Though Mrs. Perkins says by all the talk, she's rich enough to do it herself if she wanted—only no need, because of him being richer—millions, Mrs. Perkins says he's got, this Mr. Gresham, and he's going to give them all to her—to Miss Denham, for that's her name."

Jenny stopped—not only because she was at the end of her account, but because she saw that the sensation she had hoped to produce was a much stronger one than she could have expected. Miss Seymour half started out of her chair, and Elinor Stuart grew pale. There was a moment's silence, then Miss Seymour said:

"Well, we have got to the bottom of your story at last, Jenny. Now run away to your sewing!"

Jenny departed; and neither of the pair spoke for some moments after she had gone. Elinor began diligently arranging the books and papers that lay on the table near, and Miss Seymour sat with her hands folded in her lap, her eyes cast down, looking sadly disconcerted and troubled. Presently she said:

"Who would have dreamed of such a thing happening? Oh, what will Reginald say when he hears that girl is near him?"

"I think you will find that he will pay no attention whatever to the fact," returned Elinor.

"Ah, he may behave as if he did not, but it will make him restless. I shall be afraid he is unhappy here, and that will spoil all my enjoyment of my dear little home. I declare, I feel as if I should like to sell the place at once and go away!"

"They probably will not spend a great deal of time here," said Elinor. "It seems odd Mr. Gresham should have bought an estate so far away from his place of business."

"Oh, perhaps it is for her!" exclaimed Miss Seymour. "That girl may be going to marry her cousin soon, and this house be a present to them."

"That may very possibly be," replied Elinor, calmly.

"Good gracious! how can you take the matter in that quiet fashion?" cried Miss Seymour.

"Because it does not in any way concern me," rejoined Elinor.

"I hope Reginald will feel the same," murmured Miss Seymour.

"They are not likely to trouble us," continued Elinor. "We live too quietly even to run any risk of meeting them, except now and then by chance, when we are out walking or driving."

"Unless that wretched creature should want to try and amuse herself by worrying Reginald——"

"From what I know of him, she is not likely to get the opportunity," said Elinor, encouragingly, as Miss Seymour paused.

"I know one thing!" she exclaimed—"not one of them will ever cross this threshold! If anybody wished to introduce me, I should decline. Well, after all, as you say, they are not likely to trouble themselves about such insignificant people as we are! Then that dreadful Mrs. Alderly will be coming up often to make visits. I am glad, Elinor, that you made me tell our few friends that old story—she can't do any harm now, if she tries."

"So let us put her and the others out of our minds," returned Miss Stuart, "and go on as if they were still far away from us."

"Anyway, it is a comfort to see you take it so quietly," rejoined her friend. "If Reginald only can! There won't be time even to write and let him know; he would not give any address, and was not certain whether he should sail from Havre or Liverpool."

"It is just as well, Lucy. Don't worry: you will find that Reginald is as indifferent as you could wish."

"Goodness knows, I hope that time will prove you are right!" sighed Miss Seymour. "Hark! I hear somebody coming up the porch-steps. I dare say it is Mrs. Hooper; she sent me word she meant to come and sit with me this afternoon."

Elinor approached the window, and glanced out from behind the curtains.

"Yes, it is Mrs. Hooper," she said. "I think I will go for a walk while she is here."

"It will do you good, dear. And don't hurry back; I shall make her stop to tea—so take a long tramp—the rain kept you in-doors all yesterday."

Elinor hastened to meet the visitor, brought her into the room, and after a few moments' conversation left the friends together. She went up to her chamber, but did not remain there long; the tidings so unexpectedly imparted had roused too many troubled thoughts and memories for her to be able to rest; the fresh air and rapid exercise would prove of more benefit than anything else, so she put on her hat and set forth.

When her ruthless enemy's second blow had struck Elinor Stuart, Miss Seymour and her brother had at once taken her away from Amford, and as the time appointed for Reginald's sailing was near at hand, they went directly to New York.

After his departure, Elinor, certain that Lucy would be happier in her beloved country house, persuaded her to return there, for the oculist under whose charge she was had said that above all things, a regular life and freedom from excitement were necessary. Miss Seymour's place was within a few hours' reach of New York, some eight or ten miles back of the Hudson—as pretty a spot as one could desire—and from the first Elinor had felt contented and at rest in her new abode. Lucy's eyesight had failed very rapidly during the Autumn; the left eye was entirely blind, and the other so weak from sympathy that she could only see dimly, so that, to use her own words, Elinor literally became "hands and eyes to her," and these months of companionship had drawn them even more closely together.

The Winter passed very quietly; the oculist several times visited his patient and remained a few days; he was confident that within the year the operation could be successfully performed, and the invalid rested hopefully upon this assurance. The neighborhood was dotted with fine country seats, but they had been empty at that season, and, indeed, Miss Seymour knew very few of their occupants. There was a large village about half a mile

distant, a flourishing paper-mill the only manufactory it could boast, and so many of the employés therein were women, that its presence affected little the tranquillity of the town.

Miss Seymour had for years led a very retired life, and this Winter she had been a complete recluse; a few old friends came to visit her, and these gladly adopted Elinor among their acquaintance, and as they were intelligent, cultivated people, she enjoyed their society.

So the Winter had proved pleasant enough; she kept herself busy, fought diligently against her sorrows, and met with the reward the human being always does who tries unselfishly to live down sorrow.

She knew that life could never be the same; although the slander which had assailed her was not likely ever again to make an active trouble in her existence, it was not possible to forget its shadow—the darkest which can fall about the path of a sensitive, delicate woman; but at least she could bear her burden with resignation, and be thankful that she had been delivered from its hindering her usefulness. She knew, too, that no efforts had enabled her to call her heart back from the thraldom of its beautiful dream; trust and respect were gone, but she still loved Kenneth Alderly. It seemed so weak, so unworthy, that to face the fact made a galling pain almost unendurable; the truth was there; she might refuse to contemplate it—she had strength so to do—but there it was, and there it must remain.

Elinor passed through the garden and took a path which led across the fields to a little lake, fed by several streams that flowed down from the neighboring hills. Miss Seymour's meadows gave directly upon it, and Reginald had built a boat-house there. Elinor was fond of rowing, and during the Autumn this had been her favorite way of taking exercise. The Spring had shown itself unusually stormy and capricious, but it was the close of April now, and the weather fine enough to atone for its misconduct. Only that morning the gardener had told her that Reginald's sailboat, and the skiff she used, had been put in order, and had given her the key.

She found the skiff already in the water, unfastened the chain and rowed herself out across the shining lake. It was a pretty scene; in the distance towered a range of blue, misty hills; the dogwood thicket that lined the shore was bursting into blossom, and the whole wood had assumed its gorgeous Spring livery since Elinor's last visit.

Sunset was approaching; a great bank of gorgeous red and yellow clouds lay piled up in the west; a soft breeze ruffled the waters; a flock of wildfowl went circling past; the whole scene was so full of peace, that it helped to still the restlessness which had seized Elinor on learning that fate had again brought her in reach of any person connected with the most dismal era of her life.

She rowed toward the middle of the lake, and let herself float about for awhile, then resumed her oars, meaning to skirt the shore and regain the boathouse. Miss Seymour's farm lay to the left; to the right of the bank which Elinor was approaching a dense wood stretched down to the water; the underbrush had all been cleared away, carefully arranged paths cut through it, and in the distance, on a hill, rose the towers and chimneys of a great mansion—this was Lakeside, the place which Mr. Gresham had purchased.

Elinor rowed quickly on. She wanted to get out of sight of the dwelling; she must learn to think about it no more than she had done when it belonged to its former proprietor—but the news of to-day was too recent for her not to be disturbed even by a glimpse thereof, remembering who the people were that the stately house now sheltered.

Just beyond, the land made a deep curve, forming a little bay where the current was very deep to within a few feet of the shore. The trees grew close to the bank; the late winds had blown down a dead pine, which the gardeners had not yet removed; it lay, stretching its black length out into the lake, reaching a wide bed of water-lilies that were just beginning to blossom.

As Elinor guided her little bark in that direction, she saw a lady standing on the fallen tree, evidently with the intention of trying to reach the lilies, ignorant of the depth of the water in that place. Elinor called aloud, but she was a long distance from the shore—the lady did not hear. She ran lightly and fearlessly along the log, which swayed ominously up and down beneath her tread. Elinor rowed swiftly on, to get near enough to warn her of the peril. In her eagerness, the girl did not appear to notice the boat; she gained the end of the tree; Elinor heard her give a gay, triumphant laugh as she held fast to a branch with one hand, leaning far forward in her efforts to reach the lilies.

Suddenly the dead bough snapped in her hold with a sharp crack like a pistol; she uttered a cry, and fell headlong into the water. She disappeared for an instant, then came up, clutched desperately at the log, and seized it with both arms. But the trunk bent so under her weight that she could not lift herself. The long, stout lily-stems had twisted themselves about her like snakes, and were dragging her down; she could not keep her hold long—and Elinor seemed so far off—so far!

She rowed with all the strength of desperation; she tried to call out—to utter some words of encouragement; her voice was gone. She knew who the girl was; some strange presentiment told her that it was Florence Denham, and if she did not hasten, she would drown before her eyes.

On—on! The wind had quickened and was dead against her; she seemed to make no headway, and the tree swayed more and more. Once the girl's clutch loosened, but she did not utter a sound; she showed, too, by the resolute efforts she made, that fright had not deprived her of presence of mind.

Elinor was quite near now; she got her voice back—she shrieked, frantically:

"Hold fast! hold fast! I shall reach you in a moment!"

But the lily-bed was so wide that she had to pass directly through it; the tenacious stems impeded her progress; the girl's force was giving out—one arm relaxed its grasp—she was sinking; but just then Elinor pushed the bow of the boat within her reach.

"Put your hand on it!" she cried; "hold to the log with the other."

The girl summoned her waning strength to obey. Elinor moved carefully along, caught her arm with one hand, seized a branch with the other, and between the aid she gave and the lady's own efforts, managed to drag her partially into the boat. In another instant she was safe, huddled quite still in the skiff, while Elinor grasped the boughs for a little to get her own strength back; then took up the oars again, and sent the light bark up on to the land.

She stepped on shore, saying:

"It is all over—you are quite safe. Rest a moment; then I will help you out."

The girl's face had been hidden in her hands; she lifted it now. Elinor's premonition had not deceived her—it was Florence Denham!

THE WRONG NOTE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY ROLFF.

"Are you faint?" Miss Stuart asked, her voice growing suddenly cold under the repulsion which hardened her heart against the cruel woman who had trifled so basely with Reginald Seymour's peace.

"No," Florence answered—"only tired. And I am frightened now; I don't think I was till I got into the boat. Oh, it seemed so long—a whole life; then I heard you!"

She bowed her head again for an instant. Elinor saw her lips move—she was praying. After a little she looked up and regarded Miss Stuart with a pathetic smile; rose and slowly approached her, still trembling a good deal from fatigue, and weighed down by her wet garments.

"I wish I could thank you," she said—"I wish I could!"

"Please don't try—there is no need. I am very thankful that I was near enough to help," Elinor replied.

"Yes, I could not have held out any longer—I should have drowned—drowned!" she shivered. "I don't believe I was afraid; but, oh! if you could know how heavenly sweet your voice sounded! I hadn't heard the boat—I knew I was going down again—I——"

"Don't think about it now," interrupted Elinor. "You had better rest for a moment or two, then you must try to get home."

"I should like to give you one kiss," exclaimed Florence, beginning to laugh and cry at once; "but I'm so wet I must not even touch you."

"The important thing at present is to get to your home—you have not far to go."

"No, only up the hill; I can manage it."

"I will help you," Elinor said.

"No, no; you would only get drenched. I am quite strong now. Oh, I want to thank you—if I could, if I could!"

Before Elinor could speak, a woman coming down the path caught sight of the young lady's wet garments, and began to shriek like a mad creature:

"Oh, Miss Denham, Miss Denham! are you drownded?"

"Not exactly," said Florence, beginning to laugh. "Please stop screaming, Mary, and help me up the hill."

The frightened maid threw her arms about her mistress and burst into frantic sobs and ejaculations. When Miss Denham released herself Elinor was already seated in the boat, and pushing out from shore.

"Oh, don't go!" Florence cried. "Wait, wait!"

"You do not need me—I must get home. I have an invalid friend, who will be anxious if I am gone any longer. Good-night."

"Please, please—just a moment!" called Florence.

"Good-night," repeated Elinor, and rowed swiftly away.

"And I didn't even ask her name," exclaimed Miss Denham, ruefully.

"Oh, Miss Florence, my dear, come away home," moaned her maid, still sobbing and wringing her hands. "You'll catch your death standing here, so you will—as if it wasn't enough to be drownded, without dying of cold afterward. Come away this minute, do."

Florence turned to cast another glance toward the retreating boat, hoping that her preserver would look back, but Elinor did not move her head, and after a little Miss Denham yielded to her maid's tearful entreaties, and walked slowly away.

Chapter XII.

The past Winter had made a great change in Mr. Gresham's life; he had lost his sister, and given up any active part in the business to which he had devoted himself for so many years.

Miss Gresham had died in December, quite suddenly, and almost before her brother realized that her malady was actually serious. Much as he had loved her, Mr. Gresham scarcely comprehended, until she was gone, of what importance the sweet, gentle woman had been in his life. The house where they had lived together so long appeared too desolate for him to think of remaining there. Some eighteen months previous he had taken a ward of his own into partnership, a man in whose abilities and honesty he could trust; the unexpected sales of some valuable Nevada lands had largely increased his income, so that everything combined to induce Mr. Gresham to carry out his often-indulged plan of retiring from any continuous supervision of his foundry and rolling-mill.

Mrs. Alderly was ordered South, and he accompanied the party, remaining a few weeks with them in Florida. The others did not return until toward the middle of April, and in the meantime Mr. Gresham had purchased Lakeside for his new home. He was anxious to take possession, and with the care for his comfort which she always showed in these days, Mrs. Alderly proposed that Florence should accompany him, promising that she and Kenneth would follow in the course of a fortnight.

Mr. Gresham's alarm, and the danger his darling had run, caused him to pass a sleepless night, but he found her the next morning so free from any ill effects, that he could join in her eagerness to find and thank the stranger who had come to her rescue with such promptitude and presence of mind.

"She was the most beautiful creature you ever saw, Uncle Fred," Florence declared, enthusiastically. "She was meant for a heroine—I know she was. Such marvelous eyes, such a sweet, patient smile—I am sure she has had some great trouble, and borne it bravely."

"But you say she looked quite young?" returned Mr. Gresham.

"Well, mayn't young people have trouble, you unimpressionable Uncle Fred?"

"Unfortunately, yes; but I hope there won't any come to my spoiled girl," he said, putting his arm about her as she leaned over him, playing with his thick, curling gray hair. "Now the thing is to discover where this brave young lady lives, and try to show her that even if we can't thank her, we are at least grateful."

"I am sure she lives near the lake. I saw a cottage back among the trees, and she was rowing toward a boat-house just at the end of a path leading down from it."

"Well, it will be easy enough to find out who lives there—one of the servants that was here in Mrs. Delancy's time can tell us. If there's a handsome young lady among the family, she is likely to be the person we want."

"Oh, don't ask!" cried Florence. "That will spoil the romance, and I want to do it all in a romantic way. We'll go down to the lake, and up the path, and take her by surprise."

"And if we should happen to stumble on some cross old maid or bachelor, who refused to know anything about your heroine, and threatened to arrest us for trespass?" demanded Mr. Gresham, laughing.

"Well, then, we'll declare we had missed our way," said Florence. "But I am sure she lives there. She was gone before I knew it, else I should have asked her name. That foolish Mary nearly smothered me in her fright—the dear, good girl! and when I got loose, the lady had pushed off in her boat, and would not stop."

"She thought you were agitated enough without trying to thank her," returned Mr. Gresham. "But we will go to that house and make inquiries, since you won't manage the business in a commonplace fashion. Only

we must wait till toward evening; I have done nothing this morning, and after luncheon I must answer that pile of letters."

"I thought you meant to be a little lazy and idle, you bad uncle!" pouted Florence; "and here you manage to work as hard as ever."

"This is about the last of it," he replied. "But there are matters connected with other people's affairs which I must put in order."

"By-the-way, Uncle Fred, the next time we drive to the village, we must inquire how that *protégée* of Aunt Sybil's gets on in her new place—that poor Mrs. Hudson."

"Yes; we will go and see her. I met the manager yesterday; he told me that she was an excellent workwoman. She has settled herself in a little house, with some kind body who helps take care of her baby."

"It was a capital idea of aunty's to think of getting her a place there, when you told her about the mill," said Florence. "She was unhappy in New York; now we shall be able to keep a little watch of her, and see that she is comfortable and doing well."

Just then they were summoned to luncheon, and after the meal was over, Mr. Gresham occupied himself with his correspondence—Florence sitting by his table, and somewhat lengthening his task by stopping now and then in a letter she was writing to her aunt, to hold a little conversation. But Mr. Gresham found it pleasant to be thus interrupted, and Florence knew it.

It was late in the afternoon when they set forth on their mission, taking a circuitous path through the wood to avoid coming out in sight of the place where Florence had met with her accident—neither felt courageous enough to visit it yet.

They reached the shore just by the wall which formed the boundary-line of Miss Seymour's farm, both avoiding so much as a glance toward the deep curve to the left, where the fallen pine-tree still swayed slowly up and down to the motion of the waters.

Florence felt Mr. Gresham's grasp tighten on her arm as they came in view of the lake; she knew what he was thinking, and went on talking rapidly, to keep his mind and her own occupied.

"There is the boat-house," she said. "You can see the path through the field in a moment. There! you can see the cottage now—at least the roof—back among the trees."

"Yes," he replied.

"I am sure she lives there—perfectly sure!" continued Florence. "Oh, how nice if we should happen to meet her coming out for a walk! Then we shouldn't have to go to the house and ask commonplace questions."

"Or make an embarrassing blunder," returned Mr. Gresham, glad to talk and get away from the shiver of dread with which the sight of the waters, laughing and rippling in the sunshine, had filled him. "But you must not be disappointed, Florence, if you find yourself mistaken; we shall easily discover the lady's whereabouts."

"No, no! I will think that is her house," cried Florence, drawing him more quickly forward.

They reached the path, and Mr. Gresham made her pause for a moment to rest, saying:

"You must not over-tire yourself. Why, you look pale!"

"That is just excitement. I know we are going to see her—I know we are!" rejoined Florence, though she stopped obediently for a little, and leaned against the fence. "Now we can go on," she said; "I am quite rested."

She crossed the stile, and Mr. Gresham followed. They walked up the path through the meadow, and reached a grove of maple-trees, which shut the cottage and grounds from sight.

"Such a pretty spot! Just the very place for her to sit and dream, with that Egeria face of hers," cried Florence, laughingly, yet so completely convinced her impression was correct in regard to the stranger's residence, that she glanced about with a feeling of disappointment at not seeing the lady seated somewhere among the soft shadows.

They entered the grove; Florence dropped Mr. Gresham's arm in her impatience, and ran on in advance. The path swerved suddenly, and a thicket of bushes hid her from view. Suddenly he heard her utter a joyful cry and exclaim:

"I knew I should find you here. I knew I should! You would not wait to let me thank you last night, and I can't now; but I want to kiss you, you'll not refuse me that."

Mr. Gresham hurried on, as eager and excited as Florence herself, to meet and thank the lady. He turned the corner in the path, he saw the stranger rise from the rustic bench where she had been seated, saw Florence impulsively fling both arms about her with broken ejaculations. Then the lady released herself from the girl's embrace, and he heard her say, coldly:

"You overrate what I did—no courage was needed."

"Uncle Fred, Uncle Fred! come and thank her!" cried Florence, in her excitement paying no heed to the other's coldness.

She stepped aside as she spoke; Mr. Gresham was close to them now; he stopped, and called out in utter astonishment:

"Miss Stuart! Is it possible—Miss Stuart!"

Elinor was completely at her ease; she had been prepared for the encounter, knowing that of course Mr. Gresham and his stepdaughter would not rest till they had found her, and that, of course, very little time would be needed to discover her whereabouts. She had not yet told Miss Seymour of what had happened; she had almost determined to settle matters by writing a note to Mr. Gresham, telling him that it was she who had aided Miss Denham, and requesting him to refrain from coming or allowing his stepdaughter to come—what she had done had been a simple act of duty on the part of one human being toward another. But she had rejected the idea as undignified and unworthy; if they liked, they must seek her out; perhaps they would hear in season who she was, and leave her alone; if not, for her to shrink from the meeting would look like guilt and shame.

As Mr. Gresham spoke the name, Florence uttered a little cry; it sounded in Elinor's ears like an involuntary expression of disappointment and repulsion—but it had a very different meaning. Florence was busy with a hasty thought that her sympathy for Miss Stuart had not been misplaced. The woman with that countenance could never have been capable of the slightest act deserving of censure.

"I can scarcely believe my eyes," exclaimed Mr. Gresham. "Is it really you, Miss Stuart?"

"Oh, yes, it is I," she answered, with perfect composure. "I hope you are quite well, Mr. Gresham."

He started forward, and held out both his hands; Florence saw Elinor make a movement, as if her impulse was to draw hers back, but she allowed him to take them, and he hurried on:

"How can I thank you—how can I show you how grateful I am!"

"There really is no need for either thanks or gratitude," she replied; her voice was neither haughty nor cold—

simply indifferent. "I merely did what any person would have done. I ran no risk whatever."

"It is my child, it is Florence Denham," pursued Mr. Gresham, his eagerness giving way to a momentary confusion under the rebuff which it had met.

"I am very glad to have been of service to Miss Denham," Elinor said, in the same cool, courteous tone.

"But you will let us thank you—oh, you will believe how grateful we are!" cried Florence. "I won't tease you by praising your courage, if you don't like it. But you saved my life—you must let me thank you—you must believe I am grateful."

"Certainly I do," replied Elinor; "but you overrate my merits in the case—that is natural, I suppose, in the first moments of excitement."

Her voice was a little sorrowful now; she could not help it; no personal feeling caused her to speak so. Had the girl been honest and true, she could only have felt sympathy for her, if she loved a man like Kenneth Alderly; but as she looked in the fair, girlish face, Elinor remembered that this pure, refined-appearing creature was as false as her cousin and her aunt; she had employed the charm of her loveliness to wreck an honorable man's peace, and the recollection of Reginald Seymour and his sufferings steeled Elinor's heart.

"How could I overrate them?" cried Florence, gazing at her with a pleading countenance hard to resist. "Ah, please don't let your dislike to being made a heroine of render you cold! Just think!—it seems almost as if you didn't think my life worth saving."

"At least I will hope that you may make it so, Miss Denham," returned Elinor, with stern, reproachful eyes.

Florence shrank back, and glanced helplessly up at Mr. Gresham, who had been intently regarding them.

"Miss Stuart," he said, in a tone that showed how deeply he was moved, "I fear that you think I was harsh to you in our last interview. Perhaps I was—I have feared so sometimes. At least I want to ask you not to let my harshness prejudice you against Florence; you know how she must feel—how grateful!"

"No person's actions could prejudice me against another, however closely the two might be connected," Elinor answered, still fixing Florence with those solemn eyes.

"And you know nothing about me—so you couldn't be prejudiced; unless you are vexed because I say you are brave—and I will say it!" cried Florence, trying to escape the strange feeling of uneasiness which Elinor's glance caused her, by a pretense of playfulness. "Ah, now, please shake hands with me, and promise that we shall be friends!"

"Mr. Gresham will tell you that it is quite out of the question for us even to be acquaintances, Miss Denham," returned Elinor, quietly, though a glow spread over her cheeks and an indignant light gathered in her eyes.

"Oh, Uncle Fred—Uncle Fred! tell her!—speak!" pleaded Florence.

"Please listen to me a moment, Miss Stuart!" he exclaimed.

"Have the kindness to let me speak first," she said, still resolutely guarding against the least approach to excitement. "I left Laughton, Mr. Gresham, under the darkest cloud that can fall upon any woman's life. I was accused of bad conduct. You believed me guilty—you condemned me mercilessly! Nothing is changed; the cloud remains. Tell your daughter not to forget, and do you not forget in your momentary impulse of thankfulness, that she and I, or you and I, must remain strangers."

Florence gave a gasping sob, and sat down on the bench. In her trouble, her grief, her fright, she could not utter a word.

"If I judged you harshly, Miss Stuart, I beg your pardon. I am a rather hard man in my judgment of your sex; but let me say something in my defense!" exclaimed Mr. Gresham.

"I see no good to result from any talk about the matter," she replied.

"But for my sake—my personal sake!" he urged. "I was very much excited the day I came to you; I had only just heard the stories; but I assure you I did not go in unkindness. I hoped you would be able to explain; but you know you at once resigned your place in the school, and showed me plainly that you desired me to leave you."

"That is quite true," she replied. "You had judged me in advance."

"Oh, why didn't you tell him everything?" exclaimed Florence. "Do now! Let us have everything settled."

"Everything is settled," Elinor answered.

"I could not have hindered the gossip, Miss Stuart," said Mr. Gresham; "but I should have gladly befriended you. Mrs. Alderly told me that you refused her assistance——"

"Ah, you should have let my aunt help you!—she is so good, so kind!" broke in Florence.

Mr. Gresham saw a bitter smile cross Elinor's lips. For the first time, it occurred to him that the woman's part might have been very different in the matter from what he had supposed; yet, ignorant as he was of the terms on which Miss Stuart and Kenneth had stood, he could see no reason to have made Mrs. Alderly other than kind, and unless some personal motive rendered her hostile, she was both kind and generous.

"Mr. Gresham," said Elinor, "I do not wish to discuss the matter in any way; it is ended—the man who could have set me right is dead. The miserable slanders cannot affect my present life. I wish as much as I may to forget them."

"At least you will let me hope that you are happy—that you have friends—employment?" Mr. Gresham said.

"Thanks, I have both. I have a very happy home; neither injustice nor malice could injure me there," returned Elinor. "I want now to ask a favor of you, Mr. Gresham. If you feel that I was able to do you one in being of service to your daughter, I think you will grant it——"

"You cannot doubt," he interrupted, eagerly. "Only tell me anything that I can do—it will make both Florence and me happy."

"It is this," said Elinor, "that you and Miss Denham will leave me my life to myself. I go out very little—we are not likely to have mutual acquaintances—it will be very easy to avoid one another."

"Oh, and you won't let me come to see you—you won't be friends!" cried Florence, despairingly.

"My home is with Reginald Seymour's sister, Miss Denham," returned Elinor, looking full at her.

Florence cowered back on the bench; the eyes which regarded her seemed to hold a cruel cognizance of her secret. Elinor Stuart knew that she had cared for Reginald Seymour—he must have told her—have boasted of his conquest. A pang of misery sharper than death left Florence dumb.

Mr. Gresham had been so confounded by Elinor's speech to himself that he scarcely heard the brief sentences exchanged between the two girls; before he could find any words of expostulation or regret Elinor addressed him again.

MARGUERITE.

"That is the only favor you can do me, Mr. Gresham—I must ask you to grant it. The sight of any person connected with the days that were so dark is painful to me—you can easily understand that. I desire this interview to be our last."

"Of course I can only promise not to intrude upon you, Miss Stuart," he said, slowly.

"I beg you to believe there is neither anger nor bitterness in my heart," she continued; "nor do I think you should allow any impulse of gratitude to make you feel remorseful—nothing has occurred, or ever can, to make any reversal of your judgment possible—feeling is not proof. I must bid you good-by now—I shall be waited for at home."

Even in the midst of her mortification, her thought that Elinor had been cruel, Florence could not bear to let her go like that. She started forward and held out her hand, saying:

"At least bid me good-by. God bless you!"

"Good-by," Elinor answered, but she did not offer to touch Florence's hand; she turned and walked away.

As she disappeared down the path Florence flung her head on Mr. Gresham's shoulder and burst into tears.

"Don't, my dear, don't," he pleaded. "I am sorry, very sorry—but really that woman is hard as stone."

"No, no," sobbed Florence; "she seems so, but she is not. I can't understand, but I know she is not."

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. GRESHAM felt that Elinor Stuart had shown herself hard and unforgiving, but their interview fixed upon his mind the conviction that the gossip which had driven her out of Laughton had been utterly undeserved. He had never dreamed of accusing her of anything beyond coquetry, but he knew now that he had deeply wronged her by such judgment. The woman was too intolerably proud for that failing to be one of her foibles; she would not have stooped to such conduct even with an equal. He only wondered that, having in the least known her, he could for a moment have supposed her capable of regarding a man like William Hudson with any other than the kindly interest an ignorant person trying to lift himself out of his night would inspire in a generous nature.

But whatever generosity she had shown in that matter, she certainly had betrayed none in their late conversation. It would not have surprised him had she found it difficult to accept his tardy penitence; but the woman who could resist Florence's gentle pleadings, reject even the girl's gratitude with such scornful haughtiness, must be harder than marble.

Pained as Florence was by the treatment she had received, she clung to her idea that Elinor's seeming hardness was foreign to her character; there was something they did not understand; some powerful motive which had actuated her, but she was not cruel and unforgiving. She said this over and over, when she and Mr. Gresham discussed the matter, though her persistency had no effect, except to make him admire Florence's own generosity. She had heard very little and very vaguely about the scandal, and the subject had never, until now, been mentioned between her stepfather and herself.

She was not even aware of the quarrel which had taken place between Kenneth and Will Hudson, and when Mr. Gresham alluded to that, supposing she must have heard it spoken of, it threw a new light upon Florence's mind. With true feminine tact, she drew Mr. Gresham on to relate all that he knew about Kenneth's acquaintance with Miss Stuart. She learned that her cousin had known Elinor well before they met in Laughton; and then Florence became convinced that she understood everything.

Elinor Stuart was the woman Kenneth had loved!—this hypothesis accounted for the cynical theories her relative held in regard to women; though Florence wondered how he could for an instant have doubted this beautiful creature, every line and expression of whose face was truth itself. But if he had, even for one moment's space, Florence recognized that there was justice enough in her stepfather's opinion of Miss Stuart's overweening pride to be certain she would never forgive such an insult.

The terrible mortification the girl had experienced when Elinor had looked at her so strangely in speaking of Reginald Seymour's sister, did not remain long in her mind. Her estimate of the man's character dispelled her fears; even if he believed that she, Florence, had cared for him, he was utterly incapable of having so much as given a hint of the secret to any human being. She had never felt that he deserved reproach at her hands; he had never flirted; perhaps, unwittingly, she had let him see that she was interested. This fact would account for his abrupt departure from the country place where they had spent such pleasant weeks; he had behaved like an honorable man—gone away the instant he discovered that such was the case.

It was humiliating to think she could so have betrayed herself; but great as this pain had always been, it was easier for a nature like Florence's to bear than to believe the object of her girlish dream a mean trifler—that lowest of sinners, a male flirt.

Her discussions with Mr. Gresham in regard to Elinor Stuart only led to one result with both—they had done all they could—they must obey her request, and leave her alone.

"We cannot force ourselves upon her," Mr. Gresham said. "We must consider the matter at an end, and put her out of our minds, except to be grateful for the aid she gave you that awful day."

"I suppose so," sighed Florence; "but I am very sorry."

"Yes—so am I," he answered. "But I may as well tell you frankly that I think your aunt would have objected to your knowing her. Mrs. Alderly is fearfully prejudiced against her."

"She could not know her and credit one word of that gossip!" cried Florence.

"That may be; but she told me Miss Stuart's conduct the day she went to see her had been abominable. We can easily imagine how haughty and implacable she must have appeared. Your aunt was not likely to forgive that; and you know if she begins to dislike a person, she is ready to believe him or her capable of anything."

"Yes," Florence admitted, reluctantly. "Well, I suppose nobody can be perfect—not even Aunt Sybil. I shall not write to her that we have even seen Miss Stuart; it would only annoy her."

So the matter dropped; the two ceased to talk about Elinor. They never met her in their drives or walks, or heard her name mentioned by any of their new acquaintances, who were confined to people from town, whom the warm May days began to bring up to their country-seats.

On their side, Miss Seymour and Elinor were equally reticent. Elinor told her friend of Florence Denham's accident and the interview which had taken place; but after that they never mentioned the pair.

Several days elapsed. One afternoon Elinor had walked over to the village and gone into the quarter where the people employed in the paper-mill had their houses. Miss Seymour was a very charitable woman, and now that her health prevented her taking any personal trouble, Elinor was in the habit of going about among her numerous pensioners.

As she was passing down the street that afternoon, the doctor came out of a mean-looking dwelling. Elinor knew him very well, and stopped to speak.

"I have just been to see a poor woman who is very ill," he said, after he had inquired about Miss Seymour.

"Who is it?" Elinor asked. "I don't know the people who live in this house."

"It belongs to a Mrs. Dawson; but it is not she who is ill—a young woman that boards with her—a Mrs. Hudson."

"Hudson?" repeated Elinor.

"Yes," the doctor said, too busy dusting his coat with his pocket-handkerchief to notice Miss Stuart's perturbation. "You see the state I am in—Mrs. Dawson's house always seems to collect all the dust of the village. She is rather a slattern, but a good soul, though she doesn't know much about taking care of my patient—however, luckily she has a knack with babies."

"Has the sick woman a baby?" Elinor asked.

"Yes; a pretty little thing, about seven months old. By-the-way, the mother is a wonderfully handsome creature in a sort of gypsy fashion—she has only been living here about a month."

At this moment a middle-aged woman, carrying a child in her arms, came out of the house; her dress and hair were in great disorder, but she looked clean, and so did the baby.

"Oh, doctor, did you say every two hours for the draught?" she inquired. "I declare, I've got my hands so full I quite forgot. Mrs. Stowe, she promised to come and stop till night, but she hain't got here yet."

She stared at Miss Stuart, and was so much occupied that the doctor had to repeat his directions before she understood.

"What is the matter with the sick woman?" Elinor asked.

"She fell down-stairs in the mill and hurt her arm," the doctor explained; "I warned her that she must take care, but she would not—she caught cold, and has a severe fever."

"She went right off her head like a shot," added Mrs. Dawson; "she's loony every minute, just as crazy as a bumble-bee, poor thing."

"She is one of those excitable persons, who are always delirious with fever," the doctor said. "But you must not be discouraged, Mrs. Dawson; she will get well; though I don't expect to be able to break up the fever for some time."

"Wal, I'm a'most beat," returned the woman; "'tain't that I ain't willing, but I don't know much about sickness—and besides, this baby keeps me busy—one of the neighbors offered to take him, but law, he won't hardly let anybody but me touch him."

"Is that Mrs. Hudson's child?" Elinor asked.

"Yes; ain't he a beauty? There, he's woke up, the little rebel. Did you ever see handsomer eyes than them?" cried the woman, proudly.

The baby sat up in her arms, and regarded Elinor with a slow, grave smile; she had only to look in its face to be certain whose child it was; the eyes were Madge's own, but the other features and the head were a miniature of Will Hudson. The little fellow began to crow and laugh, and stretched out its arms toward Elinor, clutching her sleeve and holding it fast, while it made its desire to be taken manifested by sundry crows and unintelligible ejaculations, which threatened to turn into shrieks if his wish was not complied with.

"Wal, if ever I see the beat!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawson, as Elinor took the child, who nestled close to her neck in delight. "Why, he won't never go to nobody but his mother and me."

The doctor explained to Elinor that Mrs. Hudson had resolutely kept up till the preceding day, then the fever had set in with great violence.

"She's raved and rampaged from then till a little while ago, when she dropped asleep," Mrs. Dawson said, eager to take the account upon herself. "I do' know what I'm to do—who's to pay for a nurse?—and, indeed, they ain't easy to get. I do' know as I told ye, doctor, Miss Hudson she knows them new folks up to Lakeside—they got her the place in the mill; don't you s'pose mabby they might feel to send some help, if they was spoke to?"

"I have no doubt they would," the doctor replied. "I have to go out that road toward evening, I will stop and see Mr. Gresham."

"Oh, land's sake, that'll be powerful kind of you!" cried Mrs. Dawson. "Wal, now, baby, you and me must go in—mother might wake. Ain't he handsome, miss? I swan to man, I've got as fond of him a' ready as if he was my own. Now come, baby, jest you let go of the lady's bonnet-strings; oh, he's the most sot in his way of any young tyrant ever you see."

And baby loudly demonstrated that at present his determination was to remain in Miss Stuart's arms, for when the woman tried to take him he kicked with all his might and began to shriek.

"I'll carry him indoors and stop for awhile, I am in no hurry," Elinor said, "and that will leave you at leisure till your neighbor comes, Mrs. Dawson."

The good soul was profuse in her thanks, and the physician took his departure. Elinor went into the house and sat down in the untidy, comfortless room, for which Mrs. Dawson offered many apologies before going up-stairs to her patient. Elinor played with the child for a while, and at length the little thing fell sound asleep. She laid it in its cradle, and just as she had done so, heard Mrs. Dawson call from the top of the stairs:

"Oh, miss, I beg your pardon! but would you bring me up the bottle of medicine on the table? She's waked up and is going on dreadful—I can't leave her."

Elinor found the bottle, though she had to search some time first—Mrs. Dawson having put it on a shelf instead of the table; but she found it at length, examined the label to make sure it was the right one, and then hastened up-stairs to the room where Mrs. Dawson was busy with the sick woman.

There Madge lay, groaning and muttering; her great eyes closed, her face scarlet with fever. She was very ill, there could be no doubt—there was not place in Elinor's mind for anything but sympathy.

She remained until nearly sunset; then the tardy neighbor arrived; but she explained that some member of her family was ill, and she could not stop the night, as she had intended. Mrs. Dawson was quite in despair; and Elinor told her that if the neighbor's boy, who was to be sent for assistance, did not find some person to watch, she would come back herself after Miss Seymour had gone to bed. She saw that many comforts were needed in the sick-room which Miss Seymour's stores could supply; so she requested them to send the lad over in any case toward nine o'clock, and went away, leaving the

two women in great admiration of her beauty and her kindness.

Miss Seymour was interested and sympathetic, as Elinor had known she would be, and was too generous herself to feel any surprise at her friend's desire to aid Madge Hudson.

"Of course, we will do everything we can," she said. "One can't stop at such a time as this to reflect whether a person is deserving or not. But it seems a strange chance that has brought all those people near us!"

"Oh, odd things seem to be what happen oftenest," Elinor replied, indifferently.

The boy did not make his appearance until nearly ten o'clock. No watchers had been found, and the doctor had sent his carriage to take Miss Stuart over to the village, having heard from Mrs. Dawson of her promise to return if needed.

Elinor waited to see her friend in bed. There could be no hesitation about leaving her, for Miss Seymour usually passed comfortable nights; then she collected the necessaries she had made ready, and started.

The doctor was at the house waiting for her. He had stopped at Lakeside, but learned that Mr. Gresham and his stepdaughter had gone that day to Albany, and would be absent a week. The housekeeper knew nothing whatever about Mrs. Hudson—had no one whom she could send to act as nurse, and had been so short a time in Mr. Gresham's service that she did not feel authorized to write to him about such a matter—nor did the physician; so, as he told Elinor, they must manage the best they could; he and Miss Seymour would pay for a nurse between them, if one were procurable.

It resulted in Elinor's taking almost the entire charge of Madge for more than a week. She spent night after night at the woman's bedside, and the doctor declared that Mrs. Hudson would owe her life to Elinor's care rather than his skill, for the fever had proved more dangerous than he had expected.

When Madge was not delirious or sleeping, she lay in a sort of stupor, sometimes seeming to rouse up and recognize Mrs. Dawson's voice; but she never recognized Elinor; indeed, her hours of attendance in the sick-chamber were at night, and then Madge was always at her worst. When Elinor could pay a visit during the day, she seldom went up-stairs, occupying herself with the baby, while Mrs. Dawson watched their patient.

She was sitting one afternoon in the little down-stairs room, trying to sew and amuse the baby at the same time, though the young despot sadly interfered with her efforts to be industrious, and only chuckled disdainfully when she informed him that he ought to be good, as she was making him a new frock. Baby evidently cared nothing for new frocks; what he wanted was to be noticed and petted. She at length induced him to sit still on a cushion at her feet and play with a rattle she had brought; but just as she was resuming her work, there came a knock at the street door, and supposing it to be one of the neighbors come to inquire after Madge, she called out a permission to enter.

The door opened, and Florence Denham appeared on the threshold; she hesitated for a moment at sight of Elinor, then advanced, and said in a voice at once playful and confused:

"You will have to forgive me, Miss Stuart—I didn't know that I should find you here. But since we have met, I hope you will let me say that I am glad at least you will shake hands with me."

Elinor could not refuse to take the hand she offered, thinking as she looked in the sweet, innocent face, how difficult it was to resist the charm of her manner; how hard to believe that so winning an exterior could cover a nature so cold and heartless.

"Will you sit down, Miss Denham?" she said.

"Thanks, yes," Florence answered. "What a beautiful baby! Is it Mrs. Hudson's? I should know it was, though, by the eyes—I never saw her but once, but I could not forget her, she was so handsome."

"She is very ill," Elinor said.

"I heard it a little while ago," Florence said. "Mr. Gresham and I went to Albany very unexpectedly—we only got back at noon; the housekeeper told me, and I came over at once. I met the doctor; he said a lady had been very, very kind—that was you, of course. How good of you, Miss Stuart."

"We hope there is a great change for the better," Elinor said, without noticing Miss Denham's compliments. "She has been almost constantly delirious, but last night the fever left her. I have not been up-stairs to-day."

"She doesn't know you have been taking care of her?" asked Florence.

"No, and she will probably be sorry," replied Elinor; "but there was no one else to do it."

"If she is she must be an ungrateful wretch, and I shall tell her so!" exclaimed Florence, hotly.

"I am not aware of any particular good that could do," returned Elinor, in a voice cold as ice. "In fact, I wish it were possible to keep her from knowing, but I suppose it is not."

"She ought to know," cried Florence. "Oh, Miss Stuart, I never knew how much she really had injured you; I'd just heard that something went wrong there at Laughton. I made Uncle Fred tell me. Don't be angry, I must say it—he is so sorry. Do try to believe that."

"I am quite ready to," Elinor replied. "Mr. Gresham is a stern man, but not a wicked man. However, it makes no difference now; indeed, I do not wish to talk about the matter."

"No, no; perhaps it was impertinent in me to mention it, but I had to say that," pleaded Florence. "Now about Mrs. Hudson—we shall send one of the servants over—you must be relieved."

"I am very glad," Elinor said; "I do not think she would allow me to take care of her after recognizing me—and she will do that now. I fancy she is asleep at present—do you wish to go up and see her?"

"Not until she is better. I don't know her—she might be disturbed," Florence said. "I only saw her the day her husband was hurt. My aunt was very sorry for her—she got her a place in New York. After Uncle Fred bought Lakeside they found Mrs. Hudson a post in the paper-mill—the confinement of a city was bad for her."

Elinor made no reply. Florence had uttered the explanations rather to cover her rising confusion; having done so, she recognized that it would have been wiser to leave the subject alone, and grew more embarrassed. It hurt her, too, to see Elinor sit there, cold and unresponsive; her heart was so full of gratitude that she longed to fall at Miss Stuart's feet, and cry out that she believed in her; beg her to forgive Mr. Gresham, and be friends with them both.

There was a silence; Elinor went on with her sewing, evidently not meaning to speak; suddenly Florence said:

"I see you want me to go. It isn't right to intrude upon you——"

"Excuse me," rejoined Elinor, as the girl broke down; "certainly you have every right to come here. I only took the place because there was no one to help the sick woman. I do not need to come again, and shall not—you

are back now; the charge of Mrs. Alderly's *protégée* naturally devolves upon you and Mr. Gresham."

"Oh, yes, yes; we will do everything we can. The woman will be here in a little while," returned Florence. "Oh, Miss Stuart, I can't even feel as sorry for her as I ought. She mayn't be wicked, but it was just her fearful temper that made you so much trouble. There, I won't say a word more."

"I shall be glad to get home as soon as I can," Elinor said. "My friend, Miss Seymour, has been left too much alone lately."

A strong desire seized Florence to speak of Reginald.

THE COMING OF THE SHOW.

She feared that if she had known nothing before, her agitation must have been evident to Elinor the day she mentioned that name. If she could talk of him now, quietly, as she might of any acquaintance, perhaps she could remove suspicion from Miss Stuart's mind, if such existed.

"Where is Mr. Seymour now?" she asked.

"He has been in Europe since last Autumn. We expect him home very soon," Elinor replied, and again startled Florence by a repetition of the stern, searching glance which had so sorely discomfited her once before.

"I used to know him very well," said Florence; and now she wished she had not mentioned him, for she felt her cheeks begin to glow painfully, but the color died out of them suddenly and left her very pale, as Elinor Stuart answered:

"I am aware that you did, Miss Denham."

She turned away her head as she spoke; she was angry. This frivolous coquette wanted to talk of the man whose peace she had destroyed; she was capable of longing to find out if her arts had inflicted some deep hurt.

"I never met Miss Seymour," continued Florence, determined not to give in now she had begun—Elinor Stuart should see that Reginald was like any ordinary acquaintance to her! "My aunt and I knew her brother very well. He was exceedingly agreeable—a very promising artist. He has had a great deal of success this year—I was sure he would, sooner or later."

Elinor bowed. Florence felt that she had succeeded very well; her tone had been quiet and friendly.

"I suppose we are not likely to see his sister," continued Florence, "since you refuse to know us. Oh, Miss Stuart, I wish you would change your mind!"

Elinor was disgusted. Even this attempt at gratitude looked like acting; she was tired of this fit niece of Mrs. Alderly's—this butterfly with a wasp's sting!

"You could scarcely have expected Miss Seymour to be willing to make your acquaintance, even if I were not living in her house," she said.

"May I ask why?" demanded Florence, indignantly.

"I think you know—I think you meant me to see that you knew," rejoined Elinor.

"I will go now," said Florence, rising. "Just one question. I do not understand what you mean—I have a right to ask! I insist on an explanation—no matter what it is, I insist!"

"To end the conversation, I will tell you," said Elinor. "You allowed—yes, encouraged—Reginald Seymour to fall in love with you. When you were tired of your game, you let him know that you were engaged to your cousin, Kenneth Alderly."

At that instant, Mrs. Dawson called Elinor from the head of the stairs.

"I must ask you to excuse me," she said.

She had reached the door. Florence was standing like a statue; suddenly she started forward and caught Elinor's dress.

"Wait one moment!" she cried. "I owe this to myself! I never dreamed of flirting with Reginald Seymour! I never knew that he supposed I was engaged to my cousin—I never was—I never shall be! I am fond of him as a cousin, and he of me—nothing more—nothing!"

She hurried out of the house before Elinor could speak.

Chapter XIV.

Madge was asleep when Elinor entered the sick-room; she sat down by the bed and lost herself in a whirl of confusing thoughts and conjectures, roused by Florence Denham's parting words.

The girl had told the truth when she declared that she had never been engaged to her cousin—had never regarded him in any other light than that of a dear relative. In the first place, Florence could have no object in denying the engagement had it existed; but even without this motive for believing her, Elinor felt that she should have given full credence to the assertion; the very soul of candor had shone in her face and rung in her voice as she spoke.

Still another conviction forced itself on Elinor's mind—the girl's emotion on that day when Elinor had said, abruptly and reproachfully, "I am living with Reginald Seymour's sister," took a new significance. It had looked like shame—a passing remorse for her cruel treatment of the man who had laid his heart at her feet—but it had arisen from a very different cause. Florence Denham had loved Seymour—she loved him still—Elinor was as certain of that as if the girl had openly confessed the fact.

The separation and estrangement between them had been brought about by an exterior influence, deliberately and unscrupulously used. Elinor had no need to search for this agent; it was plain enough who had done the work—Kenneth's mother! Mrs. Alderly had confided to Reginald the secret of Florence's engagement; she had been full of kindness and sympathy for the young man; she reproached herself for having been so many weeks blind to the state of his feelings, but as soon as she did comprehend them she felt it her duty to sp ak. Florence had been greatly to blame, but he must believe that the dear girl was only thoughtless, not intentionally wicked. She was fond of admiration; she had not meant really to hurt Reginald. When her aunt reproached her she was frightened and sorry; she had begged Mrs. Alderly to explain matters to him, in the hope that he would go away at once; the idea even of holding a single interview with him, now that she began to fear she had done wrong, filled her with pain and terror.

And Reginald had no mind to force a *tête-à-tête* upon her. To tell her of his love, to upbraid her with having known it from the first, although his passion had found no utterance in words; to overwhelm her with his anguish and wrath, would be worse than useless—silly and weak. He had made a business telegram a pretext for leaving the place. Two hours after Mrs. Alderly's revelation he set out on his journey. He had bidden Florence farewell in the presence of a knot of indifferent acquaintances; had given his reasons for going; uttered gay, pleasant adieus to her as to the others, and departed.

Yes, it was all plain—Mrs. Alderly had conceived this falsehood for the furtherance of some plan of her own. Then came a new thought: since the woman had lied in the one instance, might she not have done so when she told Elinor that Kenneth loved his cousin? But here it was idle to speculate; she and Kenneth Alderly were separated forever, though it was a consolation to her pride to be able to think that she had not wasted her affection on a man unworthy.

Suddenly the sleeping woman stirred and murmured some broken words. She was waking; and Elinor, remembering the doctor's assurance that she would do so rational and able to recognize those about, rose softly, meaning to escape. Her gown caught on the arm of the chair; she stopped to extricate it. As she looked toward the bed again she saw that Madge's eyes were wide open, and fixed upon her with a puzzled expression. There was intelligence in the glance; an evident doubt, too, whether she were awake or dreaming. Elinor glided noiselessly away, and the bed-curtains hid her from view. At the door she met Mrs. Dawson, and whispered in her ear:

"She has just wakened; do not let her know there was anybody here but you. Remember the doctor's orders about keeping her quiet."

She stood still and waited, while Mrs. Dawson approached the bed. Presently she heard Madge say, in a weak voice:

"I know you now. I thought somebody else was here. Oh, she's haunted me enough when I was out of my head——"

"There, there!" interrupted Mrs. Dawson, soothingly. "Don't bother about any fancies, my woman! I'm going to give you some broth, and then you just go to sleep ag'in, and you'll do famous."

"Have I been sick long?" Madge asked.

"Not so very. You'll get up fast enough now, the doctor says."

"And the baby?"

"Oh, he's all right, the little villain—jest splendid! Now take a little of this, and arter you've had another nap, I'll bring him up—he's asleep now."

Elinor passed on down-stairs, and found the woman whom Mr. Gresham had sent, and while she was speaking with her, the doctor entered. He was an old friend of Miss Seymour's, and during the Winter had been one of her most frequent visitors, and had conceived a great liking for Elinor, which she warmly returned. Knowing that it would be impossible to keep from Madge Hudson long the fact that she had nursed her, Elinor had requested Miss Seymour to tell the exact truth to the physician, in order that he might understand the necessity of impressing upon Mrs. Dawson that there were reasons why the patient must not hear of Miss Stuart until she got quite well and strong.

Elinor thought it probable that when she heard, Madge would pour out her version of the tale to everybody who came near; her feelings, when she learned who had been her nurse, were more likely to be anger than any softer emotion. The fact that she was indebted to Miss Stuart for a favor would merely increase her bitterness; she would take refuge in what she termed her wrongs, and work herself into fresh wrath and hate in order to get rid of any sentiment of gratitude.

All that Elinor cared about was to keep the truth from her until her health should be sufficiently re-established, so that giving way to her wild temper could not impede her recovery. That she would reveal her grievances and spread the miserable slanders as much as lay in her power, did not affect Miss Stuart; the few friends she had made in her new home were aware of the facts; they felt sympathy, and nothing could change their sentiments. As for the old doctor, since he learned the truth, he had come to regard Elinor as a species of saint, and diligently trumpeted her praises among his circle of patients, high and low, whether they chanced to be acquainted with her name or not.

"As you predicted, she has wakened quite rational," Elinor said, in answer to the doctor's inquiries.

"She'll get on all right now," he said. "It won't be long before she is up and about, if she is careful. The woman has got a constitution of iron; this fever has been violent enough to kill a feebler one, but you'll find that it hasn't even weakened her much."

"Well, she can have good care," Elinor said; "this is the nurse Mr. Gresham has sent down?"

"Yes; I met him," the doctor said. "Well, my girl," he added, turning to the servant, "what Mrs. Hudson wants now is good food, carefully prepared. Mr. Gresham tells me you know all about that, and he will have things sent regularly from his house. You won't be obliged to stop long; she'll be walking about in a week. Are you going, Miss Stuart?"

"Yes. There is no necessity for my stopping now."

"No; and you need rest—mind you take it," said the old doctor, in his abrupt fashion. "Mrs. Hudson may thank you for having got on the way she has—the Lord knows what she'd have done without you!"

"You must not fail to impress upon them the necessity of caution," Elinor said, in a low tone. "I assure you, the poor creature's temper is so violent that if she found out before she gets her strength back, she would make herself ill again."

"I've told Mrs. Dawson—I'll tell the nurse," the physician said. "But, my dear young lady, unless the woman is a born fiend, she must be penitent and grateful."

"She is only an ignorant, bad-tempered, hot-headed girl," Elinor replied—"don't be hard on her. I must say good-by, now. I have neglected Miss Seymour so much lately that I want to go home."

"I would walk part way with you, only I must go up and see my patient," returned the doctor. "Good-by, my dear. You don't mind my calling you so? You are a woman in ten thousand, Elinor Stuart—and that's the truth! There, I feel better now I have said it. Good-by!" and away he went.

(To be continued.)

USEFULNESS OF BIRDS AT SEA.

The pleasure of watching birds at sea, whether in the air or skimming the ocean wave's crest, is to many minds very keen. And there is something more, too, to be considered. Mariners can often tell their way by these birds, especially when nearing a coast.

"I well remember," says an old sea captain, "how I used to watch for them on approaching certain coasts, such as parts of Patagonia, too low to be seen at the ordinary distance. Once when coming from Monte Video, with a mail and important Government dispatches on board for the Falkland Islands, I was able to run on my course in safety, owing to a particular bird having joined company with us. On the occasion I refer to we were approaching the land in thick, misty weather, with a strong, fair breeze. It had been clouded over for a day or two, so that my solar observations were rather doubtful. I was anxious, for it was drawing toward evening, and I wished to get into Port Stanley with the mail that night. It was, however, so thick that we could not see a mile ahead. Presently a shrill noise was heard; a flapping of wings made us look around and above, and soon we saw what we called the "pilot" bird. I knew my distance now, for these birds never fly beyond so many miles from land. Therefore we cautiously ran on till I caught a glimpse of a bluff cape, then steered more easterly till after dark. With a clearer night I sighted Cape Pembroke light, and knowing the passages well, worked my vessel up Port William, then shot through the "Narrows," and anchored in Port Stanley, nearly opposite the Government House, about one o'clock in the morning. Next day I was thanked by his excellency, the Governor—himself a high naval officer—for the quick trip made and the dispatches, beside long-wished-for private correspondence we had brought. But to this day I thank God's feathered pilots, who had then and often shown me the way."

Calumny and detraction are but sparks which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.

FERRETING.

MANY use the word in this country without a thought of its origin, or of the animal which has thus added to our vocabulary.

The term comes from England, although the animals are not a native of that country.

Our illustration shows the use to which sportsmen have applied the ferret's bloodthirsty instincts.

The ferret is an animal of the weasel family, small, slender, generally only about a foot long, its long, fine yellowish hair being of mingled yellow and black, with occasional albinos.

It is a native of Northern Africa, whence it was in ancient times introduced into Spain, and so spread over Europe. In Northern countries, however, this little African cannot thrive by itself. It would soon perish if left to the colder climate; but, though in a manner domesticated, it never becomes tame or recognizes a master.

The ferret hunts down its prey with untiring pertinacity and skill. It will rid a house of rats and mice with great celerity and thoroughness; not one of the vermin can escape its ferreting out. But, though housekeepers might appreciate this service of the ferret, it is not likely that it would ever have been brought from Africa for this purpose. It owes its presence in England and France to its usefulness in hunting rabbits; and thus we are brought back to our picture.

When a ferret is employed the party spread nets over the mouths of the burrows in the warren, having introduced a muzzled ferret into one of them. The appearance and smell of the little creature create a panic in the underground world. The rabbits fly to the mouths of the burrows to escape their foe, and are caught in the nets.

Sometimes the sportsman, having better feelings, leaves the burrows in sight open, and tries his marksmanship at the fugitives as they bound out into supposed freedom from danger.

The ferret has to be muzzled, else it would go on killing the rabbits, breaking the spinal marrow back of the head with one sharp nip, and would then gorge itself with blood, and sink into a torpid state in the burrow.

That is the origin of the term ferreting out.

FERRETING.—SCENE IN A RABBIT-WARREN.

ONLY they who carry sincerity to the highest point, in whom there remains not a single hair's breadth of hypocrisy, can see the hidden springs of things.

THE LADY OF LYNDE.—"FOLLOWED BY HIS COMPANIONS, HE HASTILY BORE THE FORM OF IDALIA ALONG THE PASSAGE."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

"WHAT shall I do, lest life in silence pass?"
"And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember, aye the ocean deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean—fame is but the brine
Along the shore."

"What shall I do to be for ever known?"
"Thy duty ever."
"This did full many who yet slept unknown."
"Oh, never! never!
Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou knowest not?
By angel trumpets in heaven their praise is blown—
Divine their lot."

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"
"Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife;
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled,
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live, though dead."

THE LADY OF LYNDE.

LYNDE is a straggling village in Hungary, and is seated at the base of a high hill, from which the grim walls of an old feudal castle frown down upon it.

It has no specialty, either in manufacture or nature, to call for the presence of business men; and, save its old castle, there is no building of note in the place.

The castle was the home of the Counts of Lynde; but when Vladimir, the last count, died, he had left the castle and broad lands of Lynde to his daughter, the first woman who had ruled the grim old walls, and, uncontrolled, reigned mistress over Lynde.

She was queenly in her beauty, this Lady of Lynde; and, though girlhood still cast its charms about her, there was a grace and power in her acts, a passion and depth in her words, that told of approaching womanhood—told of a soul that was strong and proud, yet full of the sweetness and pathos of love.

Idalia, Lady of Lynde, had no lack of suitors, for the dark old castle carried many a broad gold piece with it; and far and wide, over fields of waving grain, and quiet villages nestling among ladened orchards—across sweeps of meadow-land, and hillsides covered with vineyards, or dark with heavy timber, the Lady of Lynde looked out and saw no land that was not her own; and all of these went with her small white hand when she became a bride.

Perhaps of all her suitors, though all were noble, and could boast of long lines of titled ancestors, but two found special favor in the eyes of the Lady of Lynde.

One, Rudolph, Count of Harstien, was rich in lands and honors, even though young; the other, the Baron von Schelling, was also a young man, with only his sword and his brains, and the memory of dead men's deeds to help him—for Von Schelling belonged to a race that had ever been foremost in action, whenever danger or glory called daring spirits to the field.

Like the Counts of Lynde, the Lady Idalia was not niggardly in spending her wealth; and during the hot Summer months, when cool breezes seemed to seek it, and linger lovingly about it, the door of the old castle hall was flung wide, and the guests were many and welcome.

A widowed aunt acted as her chaperon and protectress, and in the home that she ruled so regally, the queenly Lady of Lynde received her guests, and dispensed her hospitality.

She was nearly twenty now, and the time was near at hand when she should choose, from among the suitors who bowed before her, one on whom she could rely, and to whom she could give her soul.

Lynde Castle was unusually gay this Summer, and to it, fresh from college, came Von Schelling, to fall prostrate, metaphorically, at the feet of Idalia, and, because she chose to smile on him, to meet the scornful frown of Rudolph of Harstien.

But Von Schelling cared nothing for the frown of the Count of Harstien.

True, the count was rich, and his income was a miserable pittance of five hundred thalers, and the salary of a lieutenant of hussars. Von Schelling had all his fame to win, whilst Rudolph of Harstien was a noted diplomatist, and high in favor at Court, even though but thirty years old.

Still Idalia had smiled on him, and smiled his soul away, and to win her was—was worth any danger and toil. And should he shrink from a frown? No! not while he, the Baron von Schelling, had power to love, or plead for love.

Idalia, though of the nobility, and proud of her long line of ancestors, was still full of love and pity for the people—"her people," she called those who resided on her estates—and in this feeling Von Schelling shared.

His college education, and a year of travel in England and the United States, had worn off the prejudice of birth and caste; but Rudolph of Harstien was an aristocrat of the proudest and most uncompromising kind. With him blood and riches were all—humanity nothing.

There were many discussions of this question of the rights of the people among the visitors at Lynde Castle during the Summer, for the people were demanding a recognition of their rights by the titled classes, and perhaps the side that he took in these gave Von Schelling an easy admittance to the favored circle of the Lady of Lynde.

But there are always climaxes in the affairs of people, that bring matters to a swift conclusion, and so it was with them.

The Summer was gone, and the mellow days of Autumn spread their golden haze along the hills.

Already some of the guests had departed from Lynde to seek the gayeties of Munich, Dresden, and Vienna, and Idalia had given notice that she, too, would soon seek the stately mansion in Austria's capital, over whose portal were engraved the arms of the Counts of Lynde.

Still, among the few that lingered, as if loath to leave, were Rudolph of Harstien and Von Schelling; and though neither had spoken a word of love, each knew that the other was his rival, and so was determined not to leave an open field for the prosecution of his suit.

It was a bright day, in the middle of September, when Idalia proposed a gallop across the hills, to the ruins of an old abbey, seated in a deep and romantic valley, and her proposition was warmly seconded.

Soon the party were started, and as they rode along,

now in the broad golden glory of the sunshine, then in the deep shadow of the woods through which the road wound, ringing, silvery peals of merry laughter told of young and buoyant hearts.

Even Count Rudolph allowed some of his stately pride to bend, and for the time became affable and courteous.

At the crossing of a small stream, some peasant women were busy washing, and near them several children were playing, whilst the garments that were already cleansed lay bleaching on the grass that bordered the road.

Of the washers, Count Rudolph took no notice; and though Von Schelling and Idalia, followed by the rest of the party, made a slight detour, to allow their work-place to remain clear and undisturbed, he dashed directly through their midst, and, heedless of the damage he caused, forced his horse over the bleaching garments.

Neither did he stop when a playful little one came running along the greensward, and his horse, urged on, gave the poor child a blow with its hoof that flung it, sobbing with fear and pain, on the earth.

In an instant Von Schelling was beside it, and as his flashing eyes sought the face of Count Rudolph, he said, in a loud, clear voice:

"This is a shameful and brutal act!"

Idalia had also dismounted, and was soothing the mother, and assisting Von Schelling, who was busy binding up the bruised and mangled arm, and Count Rudolph sat immovable on his horse, gazing at them with a look of scorn and hatred in his dark, gloomy eyes.

Ere they had finished, he put spurs to his horse, and dashing back by the way they had come, was soon lost to sight.

Von Schelling had learned some little surgery, and this knowledge enabled him to say that no serious harm would come from Count Rudolph's act; and so, after distributing some golden coin, to atone in part for the wrong done, the party rode on, and visited the ruins.

But the pleasure of the day was gone, and long ere the sun began to decline they were on their way back to the castle.

On inquiring, they found that Count Rudolph had returned to the castle, and was even now within its walls; but as he did not mingle with them, they did not heed his near vicinity.

Duty called for the departure of Von Schelling, and that evening, whilst walking in a garden that lay to the south of the castle, he told his hostess of his approaching leave-taking.

"And are you really forced to go?" she said, as her large, dark-blue eyes shone with love, their full radiance meeting his, and filling his soul with a deep and passionate yearning. "I had hoped that you would be able to stay with us until our own departure was very near, and the knowledge that we should soon meet you in the city would make the separation less hard to bear."

Was he dreaming? Did she really regret his departure? Did she, the beautiful Lady of Lynde, standing before him in all her pride and loveliness, care for the unknown Baron von Schelling?

As he gazed on her, his eyes drinking in the picture, noting the mass of golden hair, the deep-blue eyes, the rich color of lip and cheek, the lithe and graceful form, his soul was filled with a wild ecstasy, and a longing to possess it all; yet he held his passion firm, and answered with words as calm as though no desire was burning within him:

"I did not think that the presence of Ernest von Schelling was of so much value in the eyes of the Lady of Lynde."

"A good and true man should be valued by all people."

He bowed, a proud look growing in his eyes.

"How can I thank you for your kind opinion?" he said.

"Simply by continuing to deserve it."

"I will strive to do so, and the knowledge that one so fair and good as you has taken an interest in me will help me."

"I shall always be proud to hear that my friend is doing well, and I feel sure that Ernest von Schelling will not belie my good opinion of him."

Oh, how he longed to take her in his arms and tell her of his love!

But would it be right?

He dared not look at her for fear the words would come, and he be unable to check them.

Yet, had he not a right to speak—the right that his brave manhood and his manly love gave him?

For a little while there was silence, and he stood looking out over the valleys and hills lying below them, a wistful longing in his eyes, and she watched him, a smile of encouragement and promise illumining her beauty.

Her womanly intuition had read what he would say, and her soul was ready to answer him.

As he turned his eyes toward her, they met this smile, and ere he could refrain from the act, his hands had grasped hers, and his eyes were searching her face, their longing growing more and more.

"Do you know what would make me successful in this—do you know what would make me a man, to be honored and respected by all?"

"What?"

"Your love. The knowledge that you would sympathize with and help me. Do you know how I love you—have loved you ever since we first met? Can you not see—have you not seen how my soul worships you? Oh, Idalia, Idalia! I must win you or lose you now, for I cannot wait!"

He stopped, for his love was so strong and pleading, that it filled him with a passion too deep for words.

She saw this, and her eyes softened with the shadow of tears, as her low, sweet voice questioned:

"And do you love me so much—so much?"

"Love you! There is naught but love of you in my soul. Darling, I love you so, that it would be a pleasure to die for you."

"And you will die ere you enjoy her love!" said the deep, cold voice of Rudolph of Harstien, and from the shadow of some shrubbery near which they had been standing, Count Rudolph strode forth. "Think you, Ernest, Baron von Schelling," he went on, in the same deep, cold tone, "that I did not hear or heed your words this morning? I heard them, and a Harstien never forgets or forgives. Ha! you think to win the fair Lady of Lynde, and enjoy your triumph; but I have not done with you yet. I have not commenced to show you how a Harstien can hate one who insults him or thwarts his plans."

He stood with folded arms, his scornful eyes sending their cold, cruel look toward the lovers.

Von Schelling met it with a gaze as scornful, cold and fearless, and Idalia, though she clung fondly to her lover, showed only pride and reliance in those deep eyes of hers.

Count Rudolph went on:

"The Baron von Schelling will be a man when the Lady of Lynde loves him. Was it manly to steal her love from me?"

"The Count of Harstien forgets himself—I never loved

THE TIFF.

him," said Idalia. "And perhaps," she went on, a bitter scorn in her voice, "he considers it manly to utter base falsehoods, and trample on helpless babes."

"The Count of Harstien will answer at another time. His day will come. Remember, Baron von Schelling, that a Harstien never forgets."

"I defy the whole race of Harstien to drive me from my love or turn me from my purpose," said Von Schelling. "So that the Lady Idalia loves me, I scorn the paltry spite and malice of Rudolph of Harstien!"

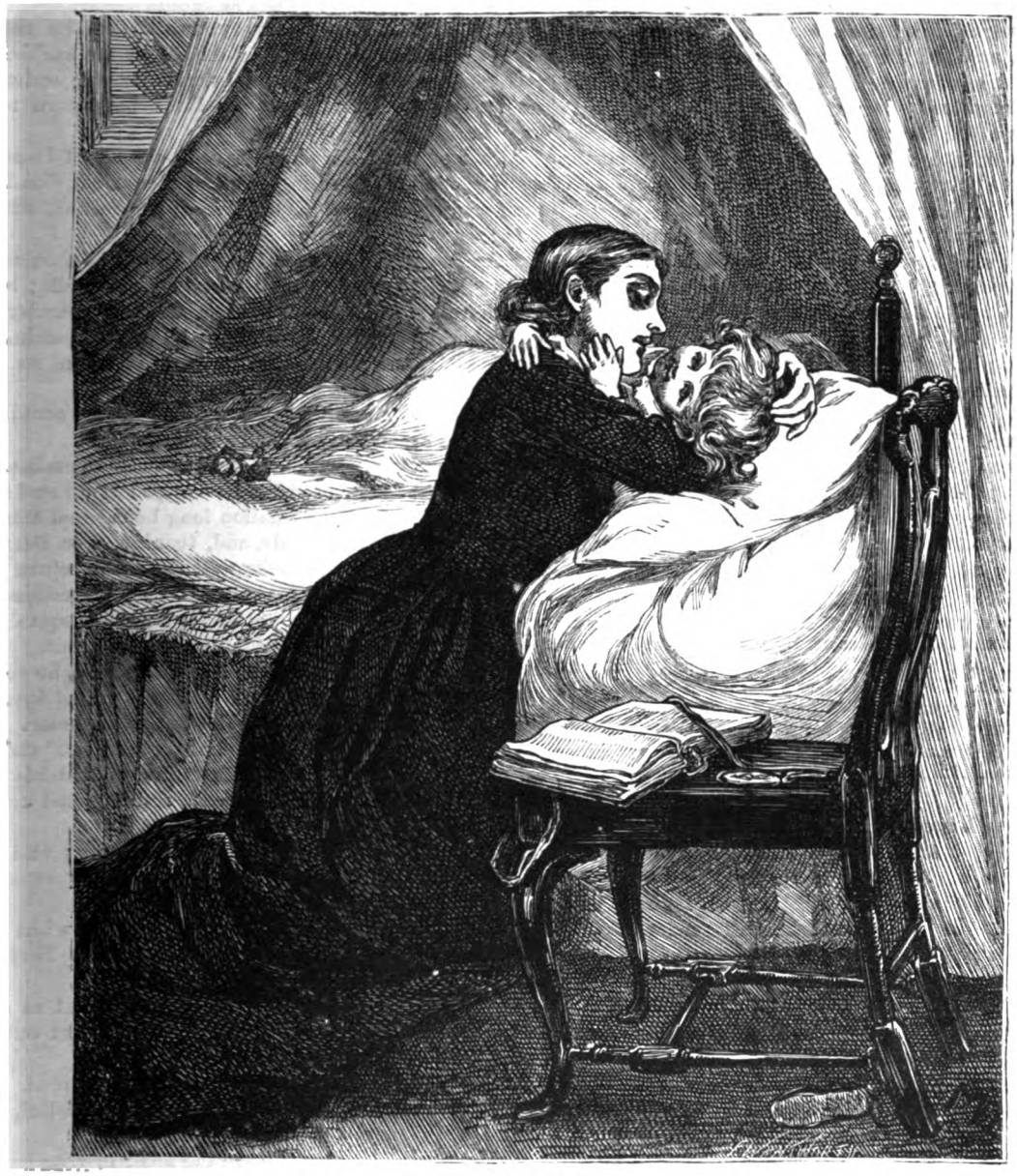
"And the Lady Idalia does love you—will ever love you, come what may!" and saying this, she drew closer to him, and let his arms enfold her. "You have our answers, Count of Harstien, and I bid you adieu;" and her eyes sought her lover's face, and there was love's sweet light o'erflowing them, making his soul supremely happy.

Count Rudolph gave them one more look of hate and malice—a look that Von Schelling met with his honest, fearless eyes; then he turned, and walked rapidly away.

"He will harm you, my darling, for he is an unprincipled man, and it is all for me;" and Idalia clung closely to Von Schelling.

"I care not for his hatred, and I would dare it a hundred times more to win your love. Fear not."

"And yet I distrust him. He has power at Court, and you may be torn away from me, and then I will be alone."



THE WAKING KISS.

"They can only order me to service, and a Von Schelling has friends, too, who will stand by him at his need. I have no fear, my darling," and the young man pressed a kiss on the mouth upturned to him.

Then, as they strolled up and down the flowery terrace, the sweet vows that are so dear were spoken, and the sharp clang of the dinner-bell surprised them in their walk.

On returning to the castle, they learned that Count Rudolph had ordered his horse an hour before, and leaving orders for his servant to bring on his luggage, had ridden

swiftly away to the west. The next day Von Schelling announced his departure, and as his leave had nearly expired, he was obliged to set out immediately.

"I shall meet you at Vienna," he said, as he pressed his lips to those of Idalia. "We shall only be parted for a little time; and how sweet it will be to meet, and enjoy our love!"

Then he, too, rode away toward the west, and Idalia watched him, a fond and happy smile on her face, a deep and loving light in her eyes.

She had determined to begin her journey in a week—only a short week, and then she would see him again, and hear his voice, and feel the pressure of his hand.

But a week is a long time for lovers to be apart, and in a week much harm and wrong can be done.

When he reached the capital, Von Schelling hastened to report his arrival at the quarters of his regiment; and as he entered the presence of his colonel, was saluted with:

"Why, baron, you are just the man I was inquiring about. Here are orders for you to proceed to St. Petersburgh with important dispatches. You are to set out immediately, and will await the pleasure of our embassador there."

Von Schelling bowed and withdrew.

He was as pale as death, and a fierce struggle was raging in his heart.

"It is his work," he murmured. "He thinks to lure me to desert, and thus become disgraced; but I will write to her, and trust that I may not be long detained."

Then he again sought his quarters to prepare for his journey, and found there a second cause for vexation and annoyance in the shape of a note from the Count of Harstien:

"Ernest, Baron von Schelling," it read, "you have been pleased to call an act of mine cowardly and brutal. You have been mean enough to rob me of the woman I love; and I call on you for satisfaction. To-day I start on a journey to Munich, but I shall return in two weeks, and at the expiration of that time I shall expect you to comply with my request; and on your refusal or neglect, from any cause, to afford it, I will brand you as a knave and a coward throughout the capital. My friend is Count of Arpaugh. RUDOLPH OF HARSTIEN."

"It is nicely planned, Count Rudolph, but I will foil you yet," said Von Schelling, whose ready brain was busy at work trying to find some way to thwart the purpose of the count. "Ah, I have it! I will take this letter to my colonel, and ask his advice, and he will render Count Rudolph's spleen harmless."

And acting on the thought, he once more sought the quarters of his commander, and showed him the letter.

When the colonel had finished reading it, he looked up at Von Schelling, and said:

"Well?"

"You cannot understand this, colonel, but I will soon make it plain." And Von Schelling narrated the occurrences of the last day at Lynde Castle, and concluded with, "And Count Rudolph is high in power at the Court, colonel, and knows that I must obey orders or be disgraced. He has had me ordered away, and then sends this letter; and, as I must go, he will do as he threatens, and I will come back to hear myself called a coward, and all of my friends and companions will shun me."

"Ah, ha! that is the count's game, is it? Well, my boy, I will become your proxy. If the count wishes to fight, and will not wait until you return, I will see that he is satisfied."

"But I do not wish to lead you into danger on my account, colonel."

"Tut, tut! there will be no danger. I will deal with Count Rudolph even as he has dealt with you. Sit down and write a note to Arpaugh, referring him to me, and go you to St. Petersburgh. Here are your dispatches; and, by-the-way, Von Bernstoff is the embassador there, and he is a friend of mine. I will write to him, explaining matters, and ask him not to detain you."

And the colonel sat down and wrote a letter to his friend, whilst Von Schelling framed his note to Count Arpaugh.

The next day he was on his way to St. Petersburgh, and as his orders were to call at certain places, and follow given routes, it was nearly two weeks ere he reached there; and when he did, he found that the embassador had gone on a journey to the interior, leaving orders for all messages or messengers to await his return to the capital.

It was a week before he returned—a week of impatient waiting for Von Schelling—but no sooner did Von Bernstoff read the letter of his old friend, the colonel, than he said:

"And so you wish to get back to Vienna as soon as possible. Well, I am directed to detain you a while; but as you have been detained a week, I shall consider that enough. To-morrow I will have all my dispatches finished, so be ready to set out on your return at an early hour."

Von Schelling bowed his thanks, and no one could have been more prompt in his arrangements.

He was ready at early dawn, and though the embassador had named the hour of eight, he was pacing up and down the entrance-hall of the legation long before that time.

The dispatches were ready, and, thanking Von Bernstoff for his kindness, Von Schelling set out on his return; and as no restrictions had been placed upon his movements, ere a week was passed he was in the Austrian capital, and had delivered his charge at the State Department.

Then, even before he reported to his colonel, he sought the residence of Idalia, and, with a heart full of love and hope, ran swiftly up the steps that led to her home.

To his question of "Is the Lady Idalia in?" the servant who had answered his call announced that his mistress had gone on a visit to a friend, residing just on the outskirts of the city.

"I will seek her there," said Von Schelling; and that he might quickly do so, he hastened to his quarters, to report his arrival to his colonel.

"What! back so soon!" said that officer when Von Schelling entered his presence. "Why, Von Bernstoff must have been ready for you."

"I was detained a week by his absence; but as soon as he returned, he gave me permission to set out for home."

"I am glad of it. Here is a letter for you to read. You will see by it that Count Rudolph has been foiled, and that he will meet you when you wish."

"Thank you. I will still leave the affair in your hands, merely asking that I may have to-day and to-morrow free?"

"You may; and as this is Monday, you must be ready to meet Count Rudolph on Wednesday, at any hour I may select."

"I will be ready."

"Good-by, then, until that time, and may fortune befriend you."

"Thank you;" and bowing, Von Schelling hastened to his quarters, where his horse stood waiting his arrival.

Mounting, he was soon speeding toward the place where Idalia was stopping.

A rapid ride of an hour brought him to the villa—a

large, modern building, seated amid a mass of trees and shrubbery.

As he rode up to the door, he noticed that the people of the house evinced an unusual activity, for they were hurrying hither and thither, and grief and consternation were plainly visible in their looks.

"What is the matter? And where is the Lady Idalia?" he asked of a liveried footman, who came up to hold his horse.

"Alas, sir, the Lady Idalia cannot be found!"

"Cannot be found? What mean you? Speak!" And Von Schelling's hand tightened on the man's arm with a grip that made him wince.

"Only, sir, that the Lady Idalia left the house this morning for a walk in the garden, and has not since been seen, even though we have searched for her. Her shawl was found in that part of the garden furthest from the house, and there were indications of a struggle near it."

In an instant Von Schelling's mind recalled Count Rudolph's threats.

"Has Count Rudolph of Harstien a residence near here?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir. He owns a villa some two miles further on."

"Tell your master that I would like to speak to him;" and taking the bridle of his horse from the man, he bade him hurry.

He was soon joined by the proprietor of the villa, and after a short response to his greeting, said:

"I hear that the Lady Idalia is missing. I have reason to think that she has been carried off to meet the kindly attentions of Count Harstien. Will you assist me to rescue her?"

"Impossible. The count would not dare."

"There is nothing that the Count of Harstien would not dare, so that by it he can accomplish his ends. But come with me, and I will tell you my reasons for thinking as I do whilst we are on the way."

"I will. Let me gather a few friends, for we may need help."

In a short time a dozen young and fearless men were hurrying along toward the villa of Count Rudolph, and as they rode rapidly between the trees and shrubs that bordered the way, Von Schelling told the friend of Idalia why he thought that Count Rudolph had abducted the Lady of Lynde.

In a little while they were skirting the high walls of a spacious park, and soon drew up before the entrance-gate.

A loud knock brought the porter from his lodge, and to their question, "Is the Count of Harstien here?" he answered in the negative, saying that a few hours before he had departed for the city. Then Von Schelling said:

"Open your gate—we would enter, and we are friends of the count."

"I have orders from him to let no one pass."

"We must pass. Do you not see that I am an officer of the Emperor? Refuse at your peril!" answered Von Schelling.

His tone of command and the sight of his uniform caused the porter to open the gate, and they rode up to the door of the villa.

"Perhaps it would be well to guard the house, so that none may have a chance to escape. Let four of our number watch the doors whilst the rest go with me to search the house," said Von Schelling.

This advice was adopted, and when the guards were stationed, the remainder of the party approached the entrance and demanded admittance.

They were again refused.

"It does look suspicious," said the gentleman at whose house Idalia had been stopping. "Why, if all is right, are we refused admittance?"

"All is not right," answered Von Schelling; and again the magical name of the Emperor was used, with the same success.

As they entered, Von Schelling turned to the servant who had opened the door, and in an authoritative voice demanded:

"Where is the lady who was brought here this morning?"

The man turned pale, and stammered out:

"There—was—no—lady—brought—here—sir."

"I wish no subterfuge. Where is the lady?"

His assurance and firmness subdued the servant, and he said:

"She is in the strong chamber; but oh, sir, I shall be murdered for telling you, for the Count Rudolph never forgives."

"I will protect you. Lead us to the place," said Von Schelling; and, following the steps of the trembling wretch, they were soon standing before a massive and heavily barred door.

"The key," said Von Schelling.

It was produced, and thrusting back the bolts and inserting the key, the door was loosened from its fastenings and flung open with an impatient hand, and, striding into the room, Von Schelling's searching look was met by the tear-wet, sorrowing eyes of Idalia, who, as soon as the dim light allowed her to recognize him, sprang forward with a joyful cry, and fainted in his embrace.

"He shall pay dearly for this, my darling," said Von Schelling—"the Count of Harstien shall pay very dearly for this;" and, followed by his companions, he hastily bore the form of Idalia along the passage, and down the broad stairway by which they had ascended to the open doorway.

The fresh air revived her, and Von Schelling asked her if she felt well enough to be moved.

"Yes, yes; take me away from this hateful place!" and a shudder ran through her form.

"You shall go immediately;" and raising her tenderly from the ground, Von Schelling seated her on his horse, and with many murmurs of contempt for Count Rudolph's perfidy and threatenings of revenge, the party set out on its return.

As they reached the gangway, which was standing open, Count Rudolph dashed up to it, and seeing them, reined in his steed with such a powerful jerk that the noble animal was thrown back on its haunches.

His look of surprise and menace was met by the firm, steady, defiant gaze of Von Schelling.

"You shall pay for this," he hissed; "yes, you will never forget the hatred of a Harstien."

"I despise both the Harstien and his hatred," answered Von Schelling.

"Be prepared for your death, for die you shall," said the count. "Ah, my fair Lady of Lynde, you have escaped me now, but you shall never enjoy the love of your gallant;" and putting spurs to his horse, he galloped away.

Idalia clung closely to Von Schelling.

"Take me home—take me to the city," she pleaded; "and oh, do not go near him, for he will kill you."

"Be not afraid; he will find a Von Schelling cannot be cast aside like a servant, or treated like one."

"But you will not be endangered? Oh, tell me that you are safe."

"I am safe, for Count Rudolph cannot do me harm."

"Keep away from him for my sake, dearest. I should

not be able to live thinking that I had brought you into danger."

Arrived at the villa at which she had been visiting, Idalia instantly prepared to return to the city, and, despite the solicitations of her friend, who pressed her to remain, set out, accompanied by Von Schelling and a number of the other guests, who were bound for the capital.

Von Schelling accompanied her to her home, and spent the remainder of the day and the evening with her, and on returning to his quarters found on the table of his apartment a note from his colonel, requesting that he would call on him early in the morning.

He did so, and found that officer ready to receive him.

"I was expecting you. You saw Count Rudolph yesterday?"

"I did."

"I thought so, for I received a visit from his friend Count Arpaugh, last evening, asking that you meet him to-day."

"I will meet him now, the scoundrel!"

"Ha! what has occurred?"

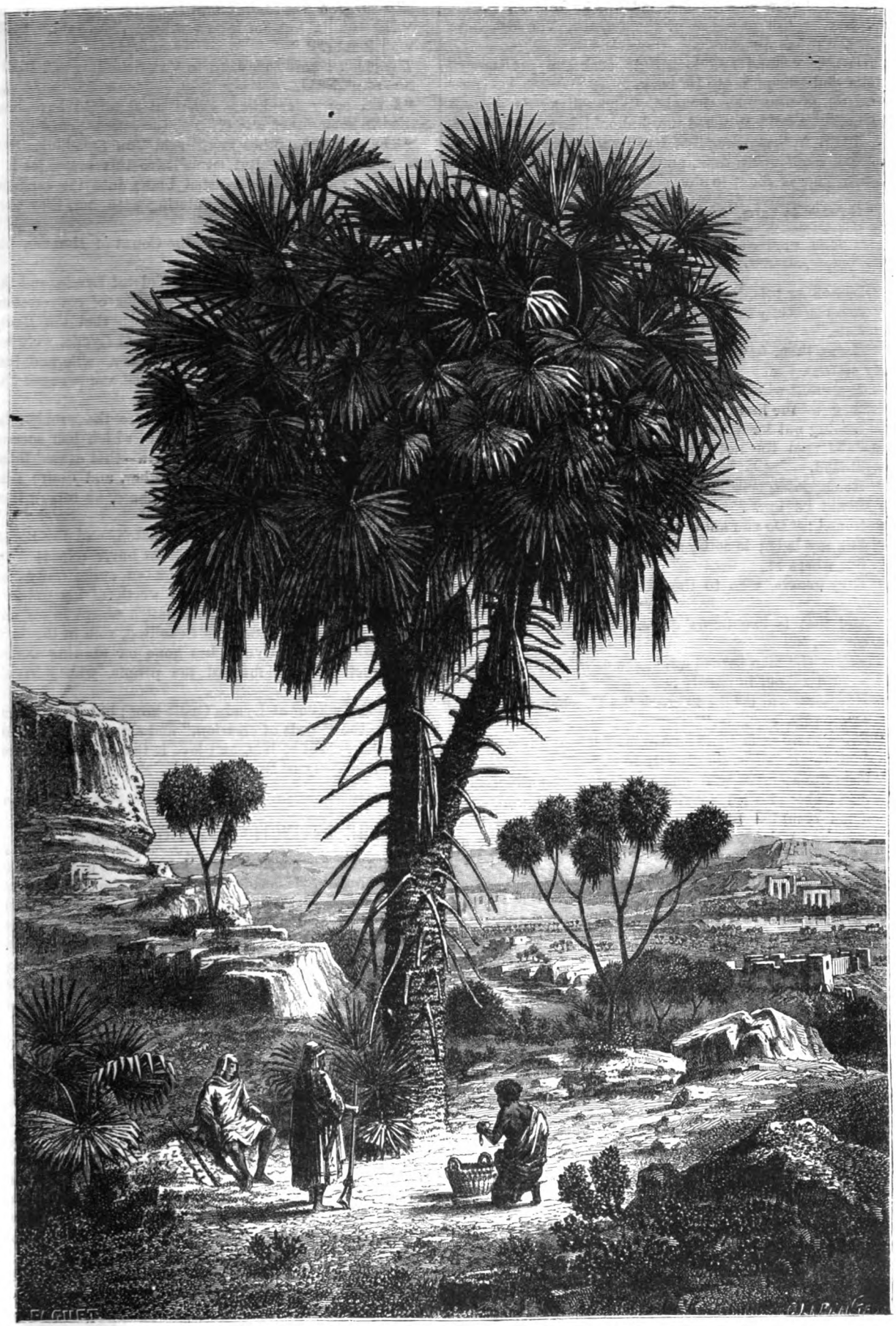
Von Schelling narrated the incidents of the previous day.

"My boy, you need not fight him unless you wish. He has put himself beyond the pale of honor."

THE PILLAGED NEST.

"But I do wish to fight him. I would avenge the wrong he has done to the Lady of Lynde. The villain! to dare to have base ruffians lay hands on her, and carry her a prisoner to his vile den. I would fight him now, if possible."

"You shall have the chance. In an hour return here; and, to guard against accidents, you had better leave instructions concerning what you wish done, for the justice of a cause does not always insure its victory."



AN AFRICAN PALM TREE.

"I will follow your advice, and will be here on time;" and leaving the presence of the colonel, Von Schelling returned to his quarters.

His soul desired and longed to seek the presence of Idalia, but reason kept him back.

"If I go now," he thought, "she will surely suspect the truth, and if she asked me, I should have to tell her. No, I will not see her; but I will write to her;" and he seated himself at his desk, and wrote a note, telling Idalia of what he was about to do.

"If I meet no harm," he said, at the close of it, "I will be with you this afternoon, my darling. If I am hurt, I will send you word. If no word comes, I will be dead. May God bless and keep thee, my dearest. Thine, with all love, VON SCHELLING."

Dispatching this, he sought the quarters of the colonel.

"Are you ready?" said that officer.

"I am."

"Come, then, for the sooner it is over the better;" and they set out.

The servant whom Von Schelling had sent with his note hastened to the house of Idalia, and met her just as she was coming out for a morning drive.

As she read the note, her eyes flashed and her color heightened.

"He is doing this for me," she murmured. "Oh! if he should be hurt!" Then turning to the servant, she questioned: "Do you know where your master has gone?"

"Yes, my lady; to settle an affair of honor."

"But where?"

"They generally go to the Boschen woods to arrange them."

"Ah! that is two hours' drive. There is no answer; you can go."

Then, as the man turned away, she called her coachman to her, and asked, hurriedly:

"How long will it take to reach the Boschen woods?"

"Two hours, my lady."

"Drive there as fast as you can, and if you know where the dueling-ground is, go directly to it."

"I do know, my lady;" and wondering why the Lady of Lynde should wish to visit the dueling-ground, the coachman mounted his box, and when his mistress had entered the carriage, drove rapidly toward the northern part of the city.

The colonel and Von Schelling had taken the same route, and a ride of two hours brought them to the woods, where, at a little inn, they found Count Rudolph, his friend, and a surgeon.

The preliminaries were soon arranged, and they sought the spot used for such encounters.

It was an open space, completely hemmed in by trees, save on one side, where the road just touched it.

The combatants were stationed, and the hatred in Count Rudolph's eyes made them seem like balls of flame.

Von Schelling was calm and stern. He was revenging an insult given to the woman whom he loved, and his soul was full of her wrong.

The colonel gave the words, "One! two! three!" As the last word was uttered a carriage dashed wildly on the scene.

Count Rudolph, startled by its coming, fired wild; but the ball of Von Schelling sought its mark with unerring aim, and the count sank senseless to the earth, just as the carriage-door was flung open, and Idalia, Lady of Lynde, sprang out.

Von Schelling hastened to meet her, and to her anxious inquiry of, "Are you harmed—are you hurt, my darling?" answered in the negative.

The surgeon was examining the count.

"He will die, but not for a few hours," he said. "The wound is mortal."

The colonel bore this word to Von Schelling and Idalia. She shuddered.

"I am sorry for him. Oh, that it might have been settled in some other way!"

"There was no other way," said Von Schelling. "It was my life or his. But let us leave this scene, for it is hateful to me;" and he assisted Idalia into the carriage, and the colonel and himself entering with her, they were driven back to the city.

Friendless and full of pain, the Count of Harstien lingered on a few days longer.

The story of his violence to the Lady of Lynde, and the punishment he had met, were the topics of conversation in the capital; and when it was known that the Baron Ernest von Schelling and Idalia, Lady of Lynde, were betrothed, it was acknowledged that it was a noble and just match, for had not the baron espoused and avenged the Lady Idalia's wrongs?

But it was the love that came before the wrong—the love that was as strong as death, and which had sprung from a knowledge of each other's worth—that caused these two young souls to cling to each other, and desire that life should have no joy they did not share, no sorrow that did not belong to both.

Truly it was a good and noble match, and the Baron von Schelling and his fair bride have never regretted it, for her love and wealth afforded him an opportunity and means to show the nobleness and worth of his nature; and whilst Count Rudolph of Harstien sleeps in an unhonored grave, the Baron von Schelling, rich in the love of the fair Lady of Lynde, has gone on winning honor and respect, and the love of the people, whose friend he is.

There is a master at Lynde Castle now; but shall I turn traitor to the "lords of creation," and say that the master has a ruler? Yet so it is, and love is that ruler—the love of the sweet Lady of Lynde.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE EAGLES.

A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows of the practical extinction of the bald-headed eagle from the Connecticut hills: "A pair of these birds have lived for many years in the vicinity of Bantam Lake, and visitors there were often delighted at the sight of them soaring high in air. One very clear day last August they came up to the village, and remained circling far above the flag-staff and West Park for nearly an hour at high noon. Groups collected upon the corners to admire them, as their changing positions brought the bright sunlight full upon their splendid white heads and magnificent wings. It was the first time several of our visitors had seen an eagle, and it was afterward remarked by them, 'What a beautiful sight these eagles were, above the village green.' Recently I read, with sorrow, that they had been 'shot at Bantam Lake'! So the last pair of eagles disappear from old Litchfield, and the species is now forever extinct here; there will never be any more of them. Their age was, no doubt, very great. The eagle does not come to maturity until five years old, and lives a long time. One died in Vienna after a captivity of 105 years. Who can tell how many scores of years this pair had kept watch over Bantam Lake? I know not who did it, but the shooting of them was a public calamity, and has forever deprived our village of a rare attraction."

HERO AND LEANDER.

I NEED not tell how Hero, when her light
Would burn no longer, pass'd that dreadful night;
How she exclaim'd, and wept, and could not sit
One instant in one place; nor how she lit
The torch a hundred times; and when she found
'Twas all in vain, her gentle head turn'd round
Almost with rage; and in her fond despair
She tried to call him through the deafening air.

But when he came not—when from hour to hour
He came not—though the storm had spent its power,
And when the casement, at the dawn of light,
Began to show a square of ghastly white,
She went up to the tower, and straining out
To search the seas, downward, and round about,
She saw, at last—she saw her lord indeed
Floating, and wash'd about, like a vile weed;
On which such strength of passion and dismay
Seiz'd her, and such an impotence to stay,
That from the turret, like a stricken dove,
With fluttering arms she leap'd, and joined her drowned love.

THE SEARCH AFTER PERPETUAL MOTION.

By PROFESSOR W. STEADMAN ALDIS, M.A.

THERE is something fascinating in motion. Half the pleasure of a healthy existence is derived from or connected with motion. The exhilarating rush of the skater through the frosty air down the long canal, or the gentle gliding with which he describes elegant curves on his carefully swept corner; the delight of a child in a swing, and of the youth in his bicycle, are all illustrations of this fact. To many persons a gallop on horseback is the best way of restoring the tone of the bodily system; and even the plunging of a yacht in the teeth of a northeaster is capable of becoming a source of pleasure. The worst of it is that the pleasure is for the most part short-lived, and that the exertion of keeping up the motion presently produces a weariness and pain which more than counterbalance the enjoyment. All the work of the world, too, as well as the play, is done by motion; but here the same rule comes in even more rapidly—the agent soon becomes weary of the work. Cannot we, perhaps, get perpetual motion without fatigue or exertion? and if not, why not? The question is analogous to another question popular among children, even among children of a larger growth: Cannot we eat our cake and have it? but yet for many ages it exercised the world with weary disputations and attempts to answer it in the affirmative. "Yes, we can—we shall—when I have added one more link to my machine," was the answer time after time from some solitary student of occult laws of nature in the Dark Ages. But the missing link never was added, the perpetual motion never came, and to-day we know—at least, all trained and scientific mechanicians know—that it never will come.

The search after perpetual motion has not been in all ages a fruitless one for mankind. The early attempts to effect a transmutation of baser metals into gold, while they failed of their main object, helped to lay the foundations of the science of chemistry. Unsuccessful efforts to square the circle, as it is popularly termed, or more correctly to discover by geometrical means a square whose area is exactly equal to that of a given circle, led mathematicians to many valuable geometrical facts. Similarly, the labors of mechanicians after a machine able to move for ever without external interference were not without results capable of being applied in the invention and construction of the spinning-jennies and power-looms of more modern times. The day for all these problems has long gone by; no one need now flatter himself that his energies can be usefully employed on their solution; but we must not therefore forget that we owe a debt of gratitude to the men who, in their blind devotion to an impossible idea, helped unconsciously to marshal the forces of science for the conquest of the world.

A student, taking up a modern treatise on mechanics, will find it stated as a first law of motion, that a moving particle will continue in motion with a uniform velocity for ever, unless its motion be checked by some external force. He will see in this law an apparent contradiction to our statement that perpetual motion is an impossibility. The contradiction is, however, merely on the surface, and disappears when we come to examine what was really sought by the mechanicians of the Middle Ages.

If we set a wheel to rotate round a horizontal axis whose ends rest on well-oiled supports, the wheel will go on turning for a long time. If the same wheel be made to turn in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, it will continue to move for a much longer time. If we could quite get rid of the friction of the axis and of the resistance of the air, the wheel, as far as we can tell, would go on for ever. This is in accordance with the law of motion quoted above. Suppose, however, we fasten a string to the axle of the wheel, so that, as the wheel turns, the string coils round it. Let us also put a small weight at the end of the string, and set the wheel in motion. As it revolves, the string coils round the axis, the weight ascends, and we shall see the speed of the wheel gradually diminish until presently it stops, and the next instant begins to turn in the opposite way, and continues to do so until it gets back to its first position. However well-oiled the bearings may be, the motion is no longer perpetual, the reason being that the weight hanging to the string exerts a force which tends to diminish the velocity of the wheel. We have, in fact, not been contented with letting the wheel move itself, which, if hindrances were removed, it might go on to do for ever, but have tried also to make it move something else, and that we find it refuses to do unless the force which started it be repeated at intervals. This latter is the kind of motion which was meant by the words "perpetual motion." What was wanted was not a luxurious ornament to go on ticking or rolling without affecting anything else, but a useful drudge which should do work without help and yet never stop—a kind of machine which we now know to be impossible.

The reason of this impossibility will appear from a few simple considerations of experience and theory.

If our student of mechanics goes on to read the treatise we have supposed in his hands, he will come across two more laws of motion. The first of these is, that the amount of motion produced in a body by a force is always greater or less in exact proportion to the force. If one player strike a cricket-ball with twice the force exerted by another player, the ball will start off in the first case with double the velocity which it has in the latter. The second law is, that when two bodies act on one another, the first must act on the second with an equal and opposite force to that with which the second acts on the first. Thus, if a cart is drawn along a road by a horse, the horse is pulled backward by the cart with exactly the same force as the cart is pulled forward by the horse. When a man jumps upward he kicks the earth downward with the same force as the earth, so to speak, kicks him upward. The man moves a good way up, and the earth does not perceptibly move at all, because the earth is so much larger than the man. The amount of motion which, spread over the body of the man, gives a sensible velocity to each

particle, is quite imperceptible when diffused through the whole mass of the earth.

One effect of these laws is, that if any body in motion be employed to impart motion to another, it can only do so by giving up some of its own motion. For the first body must pull the second with a certain force in order to move it; the second must pull the first backward with the same force, and must, therefore, diminish the motion of the first by the exact amount by which its own is increased. Perpetual motion without a perpetual supply of force from some external source is as impossible in the case of a body employed as a motor, as it is to keep a purse well filled while continually spending and never putting in a fresh supply of money.

Modern experimental science has given us many new methods of producing motion. The heat of a fire operating on water compels the piston of a steam-engine to move with the regularity of clockwork, and with more than the strength of a giant. The action of an acid on a metal has been made to produce both heat and light, and motion. Even the mysterious something which gives the loadstone its attractive power, and directs the mariner's needle to the pole, has been made to yield the same. Electricity, magnetism, heat, motion, chemical action, have been shown by many experiments to be each deducible the one from the other. We might imagine that possibly the secret of perpetual motion is in our hands from some interchange of these forces. But, alas for our hopes! experiment has shown that a given quantity of any one of these forms of what is called "energy" will never yield more than a given quantity of any other; and that by whatever cycle we pass from the first form back to the same again, the final result is less than that from which we started — part of the original energy having spent itself in wearing out the machinery, or heating the air.

HERO'S WATCH FOR LEANDER.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 475.

If a machine, then, be employed to do work, as, for instance, to set in motion a body not moving, to begin with, some part of the energy of the machine must be continually spent, and apparently lost. The steam-engine, as it lifts stroke by stroke its load of water from the mine, uses up for each stroke the heat in a certain quantity of coals. The maintenance for each minute of the brilliant electric light requires the destruction of a definite amount of fuel, or the consumption of a given quantity of metal by an acid. Nothing for nothing is nature's motto in all these matters. By our machinery we can turn energy or motion of one kind into energy of any other; but we cannot create it out of nothing. Even the pleasant motions to which we referred at the beginning of this paper are cases in point, for the human body is a machine which rapidly loses its energy if unfed. Man cannot work, or even play, unless he be supplied with internal heat by means of the food he consumes—heat which has originally come from the sun, and lodged itself in the plants which serve as food for beasts and men. It is to the stores of energy thus imparted to the earth by the sun acting on the growing trees in the ages when our coal-measures were formed, or acting on the earth to-day and forming the herbs which feed us now, that we must look for the possibility of getting *practically* perpetual motion. As long as our coal-beds remain unexhausted, we need never fear but that we shall be able to draw out the heat from that great storehouse, and turn it into motion as we will. What shall happen to the inhabitants of the earth when the collier shall no longer be able to win coal is a problem "beyond the range of practical politics."

THE higher the head, the humbler the heart.

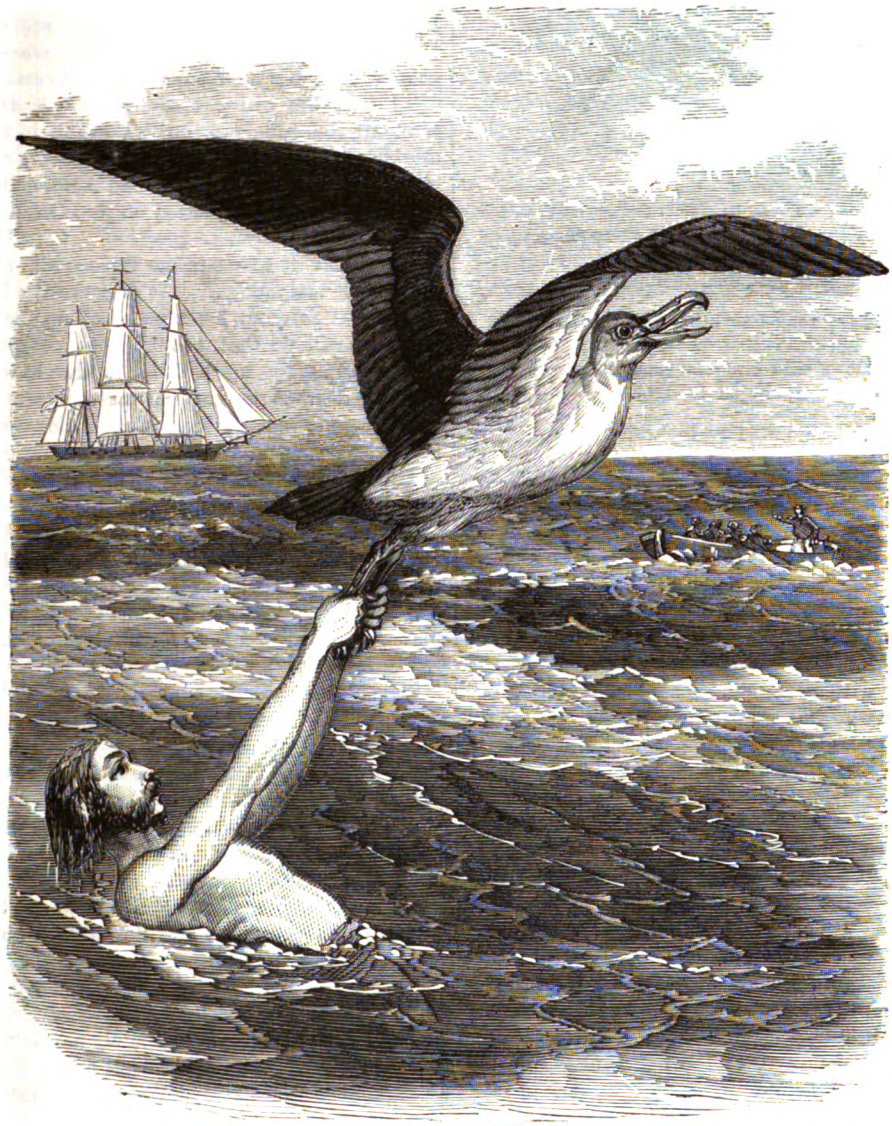
A TIMELY RESCUE.

One of the most singular escapes from drowning at sea perhaps ever recorded, is related in the letter of an officer in a British regiment, addressed to friends in Canada some years since.

While the division to which the writer belonged was on its way to Orient, being at that time a short distance eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, one of the men was ordered, for some trifling offense, to be severely flogged. Irritated to madness by the disgrace of the punishment, and by the cruelty with which it was administered, the poor fellow was no sooner released from the cords which had bound him, than he ran to the bulwarks of the vessel, and, before the ship's crew and his soldier comrades, sprang overboard.

The vessel was at the time making rapid way, with a high sea running, so that, as the man swept astern, all hope of saving him appeared to be at an end.

Assistance came, however, from a quarter which the spectators could scarcely have anticipated. While the crew were vainly endeavoring to lower the boat, which, as generally happens, proved no easy matter, a huge bird was seen in the distance to swoop down upon the struggling man. As the form of the man grew more indistinct in the distance, it seemed fluttering over him, as if puzzled by the unusual object.



A TIMELY RESCUE.

By the time the vessel had put about, and the boat, which had at length been lowered, was approaching, the bird was seen to be a huge albatross, which had descended upon the struggling soldier, doubtless to prey upon the body; but the man, in the agonies of his struggle, had instinctively seized the bird firmly, and retained his grasp in spite of the embarrassment of the creature and its strenuous efforts to release itself. In this position his comrades found him, and finally restored him safely to the vessel.

"Incredible as this story seems," says the original narrator, "the name and position of the writer of the letter, who was an eye-witness of the scene, sufficiently attest its truth."

SNEEZING.

"God bless you!" is the common expression of Europeans when you sneeze in their presence—sneezing having been considered in ancient times the result of a demoniac possession, to avert the evil influences, they invoke a blessing. But the true philosophy of a sneeze is set forth in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly* under the title, "What is a Cold?" The whole of it is worth reading, but we have only room to transcribe what relates to sneezing. "Sneezing in catarrh is a method nature adopts to stimulate the prostrate nervous centre, and thus enable it to reassert its proper control over the blood supply to the part; indeed, it will be found that the effects of being exposed to a draft of cold air are often completely destroyed by a succession of sneezes. Of course, nature does not always immediately succeed in these efforts; but, when she does not, the shock from which the nervous centre suffers gradually passes away, and the blood-vessels come under the control of the little nerves which regulate their calibre, and so the catarrh disappears in a few hours, or at most in a few days. It sometimes happens that the shock from the cold air acting upon the nervous centre is of such severity that the consequent inflammation is intense enough to check the secretion of mucus altogether, and in consequence the mucous membrane is dry as well as inflamed, and the suffering very much intensified."

AUTUMNAL TWILIGHT.

By James T. Mitchell.

In the horizon sinks the sun,
While o'er his face, when day is done,
Coy as the vail o'er blushing nun,
Hangs the autumnal twilight.

The curling mist lies o'er the stream,
Hazy and dim as a twilight dream,
And like the mist round sunset's beam
Hovers the autumn twilight.

The mountains shade the valley wide,
Night's shadowy wings the distance hide,
But glowing and bright on the sunset side
Glimmers the autumn twilight.

Now sits September 'neath the trees,
Wooing the coy autumnal breeze;
Through the dim forest-aisles he sees
The bright autumnal twilight.

Then comes October to pluck red leaves;
While for the dying flowers he grieves,
A crown of yellow ferns he weaves
For the pale autumnal twilight.

Nature's gay songsters tune their throats,
Far through the fading forest floats
The music of wild birds' farewell notes
To the sad autumnal twilight.

Loud moans the wind on the wintry shore,
The sparkling frost is white and hoar,
And flitting at eve is seen no more
The lost autumnal twilight.

HOW THEY CLIMBED THE MOUNTAIN.

A YOUNG man sat by the window of a hotel in Interlaken; he chatted whiles with a rough, muscular-looking man, who was strapping a knapsack, testing the strength of the several alpenstocks, and preparing the kit of a mountain tourist.

"There, sir," he said, in rather queer English, "the things are ready, and to-morrow at the red of the day I will knock to the door."

"Very good, Pierre, I will be up and waiting for you. Good-night!"

And Pierre, lifting his hat with the stereotyped "*Gute Nacht, schlafen Sie wohl,*" of the German peasant, clattered in his hob-nailed shoes down the stairs.

"A fine, handsome fellow, that Pierre," said to himself the young man, Arthur Dunbar by name. "It is a pity that he should come to grief, as he certainly will some day, in the *crevasse*—he is brave almost to recklessness. Well," he continued, as he arose and stretched himself, "there is nearly a whole day of idleness for you, Arthur Dunbar—what will you do with yourself?"

He looked out of the window as he spoke, and under a great chestnut-tree, where the sunlight fell in fitful, dancing gleams, a pretty picture presented itself to him—a white-haired old man, with a handsome but perhaps weak face, sat reading his paper; near him a girl, as beautiful as a dream, tapped her foot impatiently on the turf.

Her finely-molded form showed to advantage in a traveling-costume, and a little Alpine hat with a black cock's feather and a bunch of edelweiss adorning one side, sat jauntily on her hair. Her face looked almost cross just at that moment, and she twitched her shoulder impatiently toward the third member of the party, a little figure bending over a sketch. The face appertaining to the said little figure was almost hidden under a sun-hat with a drooping brim—only a bit of fair cheek and chin peeped from under it.

"A rare beauty, that dark girl," thought Arthur; "and the other one, too, ought to have a sweet face, if one can judge from the white neck and dimple, which is, unfortunately, all that tarletan monstrosity permits one to see. I will investigate further, and some lucky chance may bring about an acquaintanceship."

He threw away his cigar, and descending into the garden, took one of the many chairs scattered under the chestnut-trees. The trio, however, scarcely noticed his propinquity, but continued their conversation.

"Papa," the girl was saying, "it is true no lady has been up the Jungfrau, but we could do it, I know. You might trust us, with good guides and my maid. It is simply unbearably stupid here, and Anice persists in sketching as if her life depended on it. Oh, do, please, let me do as I wish!"

"My dear, it seems to me you usually do as you wish," said papa, resignedly. "It is you who brought us here, and if you set your heart on climbing a mountain, I suppose you will do that, too."

The girl sprang up, and her forehead cleared.

"Oh, dear papa, that means a consent, does it not? We will go to-morrow morning. Anice, you tiresome girl, why are you not more delighted?"

The tarletan atrocity was raised, disclosing a little rosebud of a face, and a voice replied, softly:

"I am glad if you are pleased, Margie dear."

"Now to find a guide," said Miss Margie, "with a character composed of intrepidity and caution, and a list of recommendations so long as to satisfy even you, dear, timorous papa; and then for the terrible task of preparing Jane's mind for the terrors in store for her."

"My dear, leave the important part of the preparations to me. Oh, why was it my fate to have an enterprising daughter!"

"Now, papa, don't be cross, there's a dear. We will come back covered with glory, and you will tell of our exploits, when we are back in England, with the greatest relish. Come, Anice," and the two girls disappeared arm-in-arm through a doorway.

Arthur Dunbar sat for a while in deep cogitation.

"It would be quite a lark," muttered he at last, and he, too, rose and departed.

He sought Pierre where he was usually to be found, drinking beer in a neighboring *wirthshaus*, and laid before him the plan that he had so lately conceived.

He proposed offering himself as guide to the party of English girls who were to attempt the ascent of the Jungfrau the next day, and Pierre must extol his merits to the skies.

"Remember," was his parting admonition, "I am not to know any English, and be sure you make a good bargain for yourself with the *herr Englander*."

Pierre growled at the suggestion of the female element on a perilous trip, and muttered, under his breath:

"They will not go far, but will scream when they are asked to climb a ladder, and have hysterics at the first *crevasse* to be met with."

* * * * * *

The morning gleamed faintly, and disputed possession of crags and rocks, one by one, with the gloom of night, until it reached the Aar, rushing along on its way to join the Rhine; then crossing, leaving a train of jewels as it

went, awoke the two girls so peacefully dreaming in the big hotel, and told them with a warm kiss to arise.

Assembled about the door was an array of friends and servants, who waved to the travelers *adieux*, and gave final injunctions until the rattle of the carriage drowned their voices.

Arthur, who, to avoid the risk of detection by any chance acquaintance, had gone on in advance, was overtaken as he strode along the road. His pliant, well-knit figure was not disguised by the rough suit he wore, and his face, in spite of his efforts to assume a stolid expression, was handsome, although framed in disarranged hair, and surmounted by a drooping-brimmed hat.

Pierre had explained that his comrade was a silent, shy sort of fellow, but the hero of many an Alpine adventure, and of well-known courage.

Arthur felt a tinge of shame when the two ladies discussed freely many little particulars of their affairs, or commented on their attendants, under the impression that they could not be understood.

"Pierre," said Miss Margie, "what did you say was the name of your assistant? He is not a bad-looking fellow."

"Hans," said Pierre, after a moment's hesitation, for the important point of naming the pseudo-guide had been forgotten.

"The fellow might have hit upon a higher-sounding cognomen," thought Arthur.

"Pierre, is he always as sullen as he looks now?" she went on, for Arthur, in his efforts to assume a stupid air, had succeeded only in looking cross, as he noticed Miss Margie's glance directed toward him.

"Well—perhaps not," answered Pierre.

"Hang the fellow!" was Arthur's comment to himself.

"Margie," said the soft voice of Anice, "I think he seems much superior to his position; do you not notice his fine forehead and well-shaped hands?"

"Now, Anice, don't concoct a romance about a common Swiss peasant; he is probably at this moment regretting the *frau* he has left, who has washy blue eyes and faded braids of tow-colored hair, or looking forward to the time when, by overcharging foreigners for his services, as he has us, he can retire from this perilous calling, and set up a beer-garden or a hotel. All good Swiss think Paradise a place of many hotels which are never empty, I am sure."

Arthur pictured himself a paunchy landlord bowing to a fresh importation of victims, or adding every imaginable item to bills already too long, and a laugh had to be smothered in a bad fit of coughing.

"Poor man," said Anice, "he seems to be suffering; ask him, Pierre, if he would like a bottle of wine."

"Hans," called Pierre, in *patois*, "be sure not to refuse."

"Yoh, yoh," grinned Hans, and he dismounted from the coachman's box to receive from Anice's fair hand a bottle of sherry.

"Anice Heathcote," said Margie, "if that's the way you begin to indulge such people, they will expect champagne next."

"Margie, dear, he was coughing—perhaps his life of exposure has injured his health."

"Bah!" was the sole reply Miss Margie deigned as the carriage rolled on.

Along the brimming river, through tall firs, with here and there a châlet in its patch of cultivated ground, they passed.

Anice gave *sous* to horn-blowers, to peasant children who ran beside the horses and brushed flies from their legs with fragrant bunches of walnut-trees, to decrepit old men, deformed and hideous women. Her gracious manner and sweet face touched even the misogynist heart of Pierre; as for Arthur, he sat as if struck by enchantment, and knew already that here was his ideal woman. He hated the captious, domineering Margie, who had beguiled Anice to undertake an enterprise so foolhardy, but found a grain of comfort in Pierre's prophecy, "They will not go far."

They reached the first glacier, and Pierre, laden with ladders, picks, ropes, and all the formidable paraphernalia, followed by the others, began its ascent. Anice's cheek was blanched as she patiently toiled along, but Margie climbed recklessly from one icy point to another.

Pierre warned her more than once to choose her steps more carefully, but the young woman had never in her life heeded the words of others, and was contemptuously indifferent to his suggestions.

Several yawning chasms had been passed with safety. Jane, the maid, a big, heavy-limbed English girl, had at first refused to risk her valuable life on a ladder, and was only induced to take the first hazardous step by a winning smile and a pressure of the hand from Pierre.

As time went on, Arthur began to think he had underrated the ability of the young ladies, when a cry from Pierre sent a shiver of horror through him. He hurried to the brink of a *crevasse*, where Jane stood, wringing her hands, and Pierre, usually so ready in emergencies, was gazing helplessly with whitened face into its depths. Arthur looked, and, almost beyond his range of vision, two figures lay in a confused mass on a ledge of ice.

"Good God!" he cried out. "Quick, Pierre—the ropes! I will go down!"

"It is death," said Pierre.

"The ropes—the ropes, for heaven's sake!" repeated Arthur.

Pierre hesitated no longer, but made the necessary preparations for lowering him, and, when all was ready, helped him over the jagged edge, with a heart-felt "Lord be with you!"

Nothing broke the awful stillness as Arthur swung on the end of the rope, catching now and then a momentary foothold in snow or crevice, and sinking lower and lower, until, after a time that seemed an eternity, he reached the place where the two girls were lying. A bed of snow had so broken their fall that, excepting numerous bruises, they were unhurt.

Arthur first tied Anice securely in a noose, although she begged that Margie might go first, and then, after signaling to Pierre, the rope began slowly to ascend with the helpless burden.

She reached the top safely, and then Margie, in the same way, but with infinite pains, was brought half fainting to the surface.

When Arthur's turn came, he, too, was lifted to where an anxious group was waiting for him. Pierre put both his arms around him, and the tears ran down his cheeks as he pointed to the rope lying, serpent-like, on the snow.

Then Arthur saw that the rope had worn away to one feeble strand, and that his life had literally hung upon a thread.

Margie lay motionless still, while Jane bent over her, wailing and moaning, but doing little toward restoring her mistress to consciousness. Anice, although trembling and scarcely able to stand, was trying to force a little brandy between her cousin's colorless lips.

Pierre took a handful of snow and rubbed it rather mercilessly on the upturned face, saying, in a grumbling undertone, "It was all her fault," and then told Arthur in a few words how Miss Margie had gone too near the edge of

a *crevasse* a moment after he had warned her to be careful, and, feeling herself slipping, had seized Anice, and dragged her, too, into the chasm.

The insensible girl, in the meantime, had gradually recovered, and was able to descend the path she had recently so boldly ascended.

She had still spirit enough to desire to continue the undertaking; but, as both guides refused to accompany her, there was nothing for her to do but to accept the situation.

A silent procession, they reached the valley, and waited there for Pierre to go in search of a vehicle to take them back to Interlaken.

Arthur, seeing Anice's glance resting on him with a questioning, puzzled look in it, obeyed an unspoken command, and sat down near her.

"You spoke to us in English," she said, "when you came to save us. Let me tell you how very grateful I am. But why have you deceived us? You are a gentleman, and gentlemen do not place themselves in a false position."

"Forgive me, Miss Heathcote. It was a freak for which I owe you an apology. Can you forgive the deceit, and let me call myself your friend? I do most earnestly beg for the privilege, for I have seen the worth and loveliness of your character."

"I cannot refuse so small a favor to one who has imperiled his life for my cousin and me," said Anice.

"For you, Miss Heathcote—I thought only of you. I might have tried to aid any one in great danger, but of you alone I thought, and for you alone I prayed. Oh, Miss Heathcote, dare I tell you that in that supreme moment I knew there was but one woman in the world I loved?"

"Oh, do not say that, I pray you. You must not! I am betrothed to an English gentleman, Sir Alfred Spencer, and in three months I am to be married."

"And you love him?" breathlessly broke in Arthur.

Anice was silent, but her face told all.

"You shall not marry him! It is a sin! Even if you can find no word of comfort for me, you shall not be sacrificed."

"It must be so—I have pledged my word, and will keep it," was the solemn reply.

"God help us both!" said Arthur, and he turned away with a helpless, tired feeling that was not to leave him for many a long day.

A drive through the vale brought the party at last to their hotel, and Margie, to escape comment, shut herself up in the seclusion of her rooms. Anice sought one last interview with Arthur, to tell him again of their never-to-be-forgotten gratitude, and he felt sure that in her gentle eyes he could read a confession of her interest in him.

"Here is my address," he said. "Tell me when all is over, and I am to think of you as the victim of a mistaken sense of honor—a good woman doing a great wrong from the very goodness and purity of her heart."

"I cannot break my word," she said, as she went away.

Soon after Margie, her indulgent papa, the substantial Jane, and Anice, pale and heavy-eyed, left Interlaken to seek their native shores.

Arthur lingered about the place made dear to him by the remembrance of his short, ill-starred love, and then he crossed the ocean and tried to find in his own country peace and happiness.

One morning, so cool, so calm, so bright that it seemed

WISE OR OTHERWISE.

MAMMA—"*If you neglect your books for your doll, Edith, you'll grow up a sadly ignorant woman.*"
EDITH—"*I don't care. Pa says, 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'*"

HOW THEY CLIMBED THE MOUNTAIN.—"NOTHING BROKE THE AWFUL STILLNESS AS ARTHUR SWUNG ON THE END OF THE ROPE, CATCHING NOW AND THEN A MOMENTARY FOOTHOLD, AND SINKING LOWER AND LOWER."

to forbid even the saddened heart to indulge in repining, Arthur sauntered along his garden-path, and thought of Anice far off in her English home. A bit of paper fluttered at his feet. In idle curiosity he picked it up, and there, blurred by rain and scarcely legible, he read an announcement of the marriage of Sir Alfred Spencer to Miss Margie Dunraven.

The letters danced before his eyes, but in a few moments his resolution was formed—he would go to England and hear from Anice Heathcote herself an explanation of what he had just learned.

The ship seemed to creep on its way—at least so thought one impatient passenger—although she was a powerful vessel, and sped across the sea with favoring winds.

The chalk cliffs of England were a welcome sight to Arthur Dunbar's eyes; and then even the express train from Liverpool to an inland county could not satisfy the craving for haste that possessed him.

At the lodge-gate of an ivy-covered wall a muslin-clad figure appeared, with dainty, familiar step.

Arthur, alighting from his carriage, approached the figure with extended hand, and Anice Heathcote laid her little warm one in it, and did not struggle to withdraw it.

"I felt you would come," she said, while tears stole down her cheeks.

"And Sir Arthur Spencer?"

"Ran away with my cousin Margie, and was married a fortnight before our wedding was to have taken place."

"The Lord bless him!" fervently ejaculated Arthur. "And you, Anice, will come to America to bless me?"

"Yes, to love you all my life—the life you gave back to me."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By Richard H. Hutton.

Sir Walter Scott was the first literary man of a great riding, sporting and fighting clan. Indeed, his father—a Writer to the Signet, or Edinburgh solicitor—was the first of his race to adopt a town life and a sedentary profession. Sir Walter was the lineal descendant—six generations removed—of that Walter Scott commemorated in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," who is known in border history and legend as Auld Wat of Harden. Auld Wat's son William, captured by Sir Gideon Murray, of Elibank, during a raid of the Scotts on Sir Gideon's lands, had, as tradition says, his choice between being hanged and marrying the ugliest of Sir Gideon's three daughters, Meikle-mouthed Meg, reputed as carrying off the prize of ugliness among the women of four counties. Sir William was a handsome man. He took three days to consider, but chose life with the large-mouthed lady in the end; and found her, according to the tradition which the poet, her descendant, has transmitted, an excellent wife, with a fine talent for pickling the beef which her husband stole from the herds of his foes. Meikle-mouthed Meg transmitted a distinct trace of her large mouth to all her descendants, and not least to him who was to use his "meikle" mouth to best advantage as the spokesman of his race.

Rather more than half-way between Auld Wat of Harden's times (*i.e.*, the middle of the sixteenth century) and those of Sir Walter Scott, poet and novelist, lived Sir Walter's great-grandfather, Walter Scott, generally known in Teviotdale by the surname of "Beardie," because he would never cut his beard after the banishment of the Stuarts, and who took arms in their cause and lost by his intrigues on their behalf almost all that he had, besides running the greatest risk of being hanged as a traitor. This was the ancestor of whom Sir Walter speaks in the introduction to the last canto of "Marmion":

> "And thus my Christmas still I hold,
> Where my great-grandsire came of old,
> With amber beard and flaxen hair,
> And reverend apostolic air—
> The feast and holy tide to share,
> And mix sobriety with wine,
> And honest mirth with thoughts divine;
> Small thought was his in after time
> E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme,
> The simple sire could only boast
> That he was loyal to his cost;
> The banish'd race of kings revered,
> And lost his land—but kept his beard."

Sir Walter inherited from Beardie that sentimental Stuart bias which seemed to be rather part of his blood than of his mind. Beardie's second son was Sir Walter's grandfather, and to him he owed not only his first childish experience of the delights of country life, but also that speculative and sanguine spirit which had so much influence over his fortunes. The good man of Sandy-Knowe, wishing to breed sheep, and being destitute of capital, borrowed thirty pounds from a shepherd, and the two set off to purchase a flock; but when the shepherd had found what he thought would suit, he returned to find his master galloping about on a fine hunter, on which he had spent the whole capital. *This* speculation, however, prospered. A few days later, Robert Scott displayed the qualities of the hunter to such effect, that he sold the horse for double the money he had given, and abandoned speculative purchases there and then.

In the days of his clouded fortunes, Sir Walter was accustomed to point to the picture of his grandfather, and say: "Blood will out: my building and planting was but his buying the hunter before he stocked his sheep-walk, over again." But Sir Walter added, says Mr. Lockhart, as he glanced at the likeness of his own staid and prudent father, "Yet it was a wonder, too, for I had a thread of the attorney in me;" which was doubtless the case. Nor was that thread the least of his inheritances, for from his father certainly Sir Walter derived that disposition toward conscientious, plodding industry, legalism of mind, methodical habits of work, and a generous, equitable interpretation of the scope of all his obligations to others, which stamped his genius with so grand an impress of personal magnanimity and fortitude.

Sir Walter says, in one of his later journals, that his father was a man of fine presence, who conducted all conventional arrangements with a certain grandeur and dignity of air, and "absolutely loved a funeral." He used to say that his father had lost no small part of a very flourishing business, by insisting that his clients should do their duty to their own people better than they were themselves at all inclined to do it.

Sir Walter's mother, a Miss Rutherford, the daughter of a physician, had been better educated than most Scotch women of her day. She was a motherly, comfortable woman, with much tenderness of heart, and a well-stored, vivid memory. Sir Walter, writing of her, after his mother's death, to Lady Louisa Stewart, says: "She had a mind peculiarly well stored with much acquired information and natural talent; and as she was very old, and had an excellent memory, she could draw, without the least exaggeration or affectation, the most striking pictures of the past age. If I have been able to do anything in the way of painting the past times, it is very much from the studies with which she presented me. She connected a long period of time with the present generation, for she remembered, and had often spoken with, a person who

perfectly recollected the battle of Dunbar and Oliver Cromwell's subsequent entry into Edinburgh." On the day before the stroke of paralysis which carried her off, she had told Mr. and Mrs. Scott of Harden, "with great accuracy, the real story of the Bride of Lammermuir, and pointed out wherein it differed from the novel. She had all the names of the parties, and pointed out (for she was a great genealogist) their connection with existing families."

Sir Walter records many evidences of the tenderness of his mother's nature, and he returned warmly her affection for himself. His executors, in lifting up his desk the evening after his burial, "arranged in careful order a series of little objects, which had obviously been so placed there that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks. These were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilet, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room; the silver taper-stand, which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee; a row of small packets inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring that had died before her; his father's snuff-box and etui-case, and more things of the like sort."

Walter Scott, the ninth of twelve children, of whom the first six died in early childhood, was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. At the age of eighteen months the boy had a teething-fever, ending in a life-long lameness; then the child was sent to reside with his grandfather, at Sandy-Knowe, near the ruined tower of Smailholm, in the neighborhood of some fine crags. To these crags the housemaid used to carry him up, with a design (which she confessed to the housekeeper)—due, of course, to incipient insanity—of murdering the child there, and burying him in the moss. Of course the maid was dismissed. After this the child used to be sent out, when the weather was fine, in the safer charge of the shepherd, who would often lay him beside the sheep. Being forgotten one day upon the knolls when a thunderstorm came on, his aunt ran out to bring him in, and found him shouting "Bonny! bonny!" at every flash of lightning. One of the old servants at Sandy-Knowe spoke of the child long afterward as "a sweet-tempered bairn, a darling with all about the house," and certainly the miniature taken of him in his seventh year confirms this. It is sweet-tempered above everything, and only the long upper lip and large mouth, derived from his ancestress, Meg Murray, convey the promise of the power which was in him.

Scott's hair in childhood was light chestnut, which turned to nut brown in youth. His eyebrows were bushy; his eyes light blue. They had in them a capacity, on the one hand, for enthusiasm, sunny brightness, and even hare-brained humor, and on the other for expressing determined resolve and kindly irony. In spite of his lameness, he early taught himself to clamber about with an agility that few could surpass, and to sit his first pony—a little Shetland. He became very early a declaimer. Having learned the ballad of Hardy Knute, he shouted it forth with such pertinacious enthusiasm, that the clergyman of his grandfather's parish complained that he "might as well speak in a cannon's mouth as where that child was." Scott's life at Sandy-Knowe, including even the old minister, Dr. Duncan, who so bitterly complained of the boy's ballad-spouting, is painted for us, as everybody knows, in the picture of his infancy given in the introduction to the third canto of "Marmion."

Scott's school reputation was one of irregular ability; "he glanced like a meteor from one end of the class to the other," and received more praise for his interpretation of the spirit of his authors than for his knowledge of their language. Out of school his fame stood higher. He extemporized innumerable stories, to which his schoolfellows delighted to listen; and, in spite of his lameness, he was always in the thick of the street fights with the boys of the town, and renowned for his boldness in climbing the "kittle nine stanes," which are "projected high in air from the precipitous black granite of the Castle-rock." In relation to his studies he was willful, though not, perhaps, perverse. He steadily declined, for instance, to learn Greek, though he mastered Latin pretty fairly. After a time spent at the High School, Edinburgh, Scott was sent to a school at Kelso, where his master made a friend and companion of him, and so poured into him a certain amount of Latin scholarship which he would never otherwise have obtained. I need scarcely add that as a boy Scott was, so far as a boy could be, a Tory—a worshiper of the past, and a great Conservative of any remnant of the past which reformers wished to get rid of. In the autobiographical fragment of 1808 he says, in relation to these schooldays, "I, with my head on fire for chivalry, was a Cavalier; my friend was a Roundhead; I was a Tory, and he was a Whig; I hated Presbyterians, and admired Montrose with his victorious Highlanders; he liked the Presbyterian Ulysses, the deep and politic Argyle; so that we never wanted subjects of dispute, but our disputes were always amicable." And he adds, candidly enough: "In all these tenets there was no real conviction on my part, arising out of acquaintance with the views or principles of either party. . . . I took up politics at that period, as King Charles II. did his religion, from an idea that the Cavalier creed was the more gentlemanlike persuasion of the two."

As Scott grew up, entered the classes of the college, and began his legal studies, first as apprentice to his father, and then in the law classes of the University, he became noticeable to all his friends for his gigantic memory—the rich stores of romantic material with which it was loaded—his giant feats of industry for any cherished purpose—his delight in adventure and in all athletic enterprises—his great enjoyment of youthful "rows," so long as they did not divide the knot of friends to which he belonged, and his skill in peacemaking amongst his own set.

In the second year of Scott's apprenticeship, at about the age of sixteen, he had an attack of hemorrhage, no recurrence of which took place for some forty years, but which was then the beginning of the end. It was at this time that the lad began his study of the scenic side of history, and especially of campaigns. His reading was almost all in the direction of military exploit, or romance and medieval legend, and the later border songs of his own country. He learned Italian and read Ariosto. Later he learned Spanish, and devoured Cervantes, whose "*novelas*," he said, "first inspired him with the ambition to excel in fiction;" and all that he read and admired he remembered.

It might be supposed that with these romantic tastes, Scott could scarcely have made much of a lawyer, though the inference would, I believe, be quite mistaken. His father, however, reproached him with being better fitted for a peddler than a lawyer—so persistently did he trudge over all the neighboring counties in search of the beauties of nature and the historic associations of battle, siege or legend. On one occasion when, with their last penny spent, Scott and one of his companions had returned to Edinburgh, living during their last day on drinks of milk offered by generous peasant women, and the hips and haws on the hedges, he remarked to his father how much he had wished for George Primrose's power of playing on the flute, in order to earn a meal by the way; old Mr.

Scott, catching grumpily at the idea, replied, "I greatly doubt, sir, you were born for nae better than a gangrel scrape-gut."

In his eager search after the old ballads of the Border, Scott had many a blithe adventure, which ended only too often in a carouse. It was soon after this time that he first began those raids into Liddesdale, of which all the world has enjoyed the records in the sketches—embodied subsequently in "Guy Mannering"—of Dandie Dinmont, his pony Dumple, and the various Peppers and Mustards from whose breed there were afterward introduced into Scott's own family, generations of terriers, always named, as Sir Walter expressed it, after "the cruet."

Though, as a matter of fact, Scott never made much figure as an advocate, he became a very respectable, and might unquestionably have become a very great, lawyer. When he started at the bar, however, he had not acquired the tact to impress an ordinary assembly. In one case which he conducted before the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, when defending a parish minister threatened with deposition for drunkenness and unseemly behavior, he certainly missed the proper tone—first receiving a censure for the freedom of his manner in treating the allegations against his client, and then so far collapsing under the rebuke of the Moderator as to lose the force and urgency necessary to produce an effect on his audience. But these were merely a boy's mishaps. He was certainly by no means a Heaven-born orator, and therefore could not expect to spring into exceptionally *early* distinction, and the only true reason for his relative failure was that he was so full of literary power, and so proudly impatient of the fetters which prudence seemed to impose on his extra-professional proceedings, that he never gained the credit he deserved for the general common sense, the unwearied industry, and the keen appreciation of the ins and outs of legal method, which might have raised him to the highest reputation even as a judge.

PORTRAIT OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY SIR JOHN WATSON GORDON.

All readers of his novels know how Scott delights in the humors of the law. By way of illustration take the following passage, which is both short and amusing, in which Saunders Fairford—the old solicitor painted from Scott's father, in "Redgauntlet"—descants on the law of the stirrup-cup: "It was decided in a case before the town bailies of Cupar Angus, when Luckie Simpson's cow had drunk up Luckie Jamieson's browst of ale, while it stood in the door to cool, that there was no damage to pay, because the crummie drank without sitting down; such being the circumstance constituting a Doch an Dorroch, which is a standing drink for which no reckoning is paid."

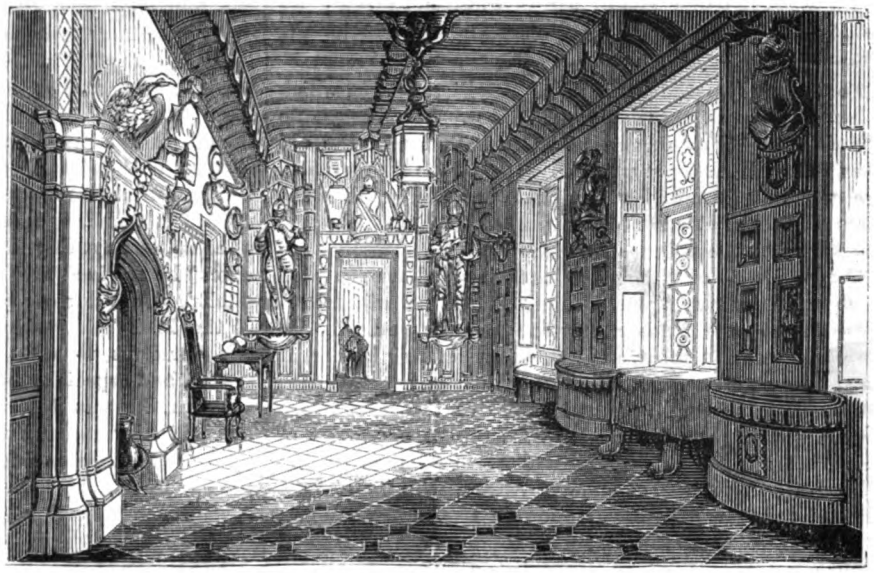
Scott continued to practice at the bar—nominally at least—for fourteen years, but the most which he ever seems to have made in any one year was short of £230, and latterly his practice was much diminishing instead of increasing. His own impatience of solicitors' patronage was against him; his well-known dabblings in poetry were still more against him; and his general repute for wild and unprofessional adventurousness—which was much greater than he deserved—was probably most of all against him. Before he had been six years at the bar he joined the organization of the Edinburgh Volunteer Cavalry, took a very active part in the drill, and was made their quartermaster. Then he visited London, and became largely known for his ballads, and his love of ballads. In his eighth year at the bar he accepted a small permanent appointment, with £300 a year, as sheriff of Selkirkshire; and this occurring soon after his marriage to a lady of some means, no doubt diminished still further his professional zeal.

One Sunday, about two years before his call to the bar, Scott offered his umbrella to a young lady of much beauty who was coming out of the Greyfriars Church during a shower. The umbrella was graciously accepted, and it was not an unprecedented consequence that Scott fell in love with the borrower, who turned out to be Margaret, daughter of Sir John and Lady Jane Stuart Belches, of Invernay. For near six years after this, Scott indulged the hope of marrying this lady, and it does not seem doubtful that the lady herself was in part responsible for this impression. Scott's father felt it his duty to warn the baronet of his son's views. But he took no alarm, and Scott's attentions to Margaret Stuart Belches continued till close on the eve of her marriage, in 1796, to William Forbes (afterward Sir William Forbes), of Pitsligo, a banker, who proved to be one of Sir Walter's most generous and most delicate-minded friends, when his time of troubles came. It was in 1797, after the break-up of his hopes in relation to this attachment, that Scott wrote the lines "To a Violet":

"The violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

"Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dewdrop's weight reclining,
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

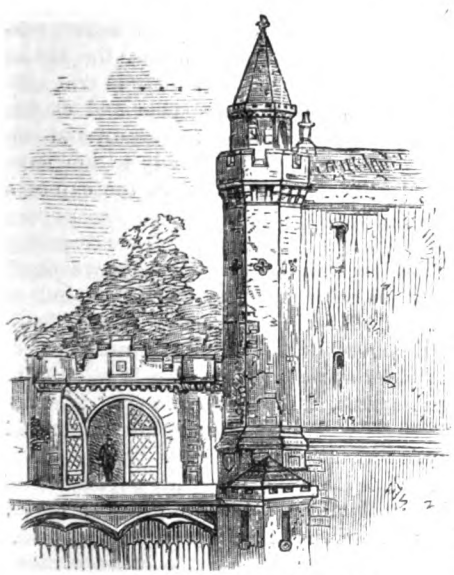
"The Summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
No longer in my false love's eye
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow."



ENTRANCE HALL, ABBOTSFORD.

The pride which was always so notable a feature in Scott probably sustained him through the keen inward pain which it is very certain he must have suffered. And it was in part, probably, the same pride which led him to form, within the year, a new tie—his engagement to Mademoiselle Charpentier, or Miss Carpenter—the daughter of a French royalist of Lyons, who had died early in the Revolution. She had come, after her father's death, to England. Miss Carpenter was a lively beauty, probably of no great depth of character. The few letters given of hers in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Scott give the impression of an amiable, petted girl, of somewhat *espiègle* character. But she made, on the whole, a very good wife, only one to be protected by him from every care, and not one to share Scott's deeper anxieties, or to participate in his dreams. Yet Mrs. Scott was not devoid of spirit and self-control. For instance, when Mr. Jeffrey, having reviewed "Marmion" in the *Edinburgh* in that depreciating and omniscient tone which was then considered the evidence of critical acumen, dined with Scott on the very day on which the review had appeared, Mrs. Scott behaved to him through the whole evening with the greatest politeness, but fired this parting shot in her broken English, as he took his leave: "Well, good-night, Mr. Jeffrey—dey tell me you have abused Scott in de *Review*, and I hope Mr. Constable has paid you very well for writing it." It is hinted that Mrs. Scott was, at the time of Scott's greatest fame, far more exhilarated by it than her husband, with his strong sense and sure self-measurement, ever was.

Poor Lady Scott! It was rather like a bird-of-paradise mating with an eagle. Yet the result was happy on the whole; for she had a thoroughly kindly nature, and a true heart. Within ten days before her death, Scott enters in his diary, "Still welcoming me with a smile, and asserting she is better." She was not the ideal wife for Scott; but she loved him, sunned herself in his prosperity, and tried to bear his adversity cheerfully. In her last illness, she would always reproach her husband and children for their melancholy faces, even when that melancholy was, as she well knew, due to the approaching shadow of her own death.



ENTRANCE GATEWAY, ABBOTSFORD.

Scott's first serious attempt in poetry was a version of Bürger's "Lenore," a spectre-ballad of the violent kind, much in favor in Germany at a somewhat earlier period, but certainly not a specimen of the higher order of imaginative genius. If, however, it was the raw preternaturalism of such ballads as Bürger's which first led Scott to test his own powers, his genius soon turned to more appropriate and natural objects. Ever since his earliest college days he had been collecting materials for a book on "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"; and the publication of this book, in January, 1802 (in two volumes at first), was his first great literary success. The whole edition was sold within the year; while the skill and care which Scott had devoted to the historical illustration of the ballads, and the force and spirit of his own new ballads, written in imitation of the old, gained him at once a very high literary name. The "Border Minstrelsy" was more commensurate *in range* with the genius of Scott than even the romantic poems by which it was soon followed, and which were received with such universal and almost unparalleled delight. For Scott's "Border Minstrelsy" gives more than a glimpse of all his many great powers—his historical industry and knowledge, his masculine humor, his delight in restoring the vision of the "old, simple, violent world" of rugged activity and excitement, as well as that power to kindle men's hearts, as by a trumpet-call, which was the chief secret of the charm of his own greatest poems.

The general introduction gives us a general survey of the graphic pictures of Border quarrels, their simple violence and simple cunning. It enters, for instance, with grave humor into the strong distinction taken in the debatable land between a "freebooter" and a "thief," and the difficulty which the inland counties had in grasping it; and paints for us, with great vivacity, the various border superstitions. Another commentary on a very amusing ballad, commemorating the manner in which a blind harper stole a horse and got paid for a mare he had not lost, gives an account of the curious tenure of land, called that of the "king's rentallers," or "kindly tenants"; and a third describes, in language as vivid as the historical romance of "Kenilworth," written years after,

the manner in which Queen Elizabeth received the news of a check to her policy, and vented her spleen on the King of Scotland.

So much as to the breadth of the literary area which this first book of Scott's covered. As regards the poetic power which his own new ballads, in imitation of the old ones, evinced, I cannot say that those of the first issue of the "Border Minstrelsy" indicated anything like the force which might have been expected from one who was so soon to be the author of "Marmion."

Campbell said of "Cadyow Castle": "I have repeated it so often on the North Bridge, that the whole fraternity of coachmen know me by tongue as I pass. To be sure, to a mind in sober, serious, street-walking humor, it must bear an appearance of lunacy when one stamps with the hurried pace and fervent shake of the head which strong, pithy poetry excites." I suppose anecdotes of this kind have been oftener told of Scott than of any other English poet. Indeed, Sir Walter, who understood himself well, gives the explanation in one of his diaries: "I am sensible," he says, "that if there be anything good about my poetry, or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active dispositions." He might have included old people, too. I have heard of two old men—complete strangers—passing each other on a dark London night, when one of them happened to be repeating to himself, just as Campbell did to the hackney coachmen of the North Bridge of Edinburgh, the last lines of the account of Flodden Field in "Marmion"—"Charge, Chester, charge!" when suddenly a reply came out of the darkness, "On, Stanley, on!" whereupon they finished the death of Marmion between them, took off their hats to each other, and parted, laughing. Scott's is almost the only poetry in the English language that not only runs thus in the head of average men, but heats the head in which it runs by the mere force of its hurried frankness of style, to use Scott's own terms, or by that of its strong and pithy eloquence, as Campbell phrased it.

"Cadyow Castle," the first of Scott's poems, I think, that has indisputable genius plainly stamped on its terse and fiery lines, was composed in 1802. It was in the same year that he wrote the first canto of his first great romance in verse, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," a poem which did not appear till 1805. The first canto (not including the framework, of which the aged harper is the principal figure) was written in the lodgings to which he was confined for a fortnight in 1802, by a kick received from a horse. The poorest and the best parts of "The Lay" were in a special manner due to Lady Dalkeith (afterward Duchess of Buccleugh), who suggested it, and in whose honor the poem was written. It was she who requested Scott to write a poem on the legend of the goblin page, Gilpin Horner, and this Scott attempted; and, so far as the goblin himself was concerned, conspicuously failed. But if Lady Dalkeith suggested the poorest part of the poem, she certainly inspired its best part. Scott clearly intended the Duchess of "The Lay" to represent the countess for whom he wrote it, and the aged harper, with his reverence and gratitude and self-distrust, was only the disguise in which he felt he could best pour out his loyalty, and the romantic devotion with which both Lord and Lady Dalkeith, but especially the latter, had inspired him. It was certainly this beautiful framework which assured the immediate success and permanent charm of the poem; and the immediate success was for that day something marvelous. The magnificent quarto edition of 750 copies was soon exhausted, and an octavo edition of 1,500 copies was sold out within the year. In the following year two editions were disposed of, and every year increased its popularity. Scott gained in all by "The Lay" £769, an unprecedented sum in those times for an author to obtain from any poem. Little more than half a century before, Johnson received but fifteen guineas for his stately poem on "The Vanity of Human Wishes," and but ten guineas for his "London"; and yet what Scott gained by his "Lay" was of course much less than he gained by any of his subsequent poems of equal, or anything like equal, length. Thus, for "Marmion" he received 1,000 guineas long before the poem was published, and for *one-half* of the copyright of "The Lord of the Isles" Constable paid Scott 1,500 guineas. If we ask ourselves to what this vast popularity of Scott's poems, and especially of the earlier of them (for, as often happens, he was better remunerated for his later and much inferior poems than for his earlier and more brilliant productions) is due, I think the answer must be, for the most part, the high romantic glow and extraordinary romantic simplicity of the poetical elements they contained.

The bareness which Scott so loved in his native scenery, there is in all his romantic elements of feeling. It is while he is bold and stern that he is at his highest ideal point. When he begins to attempt rich or pretty subjects, as in parts of "The Lady of the Lake," and a good deal of "The Lord of the Isles," and still more in "The Bridal of Triermain," his charm disappears. It is in painting those moods and exploits, in relation to which Scott shares most completely the feelings of ordinary men, that he triumphs as a poet. Mr. Lockhart tells us that some of Scott's senses were decidedly "blunt," and one seems to recognize this in the simplicity of his romantic effects. "It is a fact," he says, "which some philosophers may think worth setting down, that Scott's organization, as to more than one of the senses, was the reverse of exquisite. He had very little of what musicians call an ear; his smell was scarcely more delicate. I have seen him stare about, quite unconscious of the cause, when his whole company betrayed their uneasiness at the approach of an overkept haunch of venison; and neither by the nose nor the palate could he distinguish corked wine from sound. He could never tell Madeira from sherry—nay, an Oriental friend having sent him a butt of *sheeraz*, when he remembered the circumstance some time afterward and called for a bottle to have Sir John Malcolm's opinion of its quality, it turned out that his butler, mistaking the label, had already served up half the bin as *sherry*. Port he considered as physic. . . . in truth, he liked no wines except sparkling champagne and claret; but even as to the last he was no connoisseur, and sincerely preferred a tumbler of whisky-toddy to the most precious 'liquid ruby' that ever flowed in the cup of a prince."

However, Scott's eye was very keen: "*It was commonly him*," as his little son once said, "*that saw the hare sitting*." And his perception of color was very delicate, as well as his mere sight. As Mr. Ruskin has pointed out, his landscape painting is almost all done by the lucid use of color. Nevertheless, this bluntness of organization in relation to the less important senses, no doubt contributed something to the singleness and simplicity of the deeper and more vital of Scott's romantic impressions.

It was not till 1808, three years after the publication of "The Lay," that "Marmion," Scott's greatest poem, was published. "Marmion" has the advantage over "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," that a coherent story told with force and fullness, and concerned with the same class of subjects as "The Lay," must have over a con-

fused and ill-managed legend, the only original purpose of which was to serve as the opportunity for a picture of Border life and strife. Scott's poems have sometimes been depreciated as mere *novelettes* in verse, and I think that some of them may be more or less liable to this criticism. For instance, "The Lady of the Lake," with the exception of two or three brilliant passages, has always seemed to me more of a versified *novelette*—without the higher and broader characteristics of Scott's prose novels—than of a poem. I suppose what one expects from a poem as distinguished from a romance—even though the poem incorporates a story—is that it should not rest for its chief interest on the mere development of the story; but rather that the narrative should be quite subordinate to that insight into the deeper side of life and manners, in expressing which poetry has so great an advantage over prose. Of "The Lay" and "Marmion" this is true; less true of "The Lady of the Lake," and still less of "Rokeby," or "The Lord of the Isles," and this is why "The Lay" and "Marmion" seem so much superior as poems to the others. They lean less on the interest of mere incident, more on that of romantic feeling and the great social and historic features of the day. "Marmion" was composed in great part in the saddle, and the stir of a charge of cavalry seems to be the very core of it. "For myself," said Scott, writing to a lady correspondent at a time when he was in active service as a volunteer, "I must own that to one who has, like myself, *la tête un peu exaltée*, the pomp and circumstance of war gives, for a time, a very poignant and pleasing sensation." And you feel this all through "Marmion" even more than in "The Lay."

"Marmion" registers the high-water mark of Scott's poetical power, not only in relation to the painting of war, but in relation to the painting of nature. Critics, from the beginning onward, have complained of the six introductory epistles as breaking the unity of the story. But I cannot see that the remark has weight. No poem is written for those who read it as they do a novel—merely to follow the interest of the story; or if any poem be written for such readers, it deserves to die.

Judge Scott's poetry by whatever test you will—whether it be a test of that which is peculiar to it, its glow of national feeling, its martial ardor, its swift and rugged simplicity, or whether it be a test of that which is common to it with most other poetry, its attraction for all romantic excitements, its special feeling for the pomp and circumstance of war, its love of light and color—and tested either way, "Marmion" will remain his finest poem. The battle of Flodden Field touches his highest point in its expression of stern patriotic feeling, in its passionate love of daring, and in the force and swiftness of its movement, no less than in the brilliancy of its romantic interests, the charm of its picturesque detail, and the glow of its scenic coloring. No poet ever equaled Scott in the description of wild and simple scenes and the expression of wild and simple feelings.

Scott's most intimate friend for some time after he went to college, probably the one who most stimulated his imagination in his youth, and certainly one of his most intimate friends to the very last, was William Clerk, who was called to the bar on the same day as Scott.

In 1808 Scott describes Clerk as "a man of the most acute intellects and powerful apprehension, who, if he should ever shake loose the fetters of indolence by which he has been hitherto trammeled, cannot fail to be distinguished in the highest degree." Whether for the reason suggested, or for some other, Clerk never actually gained any other distinction so great as his friendship with Scott conferred upon him. Probably Scott had discerned the true secret of his friend's comparative obscurity. Even while preparing for the bar, when they had agreed to go on alternate mornings to each other's lodgings to read together, Scott found it necessary to modify the arrangement by always visiting his friend, whom he usually found in bed. It was William Clerk who sat for the picture of Darsie Latimer, the hero of "Redgauntlet"—whence we should suppose him to have been a lively, generous, susceptible, contentious, and rather helter-skelter young man, much alive to the ludicrous in all situations, very eager to see life in all its phases, and somewhat vain of his power of adapting himself equally to all these phases. Clerk's charm for his friend survived to the last, and it was not the mere inexperience of boyhood which made Scott esteem him so highly in his early days.

If Clerk pricked, stimulated, and sometimes badgered Scott, another of his friends who became more and more intimate with him as life went on, and who died before him, always soothed him, partly by his gentleness, partly by his almost feminine dependence. This was William Erskine, also a barrister, and son of an Episcopalian clergyman in Perthshire—to whose influence it is probably due that Scott himself always read the English Church service in his own country house, and does not appear to have retained the Presbyterianism into which he was born. Erskine, who was afterward raised to the Bench as Lord Kinnedder—a distinction which he did not survive for many months—was a good classic, a man of fine, or, as some of his companions thought, of almost superfine taste. He was Scott's confidant in all literary matters, and his advice was oftener followed on questions of style and form, and of literary enterprise, than that of any other of Scott's friends.

It was Erskine, as Scott expressly states in his introduction to the "Chronicles of the Canongate," who reviewed, with far too much partiality, the "Tales of my Landlord," in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1817—a review unjustifiably included among Scott's own critical essays, on the very insufficient ground that the MS. reached Murray in Scott's own handwriting. There can, however, be no doubt at all that Scott copied out his friend's MS., in order to increase the mystification which he so much enjoyed, as to the authorship of his variously named series of tales.

Another friend of Scott's earlier days was John Leyden, Scott's most efficient coadjutor in the collection of the "Border Minstrelsy"—that eccentric genius, marvelous linguist, and good-natured bear, who, bred a shepherd in one of the wildest valleys of Roxburghshire, had accumulated before the age of nineteen an amount of learning which confounded the Edinburgh professors, and who, without any previous knowledge of medicine, prepared himself to pass an examination for the medical profession, at six months' notice of the offer of an assistant-surgency in the East India Company. It was Leyden who once walked between forty and fifty miles and back, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed a copy of a border ballad that was wanting for the "Minstrelsy." Scott was sitting at dinner one day with company, when he heard a sound at a distance "like that of the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of a vessel which scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near; and Leyden (to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him) burst into the room chanting the desiderated ballad with the most enthusiastic gesture, and all the energy of what he used to call the *saw-tones* of his voice."

Another wild shepherd and wilder genius among Scott's

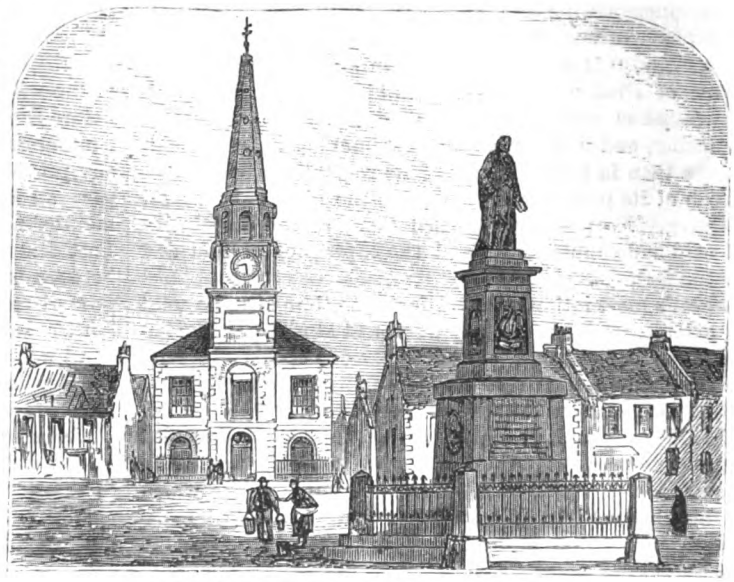
ABBOTSFORD, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

associates, not only in those earlier days, but to the end, was that famous Ettrick Shepherd, James Hogg, who was always quarreling with his brother poet, as far as Scott permitted it, and making it up again when his better feelings returned. In a shepherd's dress, and with hands fresh from sheep-shearing, he came to dine for the first time with Scott in Castle Street, and finding Mrs. Scott lying on the sofa, immediately stretched himself at full length upon another sofa; for, as he explained afterward, "I thought I could not do better than to imitate the lady of the house." At dinner, as the wine passed, he advanced from "Mr. Scott," to "Shirra" (Sheriff), "Scott," "Walter," and finally "Wattie," till at supper he convulsed every one by addressing Mrs. Scott familiarly as "Charlotte." Very different was William Laidlaw, a farmer on the banks of the Yarrow, always Scott's friend, and afterward his manager at Abbotsford, through whose hand he dictated many of his novels. Mr. Laidlaw was one of Scott's humbler friends—a class of friends with whom he seems always to have felt more completely at his ease than any others. In addition to these Scotch friends, Scott had made, even before the publication of his "Border Minstrelsy," not a few in London or its neighborhood, of whom the most important at this time was the gray-eyed, hatchet-faced, courteous George Ellis, as Leyden described him, the author of various works on ancient English poetry and romance, who combined with a shrewd, satirical vein, and a great knowledge of the world—political as well as literary—an exquisite taste in poetry, and a warm heart.

So completely was Scott by nature an out-of-doors man, that he cannot be adequately known either through his poems or through his friends, without also knowing his external surroundings and occupations. His first country home was the cottage at Lasswade, on the Esk, about six miles from Edinburgh, which he took in 1798, a few months after his marriage, and retained till 1804. It was a pretty little cottage, in the beautification of which Scott felt great pride, and where he exercised himself in the small beginnings of those tastes for altering and planting which grew so rapidly upon him, and at last enticed him into castle-building and tree-culture on a dangerous, not to say ruinous, scale. It was here at Lasswade that he bought the phaeton, which was the first wheeled-carriage that ever penetrated to Liddesdale, a feat which it accomplished in the first August of this century.

When Scott left the cottage at Lasswade in 1804, it was to take up his country residence in Selkirkshire, of which he had now been made sheriff, in a beautiful little house belonging to his cousin, Major-General Sir James Russell, and known to all the readers of Scott's poetry as the Ashestiel of the "Marmion" introductions. The Glenkinnon brook dashes in a deep ravine through the grounds to join the Tweed; behind the house rise the hills which divide the Tweed from the Yarrow; and an easy ride took Scott into the scenery of the Yarrow. The description of Ashestiel, and the brook which runs through it, in the introduction to the first canto of "Marmion," is indeed one of the finest specimens of Scott's descriptive poetry.

It was here that Scott first entered on that active life of literary labor in close conjunction with an equally active life of rural sport, which gained him a well-justified reputation as the hardest worker and the heartiest player in the kingdom. At Lasswade, Scott's work had been done at night; but serious headaches made him change his habit at Ashestiel, and rise steadily at five, lighting his own fire in Winter. "Arrayed in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner-time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshaled around him on the floor, while at least one favorite dog lay watching his eye, just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had



THE SCOTT MONUMENT AND TOWN HALL, SELKIRK.

done enough, in his own language, 'to break the neck of the day's work.' After breakfast, a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, his 'own man.' When the weather was bad, he would labor incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed overnight, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favor, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness."

In his earlier days, none of his horses liked to be fed except by their master. When Brown Adam was saddled, and the stable-door opened, the horse would trot around to the leaping-on stone of his own accord, to be mounted, and was quite intractable under any one but Scott. Scott's life might well be fairly divided—just as history is

SIR WALTER PRESENTING THE KEYS OF EDINBURGH TO GEORGE IV.

divided into reigns—by the succession of his horses and dogs. The reigns of Captain, Lieutenant, Brown Adam, Daisy, divide at least the period up to Waterloo; while the reigns of Sybil Grey, and the Covenanter, or Douce Davie, divide the period of Scott's declining years. During the brilliant period of the earlier novels we hear less of Scott's horses; but of his deerhounds there is an unbroken succession. Camp, Maida (the Bevis of "Woodstock"), and Nimrod, reigned successively between Sir Walter's marriage and his death. It was Camp on whose death he relinquished a dinner invitation previously accepted, on the ground that the death of "an old friend" rendered him unwilling to dine out; Maida, to whom he erected a marble monument; and Nimrod, of whom he spoke so affectingly as too good a dog for his diminished fortunes during his absence in Italy on the last hopeless journey.

Scott's amusements at Ashestiel, besides riding, in which he was fearless to rashness, and coursing, which was the chief form of sporting in the neighborhood, comprehended "burning the water," as salmon-spearing by torchlight was called, in the course of which he got many a ducking. Such was Scott's order of life at Ashestiel, where he remained from 1804 to 1812. As to his literary work here, it was enormous. Besides finishing "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," writing "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," part of "The Bridal of Triermain," and part of "Rokeby," and writing reviews, he wrote a "Life of Dryden," and edited his works anew with some care, in eighteen volumes; edited "Somers's Collection of Tracts," in thirteen volumes, quarto; "Sir Ralph Saddler's Life, Letters and State Papers," in three volumes, quarto; "Miss Seward's Life and Poetical Works;" "The Secret History of the Court of James I.," in two volumes; "Strutt's Queenhoo Hall," in four volumes, 12mo., and various other single volumes; and began his heavy work on the edition of Swift. This was the literary work of eight years, during which he had the duties of his Sheriffship, and, after he gave up his practice as a barrister, the duties of his Deputy Clerkship of Session to discharge regularly.

In May, 1812, Scott, having now at last obtained the salary of the Clerkship of Session, the work of which he had for more than five years discharged without pay, indulged himself in realizing his favorite dream of buying a "mountain farm" at Abbotsford—five miles lower down the Tweed than his cottage—and migrated thither with his household gods. The children long remembered the leave-taking as one of pure grief, for the villagers were much attached both to Scott and his wife, who had made herself greatly beloved by her untiring goodness to the sick among her poor neighbors. But Scott himself describes the migration as a scene in which their neighbors found no small share of amusement. "Our flitting and removal from Ashestiel baffled all description; we had twenty-five cartloads of the veriest trash in nature, besides dogs, pigs, ponies, poultry, cows, calves, bare-headed wenches and bare-breeched boys."

To another friend Scott wrote that the neighbors had "been much delighted with the procession of my furniture, in which old swords, bows, targets and lances made a very conspicuous show. A family of turkeys was accommodated within the helmet of some *preux chevalier* of ancient border fame; and the very cows, for aught I know, were bearing banners and muskets. I assure your ladyship that this caravan, attended by a dozen of ragged rosy peasant children, carrying fishing-rods and spears, and leading ponies, grayhounds and spaniels, would, as it crossed the Tweed, have furnished no bad subject for the pencil, and really reminded me of one of the gypsy groups of Callot upon their march."

The place thus bought for £4,000—half of which, according to Scott's bad and sanguine habit, was borrowed from his brother, and half raised on the security of a poem, at the moment of sale wholly unwritten, and not completed even when he removed to Abbotsford—"Rokeby"—became only too much of an idol for the rest of Scott's life. Mr. Lockhart admits that before the crash came he had invested £29,000 in the purchase of land alone. But at this time only the kernel of the subsequent estate was bought, in the shape of a hundred acres, or rather more, part of which ran along the shores of the Tweed—"a beautiful river flowing broad and bright over a bed of milk-white pebbles, unless here and there where it darkened into a deep pool, overhung as yet only by birches and alders." There was also a poor farmhouse, a staring barn, and a pond so dirty that it had hitherto given the name of "Clarty Hole" to the place itself. Scott renamed the place from the adjoining ford, which was just above the confluence of the Gala with the Tweed. He chose the name of Abbotsford because the land had formerly all belonged to the Abbots of Melrose—the ruin of whose beautiful abbey was visible from many parts of the little property. On the other side of the river the old British barrier called "the Catrail" was full in view. As yet the place was not planted—the only effort made in this direction by its former owner, Dr. Douglas, having been a long narrow stripe of firs, which Scott used to compare to a black hair-comb, and which gave the name of "The Doctor's Redding-Kame" to the stretch of woods of which it is still the central line. Such was the place which he made it the too great delight of the remainder of his life to increase and beautify, by spending on it a good deal more than he had earned, and that, too, in times when he should have earned a good deal more than he ought to have thought even for a moment of spending. The cottage grew to a mansion, and the mansion to a castle.

Of his life at Abbotsford at a later period, when his building was greatly enlarged, and his children grown up, we have a brilliant picture from the pen of Mr. Lockhart.

Scott's relation to the Ballantyne Brothers involved him in many troubles, and with their name the story of his broken fortunes is inextricably bound up. James Ballantyne, the elder brother, was a schoolfellow of Scott's at Kelso, and was the editor and manager of the *Kelso Mail*, an anti-democratic journal, which had a fair circulation. Ballantyne was something of an artist as regarded "type," and Scott got him therefore to print his "Minstrelsy of the Border," the excellent workmanship of which attracted much attention in London. In 1802, on Scott's suggestion, Ballantyne moved to Edinburgh; and to help him to move, Scott, who was already meditating some investment of his little capital in business other than literary, lent him £500. Between this and 1805, when Scott first became a partner of Ballantyne's in the printing business, he used every exertion to get legal and literary printing offered to James Ballantyne, and, according to Mr. Lockhart, the concern "grew and prospered."

Scott might have succeeded—or, at all events, not seriously failed—if he had been content to stick to the printing firm of James Ballantyne & Co., and had not launched also into the bookselling and publishing firm of John Ballantyne & Co., or had never begun the wild and dangerous practice of forestalling his gains, and spending wealth which he had not earned. But when, by way of feeding the printing press of James Ballantyne & Co., he started in 1809 the bookselling and publishing firm of John

Ballantyne & Co., using as his agent a man as inferior in sterling worth to James as James was inferior in general ability to himself, he carefully dug a mine under his own feet, of which we can only say that nothing except his genius could have prevented it from exploding long before it did. The truth was evidently that James Ballantyne's respectful homage, and John's humorous appreciation, all but blinded Scott's eyes to the utter inadequacy of either of these men, especially the latter, to supply the deficiencies of his own character for conducting business of this kind with proper discretion. James Ballantyne, who was pompous and indolent, though thoroughly honest, and not without some intellectual insight, Scott used to call Aldiborontiphoscophornio. John, who was clever but frivolous, dissipated and tricksy, he termed Rigdumfunnidos, or his "little Picaroon." It is clear from Mr. Lockhart's account of the latter that Scott not only did not respect, but despised him, though he cordially liked him.

And yet it is strange that he not only chose them, but chose the inferior and light-headed of the two for far the most important and difficult of the two businesses. At all events, there is no question that all through 1813 and 1814 Scott was kept in constant suspense and fear of bankruptcy, by the ill-success of John Ballantyne & Co., and the utter want of straightforwardness in John Ballantyne himself as to the bills out, and which had to be provided against. It was the publication of "Waverley," and the consequent opening up of the richest vein not only in Scott's own genius, but in his popularity with the public, which alone ended these alarms; and the many unsalable works of John Ballantyne & Co. were then gradually disposed of to Constable and others, to their own great loss, as part of the conditions on which they received a share in the copyright of the wonderful novels which sold like wildfire. But though in this way the publishing business of John Ballantyne & Co. was saved, and its affairs pretty decently wound up, the printing firm remained saddled with some of their obligations; while Constable's business, on which Scott depended for the means with which he was buying his estate, building his castle, and settling money on his daughter-in-law, was seriously injured by the purchase of all this unsalable stock.

In the Summer of 1814, Scott took up again and completed, almost at a single heat, a Jacobite story, begun in 1805. It was published anonymously, and its astonishing success turned back again the scales of Scott's fortunes. This was "Waverley." Mr. Carlyle has praised it above its fellows.

"The last two volumes," says Scott, in a letter to Mr. Morritt, "were written in three weeks."

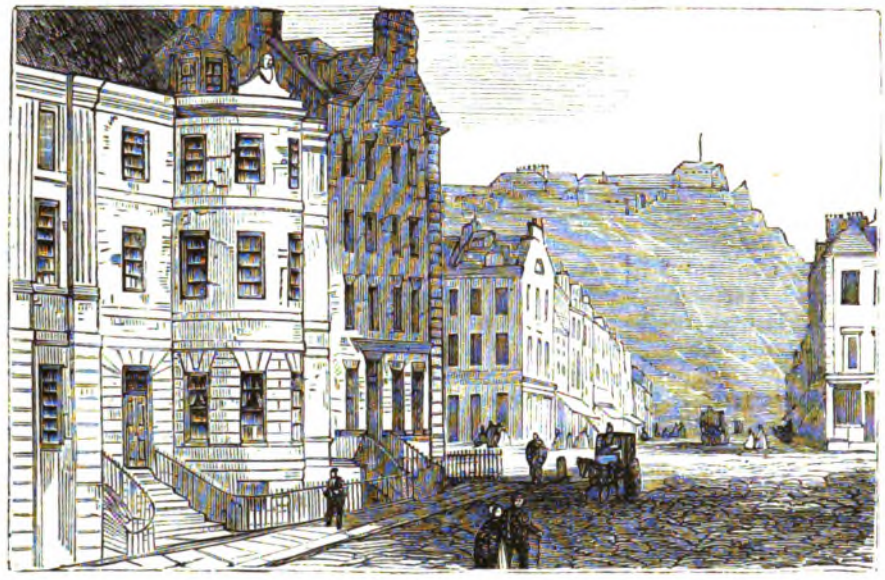
Scott's method of composition was always the same; and, when writing an imaginative work, the rate of progress seems to have been pretty even, depending much more on the absence of disturbing engagements than on any mental irregularity. The morning was always his brightest time; but morning or evening, in country or in town, well or ill, writing with his own pen or dictating to an amanuensis in the intervals of cramp in the stomach, Scott spun away at his imaginative web almost as evenly as a silkworm spins at its golden cocoon. Nor can I detect the slightest trace of any difference in quality between the stories, such as can be reasonably ascribed to comparative care or haste. Thus, few, I suppose, would hesitate to say that while "Old Mortality" is very near, if not quite, the finest of Scott's works, "The Black Dwarf" is not far from the other end of the scale. Yet the two were written in immediate succession ("The Black Dwarf" being the first of the two), and were published together, as the first series of "Tales of my Landlord," in 1816. Nor do I think that any competent critic would find any clear deterioration of quality in the novels of the later years, excepting, of course, the two written after the stroke of paralysis. In the fourteen most effective years of Scott's literary life, during which he wrote twenty-three novels, besides shorter tales, the best stories appear to have been, on the whole, the most rapidly written, probably because they took the strongest hold of the author's imagination.

Till near the close of his career as an author, Scott never avowed his responsibility for any of these series of novels, and even took some pains to mystify the public as to the identity between the author of "Waverly" and the author of "Tales of my Landlord." The care with which the secret was kept is imputed by Mr. Lockhart in some degree to the habit of mystery which had grown upon Scott during his secret partnership with the Ballantynes; but in this he seems to be confounding two very different phases of Scott's character. No doubt he was, as a professional man, a little ashamed of his commercial speculation, and unwilling to betray it. But he was far from ashamed of his literary enterprise, though it seems that he was at first very anxious lest a comparative failure, or even a mere moderate success, in a less ambitious sphere than that of poetry, should endanger the great reputation he had gained as a poet. That was apparently the first reason for secrecy. But, over and above this, it is clear that the mystery stimulated Scott's imagination, and saved him trouble as well. He was obviously more free under the veil—free from the liability of having to answer for the views of life or history suggested in his stories; but besides this, what was of more importance to him, the slight disguise stimulated his sense of humor, and gratified the whimsical, boyish pleasure which he always had in acting an imaginary character.

The most striking feature of Scott's romances is that, for the most part, they are pivoted on public rather than mere private interests and passions. With but few exceptions—"The Antiquary," "St. Ronan's Well" and "Guy Mannering" are the most important—Scott's novels give us an imaginative view, not of mere individuals, but of individuals as they are affected by the public strifes and social divisions of the age. And this it is which gives his books so large an interest for old and young, soldiers and statesmen, the world of society and the recluse, alike. You can scarcely read any novel of Scott's and not become better aware what public life and political issues mean. The boldness and freshness of the present are carried back into the past, and you see Papists and Puritans, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Jews, Jacobites and freebooters, preachers, schoolmasters, mercenary soldiers, gypsies and beggars, all living the sort of life which the reader feels that in their circumstances and under the same conditions of time and place and parentage, he might have lived, too.

Next, though most of these stories are rightly called romances, no one can avoid observing that they give that side of life which is unromantic, quite as vigorously as the romantic side. This was not true of Scott's poems, which only expressed one half of his nature, and were almost pure romances. But in the novels the business of life is even better portrayed than its sentiments.

Scott often confessed his contempt for his own heroes. He said of Edward Waverly, for instance, that he was "a sneaking piece of imbecility," and that "if he had married Flora she would have set him up upon the chimney-piece, as Count Borowlaski's wife used to do with him. I am a



SCOTT'S TOWN HOUSE, IN CASTLE STREET, EDINBURGH.

bad hand at depicting a hero, properly so called, and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of borderers, buccaneers, highland robbers, and all others of a Robin-Hood description." In another letter he says, "My rogue always, in despite of me, turns out my hero."

Except Jeanie Deans and Madge Wildfire, and perhaps Lucy Ashton, Scott's women are apt to be uninteresting, either pink and white toys or hardish women of the world.

I think the deficiency of his pictures of women, odd as it seems to say so, should be greatly attributed to his natural chivalry. His conception of women of his own or a higher class was always too romantic. He scarcely ventured, as it were, in his tenderness for them, to look deeply into their little weaknesses and intricacies of character. With women of an inferior class, he had not this feeling. Nothing can be more perfect than the manner in which he blends the dairy-woman and woman of business in Jeanie Deans, with the lover and the sister. But once make a woman beautiful, or in any way an object of homage to him, and Scott bowed so low before the image of her that he could not go deeper into her heart. To some extent, therefore, Scott's pictures of women remain something in the style of the miniatures of the last age—bright and beautiful beings without any special character in them. He was dazzled by a fair heroine. He could not take them up into his imagination as real beings as he did men. But then how living are his men, whether coarse or noble!

As every one knows, Scott was excessively free in his manipulations of history for the purposes of romance. In "Kenilworth" he represents Shakespeare's plays as already in the mouths of courtiers and statesmen, though he lays the scene in the eighteenth year of Elizabeth, when Shakespeare was scarcely old enough to rob an orchard. In "Woodstock," on the contrary, he insists, if you compare Sir Henry Lee's dates with the facts, that Shakespeare died twenty years at least before he actually died. The historical basis, again, of "Woodstock" and of "Redgauntlet" is thoroughly untrustworthy, and about all the minuter details of history—unless so far as they were characteristic of the age—I do not suppose that Scott, in his romances, ever troubled himself at all. And yet few historians — not even Scott himself, when he exchanged romance for history — ever drew the great figures of history with so powerful a hand. In writing history and biography, Scott has little or no advantage over very inferior men. His pictures of Swift, of Dryden, of Napoleon, are in no way very vivid. It is only where he is working from the pure imagination—though imagination stirred by historic study — that he paints a picture which follows us about, as if with living eyes, instead of creating for us a mere series of lines and colors.

Scott's humor is, I think, of very different qualities in relation to different subjects. Certainly he was at times capable of considerable heaviness of hand—of the Scotch "wut" which has been so irreverently treated by English critics. Some of the finest touches of his humor are no doubt much heightened by his perfect command of the genius as well as the dialect of a peasantry in whom a true culture of mind and sometimes also of heart is found in the closest possible contact with the humblest pursuits and the quaintest enthusiasm for them. But Scott, with all his turn for irony—and Mr. Lockhart says that even on his death-bed he used toward his children the same sort of good-humored irony to which he had always accustomed them in his life—certainly never gives us any example of that highest irony which is found so frequently in Shakespeare.

ILLUSTRATION TO WALTER SCOTT'S "MARY."

Between 1814 and the end of 1825, Scott's literary labor was interrupted only by one serious illness, and scarcely interrupted by that; by a few journeys—one to Paris after the battle of Waterloo, and several to London—and by the worry of a constant stream of intrusive visitors. Of his journeys he has left some records; but I cannot say that I think Scott would ever have reached, as a mere observer and recorder, at all the high point which he reached directly his imagination went to work to create a story. That imagination was, indeed, far less subservient to his mere perceptions than to his constructive powers. "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk"—the records of his Paris journey after Waterloo—for instance, are not at all above the mark of a good special correspondent. His imagination was less the imagination of insight, than the imagination of one whose mind was a great kaleidoscope of human life and fortunes.

The first relations of Scott with the Court were, oddly enough, formed with the Princess, not with the Prince, of Wales. In 1806 Scott dined with the Princess of Wales at Blackheath, and spoke of his invitation as a great honor. He wrote a tribute to her father, the Duke of Brunswick, in the introduction to one of the cantos of "Marmion," and received from the Princess a silver vase in acknowledgment. Scott's relations with the Prince Regent seem to have begun in an offer to Scott of the Laureateship in the Summer of 1813, an offer which Scott would have found it very difficult to accept, so strongly did his pride revolt at the idea of having to commemorate in verse, as an official duty, all conspicuous incidents affecting the throne. But he was at the time of the offer in the thick of his first difficulties, and it was only the Duke of Buccleuch's guarantee of £4,000 that enabled him at this time to decline it. In March, 1815, Scott being then in London, the Prince Regent asked him to dinner, addressed him uniformly as Walter, and struck up a friendship with him which seems to have lasted their lives, and which certainly did much more honor to George than to Sir Walter Scott. It is impossible not to think rather better of George IV. for thus valuing, and doing his best in every way to show his value for, Scott. It is equally impossible not to think rather worse of Scott for thus valuing, and in every way doing his best to express his value for, this very worthless, though by no means incapable, King.

SCOTT'S GRAVE IN DRYBURGH ABBEY.

The first baronet whom George IV. made on succeeding to the throne was Scott, who not only accepted the honor gratefully, but dwelt with extreme pride on the fact that it was offered to him by the King himself. He wrote to Joanna Baillie on hearing of the Regent's intention—namely, on the 30th of March, 1820—"The Duke of Buccleuch and Scott of Harden, who, as the heads of my clan and the sources of my gentry, are good judges of what I ought to do, have both given me their earnest opinion to accept of an honor directly derived from the source of honor, and neither begged nor bought, as is the usual fashion. Several of my ancestors bore the title in the seventeenth century. I have no reason to be ashamed of the decent and respectable persons who connect me with that period when they carried into the field, like Madoc,

> "The Crescent at whose gleam the Cambrian oft,
> Cursing his perilous tenure, wound his horn;"

so that, as a gentleman, I may stand on as good a footing as other new creations."

When George came to Edinburgh in 1822, it was Sir Walter who acted virtually as the master of the ceremonies, and to whom it was chiefly due that the visit was so successful. It was then that George clad his substantial person for the first time in the Highland costume—to wit, in the Steuart Tartans—and was so much annoyed to find himself outvied by a wealthy alderman, Sir William Curtis, who had gone and done likewise, and, in his equally grand Steuart Tartans, seemed a kind of parody of the King. The day on which the King arrived, Tuesday, 14th of August, 1822, was also the day on which Scott's most intimate friend, William Erskine, then Lord Kinnedder, died. Yet Scott went on board the royal yacht, was most graciously received by George, had his health drunk by the King in a bottle of Highland whisky, and with a proper show of devoted loyalty, entreated to be allowed to retain the glass out of which his Majesty had just drunk his health. The request was graciously acceded to, but let it be pleaded on Scott's behalf, that on reaching home and finding there his friend, Crabbe the poet, he sat down on the royal gift and crushed it to atoms. The whole relation to George was a grotesque thread in Scott's life; and I cannot quite forgive him for the utterly conventional severity with which he threw over his first patron, the Queen, for sins which were certainly not grosser, if they were not much less gross, than those of his second patron, the husband who had set her the example which she faithfully, though at a distance, followed.

Scott usually professed great ignorance of politics, and did what he could to hold aloof from a world in which his feelings were very easily heated, while his knowledge was apt to be very imperfect. But now and again, and notably toward the close of his life, he got himself mixed up in politics, and it was always on the Tory, and generally on the red-hot Tory, side. His first hasty intervention in politics was the song on Lord Melville's acquittal, during the short Whig administration in 1806. No sooner was any reform proposed, any abuse threatened, than Scott's eager Conservative spirit flashed up. Proposals were made in

1806 for changes—and, as it was thought, reforms—in the Scotch Courts of Law, and Scott immediately saw something like national calamity in the prospect. His vehement and unquailing opposition to Reform in almost the very last year of his life, when he had already suffered more than one stroke of paralysis, was grounded on precisely the same argument.

On the subject of Catholic Emancipation he took a peculiar view. As he justly said, he hated bigotry, and would have left the Catholics quite alone, but for the great claims of their creed to interfere with political life. And even so, when the penal laws were once abolished, he would have abolished also the representative disabilities as quite useless, as well as very irritating when the iron system of effective repression had ceased. But he disapproved of the abolition of the political parts of the penal laws. He thought they would have stamped out Roman Catholicism; and whether that were just or unjust, he thought it would have been a great national service. Yet had Scott lived through the religious controversies of our own days, it seems not unlikely that with his vivid imagination, his warm Conservatism, and his rather inadequate critical powers, he might himself have become a Roman Catholic.

With the year 1825 came a financial crisis, and Constable began to tremble for his solvency. From the date of his baronetcy, Sir Walter had launched out into an increase of expenditure. He got plans on a rather large scale in 1821 for the increase of Abbotsford, which were all carried out. To meet his expenses he received Constable's bills for "four unnamed works of fiction," of which he had not written a line, but which came to exist in time, and were called "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," "St. Ronan's Well," and "Redgauntlet." Again, in the very year before the crash, he married his eldest son, the heir to the title, to an heiress, Miss Jobson of Lochore, when Abbotsford and its estates were settled, with the reserve of £10,000, which Sir Walter took power to charge on the property for purposes of business. Immediately afterward he purchased a captaincy in the King's Hussars for his son, which cost him £3,500. He was, too, always incurring expenses, often heavy expenses, for other people.

Taken altogether, I believe that Sir Walter earned during his own lifetime at least £140,000 by his literary work alone, probably more; while even on his land and building combined he did not apparently spend more than half that sum. Then he had a certain income, about £1,000 a year, from his own and Lady Scott's private property, as well as £1,300 a year as Clerk of Session, and £300 more as Sheriff of Selkirk. Thus even his loss of the price of several novels by Constable's failure would not seriously have compromised Scott's position, but for his share in the printing-house which fell with Constable, and the obligations of which amounted to £117,000.

As Scott had always forestalled his income—spending the purchase-money of his poems and novels before they were written—such a failure as this, at the age of fifty-five, when all the freshness of his youth was gone out of him, would have been paralyzing, had he not been a man of iron nerve, and of a pride and courage scarcely ever equaled. Domestic calamity, too, was not far off. For two years he had been watching the failure of his wife's health with increasing anxiety, and as calamities seldom come single, her illness took a most serious form at the very time when the blow fell, and she died within four months of the failure.

There is nothing in its way in the whole of English biography more impressive than the stoical extracts from Scott's diary which note the descent of his ruin. Here is the anticipation of the previous day: "Edinburgh, January 16th.—Came through cold roads to as cold news. Hurst and Robinson have suffered a bill to come back upon Constable, which, I suppose, infers the ruin of both houses."

On the 18th of January, the day after the blow, he records a bad night, a wish that the next two days were over, but that "the worst *is* over," and on the same day he set about making notes for the *magnum opus*, as he called it—the complete edition of all the novels, with a new introduction and notes. On the 19th of January, two days after the failure, he calmly resumed the composition of "Woodstock," and completed, he says, "about twenty printed pages of it"; to which he adds that he had "a painful scene after dinner, and another after supper, endeavoring to convince these poor creatures" [his wife and daughter] "that they must not look for miracles, but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to be lessened by patience and labor."

The heaviest blow was, I think, the blow to his pride. Very early he begins to note painfully the different way in which different friends greet him, to remark that some smile as if to say, "Think nothing about it, my lad, it is quite out of our thoughts"; that others adopt an affected gravity, "such as one sees and despises at a funeral," and the best-bred "just shook hands and went on."

On returning for the first time from Edinburgh to Abbotsford, after Lady Scott's funeral, he writes: "I again took possession of the family bedroom and my widowed couch. This was a sore trial, but it was necessary not to blink such a resolution. Indeed, I do not like to have it thought that there is any way in which I can be beaten." And again: "I have a secret pride—I fancy it will be so most truly termed—which impels me to mix with my distress strange snatches of mirth, 'which have no mirth in them.'"

But though pride was part of Scott's strength, pride alone never enabled any man to struggle so vigorously and so unremittingly as he did to meet the obligations he had incurred. His house in Edinburgh was sold, and he had to go into lodgings, when he was discharging his duties as Clerk of Session. His wife was dead. His estate was conveyed to trustees for the benefit of his creditors, till such time as he should pay off Ballantyne & Co.'s debt, which, of course, in his lifetime he never did. Yet between January 1826, and January 1828, he earned for his creditors very nearly £40,000. "Woodstock" sold for £8,228—"a matchless sale," as Sir Walter remarked, "for less than three months' work." The first two editions of "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," on which Mr. Lockhart says that Scott had spent the unremitting labor of about two years—labor involving a far greater strain on eyes and brain than his imaginative work ever caused him—sold for £18,000. Had Sir Walter's health lasted, he would have redeemed his obligations on behalf of Ballantyne & Co. within eight or nine years at most from the time of his failure. But what is more remarkable still, is that after his health failed he struggled on with little more than half a brain, but a whole will, to work while it was yet day, though the evening was dropping fast. "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous" were really the compositions of a paralytic patient.

It was in September, 1830, that the first of these tales was begun. As early as the 15th of February of that year he had had his first true paralytic seizure. He had been discharging his duties as Clerk of Session as usual, and received in the afternoon a visit from a lady friend, when the stroke came. It was but slight. He struggled against

it with his usual iron power of will, and actually managed to stagger out of the room where the lady was sitting with him, into the drawing-room where his daughter was, but there he fell his full length on the floor. He was cupped, and fully recovered his speech during the day, but after this attack his style never recovered its full lucidity and terseness. A cloudiness in words and a cloudiness of arrangement began to be visible. In the course of the year he retired from his duties of Clerk of Session, and his publishers hoped that, by engaging him on the new and complete edition of his works, they might detach him from the attempt at imaginative creation for which he was now so much less fit. But Sir Walter's will survived his judgment.

When he dictated to Laidlaw—for at this time he could scarcely write himself for rheumatism in the hand—he would frequently pause and look round him, like a man "mocked with shadows." Then he bestirred himself with a great effort, rallied his force, and the style again flowed clear and bright, but not for long. The clouds would gather again, and the mental blank recur. This soon became visible to his publishers, who wrote discouragingly of the new novel—to Scott's own great distress and irritation. The oddest feature in the matter was that his letters to them were full of the old terseness and force and caustic turns. On business he was as clear and keen as in his best days. It was only at his highest task, the task of creative work, that his cunning began to fail him.

At last the debt of Ballantyne & Co. was reduced, by repeated dividends—all the fruits of Scott's literary work—more than one-half. On the 17th of December, 1830, the liabilities stood at £54,000, having been reduced £63,000 within five years. And Sir Walter, encouraged by this great result of his labor, resumed a suspended novel.

But with the beginning of 1831 came new alarms. On January 5th, Sir Walter enters in his diary: "Very indifferent, with more awkward feelings than I can well bear up against. My voice sunk and my head strangely confused." Still he struggled on. On the 31st of January he went alone to Edinburgh to sign his will, and stayed at Cadell's house, in Athol Crescent. A great snow-storm set in, which kept him in Edinburgh, and in Mr. Cadell's house, till the 9th of February.

In April he had another stroke of paralysis. Still he struggled on at his novel. Under the date of May 6th, 7th, 8th, he makes this entry in his diary: "Here is a precious job. I have a formal remonstrance from those critical people, Ballantyne and Cadell, against the last volume of "Count Robert," which is within a sheet of being finished. I suspect their opinion will be found to coincide with that of the public; at least it is not very different from my own. The blow is a stunning one, I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. It is singular, but it comes with as little surprise as if I had a remedy ready; yet God knows I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain. I cannot conceive that I have tied a knot with my tongue which my teeth cannot untie. We shall see. I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can." The medical men with one accord tried to make him give up his novel-writing. But he smiled and put them by. He took up "Count Robert of Paris" again, and tried to recast it.

On the 18th of May he insisted on attending the election for Roxburghshire, to be held at Jedburgh, and in spite of the unmannerly reception he had met with in March, no dissuasion would keep him at home. He was saluted in the town with groans and blasphemies, and Sir Walter had to escape from Jedburgh by a back way to avoid personal violence. The cries of "Burk Sir Walter," with which he was saluted on this occasion, haunted him throughout his illness and on his dying bed. At the Selkirk election it was Sir Walter's duty as Sheriff to preside, and his family therefore made no attempt to dissuade him from his attendance. There he was so well known and loved that, in spite of his Tory views, he was not insulted, and the only man who made any attempt to hustle the Tory electors was seized by Sir Walter with his own hand, as he got out of his carriage, and committed to prison without resistance till the election day was over.

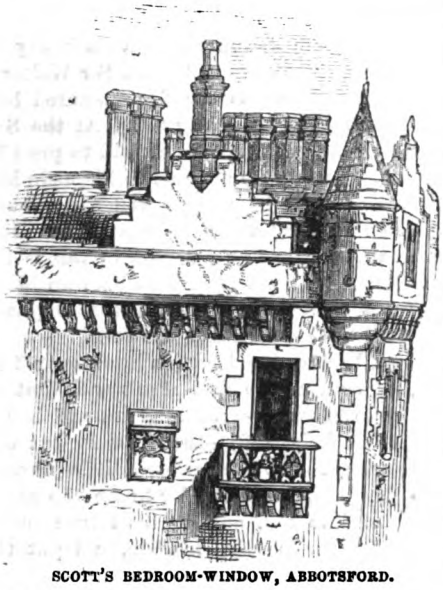
A seton which had been ordered for his head, gave him some relief, and, of course, the first result was that he turned immediately to his novel-writing again, and began "Castle Dangerous" in July, 1831—the last July but one which he was to see at all. He even made a little journey in company with Mr. Lockhart, in order to see the scene of the story he wished to tell, and on his return set to work with all his old vigor to finish his tale, and put the concluding touches to "Count Robert of Paris."

In September, 1831, the illusion seemed to possess Sir Walter that he had paid off all the debt for which he was liable, and that he was once more free to give as his generosity prompted. The last day of real enjoyment at Abbotsford—for when Sir Walter returned to it to die it was but to catch once more the outlines of its walls, the rustle of its woods, and the gleam of its waters, through senses already darkened to all less familiar and less fascinating visions—was the 22d of September, 1831. On the 21st, Wordsworth had come to bid his old friend adieu, and on the 22d—the last day at home—they spent the morning together in a visit to Newark. It was a day to deepen alike in Scott and in Wordsworth whatever of sympathy either of them had with the very different genius of the other, and that it had this result in Wordsworth's case we know from the very beautiful poem, "Yarrow Revisited," and the sonnet which the occasion also produced.

On the 23d of September Scott left Abbotsford, spending five days on his journey to London; nor would he allow any of the old objects of interest to be passed without getting out of the carriage to see them. He did not leave London till the 23d of October, but took medical advice, and with his old shrewdness wheeled his chair into a dark corner during the physicians' absence from the room to consult, that he might read their faces clearly on their return, without their being able to read his. They recognized traces of brain disease, but Sir Walter was relieved by their comparatively favorable opinion, for he admitted that he feared insanity, and therefore had "feared *them*."

On the 29th of October he sailed for Malta, and on the 20th of November Sir Walter insisted on being landed on a small volcanic island which had appeared four months previously, and which disappeared again in a few days, and on clambering about its crumbling lava, in spite of sinking at nearly every step almost up to his knees, in order that he might send a description of it to his old friend, Mr. Skene.

On the 22d of November he reached Malta, from which place he went to Naples, which he reached on the 17th of December. There he found much pleasure in the society of Sir William Gell, an invalid like himself, but not one who, like himself, struggled against the admission of his infirmities, and refused to be carried when his own legs would not safely carry him. Sir William Gell's dog delighted the old man; he would pat it and call it "Poor boy!" and confide to Sir William how he had at home



SCOTT'S BEDROOM-WINDOW, ABBOTSFORD.

"two very fine favorite dogs, so large that I am always afraid they look too large and too feudal for my diminished income." In all his letters home he gave some injunction to Mr. Laidlaw about the poor people and the dogs.

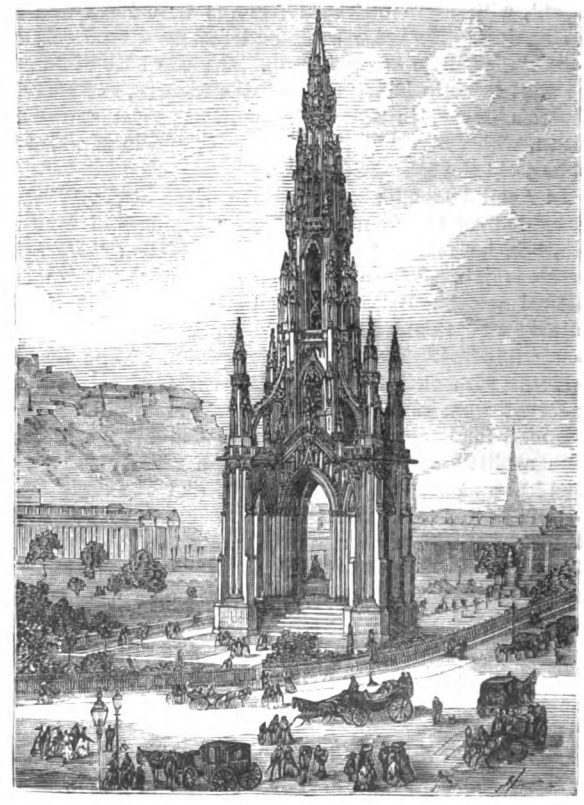
On the 22d of March, 1832, the celebrated Goethe died, an event which made a great impression on Scott, who had intended to visit Weimar on his way back, on purpose to see Goethe, and this much increased his eager desire to return home. Accordingly on the 16th of April, the last day on which he made any entry in his diary, he quitted Naples for Rome, where he stayed long enough only to let his daughter see something of the place, and hurried off homeward on the 21st of May. In Venice he was still strong enough to insist on scrambling down into the dungeons adjoining the Bridge of Sighs; and at Frankfort he entered a bookseller's shop, when the man brought out a lithograph of Abbotsford, and Scott remarking, "I know that already, sir," left the shop unrecognized, more than ever craving for home. At Nimeguen, on the 9th of June, while in a steamboat on the Rhine, he had his most serious attack of apoplexy, but would not discontinue his journey; was lifted into an English steamboat at Rotterdam on the 11th of June, and arrived in London on the 13th. There he recognized his children, and appeared to expect immediate death, as he gave them repeatedly his most solemn blessing; but for the most part he lay at the St. James Hotel, in Jermyn Street, without any power to converse. There it was that Allan Cunningham, on walking home one night, found a group of working-men at the corner of the street, who stopped him and asked, "as if there was but one death-bed in London, 'Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?'"

Sir Walter's great and urgent desire was to return to Abbotsford, and at last his physicians yielded. On the 7th of July he was lifted into his carriage, followed by his trembling and weeping daughters, and so taken to a steamboat, where the captain gave up his private cabin—a cabin on deck—for his use. He remained unconscious of any change till after his arrival in Edinburgh, when, on the 11th of July, he was placed again in his carriage, and remained in it quite unconscious during the first two stages of the journey to Tweedside. But as the carriage entered the valley of the Gala, he began to look about him. Presently, he murmured a name or two, "Gala water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee." When the outline of the Eildon hills came in view, Scott's excitement was great; and when his eye caught the towers of Abbotsford, he sprang up with a cry of delight, and while the towers remained in sight, it took his physician, his son-in-law, and his servant, to keep him in the carriage. Mr. Laidlaw was waiting for him, and he met him with a cry, "Ha, Willie Laidlaw! Oh, man! how often I have thought of you!" His dogs came round his chair and began to fawn on him and lick his hands, while Sir Walter smiled or sobbed over them.

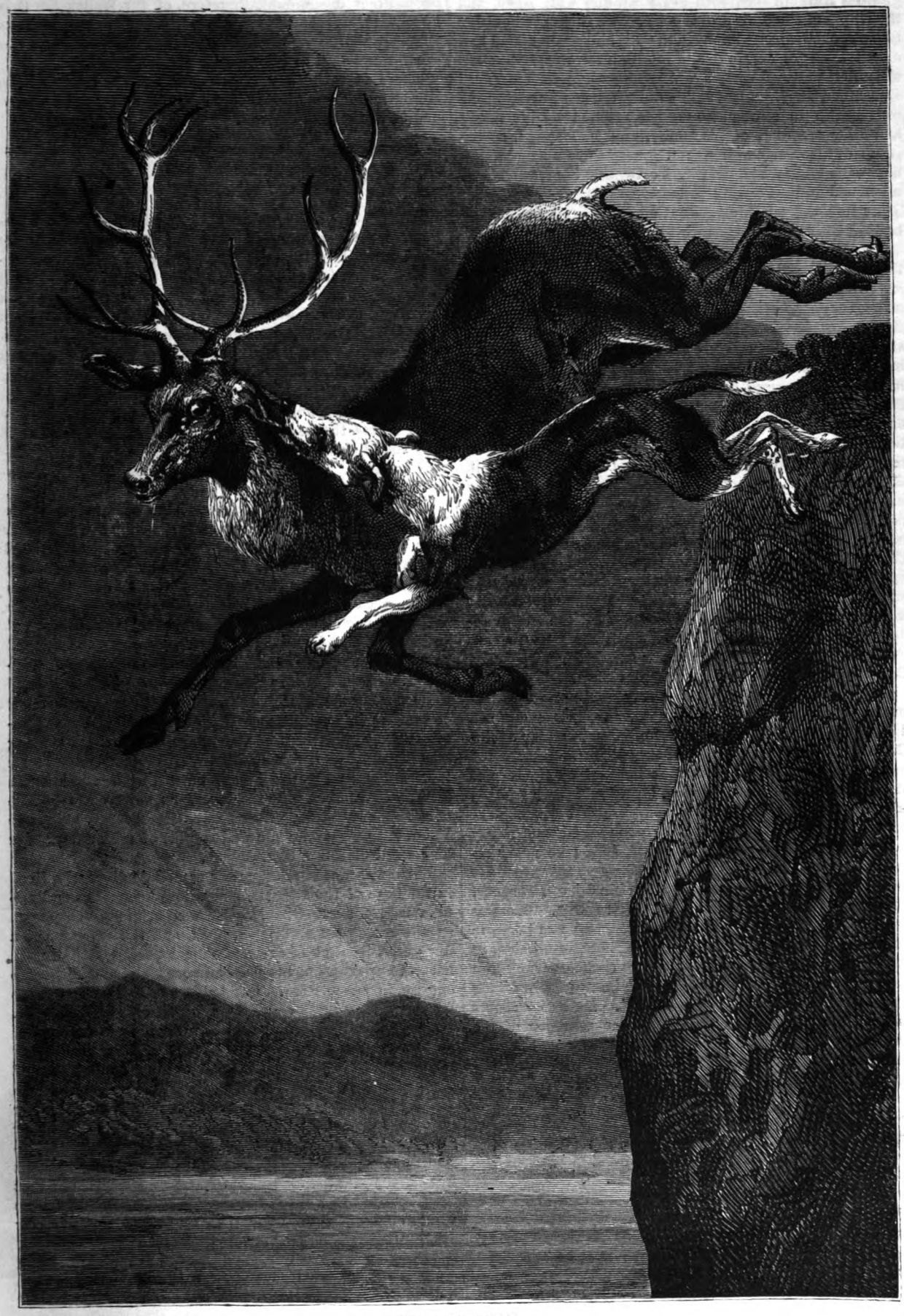
The next morning he was wheeled about his garden, and on the following morning was out in this way for a couple of hours; within a day or two he fancied that he could write again, but on taking the pen into his hand, his fingers could not clasp it, and he sank back with tears rolling down his cheek. Later, when Laidlaw said in his hearing that Sir Walter had had a little repose, he replied "No, Willie—no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." As the tears rushed from his eyes, his old pride revived. "Friends," he said, "don't let me expose myself. Get me to bed—that is the only place."

After this Sir Walter never left his room. Occasionally he dropped off into delirium. He lingered, however, till the 21st of September—more than two months from the day of his reaching home, and a year from the day of Wordsworth's arrival at Abbotsford before his departure for the Mediterranean, with only one clear interval of consciousness, on Monday, the 17th of September. On that day, Mr. Lockhart was called to Sir Walter's bedside with the news that he had awakened in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see him. "'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.' He paused, and I said, 'Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?' 'No,' said he; 'don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all!'"

With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterward gave any sign of consciousness except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. And so, four days afterward, on the day of the autumnal equinox in 1832, at half-past one in the afternoon, on a



THE SCOTT MONUMENT, EDINBURGH.



DRIVEN TO DESPAIR.

glorious Autumn day, with every window wide open, and the ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles distinctly audible in his room, he passed away, and "his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." He died a month after completing his sixty-first year. Nearly seven years earlier, on the 7th of December, 1825, he had in his diary taken a survey of his own health in relation to the age reached by his father and other members of his family, and had stated, as the result of his considerations: "Square the odds and good-night, Sir Walter, about sixty. I care not if I leave my name unstained and my family property settled. *Sat est vixisse.*" Thus he lived just a year—but a year of gradual death—beyond his own calculation.

Sir Walter certainly left his "name unstained," unless the serious mistakes natural to a sanguine temperament such as his are to be counted as stains upon his name; and if they are, where among the sons of men would you find many unstained names as noble as his with such a stain upon it? He was not only sensitively honorable in motive, but, when he found what evil his sanguine temper had worked, he used his gigantic powers to repair it, as Samson used his great strength to repair the mischief he had inadvertently done to Israel. But with all his exertions he had not, when death came upon him, cleared off much more than half his obligations. There was still £54,000 to pay. But of this, £22,000 was secured in an insurance on his life, and there were besides a thousand pounds or two in the hands of the trustees, which had not been applied to the extinction of the debt. Mr. Cadell, his publisher, accordingly advanced the remaining £30,000 on the security of Sir Walter's copyrights, and on the 21st of February, 1833, the general creditors were paid in full, and Mr. Cadell remained the only creditor of the estate. In February, 1847, Sir Walter's son, the second baronet, died childless; and in May, 1847, Mr. Cadell gave a discharge in full of all claims.

Sir Walter's effort to found a new house was even less successful than the effort to endow it. His eldest son died childless. In 1839 he went to Madras, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 15th Hussars, and subsequently commanded that regiment. He was as much beloved by the officers of his regiment as his father had been by his own friends, and was in every sense an accomplished soldier. The cause of his death was his having exposed himself rashly to the sun in a tiger-hunt, in August, 1846; he never recovered from the fever which was the consequence. He died near the Cape of Good Hope, on the 8th of February, 1847. His brother Charles died before him. He was rising rapidly in the diplomatic service, and was taken to Persia by Sir John MacNeill, on a diplomatic mission, as *attaché* and private secretary. But the climate struck him down, and he died at Teheran, almost immediately on his arrival, on the 28th of October, 1841. Both the sisters had died previously. Anne Scott, the younger of the two, whose health had suffered greatly during the prolonged anxiety of her father's illness, died on the midsummer-day of the year following her father's death; and Sophia (Mrs. Lockhart) died on the 17th of May, 1837. Sir Walter's eldest grandchild, John Hugh Lockhart, for whom the "Tales of a Grandfather" were written, died before his grandfather—indeed, Sir Walter heard of the child's death at Naples. The second son, Walter Scott Lockhart Scott, a lieutenant in the army, died at Versailles on the 10th of January, 1853. Charlotte Harriet Jane Lockhart, who was married in 1847 to James Robert Hope-Scott, and succeeded to the Abbotsford estate, died at Edinburgh on the 26th of October, 1858, leaving three children, of whom only one survives. Walter Michael and Margaret Anne Hope-Scott both died in infancy. The only direct descendant, therefore, of Sir Walter Scott is now Mary Monica Hope-Scott, who was born on the 2d of October, 1852, the grandchild of Mrs. Lockhart, and the great-grandchild of the founder of Abbotsford.

There is something of irony in such a result of the Herculean labors of Scott to found and endow a new branch of the clan of Scott.

MISERS.

The death of the miser Foscoe, who amassed an immense fortune by usury and every advantage he could take of the necessities of the unfortunate, was dramatically appropriate. For reasons of safety he dug a hole in the ground and secreted his treasure there; he made a trap-door with a spring lock, and would go down daily to gloat over his savings. He lived a solitary life, but one day his neighbors remarked that he had not been seen for an unusually long time. They made search for him through the house, the woods and in the ponds, but failed to find him. Years afterward, when workmen were repairing the house, they came across the secret cave in the cellar. On opening it they found Foscoe's remains, and the heavy bags of untold treasure. He had died with the object of his devotion.

The methods by which misers have accumulated their huge fortunes are much the same—it was by saving, rather than by making, money, that they became rich. Daniel Dancer dined off two or three boiled eggs, and warmed up his cold pancakes that were left over by carrying them in his pocket. Elwes, who was worth nearly a million dollars, carried old bones in his pocket, taking them out to his farm to be used as fertilizers. Another miser used to boil a piece of beef and fourteen hard dumplings on Sunday; that would be the allowance of food for himself and sister for the week. Dancer saved on soap, never using it or towels; he washed himself in the river and dried himself in the sun. He used to beg a pinch of snuff, putting it in a box he carried with him. This he exchanged for a farthing candle, which lasted until the box was again filled. He used an old meal-sack for a shirt, and a bundle of straw for a pillow. But he was singularly generous to his dog, to whom he allowed a pint of milk a day. He died worth half a million dollars.

There was a celebrated miser named Audley, who lived in the time of the Stuarts, and whose keenness as a business man was remarkable. He was originally employed as a clerk at six shillings a week, and in the course of a few years, by dint of the economical practices that come natural to persons of his ilk, had accumulated sufficient to engage in speculation. His habit was to buy bad debts for a trifle, and afterward compound with the insolvent. An anecdote will illustrate his method: A tradesman, Miller, owed a merchant named White £200, and seeing no other chance to obtain it (Miller being insolvent) sued for the amount. Audley goes to White and offers him £40 for the debt; the merchant accepts. Then the miser goes to Miller, and obtains his quittance of the debt for £50, upon the condition that he pays for the accommodation. The insolvent signed the contract, which he thought was offered in a benevolent spirit. The contract was that he should pay to Audley, twenty years from that time, one penny consecutively doubled, on the first day of twenty consecutive months; failing, to pay a fine of £500. Miller, acquitted of his debt, arranged with his creditors and commenced business. Two or three years afterward the miser began to call for his installments, and Miller found on calculating that on the first of the twentieth month he

would have to pay £2,880; so he refused the payment of his bond, and gave Audley the £500 forfeit.

Vandille, a remarkable French miser, was at one time the mayor of Boulogne, and while in that position partly maintained himself by being "milk-taster-general" of the market. While munching a scrap of bread he would partake of these gratuitous draughts. He always traveled to Paris on foot, and, fearful lest he should be robbed, took good care never to have more than threepence in his pocket. If he needed more money he begged on the road. By such methods, and by lending money to the French Government, he made a fortune of £300,000, sprung from a single shilling. During the very cold Winter of 1734, he found it necessary to purchase some extra fuel, and endeavored to beat down the wood merchant in his price. The man drove off, and Vandille stole a few logs from the back of the cart. In hastening away with them, he became overheated and contracted a bad fever. He sent for a surgeon, telling him he wanted to be bled. As the surgeon charged half a *livre*, which was considered too much, a barber was called in, who agreed to open a vein for threepence.

"But, friend," said the cautious miser, "how often will it be requisite to bleed me?"

"Three times," said the barber.

"Three times! And pray, what quantity of blood do you intend to take from me at each operation?"

"About eight ounces each time."

"That will be ninepence. Too much!—too much! I know a cheaper way: take the whole twenty-four ounces at once, and that will save me sixpence."

He saved his sixpence, but lost his life.

Sir William Smyth, of Bedfordshire, a wealthy miser, agreed to give sixty guineas if Dr. Taylor, a celebrated occulist, restored him to sight. The doctor succeeded so well that Sir William was able to read and write all the rest of his life without spectacles. But he pretended at the time of his cure that he only had a glimmer of his surroundings, and on that account succeeded in getting the fee reduced to £20—one-third of the original price.

A St. Petersburg miser, who lived in the time of Catherine II., resorted to a peculiar method to save a little money. He had a large mastiff dog to watch his house, and had trained him to bark and howl all night. Finally the dog died. Not caring to go to the expense of buying another, the old man personated a dog himself, and went about the house morning and evening, barking and howling in imitation of his former protector. This man lived in one damp room, in a large, dilapidated old house, and we are told that his cellar contained casks of gold and packages of silver. He was the richest man in Russia.

A GUIANA WAY OF TAKING FISH.

I SET out at an early hour one morning (says C. B. Brown, the naturalist) with Ben, Eruma and Yackarawa, in a woodskin, for a place where the Cowenamou Indians were going to poison a pool, so as to obtain its fish. After about two hours' hard paddling we arrived at a large cataract, called Cartowerie, and taking our canoe into smooth water above, found the Indians, eleven in number, busily engaged in beating bundles of a soft yellow root with sticks. These Haiarie roots were each about two inches in diameter, and of a light yellow color, containing a yellow, creamy juice, having a disagreeable, raw smell. Each bundle was about a foot in diameter, and two feet in length. When thoroughly pounded into pulp they were thrown into canoes, in which a little water had been previously placed, and then the juice was wrung from them. The inclosure to be acted upon was of an irregular shape, occupying about two acres of river, and formed by dams of rock, built into the spaces between rocky areas and small islands. In building this the Indians had left two large gaps open, one being where the greatest body of water ran in and the other where it flowed out.

When we arrived they had closed these gaps with a wattle arrangement, so that all chance of escape for the fish was cut off. Three canoes, containing the juice of six bundles of Haiarie, were then taken to the upper end of the inclosure, and the subtle poison discharged from them. It was borne down by the slight current, and mingled rapidly with the pure dark water. Most of the Indians then got into their canoes and pushed out, bow and arrows in hand, into the middle of the inclosure, while the remainder, with my men, also furnished with the same weapons, stood upon rocks at the edge.

In ten minutes' time numbers of small fish came to the surface, and swam uneasily about, trying to rise above water; these soon were floating about quite dead. After an interval of five minutes more, a single pacu showed its back fin, and also tried to raise its head above water. An instant more and the whole place seemed alive with large fish, pacu and cartabac, all struggling and flapping at the surface, or whirling round and round. Many tried to force themselves out of the water up the sloping surface of the rocks, and two were successful in this, dying on the strand. From the excited manner in which they struggled, it seemed to me as if the poison had an intoxicating effect upon them. It might have been that the contact of the poison with their gills had produced a feeling of suffocation—hence their endeavors to escape from their native element.

It was a most exciting scene for a time, as the Indians shot arrow after arrow into the bewildered dying fish, and hauled them ashore or into their canoes. In about an hour the murderous work was over, and one hundred and fifty fine pacu and cartabac were lying dead upon the rocks around the pool, the victims of Indian prowess and poison.

During the whole proceeding I stood on the rocks at the upper end of the pool, and had a fine view of the scene, the finest part of which was to see the naked savage, in all his glory, drawing his bow with strength and ease and letting fly his arrows with unerring aim.

How curious it is that this poison, which kills the fish, should not have a deleterious effect upon its flesh. That it has not, is proved by the fact that fish procured by its aid are as good and wholesome food as when merely shot with the arrow or caught with hook and line. The process of cooking probably drives out or destroys the bad properties of the poison, as it does with the yam, which is said to be injurious if eaten uncooked. Boiling down the poisonous cassava juice likewise renders it innocuous. It may be, however, that this poison acts in some peculiar way without entering the tissues of the flesh.

THE PRINCESS BELLE STAR.

A FAIRY STORY.

ONCE upon a time there was a very beautiful princess, who, with all her goodness, was very capricious. She was engaged to be married to a very brave and accomplished prince, who would have risked his life at her slightest wish. She knew this so well that she sometimes imposed upon it. A fairy had told her that she never could marry the greatest prince in the world without she got three

things—the laughing water, the singing apple, and the little green bird.

The laughing water had the property of making everybody who bathed their faces in it eternally beautiful. The singing apple gave out the most beautiful music, and cheered the spirits of all who heard it. The little green bird could tell everything that was going on in the world.

"You will never be perfectly happy until you possess all these three, and then you will gain the handsome Prince Tancred."

The fairy then told her that without she obtained these three things he would really never love her, and that also it was necessary that the prince should signalize his devotion for her by obtaining these gifts for her himself.

The fairy did this to test whether the prince was worthy of her favorite *protégée*.

This made the princess very miserable, for the fairy had already told her that the accomplishment of these objects was attended with very great perils.

The prince was surprised when he saw her the next day plunged into such grief, and anxiously inquired the cause. Now, the princess had been taught by her mother always to speak the truth, and therefore candidly confessed what the fairy had told her.

"Be of good cheer," said the prince. "You shall have all these things."

The princess could only thank him with one of those loving looks which only a princess in a fairy story can give.

Now the prince had a fairy who had guarded over him from his birth, to whom, in his perplexity, he went.

THE PRINCESS BELLE STAR.—"THE STRUGGLE WAS NOT LONG, FOR THE DOVE DARTED AT THE EYES OF THE DRAGON, AND PECKED THEM OUT."

She told him to go on his way, and trust to Providence.

Mounting his white horse in the early dawn, he galloped into the woods.

He had not gone far when he saw a hawk pursuing a dove. The prince, by his outcries and brandishing his whip, made the marauder pause, whilst the dove flew and nestled in his bosom. The hawk thereupon flew off.

To his surprise, the dove said:

"You have saved my life, and I will show you how to gain the object of your journey."

The prince was astonished, for he had never before heard a bird speak; he, however, accepted it as a good omen, and went on his way with renewed hopes, the dove perching on his horse's neck.

He had not gone far when the bird told him that the laughing waters were guarded by a terrible dragon, which he would have to overcome in fight. The prince was delighted to show his devotion to the lovely Belle Star, and mounting his horse, guided by the dove, he soon came to where the hideous reptile was stationed. The struggle was not long, for the dove darted at the eyes of the dragon and pecked them out. The prince then gathered some of the water.

"I will now go after the apple," said the dove, "while you can stay here and be grateful that your kindness to a poor bird has made it your friend."

The prince, more and more astonished, threw himself under the shade of a large oak, and fell asleep. He was awakened from a most delightful dream by the most delicious music. It came from the singing apple, which the bird had just brought from the enchanted garden.

"We now only want," said the prince, "the green bird, but you have done so much for me, my dear dove, that I do not like to tax your kindness any further."

"Wait a little while longer," said the bird, "and you will see how nature repays a kind action."

So saying, it flew away. Very soon afterward the prince looked up, and saw two birds flying toward him; one was the little dove, and the other a green parrot. The prince was loud in his acknowledgments, and offered all the treasure of his father's kingdom.

It is impossible to describe the delight of the Princess Belle Star when she saw her beloved prince return with the objects of his search.

When she had finished her congratulations the little dove transformed itself into a beautiful fairy, and thus addressed the princess:

"Thanks to my guardian care, the prince has returned, safe and sound. When you are married, beware of testing his affection by sending him on such dangerous errands, lest you should lose him for ever."

Having said this she disappeared.

The prince and princess were married, and reigned for many years very happy and contented.

SUCCESS has a great tendency to conceal and throw a vail over the deeds of men.

WE talk little, if we do not talk about ourselves.

BRAZILIAN INDIANS MAKING RUBBER BOTTLES.

INDIA RUBBER AND GUTTA-PERCHA.

THEIR HISTORY, OCCURRENCE AND MANUFACTURE.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph.D.

The history of india rubber and of its applications to industry affords one of the most interesting and instructive chapters in the development of the arts. The first European writer who mentions its existence appears to have been a Spaniard, Herrera, who, in his account of the second voyage of Christopher Columbus, says, in speaking of the natives of Hayti, one of the first islands discovered by the great Genoese navigator, that "Among their amusements is a game at ball, in which they show marvelous dexterity. They form opposite groups and throw the ball back and forth by a certain propulsion which they give to their bodies, and execute various movements with great address and agility. The balls are made of the sap of a tree, very light, and rebounding more than the Castilian bladders."

Whence these balls were obtained appears to have been unknown to this writer, and it was not until 1615 that Torquemada published more definite information on the subject. He describes a tree which furnishes an abundance of liquid, white like milk, viscous and gummy, and which flows from any cut or fracture of the bark. The natives, he says, were in the habit of collecting this sap in calabashes. In these vessels the liquid acquires greater consistence, and finally assumes the shape that may be desired. It appears to be evident that the material here referred to was what is now known as india rubber; but the description was very defective, and it was not until the celebrated French traveler, M. de la Condamine, made his voyage down the Amazon in 1736, that authentic and scientific accounts of the wonderful substance became known to Europeans. It is well known that at this time the French Academy of Sciences sent out two expeditions to determine the exact shape of the earth by careful measurements made near the pole and equator. The party to the equator

THE INDIA RUBBER OR SNAKE TREE.

was under the direction of De la Condamine and Bouguer. While the astronomers of the party were engaged in measuring an arc of the meridian, De la Condamine occupied himself in the study of the natural productions of the country, and it was thus that he became acquainted with the wonderful sap which the natives gathered from certain kinds of trees. He says of this substance that "it is a peculiar resin which flows from trees growing in different parts of America, and is known under the name of *caout-chou* or *cachuchu;* the tree is called *hyevee* by the natives, and *ievé* by the Spaniards. The tree yields by incisions a liquid resembling milk, which gradually hardens in the air. The inhabitants make torches of it, an inch and a half in diameter and three feet long, which burn brilliantly without wicking ; in burning, the flambeaux give out a disagreeable odor. In the province of Quito the inhabitants make roofing from the gum ; also a great variety of objects, imitations of fruits, birds, beautiful balls, which they make rebound great distances without fracturing them, and which resume their original shape after coming to rest. They also make shoes of one piece, which are entirely impervious to water."

De la Condamine brought a quantity of the curious substance to Europe, and it was examined by many chemists. One of them, M. Macguer, was the first to dissolve the resin in ether, and to apply the solution to the interior of molds, and he says of it: "The solidity of this material, its elasticity, its property to resist water or other liquids, would render it useful in the manufacture of tubing, and for the belting of machinery." This was toward the end of the eighteenth century.

The navigator Magellan, in a letter to Valmont de Bomare, written in 1770, speaks of the use made by artists in England of the gum as a substitute for bread to erase pencil-marks. It was this property of erasing drawings that first attracted the attention of English travelers and gave the name of india rubber to the substance—a name which can very well be retained instead of the high-sounding *caoutchouc*, the orthography and pronunciation of which must always be in doubt. It is also interesting in the history of this substance that so trifling a use should at first have been suggested for a substance which was destined to become an almost indispensable article of commerce.

During the last years of the eighteenth century many attempts were made in England and France to find new uses of the elastic gum. In 1790 elastic ligatures were made of it, and in 1791 Grassart cut thin sections, which he wound around glass rods, and thus made into tubing. Solutions of the material were made in the oil obtained by the distillation of rubber, for protecting cables and other purposes, but previous to 1820 the application of india rubber was almost entirely confined to erasing lead marks, and the demand for it was very limited.

In 1821 two very important inventions were made in France and England, which gave a new impulse to the rubber industry. In the former country the material was woven into fabrics, and in the latter, by means of solvents, it was introduced between layers of cloth. It is to Mackintosh, a manufacturer of Manchester, that we owe the introduction of the waterproof clothing which has since rendered the name of the inventor celebrated over the world. He succeeded in making an emulsion of the rubber by means of turpentine or benzole, which was not sufficiently fluid to run through the texture of the fabric, and could be spread upon it without loss. In this way articles of clothing were prepared which were entirely impermeable to water, and which were perfectly satisfactory in warm weather, but which were useless in very cold weather, as they became brittle as parchment, and as unhandy as a coat of mail. A further invention was necessary before an entirely satisfactory article could be produced. In France the attention of manufacturers was chiefly confined to the spinning of rubber threads, which could afterward be woven into fabrics impermeable to water. This was in a measure successful, and was carried on to considerable extent at Rouen.

It was not until 1842 that a veritable revolution was accomplished in the rubber industry, by the invention of what was called the process of vulcanization. Since that time the chief progress has been in improved methods of working this process, and in the production of ebonite and other articles known to the trade. India rubber, in its natural state, has two serious defects—it loses its elasticity in the cold, and sticks when freshly cut. These two fundamental evils disappear under the process of vulcanization. It is to Charles Goodyear that the world owes the invention of the vulcanization of india rubber. He was engaged in the business, and being an observing man, was constantly alert to any new discovery. It was his opinion that to make the manufacture complete it would only be necessary to restore to the gum its natural qualities ; in this way he would get rid of the deleterious effects produced by the action of solvents in the re-manufacture. He was therefore much pleased one day to find in the market several barrels of caoutchouc sap, which had been kept from coagulation by some mysterious agent. He made some remarks to his workmen about the possible use of this sap, and was not a little astonished the next morning to find one of the men appearing before him with his lower extremities encased in a fine pair of rubber breeches. This man had taken advantage of the suggestion, and had dipped his breeches in the sap. His face beamed all over with smiles as he sat down by the fire to his daily task of mixing gum, and recounted to his employer the baptism of his ancient apparel in the barrel of sap ; but his pleasure was of short duration, for when he attempted to rise he not only found himself cemented to the seat, but discovered that his two legs had entered into very close partnership, and he was forced to undergo a process of peeling. This experiment satisfied Goodyear that "adhesiveness was a property which belonged to the native gum, and was not the consequence of imperfect manufacture."

We cannot, in this place, give an account of all of Mr. Goodyear's trials and experiments in his endeavor to discover some means of preventing the decomposition and adhesiveness of rubber goods, but must confine ourselves to an account of the circumstances which were immediately connected with his invaluable discovery.

In the Summer of 1838 Mr. Goodyear became acquainted with Nathaniel Hayward, who had been employed as foreman of the Eagle Company, at Woburn, where he had made use of sulphur by impregnating the solvent with it. It was through him that Mr. Goodyear received the first knowledge of the use of sulphur as a dryer of india rubber. Mr. Goodyear purchased the claim for combining sulphur with india rubber, for which a patent was taken out February 24th, 1839. This claim was for the use of sulphur, and not for the heating and vulcanizing process, which was subsequently discovered. Mr. Goodyear manufactured a large lot of goods containing sulphur, but they all decomposed in a short time. While experimenting upon some of the material, after the failure of the compound, to ascertain the effect of heat upon it, he was surprised to find that the specimens, being carelessly brought in contact with a hot stove, charred like leather. He inferred from this that if the

process of charring could be stopped at the right point, it might divest the gum of its native adhesiveness. Upon further trial he was convinced of the correctness of this inference by finding that india rubber could not be melted in boiling sulphur, at any heat ever so great, but always charred. On heating one of his specimens before an open fire, he noticed upon the edge of the charred portions of the fabric a line, or border, that was not charred, but perfectly cured. His discovery was now made, and it only remained to reduce it to practice.

It was in the year 1842 that overshoes were sent to Europe which were perfectly adapted to daily usage. They did not harden in Winter, freshly-cut surfaces did not adhere together, their elasticity was constant, and they were absolutely impermeable to moisture. These goods obtained an immense success in France and England. The European manufacturers were piqued at not having succeeded as well, and as Goodyear had failed to take out a patent abroad, many of them set to work to try to discover the secret of the invention.

There was at Newington, near London, a manufacturer of india rubber, Thomas Hancock, who was as well known in Great Britain as Goodyear was in America. For a number of years he had been at work on improvements, and when he received the perfected goods made by Goodyear, he was resolved to penetrate the secret; and it was his knowledge of chemistry that enabled him to succeed. He discovered in the ashes of the American goods large traces of sulphates mixed with carbonate of lead, and on subjecting the same articles to destructive distillation he found native sulphur. Starting from these premises, Thomas Hancock soon succeeded in penetrating the secret of Goodyear's invention. Goodyear's process consisted substantially in causing sulphur to act upon india rubber at a very elevated temperature. Hancock recognized that a belt of rubber dipped in fused sulphur, and exposed to a high temperature, no longer became hard in the cold, or adhered in fresh surfaces, while its elasticity was considerably increased. Thus transformed in its fundamental properties by the united action of heat and sulphur, the gum could very properly have been simply called sulphurized rubber, but Hancock preferred to express all this in one word, and recalling the fact that brimstone is found in volcanoes or is emblematic of Vulcan's forge, he proposed the choice of volcano or Vulcan as sponsor for the new invention—the people chose Vulcan as the patron saint of the process, and hence the word vulcanization, instead of volcanization.

Unfortunately Goodyear had depended upon secrecy as a sufficient protection, and had failed to patent his invention in England. While he was negotiating with Mackintosh, Hancock made haste to take advantage of this oversight, and thus the English market was closed to the enterprising American. The misfortunes of Goodyear in his attempts to obtain pecuniary rewards for his great discovery are matters of history. It is too often the case that the greatest benefactors of our race meet with no recognition during their lives, and it is not until long after their death that some sculptured monument tells the story of their imperishable services.

Charles Goodyear was born in New Haven, Conn., December 29th, 1800, and died in New York, July 1st, 1860. He was at first engaged in the hardware business, but after the failure of his firm he selected, as a new occupation, the manufacture of india rubber. The first important improvement made by him was in New York in 1836, being a method of depriving rubber of its adhesiveness by dipping it into a preparation of nitric acid. The process met with great favor, especially in the manufacture of shoes, which continued to be made by it in great numbers at Providence, R. I., until it was superseded by the superior method of vulcanization. Subsequently Goodyear hit upon the sulphurization process, as we have seen, and thus completed the invention.

The first publication of the process of vulcanization was Goodyear's patent for France, dated April 16th, 1844. The French laws require that the patentee shall put and keep his invention in public use in France within two years from its date. Goodyear endeavored to comply with this and with all other requirements of the French laws, and thought he had effectually done so; but the courts of France decided that he had not complied in every particular, and that therefore his patent had become void. He was equally unfortunate in England, for, having opened negotiations with Charles Mackintosh for the sale of the secret, one of the partners of that firm, named Thomas Hancock, availing himself of the hints and opportunities thus presented to him, rediscovered, as he affirmed and as we have described, the process, to which he gave the name of vulcanization. Goodyear, however, obtained the great Council medal of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the grand medal of honor at Paris in 1855, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor from Napoleon III. These testimonials seemed to establish his fame as the inventor of vulcanization, but they failed to bring him that pecuniary reward to which he was eminently entitled.

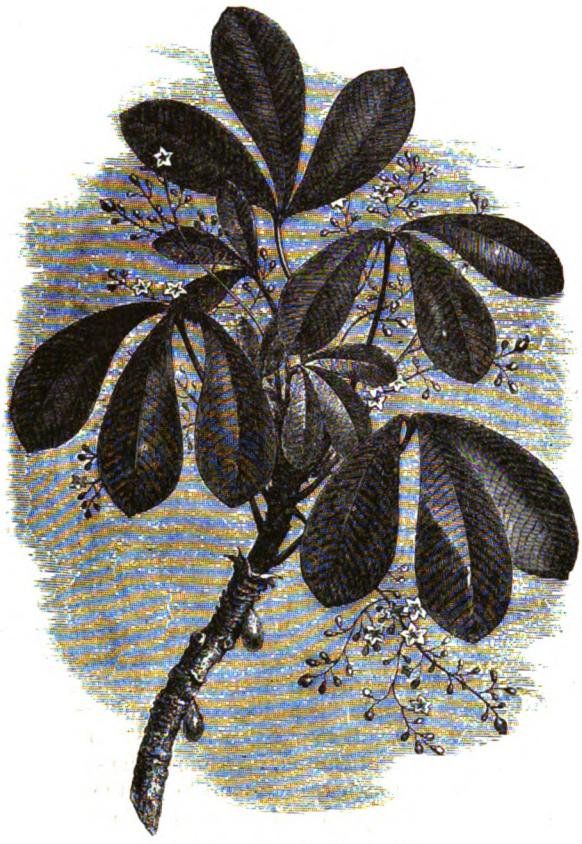
To go back again in the history of the rubber industry, it may be worth while to mention that in 1825 Thomas C. Wales, a merchant of Boston, introduced the original Para overshoe in its rough state, as made by the Indians of Brazil, and soon caused an improvement in its shape by sending the native shoemakers American lasts. In 1828 nearly half a million india rubber overshoes were exported from Brazil to Europe and the United States.

In 1832, Wait Webster, of New York, received a patent for attaching soles to gum elastic boots and shoes, and the next year similar patents were granted to Nathaniel Ruggles of Bridgeport, Conn. In 1833 boots were exhibited at the Fair of the American Institute, by J. M. Hood, of New York, which had been made here and sent to South America to be varnished with the fresh juice of the caoutchouc-tree.

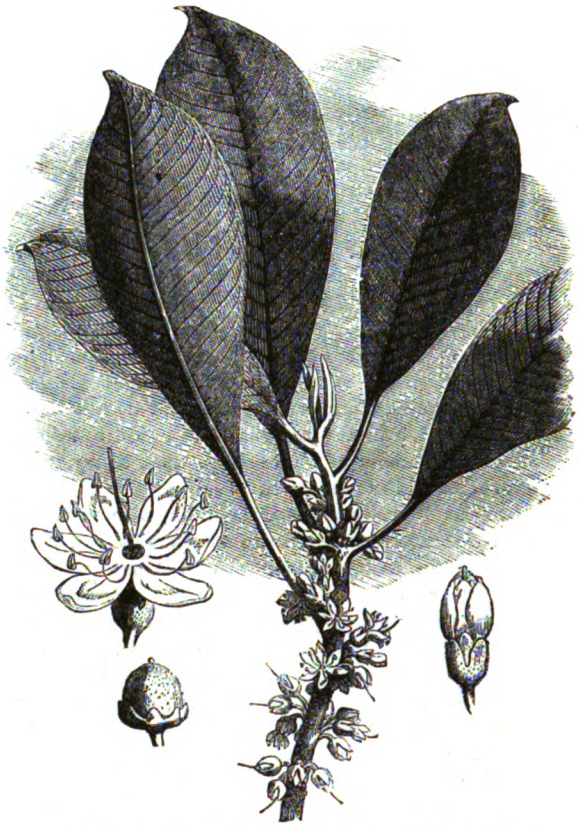
The Roxbury India Rubber Company, chartered in 1833, was the first in the United States to manufacture waterproof clothing. They made shoes, coats, life preservers, and carriage traces, covering them with caoutchouc dissolved in some essential oil, spirits of turpentine being principally used. Other companies were soon chartered, and competition became rife, until we reach the year 1835, when Charles Goodyear appeared upon the scene, and soon revolutionized the entire business.

Having brought the history of the manufacture of india rubber up to the present time, it may be well to give an account of the origin of the raw material. The plants which yield caoutchouc are restricted to three natural orders, namely: 1. *Euphorbiacæ*, represented by several species of lofty trees *(hœvia* or *siphonia)* inhabiting the hot and humid valleys of the Amazon. 2. *Artocarpaceæ*, comprising several varieties of *ulé*-trees *(castilloa elastica*, etc.*)*, ranging from the Gulf of Mexico to Guayaquil; a number of species of fig-trees *(ficus elastica*, etc.*)* occurring in northeastern Hindostan, Farther India, Java, and Northern Australia. 3. *Apocynaceæ*, represented by *hancornia* in Southern Brazil; *Landolphia*, in Equatorial Africa; *vahea*, in Madagascar, and *urceola* in Malacca and Borneo; all except the first named being climbing vines and shrubs.

The finest variety of caoutchouc comes from Para, where

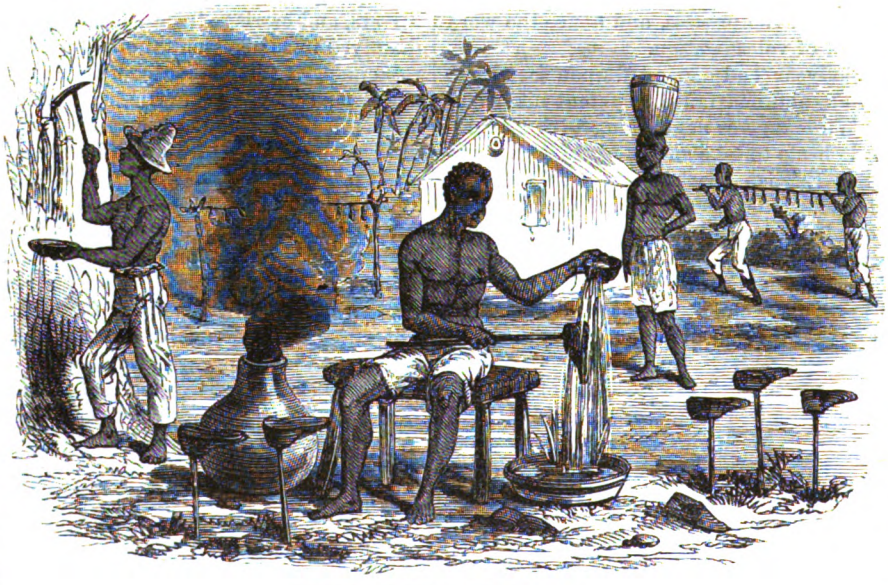


THE RUBBER TREE OF BRAZIL.



BRANCH OF ISONANDRA GUTTA—GUTTA-PERCHA TREE.

the harvest begins in August and continues until January or February. When it flows from the trees the milk has the consistency and color of cream, but it soon curdles by the separation of the gum from the whey-like liquid in which it is suspended. The trees are usually tapped in the evening and the milk collected in the morning. The native method of preparing the raw material for the market is to evaporate the milk over molds of wood or clay by means of artificial heat tempered by the smoke of roasting nuts. The milk is poured over the mold and hardened in successive layers; then, when a sufficient thickness has been obtained, the mass is cut through on one side and the mold removed, leaving a pouch, the parent of the original rubber shoe. By European manufacturers the milk is coagulated by the use of alum-water or ammonia, and the rubber hardened by pressure; a better way, in that it allows the manufacturing to be done away from the scene of collection, which is always unhealthy.



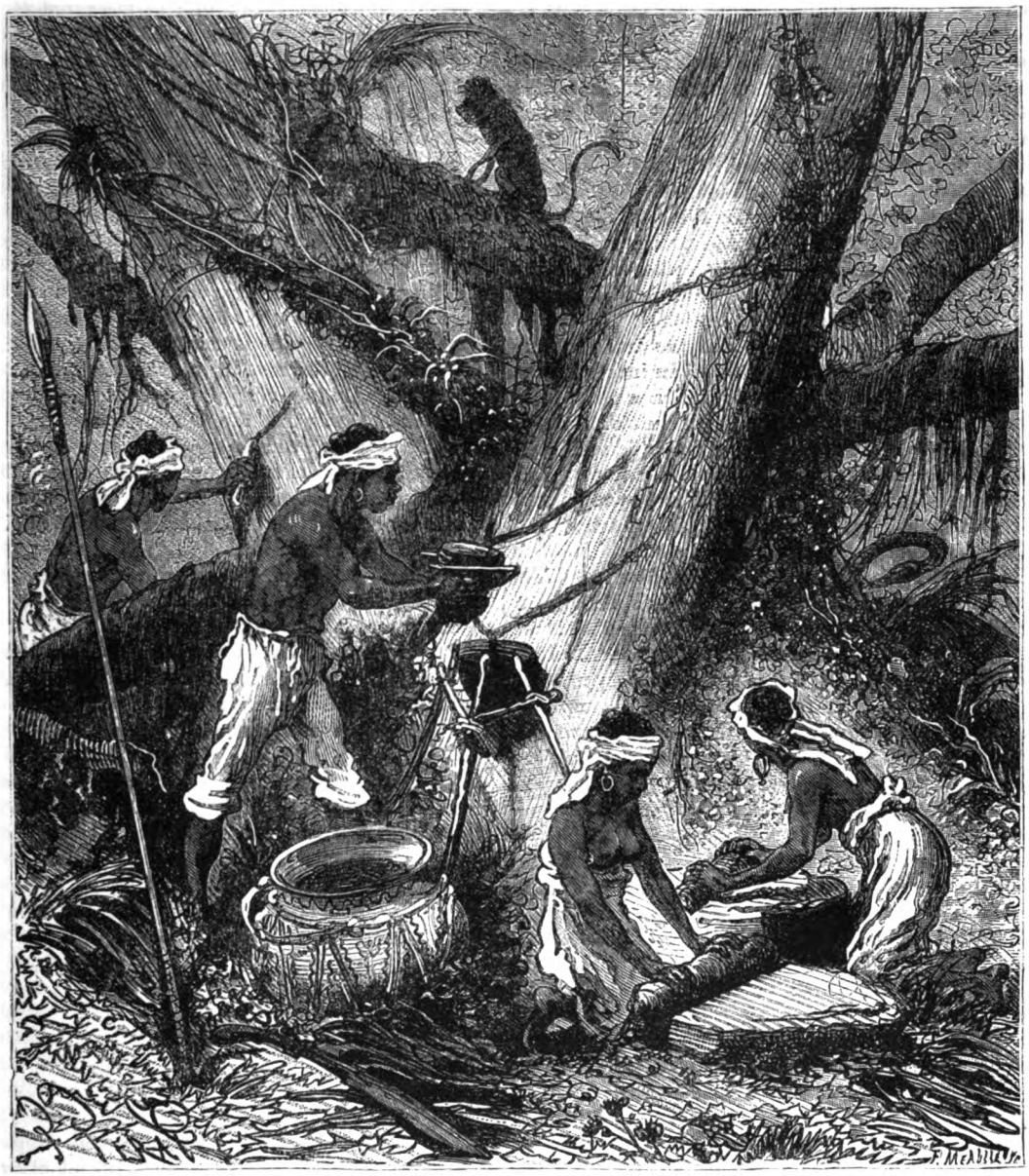
INDIANS MAKING RUBBER SHOES.

The Para rubber appears in market in several forms: "biscuits," or flat pouches, made by dipping and smoking with round molds; "bottles," made in the same manner, over molds of corresponding shape; "nigger heads," or solid balls, sometimes a foot in diameter, made by rolling small pieces together; and lastly, as loose scrap. Para caoutchouc, being stronger, purer, and more enduring than any other, is indispensable for articles requiring great strength and elasticity, such as springs of railway-cars, and the like. An article of similar quality, but less pure, is that known commercially as "Ceara scrap." It comes in the form of balls or blocks, made up of reddish-brown string-like pieces rolled together. Both are the products of the *hœvia*. The same trees also abound in French Guiana, Ven-

ezuela, and Eastern Peru, in the dense, moist forests along the river valleys.

The second in rank among the producers of caoutchouc is the *ulé*-tree, which abounds throughout Central America and Western South America as far south as Peru. Two, perhaps three, species are tapped. They thrive best in thick, damp, warm forests, growing to perfection in the basins of Lake Nicaragua and Managua. The milk flows at all seasons, but is best in April. A tree 18 inches in diameter, skillfully tapped, will yield about 20 gallons of milk, giving 50 pounds of rubber. The milk is usually coagulated by the addition of certain plants, the caoutchouc separating as a soft brown mass, smelling like new cheese. It is then taken out of the brown liquid, in which it was suspended, and pressed into cakes weighing about two pounds each. Sometimes the caoutchouc is allowed to separate spontaneously, which occurs after the milk has stood half a day or so, and is then left to dry for a fortnight before pressing. At other times, the milk is simply poured upon prepared ground, where the watery part is absorbed or evaporated. It is sent to market in cakes called *tortillas* or *meros*, in balls or *cabezza*, and in *bolas* formed by the natural drying of the milk in the cuts made in the trees. The last variety is especially prized.

Six or eight hundred gatherers are employed in the San Juan district of Nicaragua, and as many as two thousand in the neighborhood of Panama, where the trees are cut down to obtain the caoutchouc. Greytown, Nicaragua, is the principal port for the export of india rubber on the coast. It is collected by parties of Indians (Caribs, or half-caste Creoles), seldom by Europeans, to whom the dealers, who are also shopkeepers, advance the necessary outfit of food, clothing and apparatus for the work on condition of receiving the whole of the rubber at a fixed price. The rubber-hunters are called *uleros*, "*ulé*" being the Creole term for rubber. A party of uleros, after a final debauch at Greytown, having expended all their remaining cash, generally make a start in a canoe for one of the rivers or streams which abound on the coast, and having fixed on a convenient spot for a camp, commence operations. The



GATHERING GUTTA-PERCHA IN A MALAYAN FOREST.

captain of the expedition marks out all the trees in the neighborhood. The rubber-tree here grows to a great size, being on an average about four feet in diameter, and from twenty to thirty feet to the first branches. From all the trees in the almost impenetrable jungle hang numerous trailing parasites, lianes, etc.; from these, and especially the tough vines, are made rude ladders, which are suspended close to the trunks of the trees selected, which are now slashed by *machetes* in diagonal cuts from right to left, so as to meet in the middle and central channels, which lead into iron gutters driven in below and then again into the wooden pails. The pails are soon full of the white milk, and are emptied into larger tin pans. The milk is then passed through a sieve, and subsequently coagulated by a judicious application of the juice of a *bejuca* vine. The coagulated mass is then pressed by hand, and finally rolled out on a board with a wooden roller. The rubber has now assumed the form of a large pancake, nearly two feet in diameter and about a quarter of an inch thick, on account of which they are termed *tortillas* by the uleros. These cakes are hung over the side-poles and framework which support the *rancho* (which is erected in the woods), and allowed to dry for about a fortnight, when they are ready to be packed for delivery to the dealer.

The New Grenada product, known to the trade as Carthagenia, comes in sheets three-fourths of an inch in thickness, and is of good quality, though sometimes tarry from admixture with gum from the wood, the result of unskillful tapping. Guayaquil caoutchouc is very irregular in quality, the best kinds being of whitish color, and prepared in flakes or lumps. The poorer varieties are spongy, and saturated with a disagreeable black liquid, which stains the hands and sickens the workmen who use it. The best of the Central American brands is that known as West India, though not a product of the islands. The finest quality comes in blocks made of thin sheets, and is of great purity. Guatemala caoutchouc is the poorest. It is prepared like the West India, but is spoilt by tarry matter. The remaining caoutchouc region of America comprises the high plateau of Southern Brazil, between 18° and 12° south latitude. It affords a good quality, known as Pernambuco, obtained from several varieties of *hancornia*. These trees grow to the size of the apple-tree, with small leaves and drooping branches, which give them the appearance of the weeping birch. The milk is not much collected, the trees being much valued for their fruit, which is held in high estimation.

The principal caoutchouc tree of Asia is the *Ficus elastica*, which flourishes chiefly in Assam, Farther India, Java, Sumatra and Australia, north of the isothermal of 70° Fahrenheit. In many parts of the Assam district the trees have been destroyed by reckless tapping, and, still worse, reckless felling of them to render the operation of tapping more convenient. When properly bled in the month of August, an average tree yields about fifteen ounces of pure caoutchouc. During the cold season, from October to March, the milk is scantier, but richer than during the warmer months. That which flows from the branches is allowed to dry on the trees, that from the trunk and roots is collected in holes in the ground and in large leaves rolled funnelwise and prepared artificially. The milk is either poured into the boiling water and stirred until it is stiff enough to be handled, or it is mixed with water in a tank, and allowed to stand until the caoutchouc separates, and floats like cream on the surface. It is then boiled over a slow fire until it coagulates, when it is taken out and pressed, after which it is boiled again, pressed, dried in the sun and washed with lime. It is sent to market in baskets of split rattan, holding about 300 weight. Assam caoutchouc has a peculiar mottled appearance, the color ranging from cream color to a bright pink. It is seldom pure, the admixture of bark or sooty matter amounting, sometimes, to a third of its weight. Several years ago William Griffith, an Englishman, published a report upon the caoutchouc-tree of Assam, at the request of Captain Jenkins, the agent of the Governor-General of India, in which he says the tree is either solitary or in two or three-fold groups; is large and umbrageous, and may be distinguished from other trees at a distance of several miles by the picturesque appearance of its dense and lofty crown. The main trunk of one measured 74 feet in circumference, and the area covered by its expanded branches had a circumference of 610 feet. The height of the central tree was 100 feet. It has been estimated that there are over 43,000 such trees in the district of Chardaar, in an area of 30 miles in length and 8 in width.

Singapore caoutchouc, the product of surrounding countries—Java, Sumatra, China, Manilla, the Malay Peninsula and Penang—is chiefly from the *ficus elastica*. Some bearing the same name comes from Borneo, Sumatra and Malacca, and is the product of the vine *urceola elastica*, a climbing plant of rapid growth and great size, often attaining a length of two hundred yards, and the thickness of a man's body. The vine is usually cut into small pieces, for the convenient extraction of the milk, the flow being hastened at times by applying heat to one side of the sticks or billets. The caoutchouc is separated by the action of salt, which causes the particles to coalesce. When fresh, the Borneo caoutchouc is white, soft and spongy; the pores are generally filled with salt water and whey. When dry and old the color changes to a dull pink or red, and the quality is inferior.

The caoutchouc of Madagascar, also obtained from a vine, is of excellent quality. It is prepared by treatment of salt water, and also by artificial heat. It is largely used in France, and ranks next to the Para in price. Equatorial Africa is next in rubber-yielding vines and trees, but its resources are but slightly developed. The collection and preparation is conducted in the most slovenly manner, the caoutchouc being largely mixed with gum from the wood, which spoils the product. African caoutchouc is received in the form of flakes, round balls and tongues. It is sticky, has a bad odor, and but little elasticity. The chief districts whence it is exported are the Gaboon, Congo, Angola, Benguela and Zambesi.

According to Dr. Adriani the juice of the *ficus elastica* contains:

Water	82.30
Caoutchouc	9.57
Resin	1.53
Magnesia combined with organic acid	4.49
A substance like sugar	0.36
A substance like dextrine	2.18
	100.48

Pure caoutchouc, freshly prepared and subjected to no influence which might give it an artificial color, is white and translucent. According to Mr. Pagen we find in commerce the following varieties: 1. White, opaque, in more or less voluminous masses. 2. Leaves or irregular plates, somewhat yellowish and transparent. 3. Another kind in thick plates, or spherical, hollow or solid masses of a brownish gray color, and opaque. 4. Brown of the same form, more or less transparent, and yellowish in their sections.

Thin laminæ of caoutchouc under a microscope show irregular pores communicating with each other. It takes a long time to eliminate water from thick masses of the gum, since the exterior pores contract in drying, and thus

retard the dessication of the interior. The color of commercial rubber was at first attributed to minutely divided soot derived from the smoke of the smoldering fires over which the milky juice is sometimes evaporated. Mr. Archer, however, says that the change is due to the action of oxygenated light, as he discovered by importing some in different colored bottles. If a strip of caoutchouc be cut and the edges be firmly pressed together, they will unite.

Rubber is a non-conductor of electricity, and develops the latter by friction. It melts at 248° Fah., and endures a much higher heat without further change. At 398° Fah. it begins to fume, and is converted into a viscid mass which no longer dries up. At a few degrees below 32° Fah., it contracts and becomes very hard. The characteristic property of the substance is its elasticity and extensibility. The specific gravity of the gum ranges from 0.92 to 0.94, according to purity. Caoutchouc is a hydrocarbon, and contains, in a pure state:

	URE.	FARADAY.	WILLIAMS.
Carbon	90	87.2	87.3
Hydrogen	10	12.8	12.1
	100.	100.	99.4

By destructive distillation caoutchouc yields a clear yellow liquid oil, called by Graham "caoutchine"—having no fixed boiling point, and therefore being a mixture of different volatile principles. The distillation proceeds most freely at temperatures between 350–390° Fah., and seems almost stationary at 385° Fah. India rubber resists the action of many chemical re-agents. Nitric acid aided by heat decomposes it, but hydrochloric acid does not attack it. Chlorine and sulphurous acid have no action on it. Naphtha and benzole dissolve rubber, but alcohol does not. Arhydremy ether, free from alcohol, is said by Dumas to be its best solvent. Caoutchouc dissolves completely in twenty parts of bisulphide of carbon, leaving the gum, on evaporation, transparent and elastic. Well-rectified oil of turpentine dissolves it freely.

Having noticed the discovery of india rubber, and mentioned its botanical and geographical sources, and described its physical and chemical properties, we may properly pass to an account of its manufacture. The manufacture of rubber goods may be carried on in two ways: 1, by direct mechanical treatment of the gum after simple washing; 2, by dissolving the gum in some solvent which on evaporation would leave a film on any surface over which it had been spread. By the former method, suspenders, etc., were manufactured, consisting of rubber threads protected by cotton, silk, or other material; by the latter method were made goods in which considerable surface had to be covered, such as overcoats, blankets, etc. It was soon found that goods manufactured in the above manner, especially by solution in turpentine, decomposed on exposure to warm weather, and were a total loss. The Mackintosh goods, made in England, were less liable to damage by decomposition, because the gum was protected by being spread between two cloths. Even in these goods, however, the gum was found to melt and penetrate through the meshes of the cloth in a warm climate, and they proved defective. All of these circumstances gradually led to the improvements introduced by Goodyear, and copied by Hancock.

Charles Goodyear's first patent was issued June 15th, 1844, and a re-issue was granted December 25th, 1849. In the latter, he says, with reference to india rubber: "When compounded with sulphur by the application of a high degree of heat, I obtained good results; and when compounded with sulphur and the carbonate of lead, I obtained the best results." He gives the following as the proportions which he has found to answer best: India rubber, 25; sulphur, 5; white lead, 7, parts, by weight.

Goodyear's patent describes the methods employed for making the mixture of ingredients, but the process has undergone so many important changes since its invention, both in the preparation of the crude material and in the process of adding the sulphur, that it is scarcely worth while to devote any more space to its description.

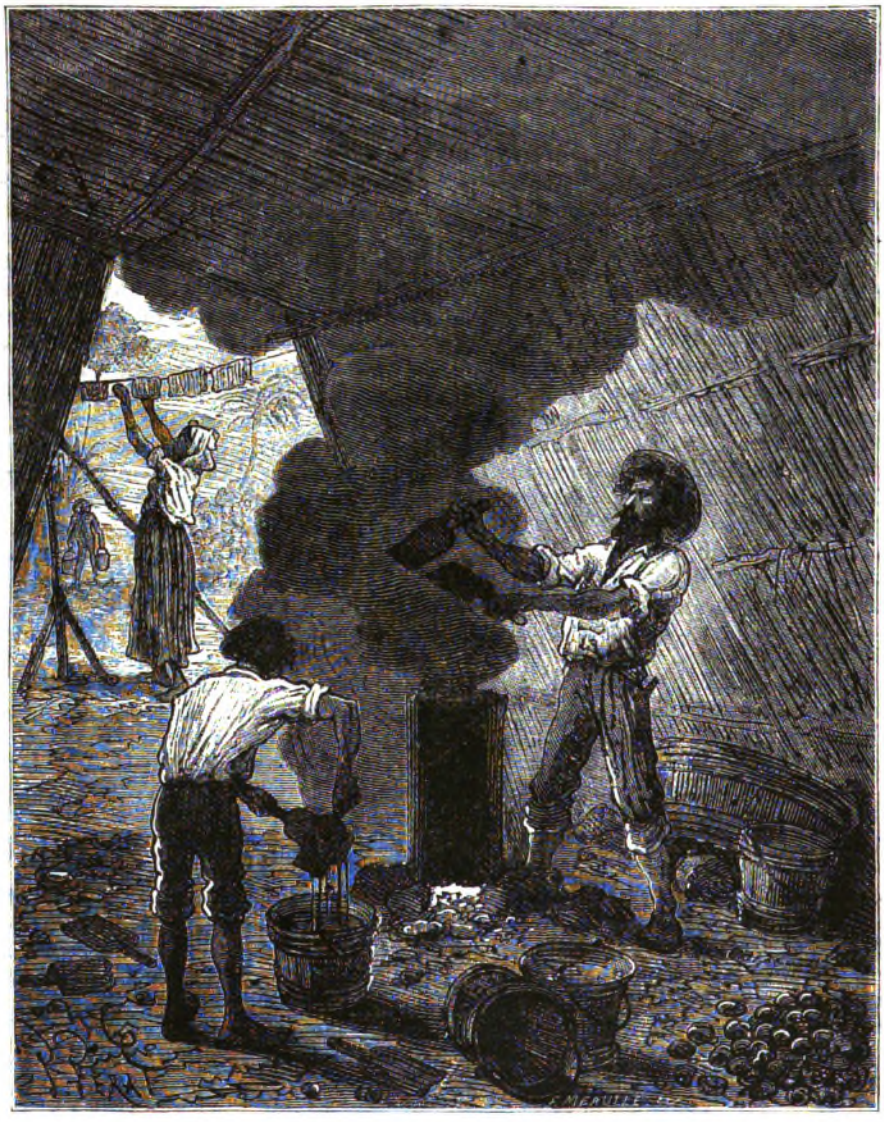
The most approved method, and the one described in the later works on the subject, is essentially as follows: The crude material is placed in a large vat of water, which is kept boiling by the introduction of jets of steam. In a vat which will contain about three hogsheads, 200 or 300 pounds of rubber may be immersed. The clay and dirt are softened as well as the rubber, which latter swells and increases in elasticity and pliability. A mass of it, say from ten to twenty pounds, is then taken and thrown upon a pair of strong fluted cast-iron cylinders, between which it is masticated into small pieces, and washed by streams of hot water which fall upon it from a perforated horizontal pipe. It is then transferred to a machine having a pair of smooth cylinders in place of the fluted ones, and there it is exposed to an enormous pressure, which packs the pieces together in the form of a mat. These machines are called washing, masticating, and compressing machines. When the mat is sufficiently compacted and washed it is taken to a drying-room, a warm chamber heated by steam, where it is allowed to remain from four to six weeks, until it is thoroughly dry, as the slightest trace of moisture deteriorates the quality of the goods. When perfectly dry the rubber is taken to the mill-room, and passed successively through three mills. The mat retains its continuity, but the position of the fibres is changed. All of the mills are of similar construction to those previously used, except that in each machine one cylinder is made to revolve twice as rapidly as the other, in consequence of which the material is thoroughly ground and mixed. The cylinders are hollow, and are supplied with steam, which keeps them at about 220° Fah. in the first mill, and at a little lower temperature in the other two. After leaving the first mill the mixture of sulphur and white lead and other ingredients begins, by throwing them in proper proportions on the sheet while it is passing down between the heated cylinders. The mixing at first causes disintegration and the separation of the material into shreds; but union is speedily re-established, and the mass again becomes homogeneous, and will retain its pliability and elasticity after cooling. It is now ready to be transferred to cloth, by passing through further machines, called calenders, and its subsequent treatment depends upon the applications to be made of it.

One of the most important steps is the vulcanization of the rubber, by exposing it in suitable vessels to the action of steam at about 240° Fah. When rubber, previously treated as above described, is confined in a cylinder at this temperature for eight or ten hours, the true vulcanization or union of the caoutchouc with the sulphur takes place, accompanied with the disengagement of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. This is one of the most important steps of the process, as upon it, as well as upon the mixing of the ingredients, depend the strength and elasticity of the product. The heat should be raised gradually, and maintained at a determined point till the vulcanization is completed, and then should be immediately withdrawn.

In the manufacture of ebonite a much larger proportion of sulphur is used; and in the cheaper goods, when

great strength is not required, various earthy substances are employed; but sulphur and rubber alone, when properly mingled and raised to the required degree of heat, produce the best article. The temperature necessary to effect the proper result varies with the proportion of the ingredients, and ranges from 250° to something over 300° Fah., according to the time employed.

Vulcanized caoutchouc, under the name of hard rubber or ebonite, has of late years been applied to a great variety of uses—among which may be mentioned optical and surgical instruments, brushes, combs, watch cases, buttons, ornaments of all kinds; but in some of these it has to compete with the new article called celluloid, and produced from gun-cotton. It is difficult to obtain accurate statistics of the amount of india rubber annually imported into the United States, and of the value of the articles manufactured from it. Approximately we may state that20,000,000 pounds are brought into the country every year, and that goods of the value of $20,000,000 are manufactured. The business has reached equal proportions in Great Britain, and is very large in Germany and France, so that the total consumption of raw material is at present enormous, and leads to just apprehension that the supply may be exhausted, unless greater care is observed in its exportation.

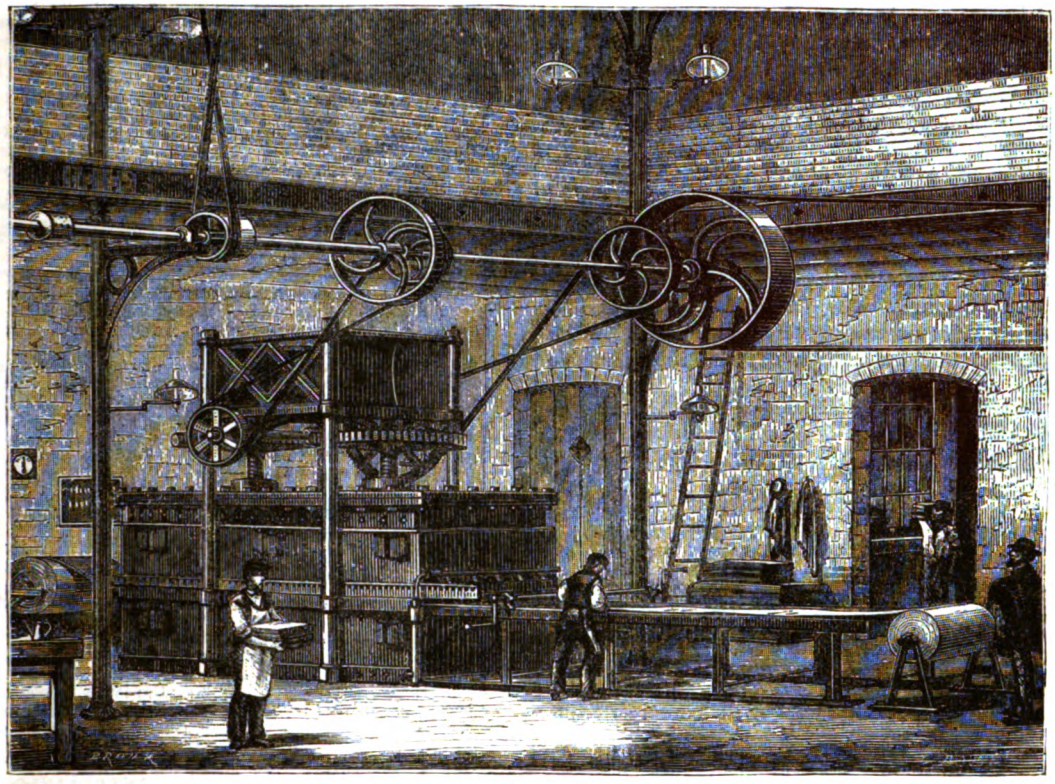


EVAPORATING CAOUTCHOUC SAP OVER NUT FIRES IN BRAZIL.

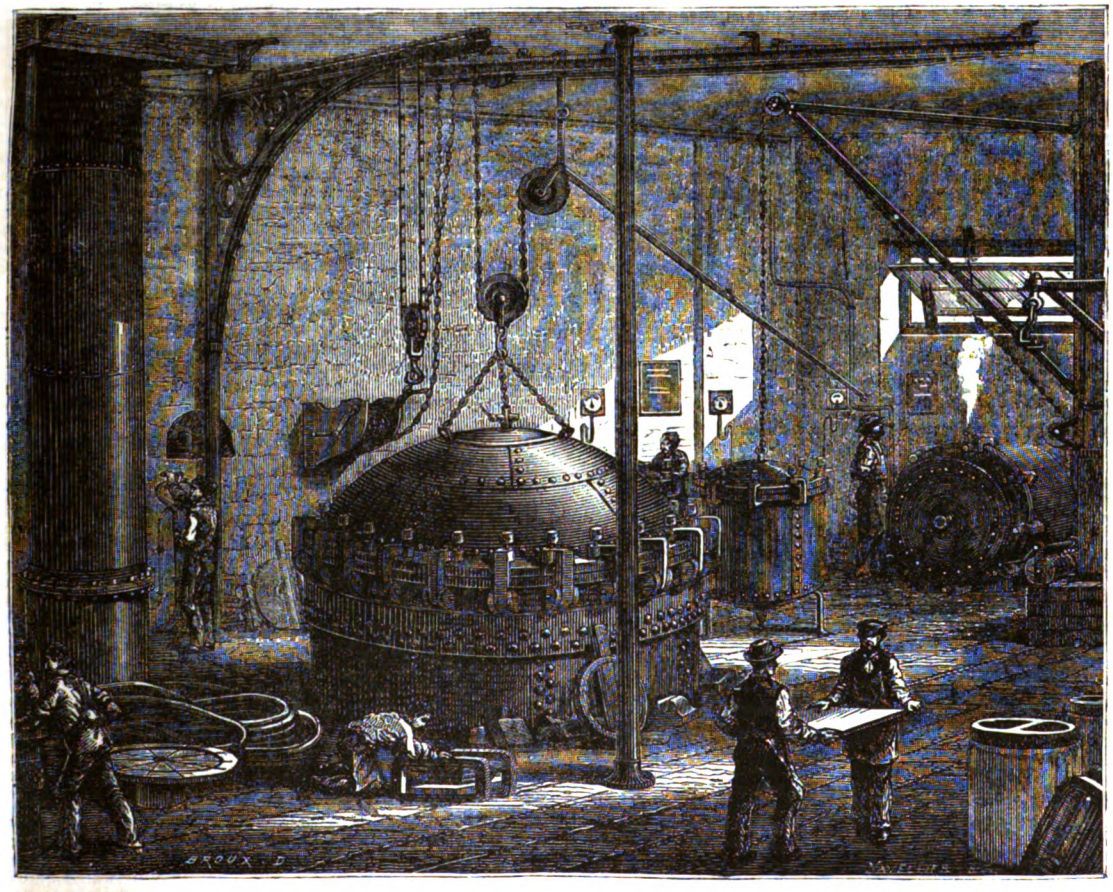
An account of india rubber would scarcely be complete without mentioning at the same time gutta-percha. Our knowledge of the latter substance is of comparatively recent date, and there is some question whether it ought not to be called gum tuban instead of gum percha. Gutta percha is the product of the Isonandra gutta, a tree belonging to the natural order *Sapotaceae*. It is one of the largest trees of the forest in which it grows, attaining a diameter of 3 to 6 feet, and a height of 60 to 70 feet. The tree does not come to its prime in less than 80 to 100 years. The wood is of no value as timber, being peculiarly soft, fibrous and spongy. It is pale-colored, and traversed by longitudinal receptacles or reservoirs filled with the gum, forming ebony-black lines. Its fruit contains a concrete and edible oil, used by the natives with their food. The localities it particularly likes are the alluvial tracts along the foot of hills, where it flourishes luxuriantly, forming in many spots the principal portion of the jungle. It is found on the Island of Singapore and in the forests of Johose, at the extremity of the Malayan Peninsula; at Coti, on the southeast coast of Borneo, and commonly at Sarawak, where it is called *niato* by the natives. It occurs along the Malayan Peninsula of Penang, and was believed to be plentiful all over Borneo and the adjacent islands.

Gutta-percha, when quite pure, is of a grayish white color, but as brought to market it is more ordinarily found of a yellowish or reddish hue. It is nearly as hard as wood, though it can be scratched with the finger-nail. Under the microscope it presents five prismatic hues, which is not the case with caoutchouc. It is a non-conductor of electricity, the same as rubber, and by gentle friction with a silk handkerchief readily yields sparks. Its electrical properties were first observed by Faraday.

The first person to take out a patent for the use of gutta-percha to insulate submarine cables appears to have been George B. Simpson, whose application was filed January 31st, 1848. Doctor Werner Siemens, since become so celebrated in telegraph and electro-magnetic matters, used it about the same time to insulate subterranean wires. Its use in telegraphing is now indispensable, and in this application it could not be replaced by india rubber. In general, gutta-percha is so much like india rubber that it



VULCANIZATION OF RUBBER BY THE DRY PROCESS.



VULCANIZATION OF RUBBER BY THE WET PROCESS.

is said, in chemical language, to be isomeric with it. The product of its destructive distillation, and its behavior to re-agents, recalls caoutchouc in nearly every particular. The vulcanization and manufacture of gutta-percha is so analogous to the methods pursued in the treatment of india rubber, that it need not be separately described.

We have thus presented as full an account of india rubber and gutta-percha as the limits of a magazine article will allow, and have endeavored to illustrate the subject by a free use of engravings. Caoutchouc has been raised from its humble estate of a mere rubber out of pencil-marks, to the front rank among vegetable products, and without gutta-percha no message could be sent through the submarine cable; both have become indispensable articles of commerce.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

UTILIZING TIN SCRAPS.—About the last refuse article to be turned to any account would seem to be tin scraps. Leather waste and other refuse in various kinds of manufacture have been, one after another, utilized in the arts, but tin scraps have been regarded as utterly good for nothing. Attempts have been made, it is said, in France, England and other countries to extract value from them, unavailing. Two Philadelphia mechanics, William Batty and John Roe, have, however, succeeded in utilizing this cast-off material. They began their experiments a few years ago by melting down tin scraps and galvanized iron refuse, and have succeeded in producing a superior article from them. They are regularly engaged in the business, and employ sixteen or eighteen workmen. They pay three dollars per ton for all the tin scraps delivered on the premises. These are placed in a furnace and carbonized to such an extent as to make a soft iron or semi-steel. It is claimed that one ton of scraps will make a ton of metal, and by condensing the fumes in the furnace with water eighty pounds of oxide of tin is recovered. The latter article is said to be very valuable. By introducing pure carbon in a pulverized state into the metal, graphite enters into the metal, greatly improving it. The metal produced at the establishment—about three tons per day—is worked up on the premises into semi-steel grate bars, sad-irons, street-car boxes, etc.

HOW GIRLS ARE MADE STRAIGHT.—The Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in this way. The exercise is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindostan. Dr. H. Spry says this exercise of carrying small vessels of water on the head might be advantageously introduced into boarding-schools and private families, and that it might entirely supersede the present machinery of dumb bells, backboard, skipping-ropes, etc. The young ladies ought to be taught to carry the jar as the Hindoo women do, without ever touching it with their hands. The same practice of carrying water leads precisely to the same results in the South of Italy as in India. A Neapolitan female peasant will carry on her head a vessel full of water to the very brim over a rough road and not spill a drop of it, and the acquisition of this art or knack gives her the same erect and elastic gait.

EFFECT OF CHLOROFORM ON PLANTS.—MM. Claude Bernard and Rabuteau have obtained some remarkable results from their experiments as to the action of anæsthetics on plants. They find that the vapor of chloroform and of ordinary ether retards the germination of seeds; bromide of ethyl and bromide of amyl having a similar effect. Grass-seeds exposed for thirty-seven days to the vapor of bromide of ethyl or of amyl germinated, under proper conditions, in two days. Experiments were also tried upon various plants in progress of growth. Growing cress after an exposure of two hours to an atmosphere saturated with vapor of bromide of ethyl became feeble, the leaves hanging down. After remaining in this enervated condition for two days it began to revive, but manifested less vigor of growth as compared with other plants of the same age. Acetate of ethyl is less powerful in its action; cress lives after an exposure of three hours to its vapor, though an exposure of six hours kills it. It is highly interesting to note that anæsthetics exert the same kind of influence upon plants as upon animals.

CURIOUS OPTICAL PHENOMENA.—M. Treve is quoted as the authority for certain odd phenomena of optics and of vision. He mentions the circumstance that the flame of a lamp seems brighter, and that a vertical shaft, a post, or a mast is seen more distinctly through a vertical than through a horizontal slit. On the other hand, he finds that a house, a landscape, or the face of the sun or moon is more clearly perceived through a horizontal aperture. He has noticed similar differences in photographs, according as the light passes from the object to the plate through a vertical or horizontal opening. He accounts for these varying effects by the action of diffused light.

IRIDIUM.—In order to obtain iridium in a convenient form for making pen-points, the molten metal is poured on an iron plate, when the workman immediately strikes it with a heavy iron, thereby flattening it out into a slab of about one thirty-secondth of an inch in thickness. This slab is broken up into small pieces, which are then ground into the proper shape. The grinding is accomplished as follows: A copper wheel, technically called a lap, about twelve inches in diameter and half an inch in thickness, revolving about three thousand revolutions per minute, is covered with fine emery corundum mixed with oil. The emery imbeds itself into the copper, forming a rough and sharp surface. When the object to be ground is too small to hold in the hand, it is soldered on a piece of brass, which after the grinding, is dissolved in nitric acid, leaving the iridium free. One ounce of iridium yields from five thousand to ten thousand pen-points.

A FRENCH physiologist, M. Gley, has made some delicate experiments on himself with regard to the effects of attention and intellectual work on cerebral circulation. His results confirm those of M. Mosso, and he has added some new observations. He finds that the rhythm of the heart through intellectual work is slightly accelerated; and this increase seems in direct ratio of the intensity of the attention. Thus the pulse was more frequent when the author studied geometry, with which he had little familiarity, than when he studied philosophy, of which he had a good knowledge. While the heart-rhythm is accelerated the carotid artery is dilated during cerebral work, and the carotidian pulse becomes dicrotic. But the radial pulse becomes smaller and less ample. The phenomena of congestion observed in the brain persist a certain time after cerebral activity.

FLEXIBLE IVORY.—Ivory, which is in its normal state so hard and rigid, can nevertheless be softened artificially by the following process: It is to be first immersed in a solution of pure phosphoric acid of specific gravity 1·3 until it loses, or partially loses, its opacity, and becomes translucent. It is then washed in clean cold water and dried, when it will be found as flexible as leather; but it speedily hardens on exposure to dry air. Dipping it in hot water will, however, soon restore its pliancy and softness. Another method consists in plunging the ivory into a mixture of three ounces of nitric acid and fifteen ounces of water, and leaving it a-steep for three or four days, during which it softens.

A FLOAT CLOCK.—The ordinary clock is actuated by the descent of a weight, and regulated by the beats of a seconds pendulum; but both these functions are combined in a new time-keeper invented by M. Antoine, of Paris. The works are operated by means of a float, which descends gradually as the liquid in which it is flooded is allowed to drain away. The descent is perfectly regular, and as there is no pendulum required, the clock has the advantage of being noiseless. It is, in fact, an indicating clepsydra of the most improved pattern. Where the clock-face is illuminated by a flame, the oil of the lamp is utilized as the supporting liquid.

A REMARKABLE natural phenomenon is reported from Cs. Gorbo (Szolnok-Dobaka Comitat, Hungary). On June 27th the Buznau Mountain, situated close to the village of Papteike, suddenly broke in two. The fissure measures 30 to 40 metres in breadth, 25 to 30 metres in depth, and 400 to 500 metres in length. Some of the houses in Papteike also show cracks, so that the whole seems to have been the effect of an earthquake. A landslip took place at the same time, and a field with an apple-tree in the middle of it has moved about 10 metres nearer to the village. Great excitement prevails in the neighborhood.

COOKING BY ELECTRICITY.—A surprise is in store for the scientific world. An ingenious Frenchman, M. Salignac, fired with the ambition to outdo his fellow-countryman M. Mouchot's feat of cooking food by sunshine, proposes, so it is said, to fit up an electrical cooking range, with the object of providing a variety of dishes cooked by the heat generated from the electric current. That an electric current is capable of producing an intense degree of heat is, of course well known; but whether this heat can be turned to anything like the same practical account as the light remains yet to be proved.

AN interesting discovery has been made in one of the limestone quarries of Stromberg (Rhenish Prussia). In a small cave, such as occur frequently in the calcareous rock, the skeleton of a cave-bear was found. To judge from the thickness and length of the bones the animal must have measured at least 2½ or 3 metres in length and 2 metres in height. The teeth, of which sixteen were found, are of enormous size. Discoveries of this kind, however, are by no means rare in this neighborhood, nor, indeed, in limestone caves generally.

CARVING GLASS.—It is generally a troublesome process to cut holes and lines in glass; but a German firm, Messrs. Richter & Co., of Chemnitz, have produced a very serviceable glass-cutter by impregnating small German silver disks with fragments of diamond. When fitted to a rapidly-rotating tool these grating surfaces abrade their way through glass or porcelain in a few seconds, and any desired pattern can be readily engraved, while the wear-and-tear of the disk itself is very slight indeed.

EVERYONE knows that the very feeblest currents produce audible sounds in the telephone, which is more sensitive than any galvanometer to feeble currents. M. Pellat lately declared that the heat necessary to warm a kilogramme of water one degree would, if converted properly into the energy of electric currents, suffice to produce in a telephone an audible sound for ten thousand years continuously.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

IS A mushroom city built with toads' tools?

DID any of the Canaanites ever carry a cane o' nights?

SOME of our notable men are not able to pay their debts.

WHAT kind of blasting powder is used to explode an idea?

HOW CAN they say an owl is wise when it hoots at everything?

EVEN if a man has two lawns he generally wants a lawn mower.

IF you refuse your wife the silks she will be sure to get the sulks.

MAN wants but little here below, but he generally wants enough.

WHY is the letter "g" like the sun? Because it is the centre of light.

THE impecunious man who married an heiress always spoke of her as a capital wife.

WHEN does a sculptor make provision for the future? When he is planning a head.

THE red flag is a signal of danger. If you doubt it, wave one in the face of a mad bull.

THE "books in the running brooks" rightly come under the head of current literature.

SECOND-CLASS.—A satirical inn-keeper advertises his house as "the only second-class hotel in the world."

THERE is said to be a jolly old dog—a setter—in London, who is nearly eighty years old. He is a type-setter.

IT rains alike on the just and the unjust—on the just mainly, because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.

IN Portugal a widow cannot marry if she is over fifty years of age; but who ever heard of a widow as old as that?

"IF people were to be vaccinated with common sense," says Mayor Grace, "thousands of them wouldn't 'take.'"

LIKE the dog in the manger, the nose is above kissing, and is always ready to interfere with the kissing of others.

TEXAS has four newspapers edited by women. How is it that there is so much more crime there than elsewhere?

HE asked her for her hand and got her paws—by the coat-collar, and he was gone where the woodworm whineth.

"DOES poultry pay?" asked a stranger of a city dealer. "Of course," was the reply: "even the little chickens shell out."

SAMMY SPRIGGINS, a prospective heir, thinks he would rather read his uncle's last will than his own new Revised Testament.

SOCIAL etiquette among the Indians is confined to one trait. They never let a caller go away hungry, if it takes the last dog.

COFFINS are now made out of paper. We have seen a good many papers which could thus be made of some use in the world.

ORANGE-BLOSSOMS, says a disappointed one, are the ironical symbols of marriage; the blossoms are white, the fruit is yellow.

A CLERGYMAN said that he addressed his congregation of ladies and gentlemen as brethren, because the brethren embraced the ladies.

A MONKEY, it is said, will not drink whisky after it has once muddled his brain. Isn't this a conclusive refutation of the Darwinian theory?

HE drank his beer and laid down a vest-button for a sixpence; the waiter handed it back, saying he had no small change, being out of shirt-buttons.

A WELSHMAN claimed that nobody could truthfully deny that his countrymen are men of letters, "for," said he, "just see how many of them we get into one wórd."

SPEAKING of one of his works to a critic, a dramatic author said, with the consciousness of modest worth: "It has had many imitators." "Yes," replied the critic, "especially beforehand."

THE editor of a New York paper, in reply to a Pittsburgh editor, who contended that an "immense fortune" was not likely to give happiness, offers to settle the question by having it tested in his own person.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

PULLED from the breast, squeezed from the bottle,
Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle;
Baby's hallelujah all that night,
Household bumping heads in awful fright.
Don't deny, 'twas thus with Victoria.
Night was hideous without CASTORIA;
When colic left for peaceful slumber,
All said their prayers and slept like thunder.

THE Brush light—When a lazy barber's boy dusts your clothes.

THE hardest work a man can do is to try and get along without work.

IF you make a speech be sure that your speech is out before the audience is.

THE word was indigent, but the printer made it indignant, and also the author.

RECEPTION dresses are so scant it is reasonable that they are called figured silks.

THE doctor treats us when we are ill, but then we should not accuse him of ill-treatment.

WHY is a bookbinder like charity? Because he very often covers a multitude of faults.

A STUDENT on being asked, "Who was Esau?" replied: "Esau was a man who wrote fables, and sold his copyright for a mess of potash."

RECEIPT for becoming æsthetic: One dictionary of art terms, three oil paintings, and a job lot of old crockery ware. Mix. No brains required.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD child, visiting, saw bellows used to blow an open fire, and informed her mother that "they shovel wind into the fire at Aunt Augusta's."

A FRENCH journal lately published a telegram from its London correspondent, in which "Mr. Blue-Book" is stated to have made a speech to which Lord Granville replied.

INDIGNATION will find the breast of every artist when we state that two men were arrested in a lumber-yard the other day, because they were suspected of a design on wood.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says suicide is rapidly increasing in England. It is not surprising. Mrs. Woodhull is lecturing there, and five alleged comic weeklies are published in London.

J. BILLINGS, philosopher, remarks that "the road to ruin is always kept in good repair." Yes, and he might have added that the devil always gives "special rates" to all that patronize his road.

A TIMID dramatic critic, speaking of Sarah Bernhardt, remarked: "If I had the ill-luck to offend her, I shouldn't feel safe even with my door locked. I should want to plug up the key-hole."

SMITHSBY, who is an easy drinker, by mistake swallowed a glass of water yesterday, but the timely arrival of a physician with a stomach-pump saved his life. It was not an intentional attempt at suicide.

CURE FOR THE GOUT.—"What's a good cure for the gout," asked Nobbs. "Buttermilk," answered Dobbs. "How simple! I'll try it. How is it to be taken?" exclaimed Nobbs. "Five gallons a day for ten years," replied Dobbs.

WHEN Mrs. B—— started for Paris she said to her aunt, a practical lady: "I shall bring you back a shawl. Now, what color would you like?" The aunt replied, after reflection: "Black and white, my child; your poor uncle is so sick."

A YOUNG man residing in Keen
Kissed his sweetheart behind a large screen;
He made too much noise
And was heard by some boys,
Who informed the girl's pa—which was mean.

I HAVE lately been reading that if a man eats certain kinds of food he can do twice the amount of work that he can on ordinary diet. That isn't the thing at all; what I want are victuals which will make me do half the work I now do, not to make me exert myself and do twice as much.

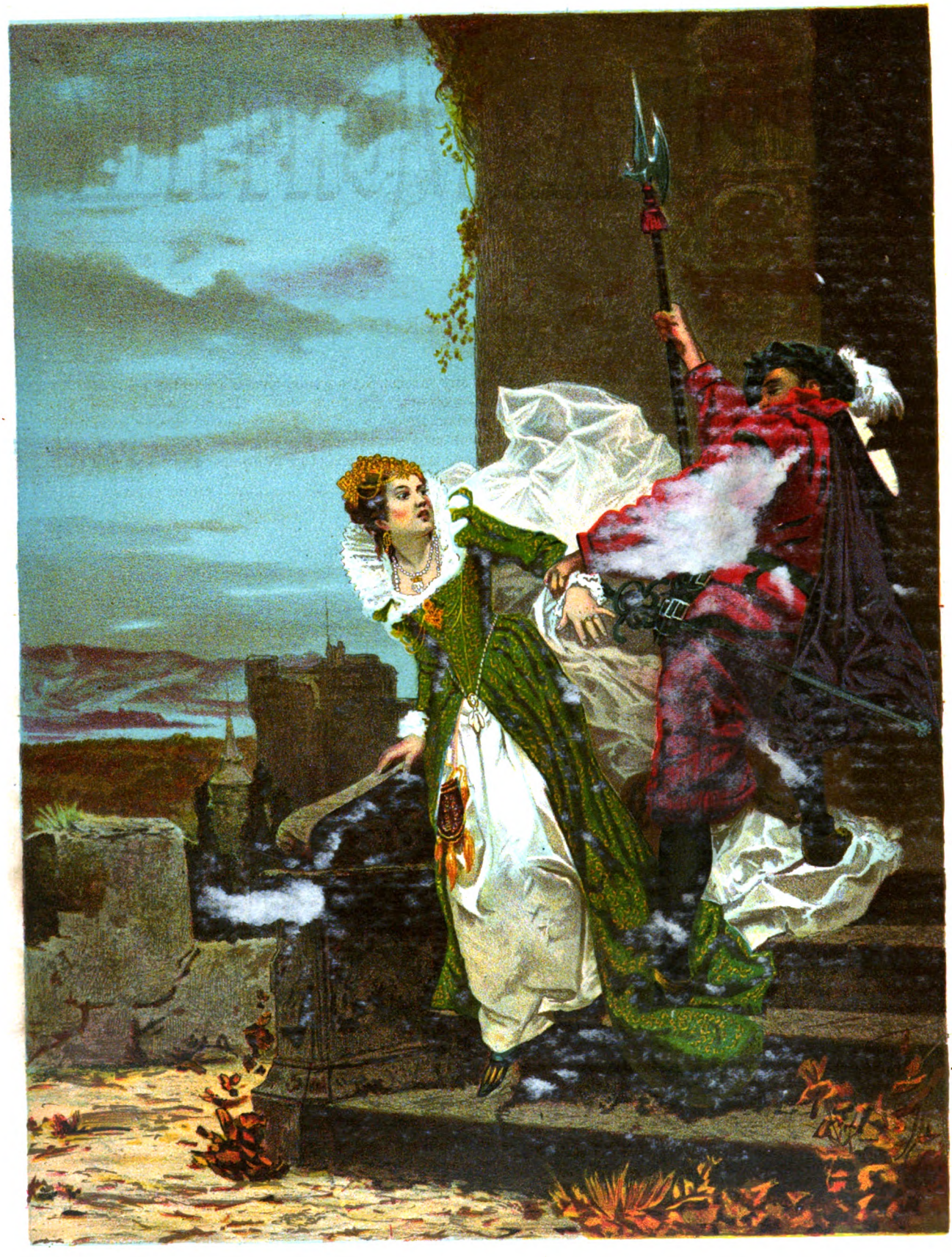
"THE last time I saw Miss X.," said a nobleman, speaking of a well-known actress to a witty dramatist, "was at a morning performance; and she had grown so stout that she almost filled the box." "Oh, that's nothing!" said the ready playwright. "There was a time when she filled the theatre."

AN amusing blunder was once made by a dyer, who received of a farmer four flannel shirts to be dyed a fast-gray color, instead of which he dyed them blue. On wearing the garments the color came out of them, so that, as the farmer curiously expressed it, he "looked like a red Indian"; and as it cost him several shillings in baths to turn himself into a white man again, he sued the dyer and obtained damages.

HOSTESS: "We're going down to supper, Mr. Mirabel. Let me introduce you to Miss Chalmers." *Mr. Mirabel:* "A—pardon me—is that the tall young lady standing by your husband?" *Hostess:* "Yes. She's the most charming girl I know." *Mr. Mirabel:* "I've no doubt; but—a—she affects aniline dyes, don't you know. I weally couldn't go down to suppah with a young lady who wears mauve trimmings in her skirt and magenta wibbons in her hair!"

A YOUNG man is giving himself up to the agreeable occupation of ridiculing his uncle. "Confound it! what does the old guy dye his hair in that preposterous fashion for?" is his remark just as his venerable relative enters the room. "Sir," says the uncle, in a voice conveying the idea of codicils and alterations in wills, "if men of my age are compelled to dye, it is because men of your age, sir, have no respect for gray hairs!"

HER SWEETEST FLOWER.—FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR STOCKS.



THE FATE OF AMY ROBSART

From the Painting by Tusquety.

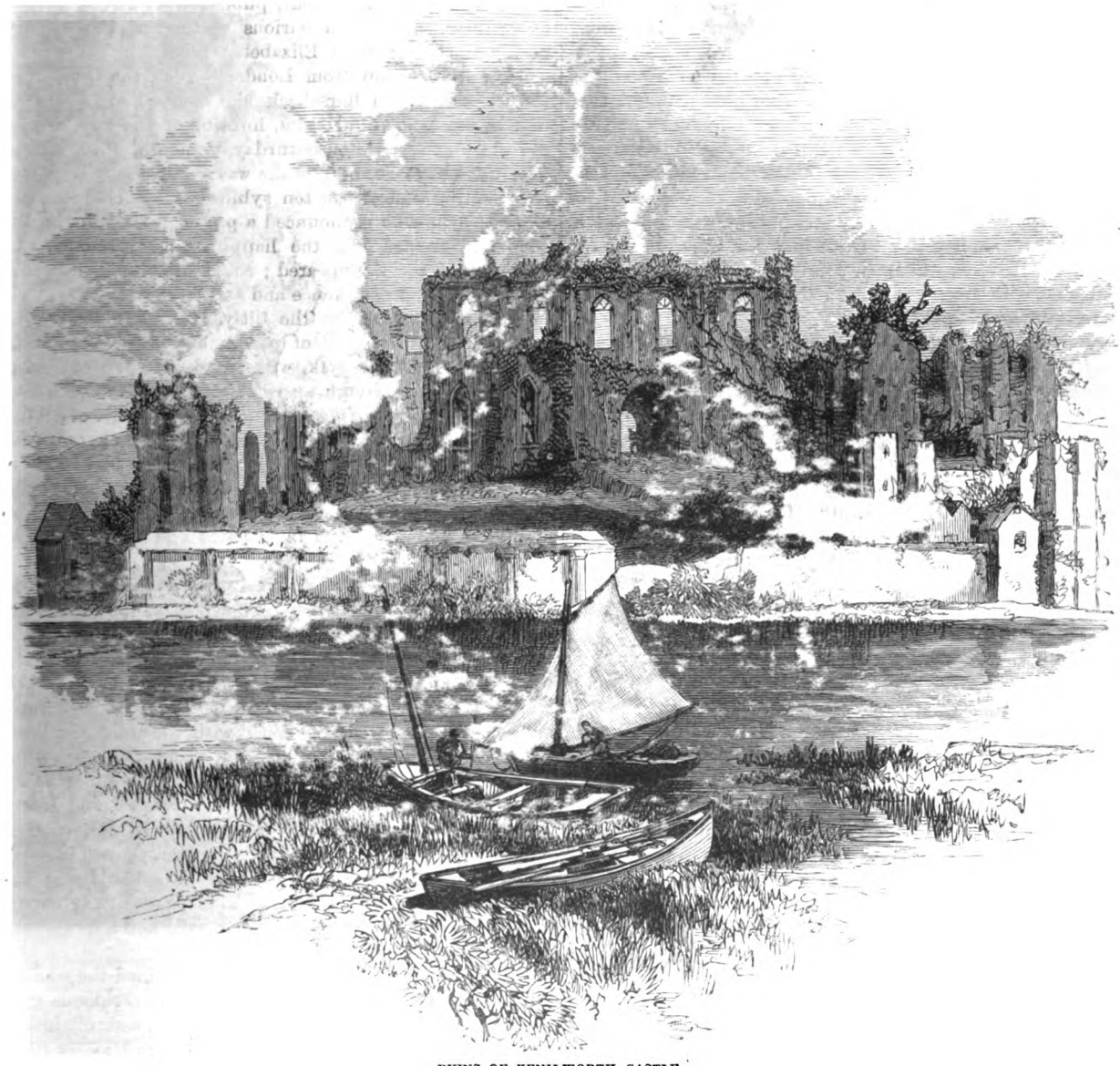
FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XII.—No. 5 NOVEMBER, 1881. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

AMY ROBSART.

BY N. ROBINSON.

ENGLAND is rich—immeasurably richer than any other country under the sun—in its "Homes"; and these homes, whether of the sovereign or of the high nobility, of the country squire or the merchant prince, of the artisan or the laborer—whether they are palace or cottage, or any intermediate grade, have a character possessed by none others. England, where "Home, Sweet Home" has become almost a national anthem—so closely is its sentiment entwined around the hearts of the people of every class—is indeed a kingdom of homes; and these, and their



RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE.

associations and surroundings, and the love which is felt for them, are its main source of true greatness. Beautifully has the gifted poetess, Mrs. Hemans, sung of English "Homes," and charmingly has she said:

> 'The stately Homes of England,
> How beautiful they stand
> Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
> O'er all the pleasant land!"

Whether "stately" in their proportions or in their style of architecture; in their internal decorations, or in their outward surroundings; in the halo of historical associations which encircles them, or in the families which have made their greatness, these "Homes" are a fitting subject for both pen and pencil—and with the "righte doleful" story which has flung its ghastly shadow over the history of two of the most notable houses in Merrie England, this faithful chronicle proposes to deal.

"The Wizard of the North," as Sir Walter Scott has been happily termed, in his "Kenilworth" has flung a vivid-colored mantle of romance over the tragic end of the ill-fated daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall, who gave her heart and hand on a bright June day in 1550 to Lord Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester — a "goodly personage," upon whom the "Virgin Queen" Elizabeth had cast a languishing and amorous eye. Dudley's ambition went ablaze at the idea of a royal alliance; and, it is alleged, in order to clear the path to this goal of his burning hopes, he caused to be done to death his "righte winsome and loving spouse," Amy. That the poor lady met a violent and untimely end is certain; but a doubt still obscures immediate action on the part of her husband, who was, however, "infamed" by his wife's death.

A paper remains, however, among Cecil's MSS., which proves that Dudley was less zealous for inquiry than he seemed; that his unhappy wife was indeed murdered; and that with proper exertion the guilty persons might have been discovered.

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was a personage of very great distinction, whose manor of Kenilworth was an ancient demesne of the Crown, the castle being demolished in the war of Edward Ironside and Canute the Dane, early in the eleventh century. In the reign of Henry I., the manor was bestowed by the King on Geoffrey de Clinton, who built a strong castle and founded a monastery here. On the death of Geoffrey the fortress descended to his son, from whom it was transferred to the Crown, and garrisoned by Henry II. during the rebellion of his son. In the reign of Henry III. it was used as a prison; and in 1254 the King gave to Simon de Montfort, who had married Eleanor, the King's sister, the castle in trust for life.

In 1286, a grand chivalric meeting of one hundred knights of high distinction, English and foreign, and the same number of ladies, was held at Kenilworth; and at this festival, it is said, silks were worn for the first time in England.

In the reign of Edward II. the castle again came into the hands of the Crown, and the King intended to make it a place of retirement for himself; but in the rebellion which soon followed, he was taken prisoner in Wales, and brought to Kenilworth, where he was compelled to sign his abdication.

Edward III. restored the castle to the Earl of Lancaster, whose granddaughter brought it in dower to the celebrated John of Gaunt, afterward Duke of Lancaster, who made to the castle many additions, which still retain the name of Lancaster's Buildings. At his death it descended to his son, afterward Henry IV. During the civil wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, the castle was alternately taken by the partisans of the White and Red Roses. In 1436, King Henry VI. kept Christmas here. Very long after the termination of the civil wars, Queen Elizabeth bestowed Kenilworth upon her ambitious favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. That wealthy nobleman spared no expense in beautifying the castle, and in making many splendid additions, called after him Leicester's Buildings.

And now we come to that event in the history of Kenilworth which was the direct cause of the untimely fate of the young and beautiful wife of its lordly proprietor.

The most memorable event in the history of Kenilworth Castle is the Royal State entertainment given by Leicester to Queen Elizabeth, who came attended by thirty-one barons, besides the ladies of the Court, who, with four hundred servants, were all lodged in the fortress. The festival continued for seventeen days, at an expense estimated at five thousand dollars a day—a very large sum in those times. The waiters upon the Court, as well as the gentlemen of the Barons, were all clothed in velvet. Two oxen were slaughtered every morning, and the consumption of wine is said to have been sixteen hogsheads, and of beer, forty hogsheads, daily. An account of this singular and romantic entertainment, published at the time by an eye-witness, presents a curious picture of the luxury, plenty and gallantry of Elizabeth's reign.

After her journey from London, which the Queen performed entirely on horseback, she stopped at Long Itchington, where she dined, and, hunting on the way, arrived at Kenilworth Castle on Saturday, July 9th, 1575. Here, says the above account, "she was received by a person representing one of the ten sybills, comely clad in a pall of white sylk, who pronounced a proper poezie in English rime and meeter," on the happiness her presence produced, where it appeared; concluding with a prediction of her future eminence and success.

"On her entrance to the tilt-yard," continues an eye-witness, "a porter, tall of person and stern of countenance, wrapt also in sylk, with a club and keiz of quantitie according, in rough speech, full of passion, in meter aptly made to the purpose," demanded the cause of all this "din and noise, and riding about, within the charge of his office!" but upon seeing the Queen, as if he had been instantaneously stricken, he falls down upon his knees, humbly begs pardon for his ignorance, yields up his club and keys, and proclaims open gates and free passage to all.

After this pretty device, six trumpeters "clad in long garments of sylk, who stood upon the wall of the gate, with their silvery trumpets of five foot long, sounded a tune of welcome." These "harmonious blasters, walking upon the walls, maintained their delectable music, while her highness all along the tilt-yard rode, into the inner gate," where she was surprised "with the sight of a floating island on the large pond," on which was a beautiful female representing the Lady of the Lake, supported by two nymphs, surrounded by blazing torches, and many ladies clad in rich silks as attendants; whilst the genii of the lake greeted her Majesty with "a well penned meter" on "The Auncientie of the Castle," and the hereditary dignity of the Earls of Leicester. This pageant was closed with a bruit of cornets and other music, and a new scene was presented to view.

A Latin inscription over the castle explained the whole; this was read to her by a poet "in a long, ceruleous garment, with a bay garland on his head and a skroll in his hand. So passing into the inner court, Her Majesty (that never rides but alone) thear set down from her palfrey,

was convoyed up to her chamber, when after did follo a great peal of gunz and lighting by fyrworks." Besides these, every diversion the romantic and gallant imagination of that period could devise was presented for the amusement of Her Majesty and the Court—tilts, tournaments, deer hunting in the park, savage men, satyrs, bear and bull baitings, Italian tumblers and rope-dancers, a country bridal ceremony, prize fighting, running at the quintam, morris dancing, and brilliant fireworks in the grandest style and perfection; during all this time the tables were loaded with the most sumptuous cheer. On the pool was a Triton riding on a mermaid, eighteen feet long, and an Arion on a dolphin, who entertained the royal visitors with an excellent piece of music.

The old Coventry play of "Hock Tuesday," founded on the massacre of the Danes in 1002, was also performed here "by certain good-hearted men of Coventry."

We gather from other accounts of these revels that the bear-baits were much enjoyed by the Queen. Laneham, in his celebrated letter, reprinted in Nichol's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," describes this country pastime: "It was a sport very pleasant of these beasts; to see the bear with his pink eyes leering after his enemie's approach, the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage, and the force and experience of the bear again to avoid the assault; if he was bitten in one place how he would pinch in another to get free; that if he was taken once, then what shift with biting, clawing, with roaring, tossing and tumbling, he would work to wind himself from them; and when he was loose, to shake his ears twice or thrice, with the blood and the slaver about his visonomy, was a matter of goodly relief."

This festival gathered all the country round to see its pageants, the boy Shakespeare with the rest.

We shall now turn from the glitter of this wondrous pageantry to the quiet of a neighboring country mansion, Cumnor Hall, and take a peep at the beautiful bride of the unscrupulous Earl.

"The dews of Summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby."

Sir Walter Scott, in his entrancing historical novel of "Kenilworth," thus describes the apparel of Amy Robsart, through the mouth of one Master Goldthred, a mercer, who addresses Tressilian, a rejected lover of the luckless girl, a rake-helly fellow, Michael Lambourne, being present. Tony Foster is a follower of Leicester's, and keeps watch and ward over the Countess at Cumnor Hall.

"'And so, sir,' said Goldthred, 'as I passed under the great painted window, leaving my rein loose on my ambling palfrey's neck, partly for mine ease and partly that I might have the more leisure to peer about, I hears me the lattice open; and never credit me, sir, if there did not stand there the person of as fair a woman as ever crossed mine eyes; and I think I have looked on as many pretty wenches, and with as much judgment, as other folks.'

"'May I ask her appearance, sir?' said Tressilian.

"'Oh, sir,' replied Master Goldthred, 'I promise you she was in gentlewoman's attire—a very quaint and pleasing dress, that might have served the Queen herself; for she had a forepart with body and sleeves of ginger-colored satin, which in my judgment must have cost by the yard some thirty shillings, lined with murrey taffeta, and laid down and guarded with two broad laces of gold and silver. And her hat, sir, was truly the best fashioned thing that I have seen in these parts, being of tawny taffeta, embroidered with scorpions of Venice gold, and having a border garnished with gold fringe; I promise you, sir, an absolute and all-surpassing device. Touching her skirts, they were in the old pass-devant fashion.'

"'I did not ask you of her attire, sir,' said Tressilian, who had shown some impatience during their conversation, 'but of her complexion—the color of her hair, her features.'

"'Touching her complexion,' answered the mercer, 'I am not so special certain; but I marked that her fan had an ivory handle, curiously inlaid—and then again, as to the color of her hair, why, I can warrant, be its hue what it might, that she wore above it a net of green silk, parcel twisted with gold.'

"'A most mercer-like memory,' said Lambourne; 'the gentleman asks him of the lady's beauty, and he talks of her fine clothes.'"

The following is a vivid description of Cumnor Hall as visited by Tressilian and Lambourne:

"While he thus spoke, they had entered a large orchard which surrounded the house on two sides, though the trees, abandoned by the care of man, were overgrown and mossy, and seemed to bear little fruit. Those which had been formerly trained as espaliers, had now resumed their natural mode of growing, and exhibited grotesque forms, partaking of the original training which they had received. The greater part of the ground, which had once been parterres and flower-gardens, was suffered in like manner to run to waste, excepting a few patches which had been dug up, and planted with ordinary pot-herbs. Some statues, which had ornamented the garden in its days of splendor, were now thrown down from their pedestals and broken in pieces, and a large summer-house, having a heavy stone front, decorated with carving, representing the life and actions of Samson, was in the same dilapidated condition.

"They had just traversed this garden of the sluggard, and were within a few steps of the door of the mansion, when Lambourne had ceased speaking; a circumstance very agreeable to Tressilian, as it saved him the embarrassment of either commenting upon or replying to the frank avowal which his companion had just made of the sentiments and views which induced him to come hither. Lambourne knocked roundly and boldly at the huge door of the mansion, observing, at the same time, he had seen a less strong one upon a county jail. It was not until they had knocked more than once, that an aged, sour-visaged domestic reconnoitred them through a small square hole in the door, well secured with bars of iron, and demanded what they wanted.

* * * * * * *

"In a short time the servant returned, and drawing with a careful hand both bolt and bar, opened the gate, which admitted them through an archway into a square court, surrounded by buildings. Opposite to the arch was another door, which the serving-man in like manner unlocked, and thus introduced them into a stone-paved parlor, where there was but little furniture, and that of the rudest and most ancient fashion. The windows were tall and ample, reaching almost to the roof of the room, which was composed of black oak; those opening to the quadrangle were obscured by the height of the surrounding buildings, and, as they were traversed with massive shafts of solid stone-work, and thickly painted with religious devices, and scenes taken from Scripture history, by no means admitted light in proportion to their size; and what did penetrate through them, partook of the dark and gloomy tinge of the stained glass."

Leicester, with his accustomed magnificence, fitted up a wing of Cumnor Hall, regardless of all expense, for the

reception of his bride. With the hand of his royal mistress ever in view, his marriage with Amy Robsart was necessarily a secret one, and her seclusion a matter of life and death, for Queen Bess was not made of that stuff which would bear trifling, and the headsman's ax was within too easy call of the august lady's lips.

"Four apartments, which occupied the western side of the old quadrangle at Cumnor Place, had been fitted up with extraordinary splendor. This had been the work of several days prior to that on which our story opened. Workmen sent from London, and not permitted to leave the premises until the work was finished, had converted the apartments in that side of the building, from the dilapidated appearance of a dissolved monastic house, into the semblance of a royal palace. A mystery was observed in all these arrangements; the workmen came thither and returned by night, and all measures were taken to prevent the prying curiosity of the villagers from observing or speculating upon the changes which were taking place in the mansion of their once indigent, but now wealthy neighbor, Anthony Foster. Accordingly, the secrecy desired was so far preserved, that nothing got abroad but vague and uncertain reports, which were received and repeated, but without much credit being attached to them.

LORD ROBERT DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER.

"On the evening of which we treat, the new and highly decorated suite of rooms were, for the first time, illuminated, and that with a brilliancy which might have been visible half-a-dozen miles off, had not oaken shutters, carefully secured with bolt and padlock, and mantled with long curtains of silk and of velvet, deeply fringed with gold, prevented the slightest gleam of radiance from being seen without.

"The principal apartments, as we have seen, were four in number, each opening into the other. Access was given to them by a large scale staircase, as they were then called, of unusual length and height, which had its landing-place at the door of an antechamber, shaped somewhat like a gallery. This apartment the Abbot had used as an occasional council-room, but it was now beautifully wainscoted with dark foreign wood of a brown color, and bearing a high polish, said to have been brought from the Western Indies, and to have been wrought in London with infinite difficulty, and much damage to the tools of the workmen. The dark color of this finishing was relieved by the number of lights in silver sconces, which hung against the walls, and by six large and richly-framed pictures, by the first masters of the age. A massy oaken table, placed at the lower end of the apartment, served to accommodate such as chose to play at the then fashionable game of shuffle-board; and there was at the other end an elevated gallery for the musicians or minstrels, who might be summoned to increase the festivity of the evening.

"From this antechamber opened a banqueting-room of moderate size, but brilliant enough to dazzle the eyes of the spectator with the richness of its furniture. The walls, lately so bare and ghastly, were now clothed with hangings of sky-blue velvet and silver; the chairs were of ebony, richly carved, with cushions corresponding to the hangings; and the place of the silver sconces which enlightened the antechamber was supplied by a huge chandelier of the same precious metal. The floor was covered with a Spanish foot-cloth, or carpet, on which flowers and fruits were represented in such glowing and natural colors, that you hesitated to place the foot on such exquisite workmanship. The table, of old English oak, stood ready covered with the finest linen, and a large portable court-cupboard was placed within the leaves of its embossed folding doors displayed, showing the shelves within decorated with a full display of plate and porcelain. In the midst of the table stood a salt-cellar of Italian workmanship—a beautiful and splendid piece of plate about two feet high, molded into a representation of the giant Briareus, whose hundred hands of silver presented to the guest various sorts of spices, or condiments, to season their food withal.

"The third apartment was called the withdrawing-room. It was hung with the finest tapestry, representing the fall of Phaeton; for the looms of Flanders were now much occupied on classical subjects. The principal seat of this apartment was a chair of state, raised a step or two from the floor, and large enough to contain two persons. It was surmounted by a canopy, which, as well as the cushions, side-curtains, and the very foot-cloth, was composed of crimson velvet embroidered with seed-pearl. On

the top of the canopy were two coronets, resembling those of an earl and countess. Stools covered with velvet, and some cushions disposed in the Moorish fashion, and ornamented with Arabesque needlework, supplied the place of chairs in this apartment, which contained musical instruments, embroidery-frames, and other articles for ladies' pastime. Besides lesser lights, the withdrawing-room was illuminated by four tall torches of virgin wax, each of which was placed in the grasp of a statue, representing an armed Moor, who held in his left arm a round buckler of silver, highly polished, interposed betwixt his breast and the light, which was thus brilliantly reflected, as from a crystal mirror.

"The sleeping-chamber belonging to this splendid suite of apartments was decorated in a taste less showy, but not less rich, than had been displayed in the others. Two silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil, diffused at once a delicious odor and a trembling, twilight-seeming shimmer through the quiet apartment. It was carpeted so thick that the heaviest step could not have been heard; and the bed, richly heaped with down, was spread with an ample coverlet of silk and gold; from under which peeped forth cambric sheets, and blankets as white as the lambs which yielded the fleece that made them. The curtains were of blue velvet, lined with crimson silk, deeply festooned with gold and embroidered with the loves of Cupid and Psyche. On the toilet was a beautiful Venetian mirror, in a frame of silver filigree, and beside it stood a gold posset-dish, to contain the night draught. A pair of pistols and a dagger, mounted with gold, were displayed near the head of the bed, being the arms for the night, which were presented to honored guests, rather, it may be supposed, in the way of ceremony, than from any apprehension of danger. We must not omit to mention, what was more to the credit of the manners of the time, that in a small recess, illuminated by a taper, were diposed two cassocks of velvet and gold, corresponding with the bed furniture, before a desk of carved ebony. This recess had formerly been the private oratory of the Abbot, but the crucifix was removed, and instead, there were placed on the desk two Books of Common Prayer, richly bound and embossed with silver. With this enviable sleeping apartment, which was so far removed from every sound, save that of the wind sighing among the oaks of the park, that Morpheus might have coveted it for his own proper repose, corresponded two wardrobes, or dressing-rooms as they are now termed, suitably furnished, and in a style of the same magnificence which we have already described. It ought to be added that a part of the building in the adjoining wing was occupied by the kitchen and its offices, and served to accommodate the personal attendants of the great and wealthy nobleman, for whose use these magnificent preparations had been made.

QUEEN ELIZABETH IN HER YOUTH.

"The divinity for whose sake this temple had been decorated was well worthy the cost and pains which had been bestowed. She was seated in the withdrawing-room which we have described, surveying with the pleased eye of natural and innocent vanity the splendor which had been so

suddenly created, as it were, in her honor. For, as her own residence at Cumnor Place formed the cause of the mystery observed in all the preparations for opening these apartments, it was sedulously arranged, that until she took possession of them, she should have no means of knowing what was going forward in that part of the ancient building, or of exposing herself to be seen by the workmen engaged in the decorations. She had been, therefore, introduced on that evening to a part of the mansion which she had never yet seen, so different from all the rest, that it appeared, in comparison, like an enchanted palace. And when she first examined and occupied these splendid rooms, it was with the wild and unrestrained joy of a rustic beauty, who finds herself suddenly invested with a splendor which her most extravagant wishes had never imagined, and at the same time with the keen feeling of an affectionate heart, which knows that all the enchantment that surrounds her is the work of the great magician Love.

"The splendor of the approaching revels at Kenilworth was now the conversation through all England; and every thing was collected at home, or from abroad, which could add to the gayety or glory of the prepared reception of Elizabeth, at the house of her most distinguished favorite. Meantime, Leicester appeared daily to advance in the Queen's favor. He was perpetually by her side in council, willingly listened to in the moments of courtly recreation, favored with approaches even to familiar intimacy; looked up to by all who had aught to hope at Court; courted by foreign ministers with the most flattering testimonials of respect from their sovereigns; the *Alter Ego*, as it seemed, of the stately Elizabeth, who was now very generally supposed to be studying the time and opportunity for associating him, by marriage, into her sovereign power.

"Amid such a tide of prosperity, this minion of fortune, and of the Queen's favor, was probably the most unhappy man in the realm which seemed at his devotion. He had the Fairy King's superiority over his friends and dependants, and saw much which they could not. The character of his mistress was intimately known to him; it was his minute and studied acquaintance with her humors, as well as her noble faculties, which, joined to his powerful mental qualities, and his eminent external accomplishments, had raised him so high in her favor; and it was that very knowledge of her disposition which led him to apprehend at every turn some sudden and overwhelming disgrace. Leicester was like a pilot possessed of a chart, which points out to him all the peculiarities of his navigation, but which exhibits so many shoals, breakers, and reefs of rocks, that his anxious eye reaps little more from observing them than to be convinced that his final escape can be little else than miraculous.

"In fact, Queen Elizabeth had a character strangely compounded of the strongest masculine sense, with those foibles which are chiefly supposed proper to the female sex. Her subjects had the full benefit of her virtues, which far predominated over her weaknesses; but her courtiers, and those about her person, had often to sustain sudden and embarrassing turns of caprice, and the sallies of a temper which was both jealous and despotic. She was the nursing-mother of her people, but she was also the true daughter of Henry VIII.; and though early sufferings and an excellent education had repressed and modified they had not altogether destroyed, the hereditary temper of that 'hard-ruled King.' 'Her mind,' says her witty god-son, Sir John Harrington, who had experienced both the smiles and the frowns which he describes, was ofttime like the gentle air that cometh from the western point in a Summer's morn—'twas sweet and refreshing to all around her. Her speech did win all affections. And again, she could put forth such alterations, when obedience was lacking, as left no doubting *whose* daughter she was. When she smiled, it was a pure sunshine, that every one did choose to bask in, if they could; but anon came a storm, from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell, in a wondrous manner, on all alike.'

"This variability of disposition, as Leicester well knew, was chiefly formidable to those who had a share in the Queen's affections, and who depended rather on her personal regard, than on the indispensable services which they could render to her councils and her crown. The favor of Burleigh, or of Walsingham, of a description far less striking than that by which he was himself upheld, was founded, as Leicester was well aware, on Elizabeth's solid judgment, not on her partiality; and was, therefore, free from all those principles of change and decay, necessarily incident to that which chiefly arose from personal accomplishments and female predilection. These great and sage statesmen were judged of by the Queen, only with reference to the measures they suggested, and the reasons by which they supported their opinions in council; whereas the success of Leicester's course depended on all those light and changeable gales of caprice and humor, which thwart or favor the progress of a lover in the favor of his mistress, and she, too, a mistress who was ever and anon becoming fearful lest she should forget the dignity, or compromise the authority of the Queen, while she indulged the affections of the woman. Of the difficulties which surrounded his power, 'too great to keep or to resign,' Leicester was fully sensible; and, as he looked anxiously around for the means of maintaining himself in his precarious situation, and sometimes contemplated those of descending from it in safety, he saw but little hope of either. At such moments, his thoughts turned to dwell upon his secret marriage and its consequences; and it was in bitterness against himself, if not against his unfortunate Countess, that he ascribed to that hasty measure, adopted in the ardor of what he now called inconsiderate passion, at once the impossibility of placing his power on a solid basis, and the immediate prospect of its precipitate downfall.

"'Men say,' thus ran his thoughts, in these anxious and repentant moments, 'that I might marry Elizabeth, and become King of England. All things suggest this. The match is carolled in ballads, while the rabble throw their caps up. It has been touched upon in the schools, whispered in the presence-chamber, recommended from the pulpit, prayed for in the Calvinistic churches abroad, touched on by statists in the very council at home. These bold insinuations have been rebutted by no rebuke, no resentment, no chiding; scarce even by the usual female protestation that she would live and die a virgin princess. Her words have been more courteous than ever, though she knows such rumors are abroad; her actions more gracious; her looks more kind; naught seems wanting to make me King of England, and place me beyond the storms of Court-favor, excepting the putting forth of mine own hand to take that crown imperial, which is the glory of the universe! And when I might stretch that hand out most boldly, it is fettered down by a secret and inextricable bond! And here I have letters from Amy,' he would say, catching them up with a movement of peevishness, 'persecuting me to acknowledge her openly—to do justice to her and to myself—and I wot not what. Methinks I have done less than justice to myself already. And she speaks as if Elizabeth were to receive the knowledge of this matter with the glee of a mother hearing of

the happy marriage of a hopeful son! She, the daughter of Henry, who spared neither man in his anger nor woman in his desire—she to find herself tricked, drawn on with toys of passion to the verge of acknowledging her love to a subject, and he discovered to be a married man! Elizabeth to learn that she had been dallied with, in such fashion as a gay courtier might trifle with a country wench! We should then see to our ruin *furens quid fœmina!*'"

In this extremity Leicester turned for counsel to an unscrupulous follower, Sir Richard Varney, who instantly resolved to sacrifice Amy in order to elevate his master to the throne, and through this elevation to secure riches and honors for himself.

Elizabeth having heard of the spiriting away of Amy Robsart, through her father, Sir Hugh, taxed Leicester with the abduction, when Sir Richard Varney, who was present, boldly stepped in, and taking the onus on his shoulders, the Earl remaining silent, declared that Amy was *his*, Varney's, wife. Whereupon the Queen ordered the presence of *Lady Varney* at the Revels at Kenilworth.

Sir Richard Varney hied him to Cumnor, where he had private audience of the Countess. Scott thus describes the result of Varney's proposition:

"The door was unlocked and thrown open, and Janet her waiting-woman, and Foster, Janet's father, rushed in, anxious to learn the cause of these reiterated exclamations.

"When they entered the apartment, Varney stood by the door grinding his teeth, with an expression in which rage, and shame, and fear, had each their share. The Countess stood in the midst of her apartment like a juvenile Pythoness, under the influence of the prophetic fury. The veins in her beautiful forehead started into swollen blue lines through the hurried impulse of her articulation; her cheek and neck glowed like scarlet; her eyes were like those of an imprisoned eagle, flashing red lightning on the foes whom it cannot reach with its talons. Were it possible for one of the Graces to have been animated by a Fury, the countenance could not have united such beauty with so much hatred, scorn, defiance, and resentment. The gesture and attitude corresponded with the voice and looks, and altogether presented a spectacle which was at once beautiful and fearful; so much of the sublime had the energy of passion united with the Countess Amy's natural loveliness. Janet, as soon as the door was open, ran to her mistress; and more slowly, yet with more haste than he was wont, Anthony Foster went to Richard Varney.

"'In the Truth's name, what ails your ladyship?' said the former.

"'What, in the name of Satan, have you done to her?' said Foster to his friend.

"'Who, I?—nothing,' answered Varney, but with sunken head and sullen voice; 'nothing but communicated to her her lord's commands, which, if the lady list not to obey, she knows better how to answer it than I may pretend to do.'

"'Now, by heaven, Janet,' said the Countess, 'the false traitor lies in his throat! He must needs lie, for he speaks to the dishonor of my noble lord—he must needs lie doubly, for he speaks to gain ends of his own, equally execrable and unattainable.'

"'You have misapprehended me, lady,' said Varney, with a sulky species of submission and apology; 'let this matter rest till your passion be abated, and I will explain all.'

"'Thou shalt never have an opportunity to do so,' said the Countess. 'Look at him, Janet. He is fairly dressed, hath the outside of a gentleman, and hither he came to persuade me it was my lord's pleasure—nay, more, my wedded lord's commands, that I should go with him to Kenilworth, and before the Queen and nobles, and in presence of my own wedded lord, that I should acknowledge him—*him* there—that very cloak-brushing, shoe-cleaning fellow—*him* there, my lord's lackey, for my liege lord and husband; furnishing against myself—great God!—whenever I was to vindicate my right and my rank, such weapons as would hew my just claim from the root, and destroy my character to be regarded as an honorable matron of the English nobility!'"

Amy resolved upon hieing to Kenilworth and seeing Leicester. The following is a graphic description of the castle at that period:

"The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure inclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure-garden, with its trim arbors and parterres, and the rest formed the large base-court, or outer yard, of the noble castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious inclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, surrounding an inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there blazoned, the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away, and whose history, could ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the haughty favorite, who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domain. A large and massive keep, which formed the citadel of the castle, was of uncertain though great antiquity. It bore the name of Cæsar, perhaps from its resemblance to that in the Tower of London so-called. Some antiquaries ascribe its foundation to the time of Kenelph, from whom the castle had its name, a Saxon king of Mercia, and others to an early era after the Norman Conquest. On the exterior walls frowned the scutcheon of the Clintons, by whom they were founded in the reign of Henry I., and of the yet more redoubted Simon de Montfort, by whom, during the Barons' Wars, Kenilworth was long held out against Edward III. Here Mortimer, Earl of March, famous alike for his rise and his fall, had once gayly reveled in Kenilworth, while his dethroned sovereign, Edward II., languished in its dungeons. Old John of Gaunt, 'time-honored Lancaster,' had widely extended the castle, erecting that noble and massive pile which yet bears the name of Lancaster's Buildings; and Leicester himself had outdone the former possessors, princely and powerful as they were, by erecting another immense structure, which now lies crushed under its own ruins, the monument of its owner's ambition. The external wall of this royal castle was, on the south and west sides, adorned and defended by a lake partly artificial, across which Leicester had constructed a stately bridge, that Elizabeth might enter the castle by a path hitherto untrodden, instead of the usual entrance to the northward, over which he had erected a gate-house, or barbican, which still exists, and is equal in extent, and superior in architecture, to the baronial castle of many a northern chief.

"Beyond the lake lay an extensive chase, full of red deer, fallow deer, roes, and every species of game, and abounding with lofty trees, from amongst which the extended front and massive towers of the castle were seen to rise in majesty and beauty. We cannot but add, that of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought—now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize which valor won—all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is

but a rushy swamp; and the massive ruins of the castle only serve to show what their splendor once was, and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy an humble lot in virtuous contentment.

"It was with far different feelings that the unfortunate Countess of Leicester viewed those gray and massive towers, when she first beheld them rise above the embowering and richly shaded woods, over which they seemed to preside. She, the undoubted wife of the great Earl, of Elizabeth's minion, and England's mighty favorite, was approaching the presence of her husband, and that husband's sovereign, under the protection, rather than the guidance, of a poor juggler; and though unquestioned mistress of that proud castle, whose lightest word ought to have had force sufficient to make its gates leap from their massive hinges to receive her, yet she could not conceal from herself the difficulty and peril which she must experience in gaining admission into her own halls.

"Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host, as of her Master of the Horse. The black steed which he mounted had not a single white hair on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the Earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth, and speckled his well-formed limbs as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held, and the proud steed which he bestrode; for no man in England, or, perhaps, in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship, and all other exercises belonging to his quality. He was bareheaded, as were all the courtiers in the train; and the red torchlight shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features, to the beauty of which even the severest criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it may be termed, of a forehead somewhat too high. On that proud evening those features wore all the graceful solicitude of a subject, to show himself sensible of the high honor which the Queen was conferring on him, and all the pride and satisfaction which became so glorious a moment. Yet, though neither eye nor feature betrayed aught but feelings which suited the occasion, some of the Earl's personal attendants remarked that he was unusually pale, and they expressed to each other their fear that he was taking more fatigue than consisted with his health. Varney followed close behind his master, as the principal esquire in waiting, and had charge of his lordship's black velvet bonnet, garnished with a clasp of diamonds, and surmounted by a white plume. He kept his eye constantly on his master; and, for reasons with which the reader is not unacquainted, was, among Leicester's numerous dependants, the one who was most anxious that his lord's strength and resolution should carry him successfully through a day so agitating. For although Varney was one of the few—the very few, moral monsters, who contrive to lull to sleep the remorse of their own bosoms, and are drugged into moral insensibility by atheism, as men in extreme agony are lulled by opium, yet he knew that in the breast of his patron there was already awakened the fire that is never quenched, and that his lord felt, amid all the pomp and magnificence we have described, the gnawing of the worm that dieth not. Still, however, assured as Lord Leicester stood, by Varney's own intelligence, that his Countess labored under an indisposition which formed an unanswerable apology to the Queen for her not appearing at Kenilworth, there was little danger, his wily retainer thought, that a man so ambitious would betray himself by giving way to any external weakness."

AMY ROBSART.

Sir Richard Varney thus foreshadowed his murderous intentions with regard to the Countess:

"Varney officiously assisted his lord to bed, and placed a

A STATE PROGRESS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

massive silver night-lamp, with a short sword, on a marble table which stood close by the head of the couch. Either in order to avoid the light of the lamp, or to hide his countenance from Varney, Leicester drew the curtain, heavy with entwined silk and gold, so as completely to shade his face. Varney took a seat near the bed, but with his back toward his master, as if to intimate that he was not watching him, and quietly waited till Leicester himself led the way to the topic by which his mind was engrossed.

"'And so, Varney,' said the Earl, after waiting in vain till his dependant should commence the conversation, 'men talk of the Queen's favor toward me?'

"'Ay, my good lord,' said Varney—'of what can they else, since it is so strongly manifested?'

"'She is indeed my good and gracious mistress,' said Leicester, after another pause. 'But it is written, "Put not thy trust in princes."'

"'A good sentence and a true,' said Varney—'unless you can unite their interest with yours so absolutely, that they must needs sit on your wrist like hooded hawks.'

"'I know what thou meanest,' said Leicester, impatiently, 'though thou art to-night so prudentially careful of what thou sayest to me. Thou wouldst intimate, I might marry the Queen if I would?'

"'It is your speech, my lord, not mine,' answered Varney; 'but whose soever be the speech, it is the thought of ninety-nine out of an hundred men throughout broad England.'

"'Ay, but,' said Leicester, turning himself in his bed, 'the hundredth man knows better. Thou, for example, knowest the obstacle that cannot be overleaped.'

"'It must, my lord, if the stars speak true.'

"'What! talkest thou of them,' said Leicester, 'that believest not in them or in aught else?'

"'You mistake, my lord, under your gracious pardon,' said Varney; 'I believe in many things that predict the future. I believe, if showers fall in April, that we shall have flowers in May; that if the sun shines, grain will ripen; and I believe in much natural philosophy to the same effect, which, if the stars swear to me, I will say the stars speak the truth. And in like manner, I will not disbelieve that which I see wished for and expected on earth, solely because the astrologers have read it in the heavens.'

"'Thou art right,' said Leicester, again tossing himself on his couch; 'earth does wish for it. I have had advices from the reformed churches of Germany, from the Low Countries, from Switzerland, urging this as a point on which Europe's safety depends. France will not oppose it; the ruling party in Scotland look to it as their best security; Spain fears it, but cannot prevent it; and yet thou knowest it is impossible.'

"'I know not that, my lord,' said Varney; 'the Countess is indisposed.'

"'Villain!' said Leicester, starting up on his couch, and seizing the sword which lay on the table beside him, 'go thy thoughts that way?—thou wouldst not do murder!'

"'For whom or what do you hold me, my lord?' said Varney, assuming the superiority of an innocent man subjected to unjust suspicion. 'I said nothing to deserve such a horrid imputation as your violence infers. I said but that the Countess was ill. And Countess though she be—lovely and beloved as she is—surely your lordship must hold her to be mortal? She may die, and your lordship's hand become once more your own.'

"'Away! away!' said Leicester; 'let me have no more of this!'

"'Good-night, my lord,' said Varney, seeming to understand this as a command to depart; but Leicester's voice interrupted his purpose.

"'Thou scapest me not thus, Sir Fool,' said he; 'I think thy knighthood has addled thy brains. Confess thou hast talked of impossibilities, as of things which may come to pass.'

"'My lord, long live your fair Countess,' said Varney; 'but neither your love nor my good wishes can make her immortal. But God grant she live long to be happy herself, and to render you so! I see not but you may be King of England notwithstanding.'"

Sir Walter Scott brings about a meeting between Elizabeth and Amy at Kenilworth, the situation being intensely dramatic. He also gives a sample of one of those tender passages between the Queen and Leicester, which were as meat, drink and clothing to the Court gossips:

"It chanced that one of the earliest of the huntress train, who appeared from her chamber in full array for the chase, was the Princess for whom all these pleasures were instituted, England's Maiden Queen. I know not if it were by chance, or out of the befitting courtesy due to a mistress by whom he was so much honored, that she had scarcely made one step beyond the threshold of her chamber ere Leicester was by her side, and proposed to her, until the preparations for the chase had been completed, to view the Pleasance, and the gardens which it connected with the castle-yard.

"Elizabeth's sylvan dress, which was of a pale-blue silk, with silver lace and *aiguillettes*, approached in form to that of the ancient Amazons; and was, therefore, well suited at once to her height, and to the dignity of her mien, which her conscious rank and long habits of authority had rendered in some degree too masculine to be seen to the best advantage in ordinary female weeds. Leicester's hunting-suit of Lincoln-green, richly embroidered with gold, and crossed by the gay baldric, which sustained a bugle-horn, and a wood-knife instead of a sword, became its master, as did his other vestments of Court or of war. For such were the perfections of his form and mien, that Leicester was always supposed to be seen to the greatest advantage in the character and dress which for the time he represented or wore.

"The conversation of Elizabeth and the favorite Earl has not reached us in detail. But those who watched at some distance (and the eyes of courtiers and court ladies are right sharp), were of opinion that on no occasion did the dignity of Elizabeth, in gesture and motion, seem so decidedly to soften away into a mien expressive of indecision and tenderness. Her step was not only slow, but even unequal, a thing most unwonted in her carriage; her looks seemed bent on the ground, and there was a timid disposition to withdraw from her companion, which external gesture in females often indicates exactly the opposite tendency in the secret mind. The Duchess of Rutland, who ventured nearest, was even heard to aver that she discerned a tear in Elizabeth's eye, and a blush on the cheek; and still further, 'She bent her looks on the ground to avoid mine,' said the duchess; 'she, who, in her ordinary mood, could look down a lion.' To what conclusion these symptoms led is sufficiently evident; nor were they probably entirely groundless. The progress of a private conversation, betwixt two persons of different sexes, is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very different, perhaps, from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and

Queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.

"Horses in the meanwhile neighed, and champed the bits with impatience in the base-court; hounds yelled in their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and prickers lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would prevent the scent from lying. But Leicester had another chase in view; or, to speak more justly toward him, had become engaged in it without premeditation, as the high-spirited hunter which follows the cry of the hounds that have crossed his path by accident. The Queen — an accomplished and handsome woman—the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain, had probably listened with more than usual favor to that mixture of romantic gallantry with which she always loved to be addressed; and the Earl had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in more and more of that delicious ingredient, until his importunity became the language of love itself.

"'No, Dudley,' said Elizabeth, yet it was with broken accents; 'no, I must be the mother of my people. Other ties, that make the lowly maiden happy, are denied to her Sovereign. No, Leicester, urge it no more; were I as others, free to seek my own happiness, then, indeed—but it cannot—cannot be. Delay the chase—delay it for half an hour—and leave me, my lord.'

"'How, leave you, madam!' said Leicester. 'Has my madness offended you?'

"'No, Leicester, not so!' answered the Queen, hastily; 'but it is madness, and must not be repeated. Go—but go not far from hence—and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy.'

"While she spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply, and retired with a slow and melancholy air. The Queen stood gazing after him, and murmured to herself: 'Were it possible—were it *but* possible! But no—no—Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone.'

"As she spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one whose step she heard approaching, the Queen turned into the grotto in which her hapless, and yet but too successful, rival lay concealed.

"The mind of England's Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken by the agitating interview to which she had just put a period, was of that firm and decided character which soon recovers its natural tone. It was like one of those ancient druidical monuments, called Rocking stones. The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion, but the power of Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with a slow pace toward the inmost extremity of the grotto, her countenance, ere she had proceeded half the length, had recovered its dignity of look, and her mien its air of command.

"It was then the Queen became aware that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain, which occupied the inmost recess of the twilight grotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested the story of 'Numa and Egeria,' and she doubted not that some Italian sculptor had here represented the Naiad, whose inspirations gave laws to Rome. As she advanced, she became doubtful whether she beheld a statue or a form of flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, betwixt the desire which she had to make her condition known to one of her own sex, and her awe for the stately form which approached her, and which, though her eyes had never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to be the personage she really was. Amy had arisen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady, who entered the grotto alone, and, as she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the Queen's knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head, and hands perfectly motionless, and her cheek as pallid as the alabaster pedestal against which she now leaned. Her dress was of pale sea-green silk, little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat resembled the drapery of a Grecian Nymph, such an antique disguise having been thought the most secure, where so many masquers and revellers were assembled; so that the Queen's doubt of her being a living form was well justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as by the bloodless cheek and the fixed eye.

"Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had approached within a few paces, whether she did not gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned that by the doubtful light it could not be distinguished from reality. She stopped, therefore, and fixed upon this interesting object her princely look with so much keenness, that the astonishment which had kept Amy immovable gave way to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes, and dropped her head under the commanding gaze of the Sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

"From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage, and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness: 'How now, fair nymph of this lovely grotto—are thou spellbound and struck with dumbness by the charms of the wicked enchanter whom men term Fear? We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee.'

"Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate Countess dropped on her knees before the Queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the Queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication, that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

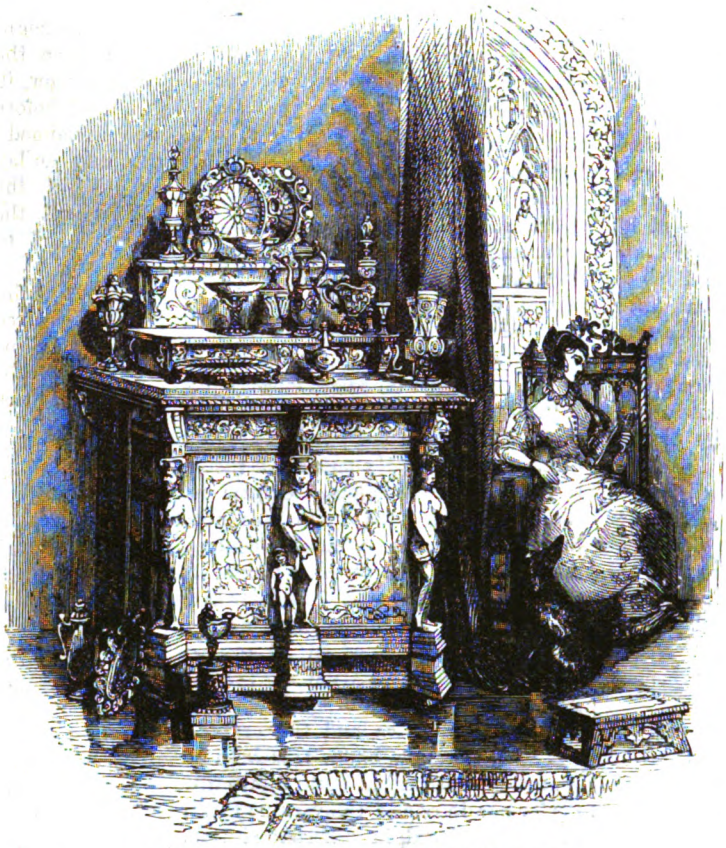
"'What may this mean?' she said; 'this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel; what wouldst thou have with us?'

"'Your protection, madam,' faltered forth the unhappy petitioner.

"'Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it,' replied the Queen; 'but your distress seems to have a deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?'

"Amy hastily endeavored to recall what it was best to say—what might secure herself from the imminent dangers that surrounded her, without endangering her husband; and plunging from one thought to another, amidst the chaos which filled her mind, she could at length, in answer to the Queen's repeated inquiries, in what she sought protection, only falter out: 'Alas, I know not!'

"'This is folly, maiden,' said Elizabeth, impatiently, for there was something in the extreme confusion of the suppliant which irritated her curiosity, as well as interested



A LADY'S CHAMBER IN THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH.

her feelings. 'The sick man must tell his malady to the physician, nor are WE accustomed to ask questions so oft without receiving an answer.'

"'I request—I implore,' stammered forth the unfortunate Countess, 'I beseech your gracious protection—against—against one Varney.' She choked well-nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the Queen.

"'What, Varney—Sir Richard Varney—the servant of Lord Leicester! What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?'

"'I—I—was his prisoner—and he practiced on my life—and I broke forth to—to——

"'To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless,' said Elizabeth. 'Thou shalt have it—that is, if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost. Thou art,' she said, bending on the Countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost soul, 'thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall?'

"'Forgive me—forgive me—most gracious princess!' said Amy, dropping once more on her knee from which she had arisen.

"'For what shall I forgive thee, silly wench?' said Elizabeth; 'for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches. Thou didst deceive thine old and honored father—thy look confesses it; cheated Master Tressilian—thy blush avouches it; and married this same Varney.'

"Amy sprang on her feet, and interrupted the Queen, eagerly, with, 'No, madam, no—as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would make me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!'

"The Queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy's vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied: 'Why, God ha' mercy, woman! I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman,' she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practiced on her, 'tell me, woman—for by God's day, I WILL know—whose wife or whose paramour art thou? Speak out, and be speedy. Thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth.'

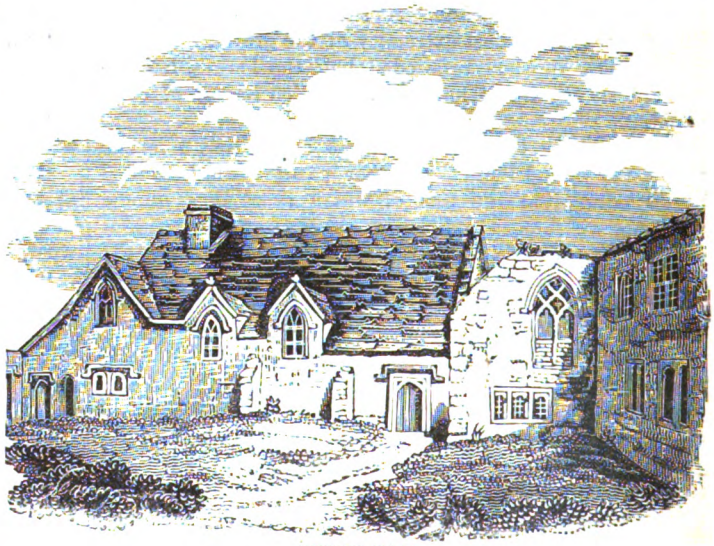
"Urged to this extremity; dragged, as it were, by irresistible force to the verge of the precipice, which she saw but could not avoid—permitted not a moment's respite by the eager words and menacing gestures of the offended Queen, Amy at length uttered, in despair: "The Earl of Leicester knows it all.'

"'The Earl of Leicester!' said Elizabeth, in utter astonishment. 'The Earl of Leicester!' she repeated, with kindling anger. 'Woman, thou art set on to this—thou dost belie him—he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord, and the truest-hearted gentleman, in England! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me—come with me instantly!'

"As Amy shrank back with terror, which the incensed Queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth rapidly advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of the grotto, and along the principal alley of the Pleasance, dragging with her the terrified Countess, whom she still held by the arm.

"Leicester was at this moment the centre of a splendid group of lords and ladies assembled together under an arcade, or portico, which closed the alley.

"'Leicester,' said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled



CUMNOR HALL.

with passion, 'could I think thou hast practiced on me—on me, thy Sovereign—on me, thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises—by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!'

"Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied: 'My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers—to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service.'

"'What! my lords,' said Elizabeth, looking around, 'we are defied, I think—defied in the castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man? My Lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England, attach him of high-treason.'

"'Whom does your Grace mean?' said Shrewsbury, much surprised, for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"'Whom should I mean but that traitor, Dudley, Earl of Leicester? Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentleman pensioners, and take him into instant custody. I say, villain, make haste!'

"Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the Queen than almost any other dared to do, replied bluntly: 'And it is like your Grace might order me to the Tower to-morrow, for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient.'

"'Patient—God's life!' exclaimed the Queen; 'name not the word to me—thou know'st not of what he is guilty!'

"Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended Sovereign, instantly (and, alas, how many women have done the same!) forgot her own wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and throwing herself before the Queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed: 'He is guiltless, madam, he is guiltless; no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Earl of Leicester!'

"'Why, minion,' answered the Queen, 'didst not thou thyself say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?'

"'Did I say so?' repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency, and of self-interest; 'Oh if, I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me.'"

The end was now close at hand. Another scene with the Queen, and all hope of royal favor was gone for even Sir Richard Varney, having received from Leicester his signet-ring as a token to Amy, repaired to the chamber of the Countess.

"The horror of Amy may be conceived, when, starting from a broken slumber, she saw at her bedside Varney, the man on earth whom she most feared and hated. It was even a consolation to see that he was not alone, though she had so much reason to dread his sullen companion.

"'Madam,' said Varney, 'there is no time for ceremony. My Lord of Leicester, having fully considered the exigencies of the time, sends you his orders immediately to accompany us on our return to Cumnor Place. See, here is his signet, in token of his pressing commands.'

THE GOAT MOTH IN ITS VARIOUS STAGES.—SEE PAGE 527.

"'It is false!' said the Countess; 'thou hast stolen the warrant—thou, who art capable of every villainy, from the blackest to the basest!'

"'It is TRUE, madam,' replied Varney; 'so true, that if you do not instantly arise, and prepare to attend us, we must compel you to obey our orders.'

"'Compel!—thou darest not put it to that issue, base as thou art,' exclaimed the unhappy Countess.

"'That remains to be proved, madam,' said Varney, who had determined on intimidation as the only means of subduing her high spirit; 'if you put me to it, you will find me a rough groom of the chambers.'

"It was at this threat that Amy screamed so fearfully, that had it not been for the received opinion of her insanity, she would quickly have had Lord Hunsdon and others to her aid. Perceiving, however, that her cries were in vain, she appealed to Foster in the most affecting terms, conjuring him, as his daughter Janet's honor and purity were dear to him, not to permit her to be treated with unwomanly violence.

"'Why, madam, wives must obey their husbands—there's Scripture warrant for it,' said Foster; 'and if you will dress yourself, and come with us patiently, there's no one shall lay finger on you while I can draw a pistol-trigger.'

"Weeping, trembling, and praying, the unfortunate lady dressed herself—with sensations how different from the days in which she was wont to decorate herself in all the pride of conscious beauty! She endeavored to delay the completing her dress as long as she could, until, terrified by the impatience of Varney, she was obliged to declare herself ready to attend them.

"'If you do but consent to execute your husband's will in quietness, you shall,' said Varney, 'see but little of me. I will leave you undisturbed to the care of the usher whom your good taste prefers.'

"'My husband's will!' she exclaimed. 'But it is the will of God, and let that be sufficient to me. I will go with Master Foster as unresistingly as ever did a literal sacrifice. He is a father at least, and will have decency, if not humanity. For thee, Varney, were it my latest word, thou art an equal stranger to both.'

Half leaning on Foster, and half carried by him, the Countess was transported from Saintlowe's Tower to the postern gate, where Tider waited with the litter and horses.

The Countess was placed in the former without resistance. She saw with some satisfaction that while Foster and Tider rode close by the litter, which the latter conducted, the dreaded Varney lingered behind, and was soon lost in darkness. A little while she strove, as the road winded round the verge of the lake, to keep sight of those stately towers which called her husband lord, and which still, in some places, sparkled with lights, where wassailers were yet reveling. But when the direction of the road rendered this no longer possible, she drew back her head, and, sinking down in the litter, recommended herself to the care of Providence.

"The remainder of the journey was made with a degree of speed, which showed the little care they had for the health of the unhappy Countess. They paused only at places where all was under their command, and where the tale they were prepared to tell of the insane Lady Varney would have obtained ready credit, had she made an attempt to appeal to the compassion of the few persons admitted to see her. But Amy saw no chance of obtaining a hearing from any to whom she had an opportunity of addressing herself; and, besides, was too terrified for the presence of Varney to violate the implied condition, under which she was to travel free from his company. The authority of Varney, often so used, during the Earl's private journeys to Cumnor, readily procured relays of horses where wanted, so that they approached Cumnor Place upon the night after they left Kenilworth.

"At this period of the journey Varney came up to the rear of the litter, as he had done before repeatedly during their progress, and asked: 'What does she?'

"'She sleeps,' said Foster; 'I would we were home; her strength is exhausted.'

"'Rest will restore her,' answered Varney. 'She shall soon sleep sound and long. We must consider how to lodge her in safety.'

"'In her own apartments, to be sure,' said Foster. 'I have sent Janet to her aunt's, with a proper rebuke, and the old women are truth itself—for they hate this lady cordially.'

"'We will not trust them, however, friend Anthony,' said Varney; 'we must secure her in that stronghold where you keep your gold.'

* * * * * * *

"When they had arrived at Cumnor Place, the Countess asked eagerly for her waiting woman, Janet, and showed much alarm when informed that she was no longer to have the attendance of that amiable girl.

"'My daughter is dear to me, madam,' said Foster, gruffly; 'and I desire not that she should get the court-tricks of lying and 'scaping; somewhat too much of that has she learned already, an it please your ladyship.'

"The Countess, much fatigued and greatly terrified by the circumstances of her journey, made no answer to this insolence, but mildly expressed a wish to retire to her chamber.

"'With all my heart,' answered Foster; and taking a light, he led the way to a part of the building where Amy had never been, and conducted her up a stair of great height, preceded by one of the old women with a lamp. At the head of the stair, which seemed of almost immeasurable height, they crossed a short wooden gallery, formed of black oak, and very narrow, at the further end of which was a strong oaken door, which opened and admitted them into the miser's apartment, homely in its accommodations in the very last degree, and, except in name, little different from a prison-room.

"Foster stopped at the door, and gave the lamp to the Countess, without either offering or permitting the attendance of the old woman who had carried it. The lady stood not on ceremony, but taking it hastily, barred the door, and secured it with the ample means provided on the inside for that purpose.

"Varney, meanwhile, had lurked behind on the stairs, but hearing the door barred, he now came up on tiptoe, and Foster, winking to him, pointed with self-complacence to a piece of concealed machinery in the wall, which, playing with much ease and little noise, dropped a part of the wooden gallery, after the manner of a drawbridge, so as to cut off all communication between the door of the bedroom, which he usually inhabited, and the landing-place of the high winding stair which ascended to it. The rope by which this machinery was wrought was generally carried within the bedchamber, it being Foster's object to provide against invasion from without; but now that it was intended to secure the prisoner within, the cord had been brought over to the landing-place, and was there made fast, when Foster, with much complacency, had dropped the unsuspected trap-door.

"Varney looked with great attention at the machinery, and peeped more than once down the abyss which was opened by the fall of the trap-door. It was dark as pitch, and seemed profoundly deep, going, as Foster informed

his confederate in a whisper, nigh to the lowest vault of the Castle. Varney cast once more a fixed and long look down into this sable gulf, and then followed Foster to the part of the manor-house most usually inhabited.

"On the next day, when evening approached, Varney summoned Foster to the execution of their plan. Tider and Foster's old man-servant were sent on a feigned errand down to the village, and Anthony himself, as if anxious to see that the Countess suffered no want of accommodation, visited her place of confinement. He was so much staggered at the mildness and patience with which she seemed to endure her confinement, that he could not help earnestly recommending to her not to cross the threshold of her room on any account whatever, until Lord Leicester should come, 'which,' he added, 'I trust in God, will be very soon.' Amy patiently promised that she would resign herself to her fate, and Foster returned to his hardened companion with his conscience half eased of the perilous load that weighed on it. 'I have warned her,' he said; 'surely in vain is the snare set in the sight of any bird!'

"He left, therefore, the Countess's door unsecured on the outside, and, under the eye of Varney, withdrew the supports which sustained the falling trap, which, therefore, kept its level position merely by a slight adhesion. They withdrew to wait the issue on the ground floor adjoining, but they waited long in vain. At length Varney, after walking long to and fro, with his face muffled in his cloak, threw it suddenly back, and exclaimed: 'Surely never was a woman fool enough to neglect so fair an opportunity of escape!'

"'Perhaps she is resolved,' said Foster, 'to await her husband's return.'

"'True—most true!' said Varney, rushing out. 'I had not thought of that before.'

"In less than two minutes, Foster, who remained behind, heard the tread of a horse in the court-yard, and then a whistle similar to that which was the Earl's usual signal. The instant after the door of the Countess's chamber opened, and in the same moment the trap-door gave way. There was a rushing sound—a heavy fall—a faint groan—and all was over."

NOTE.—Ashmole's chronicle of the murder of Amy Robsart concludes: "For Sir Richard Varney above-said (the chief projector in this design), who, by the Earl's order, remained that day of her death alone with her, with one man only and Forster, who had that day forcibly sent away all her servants from her to Abington Market, about three miles distant from this place; they (I say whether first stifling her, or else strangling her) afterward flung her down a pair of stairs and broke her neck, using much violence upon her; but, however, though it was vulgarly reported that she by chance fell down-stairs (but still without hurting her hood that was upon her head), yet the inhabitants will tell you there that she was conveyed from her usual chamber where she lay to another where the bed's head of the chamber stood close to a privy postern door where they in the night came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very much, broke her neck, and at length flung her down-stairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so have blinded their villainy. But behold the mercy and justice of God in revenging and discovering this lady's murder, for one of the persons that was a coadjutor in this murder was afterward taken for a felony in the marches of Wales, and offering to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was privately made away in the prison by the Earl's appointment; and Sir Richard Varney, the other, dying about the same time in London, cried miserably, and blasphemed God, and said to a person of note (who hath related the same to others since), not long before his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him in pieces. Forster, likewise, after this fact, being a man formerly addicted to hospitality, company, mirth, and music, was afterward observed to forsake all this, and with much melancholy and pensiveness (some say with madness), pined and drooped away."

THE GOAT MOTH IN ITS VARIOUS STAGES.

THE tints of the wings of moths (under this term we include the nocturnal and crepuscular) are principally shades of gray and brown, and resemble the colors of the trees and walls when the light is dim and night is advancing. But the wings of some, although not so brilliant and coruscating as those of the butterflies, are exquisitely delicate and soft in their tone.

Some of the moths that fly by day, and thus lead the life of butterflies, often have colors as glowing as these have, but the tints are never brilliant and sparkling. The educated eye can distinguish at once between the scales of a butterfly and those of the brightest of moths.

The wings of moths rest upon the body of the insect when in repose, and are not stuck upright like those of the butterflies.

The antennæ of the moths are very different in shape to those of the butterflies, as can readily be seen.

The *Bombycina*, or spinner moths, are very numerous, and often attain a great size; they are celebrated for their beauty and strangeness of form, as well as for the simplicity of the decorations of the species which are the most valuable to man. As moths, the *Bombycina* are usually stout and solid about the body, without being as robust as the sphinxes. Their wings are usually large, and the antennæ, which are formed like the teeth and stem of a comb (pectinated), are sometimes feathery in the males. The trunk is rudimentary and useless, and the legs are short. The majority of the moths live for love, and the lady bombycides are so attractive that their pursuit and courtship are the sole pleasures and delights of the males, which seek them out at great distances, and in a most remarkable manner.

If a female moth be carried into a house in a town far away from the fields and hedges, and be placed upon the window-pane, she will surely attract followers and lovers in abundance. Toward the evening the gentlemen begin to arrive; they are in a great hurry, and usually are very short-sighted; so that they can see their cherished object, what else is worthy of consideration?

An Australian traveler once caught a pretty little moth, and placed it in his pocket inside a box. All the evening he was pestered with moths that flew about him and settled upon him in every direction. They followed him into his house, and would not be satisfied without a sight of bombycina.

The males, which are thus able to find out the hidden females, have feathery antennæ, and perhaps there is some excessively delicate organization in them that gives the insect the peculiar power of discovering the distant and desired object. Sight is of no importance, neither is hearing, in this peculiar inquiry; and, although it is difficult to understand, probably the odor of the female insect attaches itself to anything it may touch, and thus attracts the males.

There are many tribes in this great group.

The goat moth *(Cossus ligniperda)* is a well-known insect, with a short body and large and broad wings of a pale brownish-white color, marked with short wavy lines. The caterpillar of this insect is flesh or wine colored, and has a few hairs upon it; and a faint and disagreeable smell is evolved from it, which is left behind upon the wood over which it has recently crawled. This larva gnaws the old trunks of willows and elms, and, by excavating large galleries in the trees, it often destroys some of the largest and finest. It is admirably adapted for this sort of life, and the upper lip is not notched; moreover, the jaws are strongly toothed.

The simple lip and the dentated jaws enable the larva to gnaw away at the wood, which it does not want to hold like a leaf. The membranous legs of the larva are short, and are furnished with a ring of hooks, so as to allow it to move readily in the long galleries.

silk. This case is so placed that the end corresponding to the head of the chrysalis (so writes Dr. Baird), is turned toward a hole which the caterpillar has had the precaution to form beforehand in the bark of the tree on that side from which it is about to escape. This hole remains closed

CLYTIE.— FROM THE PAINTING BY EDGAR HANLEY.

When fully grown the caterpillar is nearly three inches in length, and is as thick as a man's finger; this size is only attained after at least three years' gnawing and tunneling under the bark of the trees it injures. It makes a cocoon of the gnawings of wood, which it fastens together with a viscous secretion, and then all is lined with soft

outside, but the partition is so thin that the slightest effort can break it and let the prisoner free.

The chrysalis itself bursts this slight partition, and escapes about half way through before breaking its own bonds and assuming the perfect form. Some of the moths measure at least three inches across the wings.

JET.—"DUGAL KNELT DOWN AND RAISED HER HEAD ON HIS KNEE. IT WAS JET!"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

LUCK AND LOVE.

"Lucky at cards, unlucky in love."—*Old Proverb.*

I.—Life's Dice-box.

I was throwing dice, and thought to win the game
By desperate will, and so with sleight of wrist
I strove to give the box a cunning twist.
—Appeared a hand! . . . like a thin spectral flame
Scarce more discerned than viewless air it came,
And shook the box my slackening fingers missed,
Yet no less seemed to hold. Did I desist?
I somehow could not, but played on the same.
This fate that brooded o'er, the way it knew
To make the ivories any number show—
I sat in dread, so passionlessly drew
Those fingers backward from each subtle throw,
And held my breath, and kept my anger in,
To mark the game . . . 'twas meant I should not win!

II.—Playing for Love.

Bruised by the world, and every way forlorn,
Spring of my heart I lost, and learned to hate,
Flung hot reproaches in the teeth of fate,
And came to wonder wherefore I was born.
Then in that heaven whereto we pray for morn
To chase old dark despair that stays so late,
Some angel cried, Unlock this mortal's gate—
With one flower fill his Fortune's empty horn.
My one heaven-flower came soon—a girlish rose—
A soft-cheeked thing, with lovelight in her eye,
Loose-wandering hair of summer-sunny dye,
And a rose blush that quickly comes and goes.
She loves me—from her pity, or heaven's, who knows?
—Others may seek the world's gifts now—not I.

III.—Fortune's Favors.

O bygone years of love and joy and grief,
Vanished so swiftly, without pulse or sound
To tell your flight, less can ye now be found
Than one can catch a ruddy Autumn leaf
The whistling wind whirls on without relief,
And loses in the heaps that cloak the ground
So are ye passed beneath a vail profound,
And what is left but clouds and wan-light brief?
Live-hearted dreams, whereon lies heavy hand
Of worldly cares, I now have won success;
And ye are crushed beneath the mammon-stress,
While fate still lays on me her grim command,
Though full of gold, to crave gold none the less,
Haunting dark mines from whence blue heaven is banned.

IV.—Love in the Wane.

I did love once, and in my love was wise,
Counting love more than all the worldly dross,
And thinking lightly or of gain or loss.
How long ago it seems! With wearied eyes
I look on her that seemed so fair a prize—
Worth all the world; such blight has fallen across
Those dreams whose colors rare seem now but gloss,
Glamour of dawn that in the broad day dies.
The shell and semblance left, love's heart of fire
Smoldeis in ashes gray, all but destroyed;
Life's luck has turned, and love's wing droops that buoyed
Efforts that ne'er while love indwelt could tire.
My heart craves naught, and yet is very void—
Where can I go to seek my lost desire?

JET.

It was not a pleasant place to sojourn in, even in sunshiny weather, when one might explore at a glance the weedy, mildewed garden, or the dark, rank shadows under the trees which led down to the broken stone wall, from the top of which one could very well see the proprietor, Jacob Lewsen, hauling his boats up, or tacking about in the bay. But it was downright gruesome in a squall of mist and rain, when the vines were all sodden on the porch, and each wail of the wind brought up the tiresome *swash* of the waves on the beach.

The neighborhood—that is, the few fishermen and waterside characters—demanded a public-house in that locality, and Lewsen had hired the house bearing the worst reputation of any near the "cove," and, stocking it with vile liquors and junk tobacco, had begun his career as hotel-keeper.

There were never any women-folks around, except Lewsen's daughter, a pale, wild-eyed young thing, as uncouth as a savage—a girl who went about barefoot, Winter and Summer, and who cooked up unsavory messes, and dealt out the drams of fiery liquors and sour wine to her father's customers with a *nonchalance* and recklessness which first made one shudder and then sigh, as it was painfully apparent that she had never had a mother—at least not the training of one—as it is presumable that even a bad mother, such a woman as one would expect to see the wife of old Lewsen, would have taught a girl dexterity with a needle for the sake of economy. But this one could only net her father's seines and pin her miserable clothes together. In fact, Jacob sewed the better of the two.

But Jet was a sensible girl; she had escaped all other teaching, but she knew intuitively that it was best not to meddle with her father or his visitors. They were a hard lot, but Jet had heard so many frightful oaths that the worst kind of a word could not ripple her cold placidity.

She could sit on the top of an old barrel in the barroom, her hands clasped over her knees, and listen listlessly for hours to the senseless wrangling of these coarse men, and appear wrapped in thought until called on angrily to fill the glasses.

She had known nothing but rudeness and familiarity from men, and it is safe to say that Jet had seen but two live gentlemen in all her life. These, she thought, in a vague way, must be princes in disguise. They wore clean white shirts, and had soft white hands, and feet nearly as small as hers; for Jet was of a delicate and wiry build, with small brown feet and hands, both of which—the hands and feet—she had taken to washing lately, as well as to try to bind up and fasten the blue-black hair which crowned her small head.

Jet had turned her seventeenth birthday, although she seemed much younger, and she had all at once learned to hate the sight of her bare feet, and had taken one whole afternoon to herself in her attic for the purpose of letting out tucks in her brown frock, which, being done, disclosed a deeper shade in the shaggy stuff, which had been selected for its wearing propensity, as Jet was a "terrible hand on clothes."

On entering the smoky, low-ceiled room, where men were drinking and cursing, the well-dressed young strangers, Dugan Fairfax and his friend Julian Keith, both uttered exclamations of surprise at the rather unusual sight presented by a girl, who, without a word, carried away the portmanteaus, and came back to open another bottle for a quarrelsome fellow, who caught her rudely by the arm as she passed on her way to the bar.

"Let me alone, Jeffrey. I'm not in a particularly good humor to-night. I say, remember that, will you?"

"Whew! what a tigress!" said Keith, with an ill-concealed gesture of disgust.

"You mean leopard!" said Fairfax, watching the girl's untutored grace and suppleness indolently, with a piteous disdain about his mouth.

What would his sister or lady-friends think of this young savage? It was a new revelation—a new type of woman;

and he watched the girl's movements with a lazy interest as she hastily prepared a supper of fried bacon and sea-bass, some sort of an egg and potato-stew and villainous coffee, which she presently placed on a table with a clean cloth, and the only whole teacups in the house.

As pale as usual, with a deep red spot on either cheek, Jet stood by, ready to wait on the new guests, drinking in eagerly their disjointed sentences, which related mainly to a yachting exploit, resolving in her mind to have Lewsen get her a pair of shoes the next time he rowed over to the "Point," as she was too large now to go barefooted.

Jet discovered this, and blushed furiously, as she caught the fairest young man watching her with his keen blue eyes.

The next day the young men were rowed over to the Point, on some business of a private nature, by Jacob, and Jet let down the tuck, and spent an hour coaxing her unruly hair into a coil, from which now and then little wispy curls straggled out, not unbecomingly.

She was unusually quiet at night, letting several jeering remarks slip by unnoticed.

She learned that the brown-haired young man was a medical student, traveling with the other for company. The other was *something*—she couldn't make out what—but he had come down to Scarborough Neck—the Point—to settle up an affair of some kind in which considerable money was involved.

Through this second supper, Jet's large black eyes furtively watched the brawlers at cards in the barroom, while she waited on the two young men next the wall of the kitchen.

After supper they strolled out on the porch to smoke and get rid of the vile atmosphere inside. They still talked of the money and the beastly hole they had gotten into.

"I wish this affair was ended, Fairfax. I don't like the look of this place. Hang it, they might all be pirates; they look like it," Keith said, as Jet slipped out of the bar with the pretense of shaking crumbs from the table-cloth.

Fairfax laughed in his indolent way. A yellow-haired young lion of prodigious muscle, he had never known the taste of fear.

"You don't think that queer-looking girl a pirate! Where a female can exist for all time, I think it possible for me to remain a little while—a week, say, or longer."

Jet breathed hard when she heard these words of faint tolerance, and she began to realize that she really had a heart—it leaped so madly in her bosom.

She drew nearer—only a denser shadow in the gloom—and said, in low, distinct tones, which neither of the men ever afterward forgot:

"Don't talk of money here—it isn't safe. Rely on me. I will watch."

"Worse and worse," said Keith, with a forced laugh. "Your queer-looking girl is crazy, Dugal. What can she mean?"

"Hush!" said Fairfax, sternly. "She means what she says, evidently. Do you wish to get her into trouble?"

And laying his fingers on Keith's lips, he began, in a light tone, to talk of a horse-race he once saw in Doncaster; and a part of the winner's colors floated in to where the girl sat by a sputtering candle, listlessly turning the greasy pages of one of Marryat's novels, now and then spelling out certain marked passages which some reader had placed his patent of merit upon rather lavishly—a compliment which librarians are not enthusiastic over.

Poor Jet! A wild unrest had seized her—a horror of her surroundings—as this fatal glimpse of another life had stolen in upon her.

She, wild, untutored, half-clad! What a travesty on woman! How *he* must despise her!—the *he* being Dugal.

All these things she thought, and more, but in her own language. She had almost forgotten to eat or sleep since *he* came.

There were men there who would take any life for a few paltry dollars. The place was isolated, in ill-repute, and not easily reached by the law.

She shuddered in her bed at night to think how easy it would be for them to be drowned some day returning from the Neck, or to be found in the gulch below the stone wall, where they might have fallen—sheer down twenty feet or so.

Julian had already begun to twit Fairfax about the girl, and to declare that it was another complete conquest.

Dugal smiled disdainfully; yet the hard lines in his face softened, as he could not help remembering how the child had changed—unmistakably to please him.

Once he had brought a crimson ribbon from Scarborough, and he had been almost shocked at the improvement made in Jet by such a trifle.

"That child, dressed like Mabel Fontleroy, Keith, would look like an empress. What magnificent eyes! what natural grace! Have you noticed her?"

"Quite enough to know that she is head and ears gone on you, Dugal. It isn't a thing to boast of, either, Fairfax. This poor little savage has virtually no protector——"

"Do you dare to accuse me of any villainy, Julian?" and there was a steely glitter in the blue eye. "I would guard that child as I would a princess, or my sister, from all harm. And, besides, you are mistaken—entirely so. She is an artless child."

"She is a thinking woman—I am not deceived; but I am glad you are Dugal Fairfax, and nobody else, just now. I believe you, and I give you my hand. I know that you are too chivalrous to make sport of this poor little Jet, who too plainly worships you."

They knew her name well enough, as they had heard it called thirty or forty times in an evening, in a variety of tones, occasionally in a way to make Dugal grate his white teeth together on an oath.

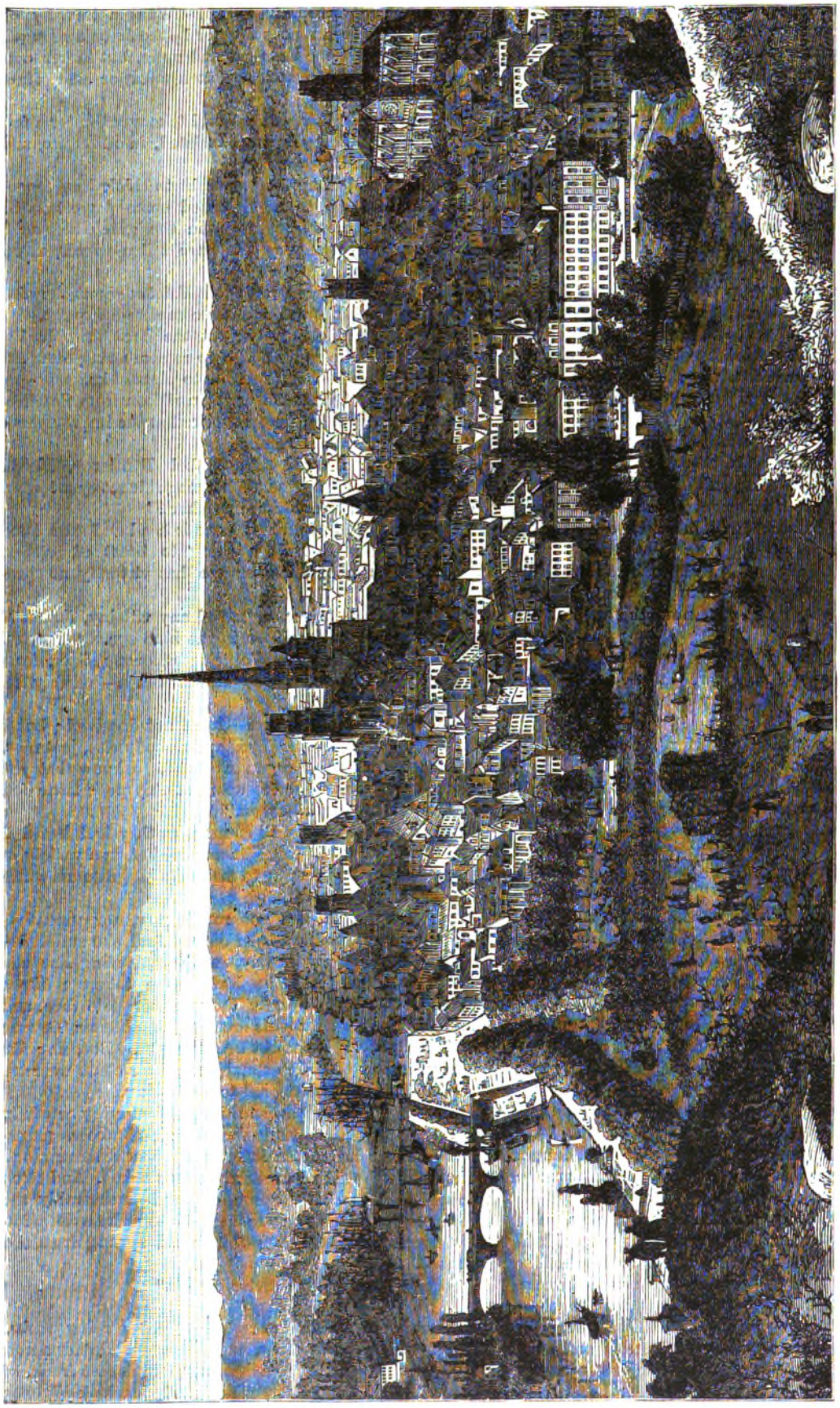
She was a woman, and not rough now, nor uncouth—whatever she might have been once. And she suffered—he could see *that*, day by day, in the quivering lips and wild, mournful eyes. She had begun to seem like a hunted deer, with a wearier look in her pale face, and Fairfax fancied that to his general bearishness Lewsen added brutality. He might beat the girl. But, no; she was not the sort of girl to stand this. Her claws were too sharp, and she had been bred to scratching.

It was, perhaps, an unwise thing, but on rainy or windy afternoons, days that made Jacob's rickety boats unseaworthy, Dugal had fallen into the habit of reading aloud to Jet, while she tidied up the house or baked. And often he repeated bits of Tennyson off-hand—memorably the "Princess." Its chief song seemed to make a deep impression on Jet, whose tears of late had sprung from the depths of

"Some divine despair."

A great change had taken place—great in a few weeks. Jet no longer went barefoot, and she had made her a new frock, after much labor—a longer, more decent frock, of a pleasant rich wine-color, which made her look like the Queen of Sheba.

Even Lewsen began to see that Jet was a girl to be



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF ROUEN.—SEE PAGE 535.

proud of; and, what was worse, others saw it, too, and Jet began to be annoyed by rude attentions and vulgar compliments that made her white with rage.

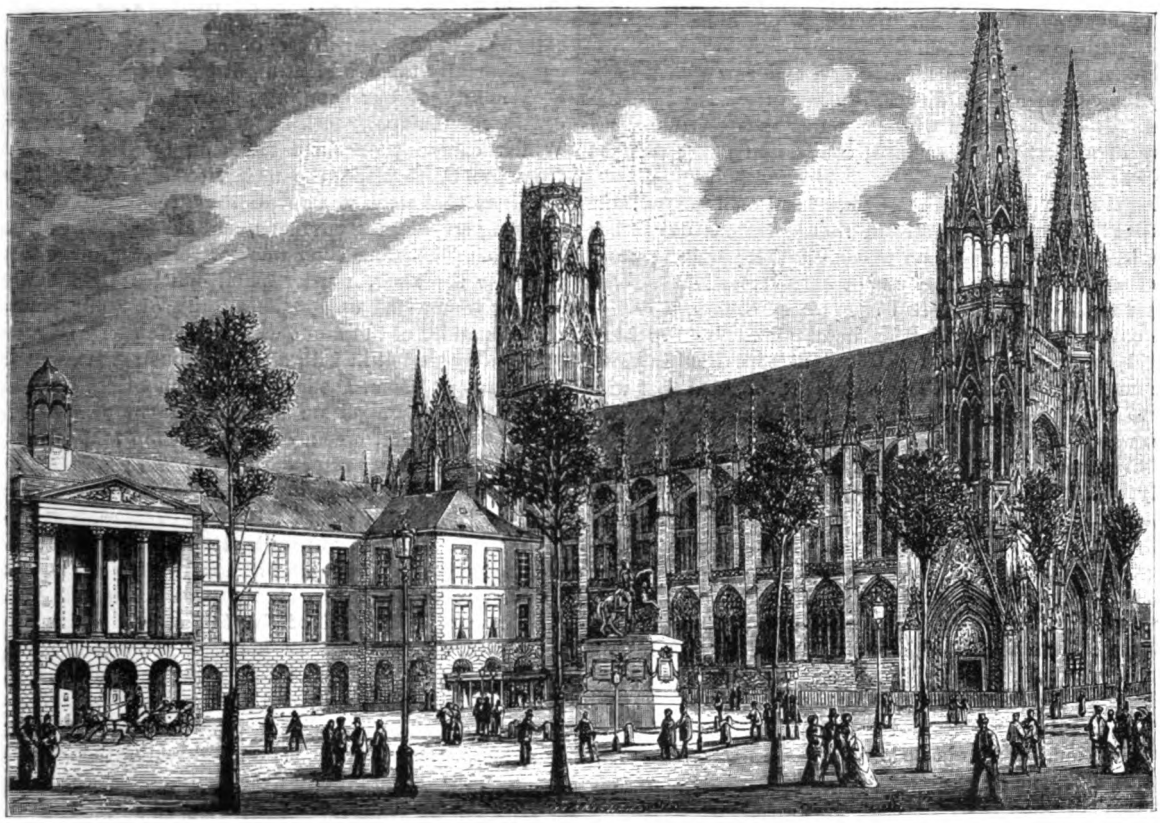
One burly ruffian, Joe Silcot by name, a whaler, swore that he would marry Jet, and buy out his father-in-law's business.

Mr. Lewsen winked at this, and they actually began to haggle about the price. Then they drank another bottle, and played a game of cards to determine whether Jet should keep the bar as Mrs. Silcot.

The luck of the whaler was prodigious. He staggered across the room, behind the counter, and put his hand on the girl's shoulder.

In an instant he lay on the floor, cursing, and spitting out a tooth Fairfax had loosened with one immense blow. A row seemed imminent, but it amounted to nothing at the time.

Lewsen was in a maudlin state, and began to cry and swear his house would be ruined—that nobody would



THE HOTEL DE VILLE AND CHURCH OF ST. OUEN, ROUEN.

come there if such doings got out. The next morning Fairfax had said, in a kindly way, which was much more cruel than the stab of a dagger, and he knew it:

"It is a pity, Jet, that you haven't an honest sweetheart. You ought to get married and leave this low place. Your life after this will be intolerable."

Jet looked terrified, and might have fainted if she had been a great lady; as it was, she gave a quick, gasping sigh.

"I shall never marry. I shall not, perhaps, be able to leave this place, but I need not make my life worse. There is the sea down there—I should drown first."

That night Keith urged Fairfax to go home, and he promised to do so very soon. His business was nearly settled, and after a day or two there would be nothing to keep him. As for Keith, his furlough had expired; he would be obliged to return.

Dugal looked up at the stars as they twinkled above that dismal little inn, in which, perhaps, murder and rapine lay side by side asleep, and wondered why it was he felt in no hurry to quit a place so distasteful to him.

He swore that he would leave it the next day, and forget that such people ever existed as he was obliged to mingle with there.

But he did not leave the next day, or the next. Keith had told Jet of his friend's determination, the next morning, in a light way, repenting of it in a moment, when he saw its effect on the girl. Poor Jet! Her hands trembled so that she scattered knives, spoons and glasses about in great confusion, dropping everything she handled.

It had all come out as she had dreamed it would, nights when she had lain awake for hours, and at last dropped into a troubled sleep, full of Dugal's going back. He would return to some "Lily Maid of Astolat," and she would never see him any more.

It did not occur to her to hope that she should. Her life had been mean and rough, and she did not expect that it would be different. She realized that she could have borne it better if *he* had never come to the Cove; but he had come, and had made a splendor in that dismal place which exceeded that of the sunset, across the green water where Jet had often seen her castles fade away.

She had been hunting her soul always, and Dugal had brought it to her. But he would take it away again. She did not think to blame him for anything. It was natural that she should idolize him—her king—while it was quite as natural, too, that he should laugh at her—wild, untutored as she was—and forget her when he met others—such women as he had read of to her.

She knew that Silcot prowled about constantly, full of an intent to give the "young 'un" a beating for that broken tooth, and Jet was in mortal terror, fearing that he would strike Fairfax from behind, some night, as he had lately taken to smoking alone under the pollards just before going in, Julian being busy with his home correspondence.

Once or twice Fairfax had caught sight of Jet's white face, her large eyes following him hungrily; but it did not occur to him how to explain it. Jet was a queer girl—he would pretend he did not see her. As for Silcot, he had forgotten all about him or his threats. There were thoughts that gnawed his heart through and through those nights at that grim little Cove, and made him forget all else.

On the last day he had taken Jacob's boat, *Mermaid*, and rowed himself over to the Neck, coming back in a little squall after dark. He had a neckchain and a few trinkets for Jet in his breast-pocket, which he now and then touched reverently.

He hauled up the *Mermaid*, moored her, threw pebbles

reflectively at some seagulls who lighted on the gunwale of the boat, and taking off his hat, swung himself up the rocky path toward Lewsen's.

Suddenly he heard a strange cry, and saw a dark form leap the chasm and fly down the strip of sand toward the inlet. It was a woman who gave out that terrible cry—more of a moaning, it seemed, than from pain; and yet she was hurt.

Dugal knelt down and raised her head on his knee. It was Jet! A small, dark stream flowed from a cut in her temple, made by a rock on which she fell; but the worst was that her right forearm was broken—it had been done, Dugal felt, by a fist that had been aimed at him.

A cowardly villain had been watching to murder him. Dugal understood now why Jet had kept him in view. She had crept up behind Silcot, and had uttered that wild cry to warn him, receiving a powerful blow from the ruffian, who fled.

Fairfax wiped off the blood with his handkerchief tenderly, and lifting her in his arms, carried her to the house. Julian was lounging under the vines, and very soon had made Jet as comfortable as possible, splintering and setting the arm skillfully.

Jet wandered a little in her mind for a day or two, telling much that she would have tried to keep concealed. When she returned to consciousness she felt the necklace Dugal had clasped around her neck.

Her eyes filled with tears.

"I did not do that for a reward, Mr. Fairfax—at least, not this kind. I should be very grateful for a little piece of your hair when you go away."

Julian slipped out quietly.

"And I shall like some of yours, Jet. But I think I could not be satisfied with a lock, as you call it."

"I will cut it all off, if you wish," said Jet, not understanding the passion in the man's blue eyes.

This untutored little savage—this beautiful leopard—had stirred the deepest fountain in his heart, and yet she had not dared to slake her thirst.

He gazed at her tenderly, and stooping, pressed his warm lips full on hers. He could no longer resist—his love and passion conquered. Jet laid her cheek against his unaffectedly—as restful as a happy child.

"You must go away from here, Mr. Fairfax—the sooner the better. Silcot means to kill you."

Dugal made a gesture of disdain.

"I wish you had left him to me, Jet. He shall pay dearly for your hurt, if ever I lay hands on him!"

After a brief silence:

"And you wish me to go?"

One large tear rolled down Jet's hollow cheek.

"Of what use is it to wish you to stay? You know what you will take away with you when you go."

"I know that I shall take you," he said, holding Jet tightly in his arms. "My beautiful, heroic Jet! We shall never separate again until death divides us. I love you, Jet, better than any one in the world. You shall go with me, when I go, as my own lawful wife. Do you hear, Jet—my wife?"

With a happy cry Jet hid her face in his breast, and wondered if it were not a dream, while Julian went on his knees metaphorically to Dugal for having done him an injustice.

* * * * * *

You would not know Jet now. She is an accomplished lady, and regally beautiful. She sometimes wears a short, wine-colored dress—on anniversary days—and Dugal smothers her in kisses, declaring that she looked her best in that.

ALLIGATORS IN GUIANA.

CAYMANS *(Champsa nigra)* of large size were numerous and fearfully tame, and at night collected in the river in the vicinity of our camping-places (says a naturalist recently in Guiana), seeking what they might devour. Whilst camping on some rocks on our third night out from the Carib place, the musquitos attacked us in such numbers that sleep was out of the question, so we took to catching and slaying caymans, and succeeded in dispatching two. The proceeding was not very conducive to comfort, for the rank, musky smell emitted by the victims and their enraged companions hung over our camp for the remainder of the night with sickening effect.

One day we fell in with a herd of bush hogs, and landing amongst them, I succeeded in shooting one. That night, whilst camped on a low piece of ground at the mouth of a small creek, one of the men told off to cook went into the boat after dark to procure a piece of the hog for dinner. As he was stepping back from the gunwale of the boat, near its bow, to the shore, a huge cayman, which was lying in wait, struck at him with its tail, for the purpose of sweeping him into the water within its reach. Fortunately he did not receive the full force of the blow, only the end of the tail catching him on one shin, but nearly breaking his leg. The sound of two more blows, given by the infuriated reptile against the boat's side, was so very loud that we were afraid it had smashed a plank; but such was not the case. Taking the boat lamp, we went to the spot, and seeing the huge brute between the boat's bow and the shore, determined to punish it without delay. A large hook baited with hog's meat was swung over it, when it made a spring and seized the bait savagely. After much champing and chewing it threw its head back, opened its mouth wide, and down went hook and bait. Five men then hauled in on the line, but the reptile, on feeling the hook in its stomach, made such fearful struggles that we feared the line would break, and so proceeded to play it by slacking out a bit. It then landed some thirty yards up the creek near our camp, and we heard it crashing amongst the small undergrowth in the forest. The line was therefore held fast again to stop it, while, with gun in hand, I went with a man carrying the lamp to dislodge it, as its presence on shore so close to us was anything but pleasant. Getting close to it, I took the best aim I could in the indistinct lamplight, and fired a ball at its head, which evidently missed, for it wheeled toward me, and the sound of crashing of trees was greater than before. The man with the lamp fled, while I made the best of my way after him—no easy job in the dark under ordinary circumstances, but one that I accomplished somehow, feeling convinced that a huge cayman was after me. It turned out that our flight was unnecessary, for while we were going one way it was making for the water in the opposite direction.

Crossing the narrow creek, it landed on the opposite side, where all efforts to dislodge it by hauling on the rope proved unavailing, till at last the hook pulled off the line, and the cayman was free to go anywhere it chose.

Meanwhile many other caymans, attracted by the smell of the blood of the bush hog and the splashing of the hooked one, collected around in such numbers that at one time we feared they would come ashore and attack us. They remained about all night; and many times I was awoke by hearing single combats going on amongst their ranks, the splashing noise of which was accompanied by heavy tail blows and loud belching sounds. As to the stink of musk, it was simply abominable, floating like a deadly miasma round our camp.

THE CITY OF ROUEN.

By Prof. Charles A. Joy.

Let us enter Rouen, no matter how we get there, and we shall find a city scarcely equaled for beauty of situation and quaintness of architecture. The best approach is from over the hills, so that at a sudden bend in the road the town, with its churches, towers, bridges, and winding river, suddenly breaks upon us in all its majestic beauty.

The town is situated at the base of lofty chalk hills, nestling so close to the mountain that it has been found necessary to excavate some of the streets. In front is the River Seine, at this place more than one thousand feet wide, and spanned by several bridges, which afford access to flourishing suburbs. A large amount of shipping at the wharves, and the hum of wheels over the streets, indicate that a busy population has succeeded to the turbulent spirits of the Middle Ages.

It is not a dead town of the past, but is a flourishing city of manufacture, and boasts a population, with its suburbs, of 150,000 inhabitants, which number is surpassed by only four other cities in France. There are so many manufactories that the chimneys form a marked feature when we look down upon the town; and the din of the mills and the smoke of the furnaces have earned for the city the *soubriquet* of the Manchester of France. The quays are lined with handsome new warehouses, with a merchants' exchange and fine hotels. Modern improvements have greatly detracted from the quaint appearance of this part of the city, although for the residents the improved accommodations more than compensate for the loss of picturesque appearance.

At the base of the mountain is the Faubourg Martainville, through which we pass, and after crossing a fine new boulevard, we enter the Rue d'Amiens. He we are at once enchanted by the antiquity of all around us, and at every turn we catch glimpses of ancient carved houses and overhanging gables, and look into a labyrinth of streets which lead into a maze of inextricable confusion. Many of the houses are half built of wood, and it is amazing that they should have survived the sack and burning of the city which has been so fatal to many ancient monuments.

In this walk we pass the General Hospital, which affords accommodations for two thousand aged and infirm persons. There is attached to it a nursery for foundlings, and it is said that five or six hundred infants are deposited here every year.

It was impossible for me to go consistently forward in one street, as the temptations to wander in devious ways were too numerous. I soon found myself in the Rue des Arpents, one of the oldest and oddest streets in Rouen. If the curved line is one of beauty, we have it here in all its perfection. There is not a straight line in this street. The massive wooden beams which have supported the incumbent weight through so many years, are bent up and down, pushing the fronts of the houses into the street, and making inclined planes of the floors and ceilings. Nothing is horizontal, but everything plunges forward, and the upper stories nod at each other, and appear so near the centre of gravity that a slight push would totter them to the fall. No two houses are alike; no two gables are of the same height. A marvelous intricacy of carving adorns some of the overhanging beams or sills, and it would take a long time to study the details of so much variety. It cannot be denied that the odors of this place were not of the sweetest, nor was there that absence of dirt which one would prefer for a permanent residence. But in a bright day, and with senses somewhat blunted by usage, it is possible to pass through the middle of this street without serious mishap.

Right in the centre of this squalor and misery I discovered a building, which, by the exceptional neatness of its exterior and the cheerful brightness of its court, attracted my attention. By the side of the door was a sign, on which was printed "Crèche of St. Maclou and St. Paul." Here was another retreat for children, but of a very different character from the foundling hospital I had just passed. I had heard much of this peculiar institution in France, and at once resolved to ask admittance. The bell was answered by a sister of charity, dressed in black, and wearing a white apron and a fluted cap, with a face beaming with kindness. She had on a platter a roll of golden butter, and under her arm a massive loaf of white bread, and she apologized for appearing in such a manner; but as she was about to give the children something to eat, and all the nurses were occupied, she thought it better to answer the bell at once.

I was ushered up-stairs, where I found two large and airy rooms fitted up for the reception of children of different ages. In one the infants were all too young to walk. They were wrapped up precisely after the manner of Indian papooses, and were placed in a row on a mattress on the floor, thus presenting a most comical appearance. Fortunately, none of them were crying, so that it was easy to converse with the nurse in charge, and to watch the perfect contentment of the little creatures. Around the walls of the room were numerous cradles, each with the name of the person who had endowed it. They were all of them suspended, were fitted up with white linen and worked counterpanes and different colored covers, and were a picture in themselves. In an adjoining room were the children who were old enough to run about. They were collected within an inclosure in the centre of the room, the walls of which were too high for them to climb over. It was a sort of pen, in which the children could play without the necessity of constant watching. The sister gave each a generous slice of bread spread with nice fresh butter, and they were all soon absorbed in devouring it with ravenous appetites.

There are three such institutions in Rouen, and they are all placed in the centre of a working population, so as to be near the classes who alone would desire to make use of them.

After this refreshing study of a modern charity I returned to the ancient streets, to examine the quaint houses more in detail, and continue my explorations into other parts of the city. There is a most extraordinary street, called the Rue Eau de Robec, which is built on the banks of a small stream which flows through this part of the city. The street follows the devious turnings and windings of the stream, and as there are many dye-works on its banks, the water has the color of indigo. On one side the houses are immediately on the bank, and it is necessary to cross a bridge to obtain access to each of them. On the other side there is room for a narrow roadbed. No ram's horn was ever more crooked than this street, and as the houses were many of them very lofty and half nodding into the highway, the picture I carried away with me was of a quaint and characteristic nature.

The march of improvement has already penetrated this ancient quarter of Rouen, and several wide streets have been projected, involving the tearing down of long rows

HOUSE OF PIERRE CORNEILLE, RUE DE LA PIE, ROUEN.

of houses. During the progress of demolition many interesting relics have been found, all of which have been carefully preserved.

The Antiquarian Society of Rouen has been keenly alive to the opportunity, and all the remarkable locks, hinges, doors, panels, chimney ornaments and old carvings are carefully kept, to be introduced in the restoration of ancient buildings.

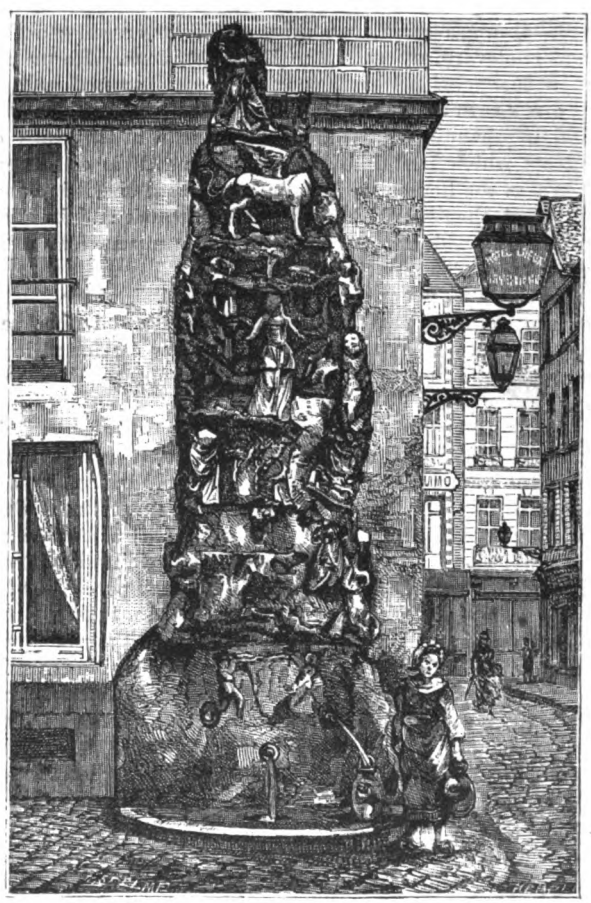
The Palais de Justice is a superb specimen of civic Gothic architecture, recalling some of the town halls of the Low Countries. It was built at a time when the style had become fantastic in its forms and exuberant in its adornments, when it was thought good taste to repeat the delicate patterns of lace-work in massive stone. The façade is so beautifully decorated that the first impression is that a lace curtain of cunning workmanship has been thrown over the porch, to half conceal and yet adorn its beauty. The square-headed windows are set with delicate garlands of stone, the buttresses are studded with niches and crowned by pinnacles; and the lofty dormer windows, rising against the high-pitched roof, are surmounted by canopies of delicate open work, with pinnacles and statues, many of them executed by first-rate artists. The actual Palais de Justice forms one side of a square, and faces the street, but the older building of the Salle des Procureurs joins it, forming a wing on the left; the wing on the right was rebuilt in 1842–52, in very successful imitation of the rest of the façade. The completed effect is magnificent. The statues, with their rich canopies and pinnacles, the balustrade rising over the roof, the crocketed arcades which form a gallery along the entire front, the graceful ornamentation of the dormer windows, and above all the beautiful little pavilion projecting from the centre of the façade, are indescribable in their mixture of lightness and richness. Louis XII. built the palace in 1499, for the great and ancient Court of Exchequer.

The little round room in the pavilion, with its funnel-shaped roof, was occupied by Louis XII. and Francis I. when they came to Normandy to preside at the solemn meetings of the Estates of this Province. The Salle des Procureurs, built in 1493 as a sort of exchange for native and foreign merchants to meet in, has a large and handsome hall, with an open roof, like a ship's hull reversed, 160 feet long and 50 feet high—a sort of Westminster Hall in miniature, and now used for the same purposes. One gable is of the thirteenth century, and is part of an earlier building. The chamber in which the Parliament of Normandy formerly held its meetings, is now the Salle des Assizes. It has a carved roof of black oak, set off with gold, and the wainscot is painted with arabesques and old mottoes reminding judges of their duties.

I had taken up my abode in the Hotel de Normandie, in a narrow street close by the court-house and the great clock, so as to be near the most curious relics of antiquity. The place where I stayed had been used as a place of entertainment for more than two centuries. The room assigned to me was the one that Voltaire occupied on his first visit to Rouen. The furniture may not have been the same; but there were the old oaken beams overhead, the carved wainscoting, the uneven floor, the hidden closets, and the window-frames, just as they had been during the time of the great French writer.

While I was sitting in this room before the open window at nine in the evening, I was aroused from my reveries by the curfew bells in the tower of the Grosse Horloge, close by. I stopped to listen to the signal for all good citizens to extinguish their fires and cover the embers—the *couvre feu*, which for eight hundred years had been rung out on the night air, warning the inhabitants that it was dangerous to show any lights by which the enemy could be guided to the town, and also as a precaution against conflagration. This custom was carried by William the Conqueror to England.

I went out into the streets and found, sure enough,



THE LISIEUX FOUNTAIN, ROUEN.

that the signal was cheerfully obeyed. Men and women, boys and girls, were sweeping out shops and putting up shutters, and preparing everything for the night. Soon the streets were encumbered with rubbish. A swarm of *chiffoniers* swept down the street searching for rags and papers, and scattering the heaps in every direction. Soon they were gone; the bell had ceased tolling, and darkness and quiet settled down upon the town.

The old clock-tower, in which the curfew-bells are sounded, with its gatehouse, archway, and bas-reliefs, is one of the most picturesque objects in Rouen. At the foot of the tower is a fountain with figures representing Alpheus and Arethusa, and their children. The archway itself is comparatively modern, having been built in 1527. Above the arch on each side are the huge clock-dials, in sculptured frames; underneath the vault is sculptured a shepherd tending sheep, and on the side walls are also bas-reliefs. The bell called the "Cloche d' Argent," which rings every night at nine o'clock, and also for public rejoicings or sorrows, was cast in 1447.

EAU DE ROBEC STREET, ROUEN.

It was in a street hard by that Dulong, the great chemist and natural philosopher, was born in 1785; a few houses further on, and an inscription informs us that here Boildieu, the composer, first saw the light. The house in which Pierre Corneille was born (1606), perhaps the most illustrious of the natives of Rouen, stood until 1861 in the Rue de la Pie; a statue of him by David d'Angers has been erected by his fellow citizens on the stone bridge. Fontenelle, his nephew, author of the "Plurality of Worlds," resided in the Rue des Bons Enfans. And here, in Rouen, was born Robert Cavelier, known as the Sieur de la Salle, who built the first vessels that sailed the waters of Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan; who explored the Mississippi to its mouth, and perished in Texas while madly trying to conquer the rich Mexican mines for France.

And it was in Rouen that two of the most renowned characters of Europe passed out of the world—William the Conqueror and Jeanne d'Arc: the one in 1087, and the other in 1431. It was in the old market-place, which dates from the eleventh century, that Jeanne d'Arc was sacrificed in the presence of the Bishop of Beauvais, the Cardinal of Winchester, the Abbots of Bec, Jumièges, and Féchamp. A hideous fountain now marks the spot where the Maid of Orleans was burned at the stake as a sorceress.

The market-place at the time of Jeanne d'Arc's execution was surrounded by picturesque frame houses, a majority of which have since disappeared. There is part of an old chapel still standing, now used as a stable, which was built in the eleventh century, and restored in 1354. It has a fine façade, and the remains of an oval window and some handsome tracery. It was probably from this church that the crucifix was brought at the request of the sainted martyr.

On the other side of the Place de la Pucelle is a most remarkable hotel, which was begun in the middle of the fifteenth century, and completed in 1537. The bas-relief which ornaments the court has for its legend the field of the cloth of gold, and is an exceedingly quaint piece of sculpture. The building is known as the Hotel Bourgthéroude, and is one of the most interesting of the secular houses of Rouen, and has greatly enjoyed the attention of the learned on account of its numerous and curious ornaments. It is certain that Francis I., in 1540, was the first guest in this magnificent mansion, and that his son, Henry II., resided there when he visited Rouen, October 1st, 1550. It is now given over to commercial affairs, and has been much injured by injudicious repairs.

Not far from this hotel once stood the houses in which the two Corneilles were born. An inscription in these words marks the spot: "On this site stood the houses where the two Corneilles were born; Peter, June 6th, 1606; Thomas, August 21st, 1625."

Thomas was a man of considerable talent, and would have made a name for himself if he had not been overshadowed by the greater fame of his brother. Peter was educated for the bar, but his figure was so insignificant and his speech so defective that he found it necessary to take to writing, in which he proved to be a most excellent master. It is a great credit to his fame that more than two hundred years after his death his plays are acted in our theatres, and a new opera has just been put upon the stage, the plot of which is founded on what he wrote.

After hunting up the site of Corneille's house, I walked up the hill along the Boulevard Canchoise, in order to visit the Church of St. Gervais, one of the most ancient in Rouen. It is true that the present building is not at all ancient, but it marks the site, and is partly built of the material of one of the oldest religious edifices in Northern France. It was here that a chapel was constructed in 386, the crypt of which has been left intact.

This crypt bears evidence of the great antiquity ascribed to it. The walls are laid up with the thin bricks characteristic of Roman structures, and the cement and stone carvings point to an early age. It is under the high altar, and in order to reach it it is necessary to go down by a trap-door, through a subterranean passage. The chapel is thirty-five feet long, about fifteen feet high, and sixteen broad. There is an arcade on each side; at the end is an apse, and a stone altar marked with five crosses. Above this is a very small window; on each side are the holes left by the rails for the curtains which used to screen off the altar. In the left arcade is the tomb of St. Mellon, and on the right that of St. Avitieu, the two first Archbishops of Rouen.

Above this crypt is an apse of early Norman work, quite Romanesque in its character, which doubtless belonged to the church which existed when William the Conqueror was brought to the adjoining Priory of St. Gervais to die. An inscription on the wall outside reads: "Here was the grand Priory of Saint Gervais, where died William the Conqueror, the 9th of September, 1087." It was a thrilling thought that the chapel beneath the grand choir was built seven hundred years before the death of William, and that the great Conqueror had often knelt there—as was his wont before starting upon some new enterprise of war and conquest. Even in his day it was venerable with age.

From the Priory where William died, I went to visit the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame, and the Church of St. Ouen—the two most magnificent monuments in Rouen, and, for that matter, in the world. First comes Notre Dame, "like a piece of rockwork, rough and incrusted with images, and ornamented from top to bottom." This cathedral occupies with its west front one side of a square. The vast proportions of this grand Gothic façade, with its elaborate and profuse decorations and its stone screens of open tracery, impress one with wonder and admiration, which, like the view of the mighty cataract of Niagara, grow upon the imagination the longer we behold it. It is a sublime creation of stone, and offers a high testimonial of the architectural skill of the age that produced it. The projecting central porch, and the whole of the upper part, is of the sixteenth century; the lateral ones being of an earlier period, and chaster in style. Above the central door is carved the genealogy of Jesse; over the northwest door is the Death of John the Baptist—with the daughter of Herodius dancing before Herod; and about them, figures of virgins and saints. These are so time-eaten and worn, that it would be difficult to distinguish the subjects without the aid of a catalogue.

Although the cathedral is so remarkable for its architecture, it possesses an almost equal interest in its historical associations. St. Mellon, one of the first Christian missionaries among the Gauls, is believed to have built a church on this site in the year 270, which was the first church in Rouen. He remained its pastor until his death, in 302. His successor, profiting by the protection afforded by the Emperor Constantine, rebuilt and enlarged the edifice in the year 400. In 650, St. Ouen, confessor and friend of Dagobert, doubled its size; but it was nearly destroyed by the Normans. When the Duke Rolf became a Christian, the construction of the cathedral was begun in earnest, and the famous chieftain was baptized in it in 912, and was buried there in 917. In 1055 the tower of St. Romain was finished, but after that period the church shared in the destructive disturbances of the time, and was frequently partially demolished, to be again restored more completely than before.

On entering this magnificent cathedral a feeling of awe comes over us at the size, loftiness, and rich color of the interior. The length of the building, from the door to the end of the Lady Chapel, is 450 feet, and its height, 90 feet. There are 25 chapels round the cathedral, full of most interesting monuments, and some of the windows contain remarkable specimens of early painting on glass. At the end of the aisle is the tomb of greatest interest in the cathedral—that of the great Duke Rolf. There is an inscription on a black marble tablet above the arcade which contains the tomb:

"Here lies Rolf, the first duke and founder and father of Normandy, of which he was at first the terror and scourge, but afterward the restorer. Baptized in 912 by Francon, Archbishop of Rouen, and died in 917. His remains were at first deposited in the ancient sanctuary, at present the upper end of the nave. The altar having been removed, the remains of the Prince were placed here by the blessed Mauville, Archbishop of Rouen, in the year 1063."

Against the railings of the choir is the tomb of Richard Cœur de Lion, with his long-lost effigy. There had been inscriptions signifying that Richard and his brothers Henry and John, Duke of Bedford, lay buried in the choir; but not until the 30th of July, 1838, did it occur to the

authorities to try to ascertain the exact place of burial. On the 30th of July they began to dig at the spot indicated by the inscription to Richard, and soon discovered his effigy, buried, it is supposed, to escape the fury of the Huguenots, who pillaged the cathedral in 1562. This effigy is now restored to its ancient position, and is one of the most interesting monuments in the church. It is an immense recumbent statue of thirteenth-century work, more than six feet and a half in length, roughly hewn out of a single block of limestone; the crowned head is supported by a square cushion; the feet rest on a lion couchant; the left hand has evidently held a sceptre, the right hand has disappeared. He wears a close-fitting tunic, bound round the waist by an embroidered belt, of which one end hangs down in front; over this is a long mantle, which nearly reaches to the ankles.

The Lady Chapel, built in 1304, contains two monuments much finer than the tomb of Richard the Lion-hearted. The most celebrated is the tomb of the Cardinals of Amboise. This great monument, the work of the architect Roullant Leroux, was finished in 1525, by the second cardinal, George d'Amboise. At the base are six exquisite white marble figures, representing the virtues—Faith, Charity, Prudence, Power, Justice and Temperance. Each one of them is so well executed that any gallery of sculpture would be greatly enriched by having a single one of them among its treasures. The tomb itself is of black marble, and on it are the effigies of the two cardinals, uncle and nephew, kneeling.

The bodies of the Cardinals d'Amboise were torn from their graves by the Revolutionists of 1793, and the lead of the coffins melted and their contents dispersed.

There are many other monuments, tombs and tablets in this church, which carry us back to the most exciting period of French history. Every step we take in the cathedral is full of interest, and a great volume could be written about it without half exhausting the subject. I spent many hours in this church, frequently returning to it, and never tiring in the study of its exceeding beauty.

Although the interior can claim our attention by the majestic proportions of its nave and aisles, by its superb windows, by its rare monuments, by its choice tablets and exciting historical associations, we can find almost equal pleasure in the study of the exterior.

The most striking object of the exterior, and one that perpetually obtrudes itself upon our attention, is an ugly iron spire, which has been built within a few years. Till the year 1822, this tower was crowned by a beautiful spire, built in 1542–1544, by the architect Robert Becquet, at the cost of Cardinal d'Amboise II. It was 396 feet high, but it was destroyed by fire in a few hours. The first spire had been of stone, destroyed by lightning in 1117. After this two successive wooden constructions were destroyed by fire, and therefore the authorities determined on erecting the present unsightly spire of open cast iron work, nearly 500 feet high.

The view from the tower, looking down upon the gabled houses with odd chimneys, and the glimpses into the crooked streets and narrow lanes, was quite enough to reward one for the fatigue of the ascent. It is also well to go up there in order to form a correct notion of the immense proportions of the building. Adjoining the cathedral is the palace of the Cardinal-archbishop of Rome. We could look down into his airy court and extensive garden.

After I had taken in the beauties of the scene from all sides of the platform the guide started to make the further ascent of the iron spire, but I protested that I had had quite enough of climbing, and was satisfied with what I had seen. As we were already nearly 300 feet in the air, the addition of 200 feet more seemed to me to be superfluous. "But your ticket entitles you to go to the top." "I can't help it," said I, and started on the downward journey, and was glad to get upon firm ground without any mishap. A walk around the building finished my examination of the cathedral.

On the right of the grand portal is the Butter Tower, built between 1485 and 1507, a highly ornamented structure, surmounted by an octagonal stage, finished with a light open parapet. It once contained the famous bell named George d'Amboise, which was melted down at the Revolution. The north door, called the Portail des Libraires, from the number of booksellers' shops formerly in the court leading to it, has many sculptures over the door, part human, part beasts, oddly enough taken from Ovid's "Metamorphoses." It was formerly used by great personages on their visits to the cathedral, only kings and princes of the blood being admitted by this door. The opposite entrance, leading into the south transept, is called the Portail de la Calende, and is ornamented with bas-reliefs from the history of Joseph and other subjects. There is one figure which has troubled architects very much. It is popularly supposed to represent a corn-merchant who suffered for using false measures, while his property was confiscated to build this entrance; but others say that it is Pharaoh's chief baker. The north and south transepts are flanked on either side by open towers of great beauty, which are of such proportions that they could well serve as the main towers of any ordinary cathedral. The view of the windows from the outside is also very fine, although the effect of the light passing through the stained glass is wanting.

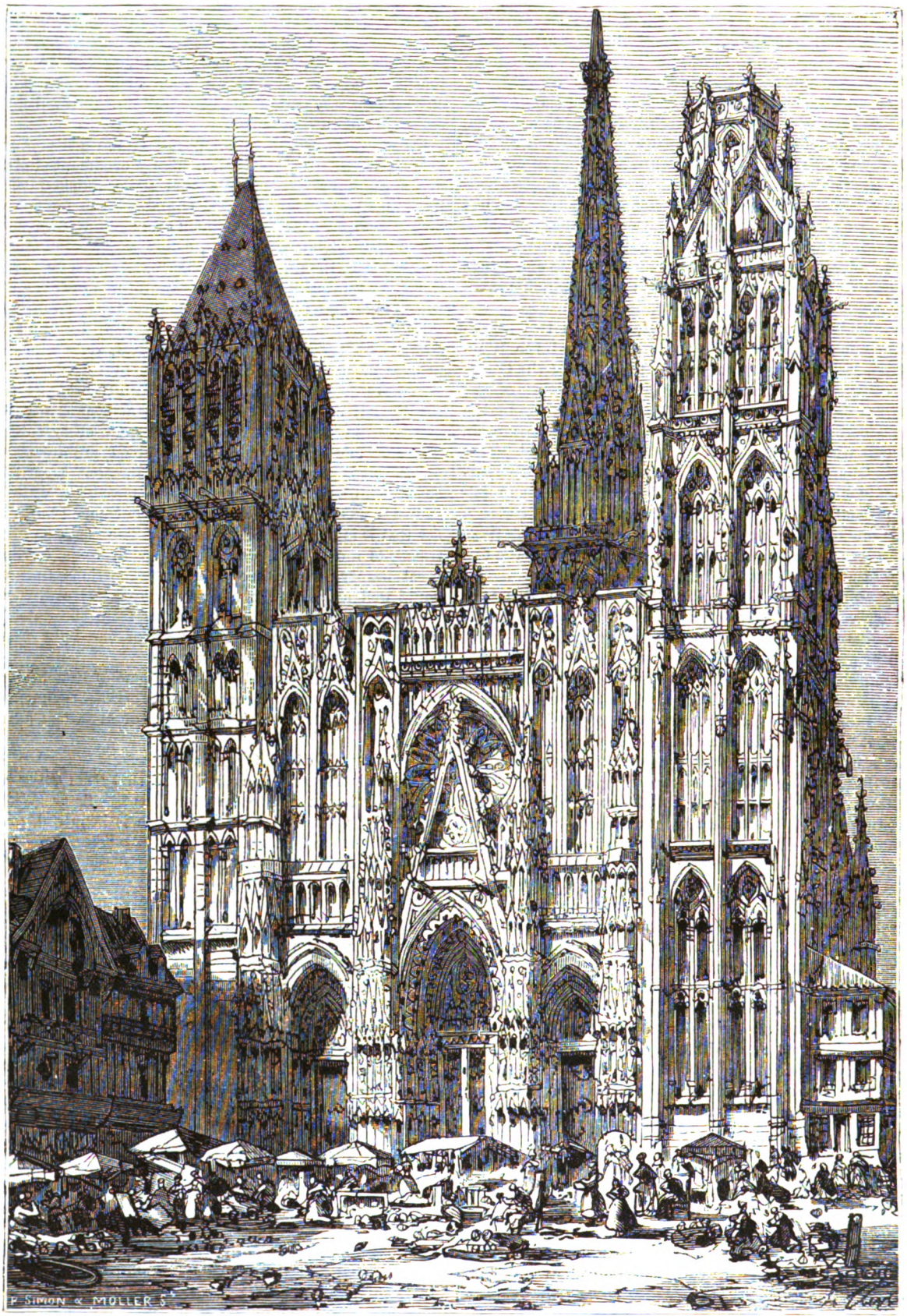
Such is the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Rouen—a rare Gothic edifice, magnificent in proportions, exquisite in detail, and consecrated by centuries of historical association.

The Church of St. Ouen is the second marvel of religious art in Rouen. I am not sure that from every point of view it ought not to be classed as the first. Without doubt the Cathedral of Notre Dame is beautiful, grand, and a perfect museum of archæology, but it does not present that unity of plan and harmony of execution which characterizes St. Ouen.

A chapel of St. Peter was originally built on this site by Clothaire I., King of France, in 558; and since 663, when the remains of Saint Ouen, who had been the confessor of Dagobert, were removed to this spot, it has borne his name. The present edifice is the fifth that has been erected on this site.

After the destruction of the church and much of Rouen in 1248, it seemed impossible to rebuild a church given over, as this was, to a constant succession of misfortunes; but, nevertheless, Jean Roussel, Abbé of St. Ouen, had the courage to attempt it, and to him is due the glory of having commenced, in 1318, the present edifice, which, although not completed until 1614, has always been carried forward according to the wonderful plan proposed by its founder. Cardinals, bishops, abbots, kings, princes, and noblemen contributed their moiety down through the centuries, while the Calvinists and Revolutionists broke up and destroyed much that was done.

The grand portal of the church was not completed until 1852, so that the present edifice has been more than five hundred years in building. It was my good fortune twenty-five years ago to see the last finishing touches put upon this magnificent cathedral, and I shall never forget the feelings of awe with which I saw the scaffolding removed, so that the great doorway and the exquisite towers



THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, ROUEN.

were for the first time revealed in all their magnificent proportions. Ever since that time it has been to me the ideal of what ecclesiastical architecture ought to accomplish, and although I have since seen nearly all of the great cathedrals of Europe, I still return to St. Ouen as being one of the most complete and perfect of them all.

It is rare to find a finished church, and still more rare to find one unencumbered by preparations to rebuild, restore, or complete some ruined portion.

St. Ouen stands partly in a very pleasant public garden, which was once the garden of the monastery. There is a curious old tower, of the eleventh century, at the angle of the north transept, called the "Chambre aux Clercs." It seems to be a fragment of one of the churches which preceded the present St. Ouen. In the garden itself is a statue of Duke Rolf. Here Joan of Arc was forced to make a public recantation of her errors before the citizens of Rouen. And now the place has been converted into a lovely spot ornamented with flowers, shaded by trees, and provided with benches and a platform for an orchestra — and on fine days the band plays and the place is filled with a quiet and happy crowd.

From this garden we have an admirable view of the central tower, 285 feet high, which, whether examined close at hand or seen at a distance rising above the town, is a model of grace and delicacy. It is an octagon composed of open arches and tracery, throwing out flying buttresses to the turrets in the angles, and terminates with a crown of *fleurs-de-lis*, which ancient royal symbol is also discovered in the pattern of the tracery of the windows and in the painted glass. The south portal of the church and the high altar combine to make the interior powerfully impressive. It is a long vista of lofty, marvelously slender clustered columns, which first support pointed arches of exquisite proportions, and then ascend to the very roof of the nave. At the points of intersection by the transept, the tower rests on four sheafs of pillars, each composed of twenty-four slender shafts — perhaps the most wonderful union of grace and strength ever beheld.

WOMEN IN A MARKET-PLACE.

On the right, as we enter, is an unusually large black marble holy-water font, in which the whole interior of the church is reflected with marvelous beauty.

There are one hundred and twenty-five windows in the church, exclusive of the rose, and all are filled with stained glass. The rose windows are especially beautiful, and there is a tale of jealousy and murder connected with them. One was built by Alexander Berneval, the famous architect of the church, and the other by an apprentice. The master thought that the apprentice's window was too beautiful to be done by anyone but himself, and he killed the poor boy out of jealousy.

In the Lady Chapel are two very interesting tombs—one to the youngest son of Talbot, who is called in the inscription Monsieur de Talbot, Maréchal de France, date 1438; and another with a Latin inscription to the celebrated Abbot Roussel Marc d'Argent, the real founder of St. Ouen.

There are not so many monuments in St. Ouen as in the cathedral, but still enough remain to maintain the historical interest of the place and offer support to many curious legends. The whole of the transept, choir and lower part of the tower are decorated in character passing into flamboyant in the upper story of the tower and in the nave. The material used is an indurated gray chalk, containing flints which have been often patiently cut through in the delicate carving and tracery.

It is hard to define the charm of this church; but go to St. Ouen when you will—at early mass, when a solemn repose pervades the beauty of the building—at high mass, when the pure, simple style of the decoration is enlivened by many-colored vestments and lighted tapers and glittering censers—and, above all, when the sweet, solemn music seems to linger caressingly among the wondrous aisles; or in the evening, when the sunbeams come pouring in, and bring a flood of gold and warmth and color on the cold gray stone—it is an eminently beautiful church, and it lives ineffaceably in the memory.

The Church of St. Maclou, the third architectural wonder of Rouen, is an exquisite specimen of the most elegant style of the fifteenth century. It is said to be the work of an architect named Pierre Robin, who commenced it in 1432. In the middle of the last century, the spire became so ruinous that it was taken down, and not replaced until 1869. The grandest feature of this church is its triple porch, which is a fine specimen of the florid architecture of the fifteenth century; and the sculpture adorning it is of exquisite taste and rare perfection of execution. The wooden doors are beautifully carved with

Scripture subjects, in relief—usually attributed to Jean Goujon. The bas-relief on the central door represents the Baptism of our Lord; the northern door is also carved in bas-relief, representing the Death of the Virgin. The most remarkable feature of the interior is a winding staircase of exquisitely carved stone-work, leading to the organ gallery. There is fine painted glass in the windows, but much of it has been badly mutilated. The interior of the church measures 164 feet long, and 147 feet wide at the transept. On looking up from the centre of the transept, the interior of the beautiful stone tower can be studied to the height of 100 feet; the effect is very grand.

Upon the whole, this church, which would not be called so very small anywhere else, must be looked upon as a jewel of ecclesiastical architecture. Few towns possess three such remarkable churches as the Cathedral, St. Ouen, and St. Maclou; and we can therefore be pardoned for having devoted so much time to their contemplation.

In a small inclosure close by the Church of St. Maclou is a cemetery, now no longer used, which contains a "Dance of Death," that recalls the celebrated painting by Holbein. The Dance is sculptured on thirty-one pillars, and on each column, death is repeated—sometimes persuasive, sometimes violent, always struggling with a living being representing a prince, bishop, youth, knight or beggar—and all well executed. This remarkable work is by an unknown artist, and dates from the year 1525.

It may be thought that the subject of churches would be exhausted after the visitor has seen the three most celebrated edifices of Rouen; but this is not the case, as there are a number of smaller chapels which deserve notice on account of the superb glass windows with which they are adorned. For example, the stained glass in the Church of St. Patrice, dating from the sixteenth century, is remarkably fine, and must not be overlooked. Most of the windows are very remarkable, both for design and color, especially "The Woman Taken in Adultery"—date, 1549; "The Adoration of the Magi," "The History of St. John the Baptist," "A Holy Family," "The History of Job," 1570; "The History of St. Patrice and Ste. Barbe," 1540; "The Annunciation," 1580; and the Lives of St. Eustache, St. Louis, and other saints. Near the choir is a window said to have been painted by Jean Cousin; it represents "The Triumph of the Law of Grace."

The Church of St. Patrice, apart from this glass, is not interesting. It was built in 1535, and the Chapel of the Passion, and some other parts, are more than a century later in date.

After a turn or two, I soon found myself in the Boulevard Jeanne d'Arc, a magnificent avenue extending across the north of the city, flanked with trees, provided with benches, and destined to become a fashionable quarter of the town. Just out of this boulevard—a little way up a side street—is the Church of St. Romain, anciently the chapel of the barefooted friars, built in 1679 entirely out of their own funds by M. Bec-du-Lièvre and his two sons. There is such an interesting account of this church in the chronicles of Lucien d'Hura, and in Mrs. Macquoid's charming book, that I am tempted to compile its history for the benefit of my readers. The high altar is the granite tomb of the Archbishop St. Romain.

The suburb of St. Sever has now become a large manufacturing city, and is connected by two bridges with Rouen. There was formerly a bridge of boats, built in 1526, but this has been replaced by two constructions: one of stone, and the other a suspension bridge. The stone bridge is in two parts, as it connects an island with the main shores. Between the sections on the island is a bronze statue of Corneille, cast in Paris after a model by David. The suspension bridge opposite the Rue Grand Pont—was opened the same day that the bridge of boats was done away with. The first bridge over the Seine at this point was built in 1167 by Queen Matilda, daughter of Henry I. It stood till the middle of the fifteenth century, when it was destroyed, and one of boats substituted for it.

There are a number of Gothic fountains in Rouen, reminding one of Nuremberg. La Croix de Pierre was erected in 1500 by Cardinal Amboise. La Fontaine de la Crosse is a low Gothic structure of the fifteenth century, elegantly adorned with tracery; and the Fontaine Lisieux is well worthy of mention. In the Departmental Museum of Rouen, founded in 1832, and well arranged in a convent of the seventeenth century, are many curiosities having a bearing on the ancient history of Normandy. Here have been brought together treasures from demolished churches, and such archæological specimens as have been found from time to time. The museum was founded by M. Deville, and has so much increased, that many objects have to be left exposed in the open courts. Among the latter, I noticed particularly a wrought iron cannon of the fifteenth century, which was discovered some years since in the dredging of Honfleur Harbor. It is about six feet long, and is strengthened by a number of forged rings, and is a curious relic of early history. The cloisters of the former convent are lighted by superb stained-glass windows, brought from the ancient churches of Rouen, especially from St. Eloi, and all present a great interest. But the most curious among them were three, which retrace, in six large panels, the famous legend of a sacrilegious Jew. It appears that in 1290, a grand dame brought to the Jew the consecrated host. This the Jew struck with his knife, when it spurted forth blood. He threw it into the fire, when the flames surrounded without devouring it, and he cast it into boiling water, which it turned red, but in which it remained unaltered. The long absence of the Jew from his meals attracted the curiosity of some members of his household, and they put a watch upon him, and soon discovering the secret, made it known to the curé of the diocese. The malefactor was arrested by the Bishop of Paris, confessed his crime, was burnt alive, and his house razed to the ground. All of which story is illustrated in the windows, accompanied by a suitable inscription on each panel.

The showcases in the centre of the room contain a large collection of rings, bracelets, armatures, buckles dating from the bronze period, and including many articles of Roman manufacture. There are also many earthen vessels—vases, urns, and other baked ware, some of fine and graceful shape. In one of the cases are deposited two hundred pieces of Etruscan, Greek, and Roman vases, which have been discovered in Normandy. On one side of a high room is introduced a remarkable Gallo-Roman mosaic, discovered September 13th, 1838, in the forest of Brontonne, by M. Charlier, inspector of forests. It was removed with great care, and is now completely restored, and is acknowledged to be equal to some of the best specimens found at Pompeii.

There is the usual collection of antique furniture, armor, paintings and sculpture, some of the articles having peculiar historical interest, owing to the celebrated personages to whom they have belonged. The guide did not fail to point out the leaden box in which a heap of moldy dust was all that remains of the "lion-heart," the heart of Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

Among the curious manuscripts and parchments owned by the Museum, some of which have been removed to the Library, may be mentioned several important charters

granted by former potentates. There are autographs of celebrated historical personages—among them, William the Conqueror, his mark +, as he could not write; and the signatures of several Norman dukes and kings, including Henry I. and Richard Cœur-de-Lion. The shrine of St. Sever, which once contained the relics of that saint, is in the shape of a Gothic chapel, with silver statues of saints in niches round it. It is of oak, covered with copper plates gilt and silvered, and is an elegant piece of workmanship of the end of the twelfth century. The third cloister of the Museum contains a collection of Rouen ceramic art of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The square of the Hotel de Ville is the most extensive in Rouen, bounded on the south by the City Hall and the Church of St. Ouen; it measures 656 feet long and 410 feet wide. In the centre, having a church on one side and a prison on the other, is an equestrian statue of Napoleon I., erected in 1865 by public subscription. On one side is an inscription stating that the First Consul visited the Faubourg St. Sever November 2d, 1802, on which occasion he gave rewards to the most aged artisans of that suburb. This was at the time when the porcelain factories were still in existence. The monument is cast of cannon taken at Austerlitz, and is very moderate as a work of art.

A much more interesting monument is one in the Hotel de Ville, erected to commemorate the birth, at Rouen, in 1791, of the celebrated painter, Géricault. The recumbent figure of the artist, holding a palette and brush, is sculptured in fine marble, while on the pedestal are represented some of his best works, especially the terribly real and impressive shipwreck scene, which now hangs in the Louvre at Paris. Géricault died at the early age of 33, in Paris, on the 26th of January, 1824.

The Museum of Rouen, occupying the upper galleries of the Hotel de Ville, was opened in 1809, and is made up of pictures collected during the Revolution, from suppressed churches and convents, and of works stolen from Italy by Napoleon I., to which have been added several collections purchased from amateurs. There are 567 pictures, and nearly all of the schools are represented. There are works by Géricault, Dugres, Madame Lebrun, Lesueur, Oudry, Poussin, Philippe de Champaigne, and by artists of the Italian and Dutch schools. A portrait of Pierre Corneille, by Philippe de Champaigne, has especial interest in this place.

The library in the same building was also founded upon the treasures brought from monasteries and convents, and subsequently enriched by donations and purchases. It now contains 120,000 volumes, 300 of which were printed previous to 1500; and there are 2,960 manuscripts of rare antiquarian value. A missal of Robert Champpart, Archbishop of London in 1050, and a *Benedictionary* of the same period, which was used at the coronation of the Anglo-Saxon kings, are very highly prized. There is a *Livre des fontaines*, written, printed and illustrated with designs by Jacques Lelieur, which is particularly valuable to the antiquarian, as it contains pictures of many ancient houses formerly standing in Rouen, but now torn down to make room for the wide streets demanded by modern improvement. The book has a painful interest, as it shows what havoc has been made with the most curious edifices, and makes known the loss the present generation has to bear of rare monuments and choice old houses. If all of these ancient buildings had been left to the present day, Rouen would have been one of the most celebrated cities of Europe. As it is, enough is left to bring multitudes to its shrine. I have not attempted to give a full account of the picture gallery or of the library, as it would occupy too much time. The officers of the library were very courteous in offering every facility for the study of the history of Rouen, as contained in some of the rare volumes, so that the visitor must always leave the place with the most favorable impressions.

Soon after leaving the City Hall, near the Church of St. Vivien, I came across the fountain of the Croix-de-Pierre, which was admirably restored in 1870 by M. Barthelemy, architect of the Cathedral. This cross recalls an important incident in the history of Rouen. About the year 1195, Richard Cœur-de-Lion took arbitrary possession of the hill overlooking Andelys, in order to build the famous Chateau Gaillard. The Archbishop of Rouen protested against this usurpation, and the King of England consented to refer the matter to the Pope for arbitration. The King was permitted by the Pope to retain the chateau, but was condemned to pay a heavy indemnity. The prelate, not wishing to appropriate all of this sum of money to his own private uses, consecrated a portion of it to the erection of commemorative crosses in various parts of the city. Among the number was the one which was afterward, in 1515, changed into a fountain for the use of the inhabitants.

This monument was demolished in 1562 by the Calvinists, and was reconstructed in 1628, and again completely restored, as we have seen, in 1870. It is now one of the most picturesque objects in Rouen. Mutilated by the Revolutionists, who put a bust of Marat in the place of the cross, this profane substitute for the cross was not permitted to remain very long; it was thrown down in 1798, and cast into the Seine; but the cross was not replaced until 1816. In 1870 the fountain was completely restored, and it is now one of the most interesting monuments in Rouen.

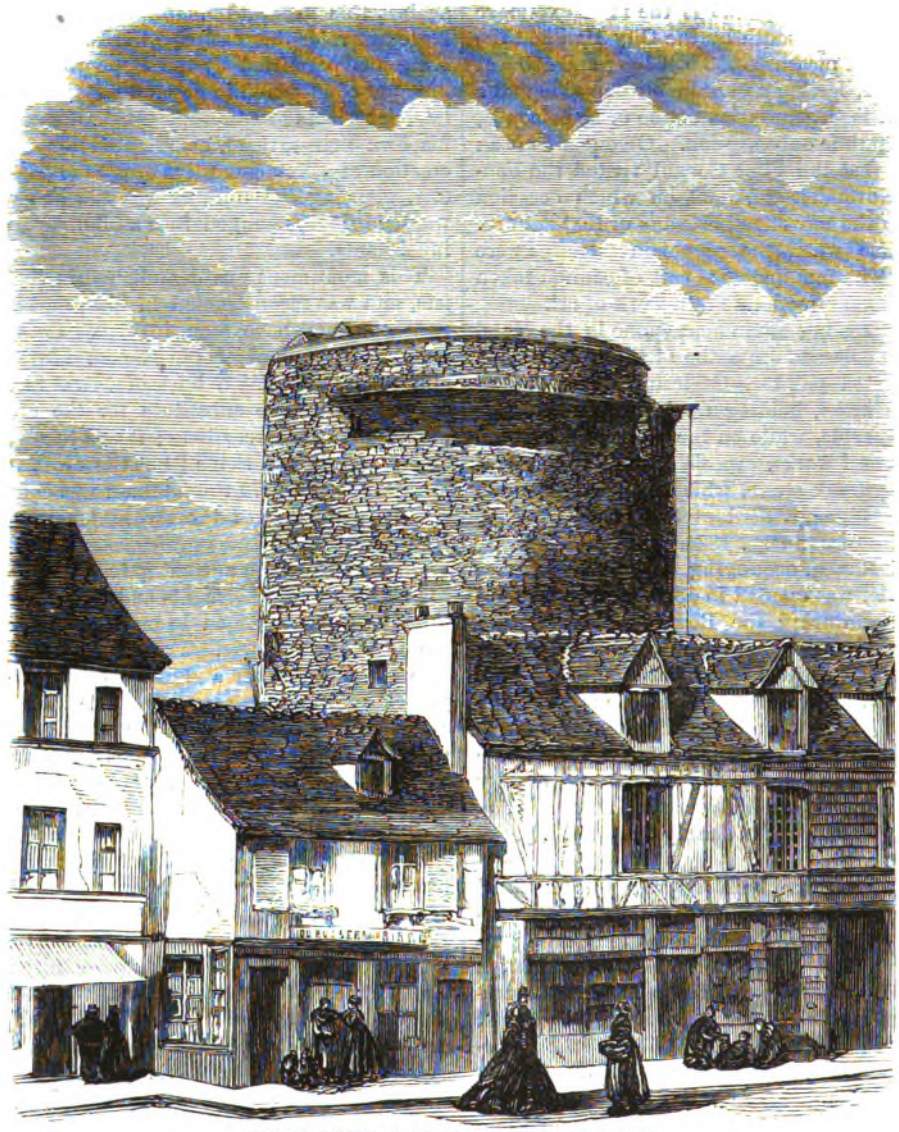
Only a few of the ancient gates of Rouen are left, as in the march of improvements and the tearing down of walls they have been obliged to make room for wide streets or more useful structures. Formerly the city was surrounded by walls and towers and deep ditches, and the only approaches to it were across movable bridges under a portcullis, and in face of a strongly fortified tower. The appearance of the city at this time, according to engravings of it which are still extant, was in the highest degree picturesque. The town has endured so many sieges that very little could be retained of the ancient strongholds. In 949, during the minority of Richard the Fearless, it was besieged by Louis IV. of France, and the false Arnulf of Flanders; also by Otho, the German Emperor; in 1204 by Philip Augustus, and in 1418 by Henry V. of England; by Charles VII., who retook it from the English; by Charles X., when it was in the possession of the Calvinists; in 1594 it was besieged by Henri Quatre, and during the last Franco-German War it was occupied by German troops.

It is in Rouen that one can appreciate the force of the proverb, "Blessed is the country that has no history." This devoted city has had so much history that it is wonderful that one stone has been left upon another. The only one of the old gates of Rouen which still exists is the gate Guillaume Lion, on the quay, at the bottom of one of the most ancient streets of the city. This gate frames in a most striking picture, and whether you stand on the quay and look under it into the wonderful Rue des Arpents, or stand in the street and look through toward the quay and the river, the view in either case is one that can rarely be enjoyed in any other city. The gateway itself is nothing remarkable, and is not at all ancient, having been built in the middle of the last century; but as a picture-frame it deserves the highest praise.

Finding myself one pleasant morning near this gate on

the quay, I followed the wide esplanade toward the suburbs of the town, and soon found myself climbing a superb road leading up to Bon Secours and Mount St. Catherine. I had not gone very far before an omnibus drawn by four horses overtook me, on the top of which I climbed without arresting the slow gait of the vehicle. The road winds around the hillside after the manner of a Swiss *chaussée*, and there were constant glimpses of the town and river below us, and out upon the distant mountains. It was a superb drive, and gave me a better notion of the site of Rouen than could be obtained even from the towers of the Cathedral.

About halfway up the hill, on the right, is a curious-looking house like a castle, on a projecting bit of cliff that juts out, overlooking the Seine and commanding the city. It was entirely grass-grown and deserted, and a sign "To let" was conspicuous over the entrance. The guard of the omnibus pointed it out to the passengers as a place which had been taken possession of by the much-execrated Prussians, who planted cannon in the garden to overawe the town. It was dreadful to think what immediate damage to the churches and monuments of Rouen could have been committed from this site if the inhabitants had offered any resistance. Fortunately the principal skirmishes were fought in the approaches to the city, and as the Germans were victorious, no further opposition was made to their occupation of the town. The house is still very dilapidated, and the chances of letting it in such a condition must be poor indeed.



CASTLE WHERE JOAN OF ARC WAS IMPRISONED.

Very near the place where the omnibus stops is the celebrated modern Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, much resorted to by pilgrims. There was formerly a chapel here, which was found to be too small for the throngs of pilgrims and the mass of votive offerings deposited upon its altars. It was resolved to take down the ancient church and build a much more magnificent one. The present edifice was commenced in 1840, and consecrated in 1842, but it was probably as late as 1854 before it was finished. It is entirely built of cut stone in the Gothic style of the thirteenth century, and is certainly a very beautiful church on the outside. The interior is a little too gaudy and overworked, and leaves very little quiet and rest for the eye. It is gorgeously painted, and splendidly decorated with gilt and adorned by fine painted windows. The walls are covered with ex-voto tablets, which serve to explain why a church was built in such an out-of-the-way place. On coming out of the church the visitor can readily understand why so many thousand pilgrims annually toil up the hill to deposit their votive offerings and enjoy the magnificent view; and whether the latter motive may not be the actuating one is a question for the devout to consider.

The environs of Rouen offer much that is interesting in various directions. I found a sail down the river and back again the same day one of the most agreeable excursions I could make; if I had had time I would have extended it all the way to Havre. The distance from Rouen to Havre by the railroad is fifty-five miles; but by the winding River Seine it is eighty-five miles. At half-past ten on a very lovely morning I took the little steamer which only went as far as La Bouille, leaving with regret fair Rouen behind me.

THERE is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in Providence, a man's faith in himself is his salvation. It is the secret of all power and success. It makes a man strong as the pillared iron; as elastic as the springing steel.

MAGNANIMITY.

"Miss Trixy Dale will conjugate 'He loves,' negatively," said Miss Personette, the French teacher. Two or three of the girls giggled meaningly, and Trix's blue eyes flashed volumes of plucky defiance.

A mocking little smile, as at some afterthought, appeared on the teacher's face, but faded quickly before the astonishing impudence of Trix's reply.

"I've never learned to conjugate it negatively yet, Miss Personette. Time enough for that when I'm a hateful old thing about twenty-five years old."

The friends of Trix, and even her enemies, sat appalled at her daring. Miss Personette's handsome face darkened with wrath, and she hesitated one instant too long, as if determining whether to tear Trixy limb from limb, or throw the grammar at her. In that instant the recitation-bell struck, and the class fled with all speed, leaving Miss Personette shutting her white teeth tight, and muttering something the reverse of complimentary toward the "*petite chatte*" who had dared to insult her.

"Oh, Trixy, to tell her to her face that she was a hateful old thing twenty-five years old!" said her dearest friend, in horror.

"She did it on purpose," flamed Trix, tears of wrath filling her pretty blue eyes—"just to remind the girls about Archie Hadden. I don't care for Archie—I just hate him! Let him fall in love with fifty old French teachers, for all I care!"

And she brushed away two great tears, looking resigned to all earthly ills, like a pretty sixteen-year-old little martyr.

Archie lived in the village, and, though it would have been sacrilege for any man to enter the sacred precincts of Mrs. Trainem's seminary, he and Trix had managed to meet often and often, and even to become engaged. He was her first lover, so, of course, she loved him desperately, while the whole English language seemed scarcely enough for him to express his admiration for his own darling little blue-eyed beauty.

But the new French teacher came—came direct from Paris, with a thousand Parisian airs and graces and pretty ways. The schoolgirls all hated her, and marveled over the infatuation of the professors, and every male creature that came near her. But when Archie met her at a tea-party in the village, and became her devoted admirer from that very minute, why Trixy thought that was too much.

MAGNANIMITY.—"IN AN INSTANT MISS PERSONETTE FELL ON HER KNEES AT THE DOORWAY."

She was no gentle, timid flower, to pine on the stem at such reverses of fortune. She was the very life and mischief of the whole school, and had to keep up her reputation. Then there were all the girls watching, and the French teacher, too, who knew she and Archie were engaged. She was a proud little thing, and no one ever knew how much it all hurt her, nor how relieved she was when business took Archie away to be gone a month.

Miss Personette did not seem at all unhappy in the absence of her young, handsome adorer. Apparently she was devoted, heart and soul, to teaching French, and attended all the village tea-parties only to oblige Mrs. Trainem, who feared she was working too hard. But, quiet and decorous as she seemed to be, Satan found some mischief still for her pretty French hands to do.

It was scarcely whispered through the village that she had a new lover before the whisperings ceased from mere lack of material, and her life went on, quiet and decorous as before. This time the lover was no inflammable youngster like Archie, but a seasoned old bachelor of fifty. He had made more money raising cattle in Texas than he

could ever hope to send alone, and so had come home to seek him a wife. Common sense had not quite deserted him at that time, and he chose a wealthy widow lady from one of the F. F. V.'s of the place. But from one cause or another, the marriage had been delayed; and now Miss Personette made her appearance.

The old Texan smoked many a weed over his folly in chaining himself to "that fat old gaby," (as he irreverently termed his wealthy widow), when he might have won the fair French enchantress. He flirted with her in spite of the widow, until his battered old heart began to be seriously affected. Then, as has been said, all whisperings ceased, and the fat widow thought she would be able to keep her Texan after all.

Matters stood in this wise, when late one night Trix heard a carriage drive softly up on the edge of the lawn. She peeped cautiously from the shutter, and congratulated herself that she had been cautious, for the shutter of Miss Personette's window just above creaked softly, and a hoarse Texan whisper from the carriage announced "train-time changed—be ready at two."

Sweet French whispers and *au revoirs* were wafted down, and the shutter softly closed, as the carriage drove away like a phantom.

"Now for my revenge!" thought Trix, springing up—"real story-book revenge, such as you read of"—and she ran lightly through the corridor in her little bare feet. A moment later Miss Personette, while looking at her watch to see if it really were only one o'clock, heard a low call in the passage outside her door.

She was frightened, for she roomed alone on that floor; but a second whisper and a sharp little tap reassured her. With a spicy little French malediction against Mrs. Trainem, as she supposed her visitor to be, she hastily threw a shawl over some things on the bed, and opened the door. Trix stood against the opposite wall, *planté là*, with her hand on the bell-rope.

"*Petite chatte*, what want you?" whispered Miss Personette, wrathfully. Then she calmed down hurriedly, turning slightly pale as she remembered that Trix's room was directly underneath her own, and that in all probability the visit could mean but one thing. "What want you, child?" repeated she, taking a step forward.

"Don't come out!" said Trix, in a clear whisper. "If you take one step further I'll ring the bell, and it rings in Mrs. Trainem's room, you know."

One look at the expression on her resolute face was enough, and Miss Personette whispered, angrily:

"Why do *you* interfere—what business is it of *yours?*"

"Why, indeed," whispered Trix, with flashing eyes, half a mind to ring the bell at once; "because you manœuvred to entrap Archie Hadden, and then laughed at me before the girls. You shall not leave this place to-night, and to-morrow Mrs. Trainem shall know of this."

Miss Personette considered. No, she could not possibly get her fingers round Trix's throat and choke her, without giving her a chance to ring the bell. With a sigh, she relinquished the fascinating thought.

"*Ma chère petite*," said she, with sweet persuasiveness; "it was but to ride with *le vieux Texaine—let* Mrs. Trainem know."

"I will, to-morrow," said Trixy, undauntedly.

Gleams began to come and go in Miss Personette's fine eyes, which were not often seen there. But she tried once more.

"Silly one, you hurt yourself. When I am gone, that boy, your lover, will come back to you."

"As if I would take him *now!*" cried Trix, in such fiery wrath that Miss Personette dropped the subject, with an uneasy glance at the restless fingers on the bell-rope. Then there was a long pause, and the great clock rung out the half-hour.

"Half-past one, and a thousand things to do," the French teacher thought, despairingly, glancing toward the bed.

Then she turned, with a look of settled resolution, and Trixy braced herself for the fray, her eyes blazing with excitement.

"It's no use you trying, Miss Personette," she whispered; "take one step out of your own room, or try to touch me, and I'll ring this bell, sure as I *live*."

Miss Personette was convinced of it, and sat in silent despair. She looked so worried and desperate, Trixy had to pity her in spite of herself. Of course the thought showed itself in her face, and the mere fleeting expression was enough for the sharp French eyes watching so eagerly for some loophole of escape. In an instant Miss Personette fell on her knees at the doorway, in a storm of whispered prayers and sobs that would have melted a harder heart than little Trixy's. She was so *désolée*, so lonely in this dreadful America, where she would always have to teach, teach for her daily bread; and *cette pauvre Texaine*, he was rich, he loved her—he would take her back to *la belle France*—and then came such passionate entreaties, such imploring, pathetic appeals, that Trixy could not endure it. She flung the bell-rope from her, and knelt on the floor beside Miss Personette, who wept still, half hysterically, half from relief.

"There, you *shall* go!" cried Trixy. "I was a horrid, hateful thing—*do* forgive me! Let me help you get ready——"

Once won over, Trixy was almost more anxious for the success of the elopement than Miss Personette herself; and her deft fingers flew so quickly, that the arrangements were all complete when the Texan arrived, although in his impatience he came twenty minutes too soon.

Miss Personette gave her an embrace with real French *empressement* at parting, and Trix returned it with fervor. The elopement was a decided success. They reached *la belle France* in safety, and the Texan congratulated himself on being out of reach of the fat widow, and a breach-of-promise suit.

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF HIS MAJESTY KING OSCAR II.

EVERY age has its own heroes—men who seem to embody the prevailing characteristics of their relative epochs, and to present to after ages the idealized expression of their chief tendencies. Such men must be judged by no ordinary standard. History must view their actions as a whole, not subject them to separate tests, or examine them through the lens of partial criticism and narrow-minded prejudice.

It is precisely the influence of those glorious reminiscences that so endears to her the memory of her hero-kings—that causes the heart to beat quicker in the breast of every Swedish soldier when the name of Charles XII. greets his ear. A name renowned throughout the world, and associated with a career so extraordinary, so abounding in strange adventure, that both the career and the personal characteristics of the hero himself have unceasingly formed a subject for much and greatly varied criticism.

With the beginning of the sixteenth century there dawned a new era on Europe, both political and religious. Powerful and hitherto unknown forces awoke to life, and stamped their impress deeply on the fortunes of this part

of the globe. The feudal system of the Middle Ages had long been on the decline. With tottering steps it drew near its end — like a veteran knight, full of years and honors, and a memory stored with reminiscences of the greatness of the past; but now become weary of existence, feeble and perplexed.

Sweden—notwithstanding certain occurrences of the latter part of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth, differed so materially from other European States, in her progress, that the peculiar features of the Swedish national character were faithfully portrayed in the respective relations of the several classes of society toward each other.

Thus, the consciousness of individual independence had its counterpart in a substantial landed peasantry, whose sense of freedom from control has never been so far subdued as to cease to exert itself against the other powers of the State. The character and habits of the Swedes, no less than the situation and climate of the country, were opposed to the rise of large and influential marts of commerce, such as, both in Germany and Italy, had become wealthy communities, enjoying independent constitutions and having widespread commercial relations.

The ungenerous soil of Sweden was also unfavorable to the feudal system, which needs broad and fertile tracts of land to sustain it. And no less inimical to its establishment in that country was the fact of a freeborn peasantry having recognized that its future existence was threatened by it, and that safety lay in becoming a trusty, if not altogether unselfish, ally of the monarchy. All the relations of the country were of a far simpler nature than those then existing in other nations: the links of its social chain were less numerous, although they were by no means weaker. Thus Sweden was saved from those violent and revolutionary changes that befell other countries.

The successes of the first King of the line of Wasa were mainly achieved by his reliance on this newly-awakened feeling of a national life. He sought and obtained shelter in Dalecarlia, the province in which the independence of the landed peasantry—favored by local position and provincial characteristics—had been most fully preserved. Thus, aided by the votes and the swords of the Swedish people, he raised his throne, having achieved the subversion of that of Christian II., the last monarch of the "Union" period.

Gustavus Wasa and his successors added to the powers with which they were first invested. But when the power of the people made itself recognized, it became the rampart of liberty.

The external greatness of Sweden was accomplished by warlike deeds; her inner regeneration by religious and political reforms.

In position, wealth, landed possessions and official influence, the principal noble families vied with those of Germany. The Swedish Ministers of State claimed and obtained a rank equal to that of the Princes of the German Empire; and several were connected with royal houses. A very large portion of the territory of Sweden was owned by the nobles, and their property was exempt from taxation. The burden that, consequently, fell on the rest of the land became increasingly grievous, and the revenues of the crown were threatened with extinction. The situation of the landed peasantry was critical in the extreme; whilst the nobles threatened to subjugate all classes of society.

The confiscation of the estates of the nobles by Charles XI. was necessary, but needlessly severe. On the subversion of the provincial aristocracy, Charles XI. constituted a governing body of trustworthy and loyal men to transact official business; while, to enable him to reorganize state affairs and establish a new political system, the representatives of the people themselves invested him with powers and prerogatives amounting almost to despotism.

It was one of the highest merits of Charles XI. that he employed the great powers conferred on him for no personal advantage, but solely for the good of the country. And it was a proof of his wisdom, that he often sought counsel from his "Riksdag."

At the death of Charles XI. the country was in a state of greater prosperity than it had known since the times of Gustavus Wasa, and which it did not again attain until those of Charles XIV. and Oscar I. A wise and strict economy, with integrity in the administration of the finances, had enriched the exchequer. Justice was impartially dispensed, and commercial relations were extended to the most distant countries. The land forces were reorganized and well equipped, and a powerful and well-disciplined navy commanded the Baltic.

It was due also to Charles XI. that Sweden's position as one of the great Powers of Europe was then fully recognized. Foreign governments vied with each other in seeking her friendship; and she was able to appear as an effective mediator at the Congress of Ryswick.

The boundaries of Sweden were never more extensive than at this period. By the treaties of Stolbowa and Brömsebro, by the peace of Westphalia and Oliva, Sweden had secured an acknowledged title to the territory won by her sword on the continent, as also to the provinces of Skane, Halland, Blekinge, and Bohus, on the Scandinavian peninsula. Exemption from the Sound dues was accorded. Her right to participate in the administration of German affairs was conceded, and she was regarded as the champion of the Protestant States.

Denmark was the only foreign power that possessed any considerable territory on the Baltic, or commanded a fleet on that sea at all comparable with that of Sweden: while Sweden was the guarantee for Holstein, with whose ducal family her own royal house was closely allied.

Such was the kingdom to which Prince Charles was born heir on the morning of the 17th of June, 1682, at the Palace of Stockholm. Throughout the country his birth was hailed with rejoicings, and many wonderful omens are said to have been noticed by those who surrounded his cradle—a cradle which still remains one of the most precious historical relics for loyal Swedes. These omens, foreshadowing a brilliant career awaiting the infant Prince, were firmly believed in by the mass of the people, and served to confirm the cherished hopes of the nation. His first years were passed under the care of an exemplary mother, who implanted in his infant mind the seeds of those virtues — integrity, piety, and morality — which afterward distinguished his youth and manhood.

When he was four years of age, Count Eric Lindsköld, member of the Privy Council, was appointed his governor, and soon after, his tutor was chosen—the Prince himself (so it is said) requesting his parents to select for that post, the famous Norcopensis, Professor at Upsala.

Charles XI. had experienced the disadvantages resulting from a neglected education, and was therefore careful that his son should be thoroughly instructed. The great talents of the young Prince were early developed; and being endowed with quick perceptions and great intelligence, his progress was rapid, especially in history, mathematics, and the classics. Unfortunately, the system of education so favorably begun was not destined to proceed uninterruptedly. In 1693 his affectionate and pious mother was removed, by death, from a world in which she had known little of happiness, and had seldom been

cheered by gratitude. The death of Ulrika Eleanora was to Charles the loss of his guardian genius. His governor, Lindsköld, died some time before; his tutor, the worthy Nordenhjelm, shortly after.

The grief of the young Prince for the loss of his mother was so intense, so poignant, that, for a time, it affected his health—indeed, threatened his life. Shortly after her burial he was attacked by a violent fever, followed by smallpox of a severe type, which, however, passed away without leaving its too frequently disfiguring traces on the countenance. Youth and a robust constitution soon restored him to vigorous health, his physical development from that time being so rapid that he is described as having been, at the age of between fourteen and fifteen, almost the full-grown man he is represented in portraits.

Military exercises now became his favorite recreation, and the celebrated Quartermaster-general Stuart was appointed his instructor. Frequently, too, the young Prince accompanied his father on his visits of inspection through the country, and was everywhere received by the people with demonstrations of loyalty and affection. He also passed through a short course of study at the University of Upsala. Bishop Benzelius prepared him for confirmation, in the beginning of 1697; but the first occasion of his partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was on the day following that on which his father for the last time received it.

CHARLES XII., KING OF SWEDEN.

Charles XII. ascended the throne of Sweden on the 14th of April, 1697, at the age of fourteen years and ten months. By the late King's will, made shortly after the death of his wife (Ulrika Eleanora), the government of the kingdom was to be administered, until his son came of age, by a Regency, composed of five members, with the Queen-dowager (widow of Charles X.) at its head. The opinion of the Council was to be taken on all matters of importance, and clear instructions were given for the general management of affairs. But, the King having omitted to state at what age his successor should attain his majority, all his provisions for insuring good government proved abortive. The Regency engaged in intrigues to obtain the favor of the young King, and secure immunity from fiscal responsibility; while Charles soon began to enforce his own will, in opposition to that of the indulgent Queen-dowager and the irresolute Regency.

Of these men, Count Bengt Oxenstjerna alone possessed any real power or influence, though his views and opinions did not always prevail. The Regency was divided into distinct parties.

There had sprung up in the State a Danish party, composed of malcontent nobles. At first they silently intrigued in favor of the Danish succession. But ere long they joined the French Party, which thus acquired a decided preponderance, in spite of the opposition of the Queen-dowager and Oxenstjerna. At the head of this faction were Christopher Gyllenstjerna, Fabian Wrede, Wallenstedt, Gyldenstolpe, the King's Governor—all members of the Regency—and other men of rank. At the same time the Regency became very unpopular. There was an increasing desire that the nation should be ruled directly by its youthful, bold, and resolute King. And this feeling daily gaining ground, the leading persons of each faction endeavored to turn it to account.

It was hastened by several extraneous circumstances—a general famine; the threatening aspect of European affairs; and lastly, the terrible conflagration at the palace of Stockholm. On this occasion Charles gave proofs of the possession of that presence of mind and energy which subsequently rarely forsook him. His activity and courage increased his popularity; and when, reluctantly, he was compelled to leave the smoking ruins of his father's palace, in the applauding voices of the populace might have been heard a prophetic intimation of events destined so greatly to influence his future fate.

The Estates of the Realm were convoked, ostensibly to witness the obsequies of Charles XI. The knights and nobles assembled in unusual numbers. A Landmarshal and other Speakers of the Chambers were elected; the French party—supposed to favor the immediate declaration of the King's majority—being triumphant.

It was first publicly broached in the Chamber of Nobles, in the forenoon of November 8th. The scrupulous few were outvoted and silenced—even ridiculed. A deputation was instantly sent to the Council of Regency, then just assembling. Fabian Wrede alone expressed any

CHARLES XII. AND THE HETMAN MAZEPPA BEFORE THE BATTLE OF PULTOWA.

doubt. The rest, with the Qeeen-dowager, unhesitatingly assented. A meeting at the Chamber of Nobles was agreed on for the same afternoon, and the three other Estates of the Realm were hastily summoned to attend it. When their deputations, headed by their Speakers, arrived, the object of the meeting was at once explained. The clergy alone cautioned the assembly against precipitancy, and displayed respect for law.

By ancient precedent, as well as by the decision of the Riksdag of 1604, a Swedish King should be of age at eighteen. Charles XII. at this time was only fifteen and five months, but a storm of approval overpowered every hesitating voice. No time was allowed for deliberation; and on the same afternoon the nobles—who were present to a man—threw their hats in the air and shouted with enthusiasm, "Vivat Rex Carolus!"

No further consideration was given to the matter. The burghers and peasants willingly assented. The clergy were dispersed, and but few members of their chamber were present; though on the following day some speeches, recommending prudence, were made. But the deed was done, and could not then be undone. Between six and seven on the previous evening an audience had been obtained of the King, when the Landmarshal, at the head of the assembled Estates, had prayed him, on their behalf, to assume the reins of government without delay. He promised the youthful Sovereign loyalty and obedience, in the name of the nation at large, and that neither property nor life should be spared in his service—promises which, it must be acknowledged, the nation redeemed to its utmost ability.

The King yielded to their wishes, and in the usual form of words: "By the help of God, and in the name of Jesus, I assume the government."

Thus, within the space of ten hours, was this remarkable revolution accomplished. It may be regarded as Charles XII's. political battle of Narva.

So Charles, on November 29th, 1697, with general acclamation, assumed the reins of government.

It is not surprising that a mere youth, as Charles XII. was at his accession, should feel little inclination to occupy himself with the serious business of state. He began his reign by devoting much of his time to military sports, in the company of youthful comrades; by engaging, with the ardor natural to his age, in the dangers of bear-hunting and feats of daring horsemanship. It has been said that his young brother-in-law, the Duke of Holstein, encouraged him in these perilous amusements, by which the throne was likely any day to become vacant. And motives so ignoble caused the public to regard the Prince with extreme disfavor. The King, however, very soon gave up this wild life, and, without abandoning manly pursuits, began to devote more time to government.

The wise and neutral policy of the late King, while it had increased the influence of Sweden, had awakened the jealousy of her neighbors. Russia, for some years, had been governed by Peter I., who was destined to found the greatness of his own country, to a large extent, at the expense of Sweden. Prince Augustus of Saxony had succeeded in gaining, in the Polish election, a crown surrounded by the semblance rather than the reality of power. The land of the great Brandenburgian was silently preparing for the part it was to play in history; and Denmark—at that time an inveterate enemy—brooded on revenge for what she had lost.

The rulers of those countries—seeing Sweden governed by a boy-King, prematurely declared of age, whose time and thoughts were wholly given, as they supposed, to wild and dangerous sports, and in whose kingdom were many germs of discontent—flattered themselves that Sweden would fall an easy prey. Traitors were not wanting to encourage such expectations. The Livonian nobles, especially, maintained a treasonable correspondence with the Russian and Polish Courts.

The treachery with which Peter and Augustus began their proceedings may find its parallel in history, but it inspired the young King with indignation so strong and lasting, that his subsequent actions were greatly influenced by it. Only three days prior to entering into an offensive alliance with Augustus, the Czar had concluded a friendly treaty with Charles. The too trustful young monarch had even supplied Peter with Swedish guns; while Augustus had sent an embassy, scarcely a fortnight before, to congratulate the King upon his accession.

The Court of Brandenburg cautiously remained neutral. Denmark secretly joined the alliance, at the same time lavishing on Charles the strongest assurances of friendship. Thus, vailing their hostile intention, three powerful States of Europe were arming against Sweden and its unsuspecting King.

Suddenly, and without any previous declaration of war, they cast aside the mask, and grasped the sword in the certainty of victory. But they had mistaken both Charles XII. and his subjects. Wrath and scorn thrilled through the breasts of the entire population when, simultaneously, from each frontier of the country, the unexpected intelligence arrived. Patriotism at once united all factions.

It was undoubtedly wise on the part of the King to direct his arms, in the first instance, against Denmark. She was his nearest enemy, and the one furthest from the support of her allies. The naval forces, commanded by Admiral Hans Wachtmeister, were equipped without delay. The regiments nearest at hand were marched to Skane; and on the 12th of April, 1700, Charles left Stockholm—a city he was fated never to see again.

The main body of the Danish army was posted at Sleswig, where it was joined by the King, who expected to defeat the Duke of Holstein and his few auxiliary Swedish troops, before Zealand could be threatened. But he had to pay dearly for his imprudence. When the Swedish fleet entered the Sound from the south, and two squadrons of Dutch and English ships (coming to the assistance of Charles) appeared in the north, the Danish fleet dared not venture out. Not more than six thousand Swedish troops had mustered at Malmö when their King arrived. But to gain time was then more important than men. By a sudden impulse, which bore the stamp of genius, it occurred to the youthful general that, the fleet being in full command of the Sound, the regiments he had with him might at once be thrown over to the opposite coast. Boldly he resolved to attempt it; and with great celerity the daring idea was carried out. At the head of his guards, he waded ashore. A few Danish detachments, hastily mustered, endeavored to prevent his landing; but he successfully effected it near Humlebäck, a village south of Elsinore. It was then he heard, for the first time, the whistling of bullets around him, and it so stimulated his youthful courage that he exclaimed with rapture, almost prophetic, "Henceforth, this shall be my music!"

His victory, almost a bloodless one, filled the surprised Danes with amazement. The perfect discipline of the Swedish troops, and the noble character of their young commander-in-chief, quickly won the favor of the Zealanders, who welcomed the son of their good Princess Ulrika. To the numerous deputations that came to his camp, he replied:

"What I have done, I have been compelled to do. But from this day forth, you may feel assured that I will be

the faithful friend of your King." And these were not mere empty words; the promise was kept with chivalrous good faith.

Charles granted an armistice, under the walls of Copenhagen, to the suppliant monarch who, scarcely a month before, had treacherously drawn his sword against him. Peace soon followed; and Charles did not demand from his adversary an inch of Danish soil.

The enthusiasm awakened throughout Sweden at the sight of conduct which displayed so remarkably in a youth of eighteen the noblest generosity combined with heroic energy, can readily be understood. But the joy of both King and nation at these unexpected successes had soon to give place to the urgent question—against whom should the arms of Sweden next be turned?

Augustus had been the first to break peace; but the vigilance and experience of the Field-marshal, Eric Dahlberg, had baffled his attack on Livonia. The Czar was a far more dangerous enemy—as well from his personal qualities as his great military strength. He had, too, at his back the most populous country in Europe, and was desirous of obtaining substantial advantages at Sweden's cost. What was Charles to do? Even those who enjoyed the greatest intimacy with Charles were not allowed to become cognizant of his intentions. The treacherous plot of the three allied sovereigns against Sweden especially disposed Charles to secrecy with regard to any intended enterprise. In this we may recognize one of his most marked characteristics.

Avoiding all inquiries, he hastened on the embarkation of his troops at Carlshamn. They were landed at Pernau; and before his enemies had time to consult, or even knew the result of his campaign in Denmark, Charles and his army were already pushing forward to the relief of Narva, then hard pressed by the Russians. It is unnecessary to enlarge on that remarkable battle, in which, against greatly superior numbers, a mere handful of Swedish troops achieved one of the most signal victories recorded in the annals of history.

It consisted mainly in the storming of earthworks, hastily thrown up by the enemy to cover his siege operations, then threatened in the rear. This, at the first glance, would seem likely to render success more difficult. Yet, actually, it was not so. The Russian forces—imperfectly drilled and organized—were far too widely extended; and nearly the whole of the second line being compelled to show a front to the town, in order to repel any sortie that might be attempted, it became difficult for them to render the requisite support to the first line. The attack of the two small Swedish columns was hidden from the Russians by a heavy snow-storm, and the surprise was complete. The number of prisoners was greater than Charles's small army, overcome by fatigue, was able to guard. He therefore, on the day after the battle, ordered them to be set at liberty. The trophies taken were as numerous as honorable; among them were many of the guns lately given by the King to the Czar. The news of this victory soon spread far and wide, and its fame became imperishable.

But that renowned day of Narva, though forming a brilliant episode in military history, was not in reality a fortunate day for either Sweden or Charles XII. The victory was dearly bought, yet seemed to have been so easily won, that it induced a feeling of contempt for the enemy; and thus gave rise to subsequent disasters.

At the Swedish headquarters voices were naturally raised in favor of carrying the war into Russia. Augustus, alarmed at the news he was constantly receiving, asked for peace; and the Czar, deserted by both his allies, would have been compelled to lay down his arms. Oxenstjerna, then fast approaching the close of his career, implored the King to listen to offers of peace. Count Piper seconded the efforts of Oxenstjerna. But neither prevailed with the King; because his *third* enemy was not yet vanquished *by force of arms!*

His decision appears to be founded on two reasons: first, indignation at the faithlessness of Augustus—whom he regarded as the originator of the alliance; secondly, the belief that his adversaries would only await a more favorable opportunity for renewing hostilities.

But whatever his motive, the consequences were fatal. The die was cast. Years of national suffering followed, and torrents of blood were shed before peace was again restored to the North.

During the year 1700 Sweden mustered and organized her forces. Before the opening of the next campaign there were in Livonia about 16,000 dragoons and other cavalry, and 28,500 infantry. Early in December, the King began his march southward. It was supposed that this movement threatened Curland, where a body of Saxon troops was posted. But, to the astonishment of many, Winter quarters were taken up in the south of Livonia. This gave the enemies time for consultation, and Russia and Poland renewed their alliance.

During the Winter Charles devoted himself to exercising and hardening his troops. After midsummer, 1701, he marched into Curland at the head of about 20,000 men. The passage of the Dwina, obstinately resisted by Field-Marshal Heinau, was bravely accomplished. The enemy retreated to the interior of Poland. Charles, as though pondering that momentous step, which he had firmly resolved on, and from which neither the humble representations of Augustus, the entreaties of the lovely Aurora Königsmark, the mediation of foreign ambassadors, nor the warnings of generals and councillors, could deter him, marched leisurely toward Lithuania.

The crown of Poland was his price for peace.

In March, 1702, Charles pushed rapidly forward to the heart of Poland. Warsaw was taken, without opposition. The Diet was dispersed; and Augustus, hotly pursued by the Swedes, fled. At Clissau he made a stand; was defeated, and compelled to seek refuge, first at Sandomir, then at the fortress of Thorn, where part of his faithful Saxon infantry once more rallied. The gates of Cracow flew open to welcome the Swedish King, whose sword dominated the entire country.

In this brief sketch the movements of the Swedish troops cannot be followed step by step. Their arms were everywhere victorious, and the names of Frauenstadt, Pussitz, and Pultausk will not be forgotten. The campaign was, however, distinguished by forced and fatiguing marches; the pursuit of parties of mauraders or of evading troops; also by protracted sieges of fortified places. At last, in February, 1704, after much hesitation, and many preliminaries, it was declared at a General Confederation, summoned by the Cardinal-Primate at Warsaw, that King Augustus had forfeited the crown of Poland. Charles XII.'s object was accomplished.

It now became necessary to find a successor, and the King determined to nominate a native of Poland.

The first choice made by Charles would have been the best. There was a name which then awakened in Polish hearts the most enthusiastic feelings; it was the name of Sobieski, the deliverer of Vienna from the sword of the infidel, and Poland's most illustrious ruler. King John Sobieski had three sons, and upon James, the eldest, Charles's attention was immediately fixed. He believed that the various parties and factions would unite under

THE CZAR PETER I.

the rule of a Sobieski. But James was waylaid by the emissaries of Augustus, and, in defiance of the rights of neutral territory, imprisoned. Charles then declared in favor of a Polish noble—Stanislaus Leczinski.

The character of Stanislaus was marked by disinterestedness, benevolence, and integrity; and later on, at a calmer stage of his career, he proved himself an able ruler. But at the period in question, an iron will, self-confidence and boldness were needed to acquire moral influence and ascendency. Stanislaus lacked those qualities.

He was, however, elected at the Diet of Warsaw, on July 2d, 1704, though far from unanimously.

Stanislaus was never really King. He dared not for a single day dispense with the protection of the Swedish auxiliaries; and when, in the course of a few years, they were withdrawn, he left his kingdom to seek an asylum.

While Charles was in Poland, important events were taking place on the eastern frontiers of Sweden. The Czar, availing himself of the opportunity, began his merciless attack on the Swedish possessions skirting the Gulf of Finland. He was resisted only by the small detachments of troops that garrisoned the fortresses. But the Russian giant overthrew, by superior force, all opposition. Only Charles, heading the main body of his victorious troops, could have checked the advance. But he, unhappily for Sweden, was on the banks of the Vistula.

In Ingria, Esthonia and Livonia, one stronghold after another was taken; and at length, on the ruins of a Swedish fortress, arose St. Petersburg, the capital of the modern Russian Empire.

The mistake committed by Charles in regarding the northern theatre of war as secondary in importance, is the more to be regretted, as Russian conquest at Sweden's expense might probably then have been checked.

Augustus was not compelled to abdicate and sue for peace until his adversary reached the very heart of his hereditary Saxon dominions. The march of the Swedish army had met with but little opposition; and the vanguard had arrived in the neighborhood of Leipsic when Charles received, at the Castle of Alt-Ranstadt, the envoy sent by the Elector to negotiate. There also assembled the representatives of several foreign Powers, some of the most distinguished statesmen and generals, and many German princes, all of whom had come to do homage to the young Lion of the North. And a very deep and favorable impression was made by the unostentatious bearing, and the determination of character, evinced by the youthful hero.

Charles XII. was then twenty-four years of age, and his fame at its zenith. Crowds thronged his headquarters, eager to catch but a glimpse of him. He was accessible and affable to every one; listened with patient attention to the advice that was given him, yet was proof against every temptation and illusion. It may confidently be asserted that the only person from whom he turned with dread—dread, prompted by the moral principles in which he had been reared—was Aurora Königsmark, famed for her beauty and her amorous intrigues. She was now, for the second time, sent by Augustus to Charles, to endeavor by her blandishments to rescue the crown of her royal paramour.

The peace of Ranstadt, and the events immediately preceding it, remind us in many respects of Travendal. As then, the enemy's capital lay open to the victorious Swedish troops; but Charles, possibly fearing another Capua for his soldiers, did not permit them to enter. He required of his adversary no cession of territory, or, indeed, any other compensation for the expenses of the war. Subsistence for his army was the extent of his demands; and in this respect he perhaps carried disinterestedness too far; but, at all events, he acted chivalrously.

Augustus was compelled to recognize Stanislaus as King of Poland; to recall all auxiliary troops from the Russian army; to grant the free exercise of the Lutheran faith in Saxony for all future time; to liberate the brothers Sobieski; and to deliver up all Swedish deserters. On the

THE CZARINA CATHARINE, WIFE OF PETER THE GREAT.

other hand, Augustus was allowed to retain his regal title, Charles pledging himself to protect his hereditary dominions, and to assist him in obtaining favorable terms of peace from the Czar.

The enthusiasm displayed by the protected Protestants of Saxony and Silesia toward Charles and his troops was intense. When the army broke up from its Saxon quarters, the inhabitants followed the regiments for miles,

CHARLES XII. CARRIED FROM THE BATTLEFIELD OF FREDRIKSHALD BY HIS SOLDIERS.

Charles, immediately after the conclusion of peace, banishing all resentment for past wrongs, displayed toward his foe the fullest trust and confidence; but Augustus thought only of treachery and revenge. It has been affirmed that he even sought to rid himself of his guest by assassination.

testifying by expressions of friendship and regret their sorrow at parting from the true-hearted peasant soldiery. The people of Silesia, too, for whom also Charles, by his almost threatening bearing toward the Court of Vienna, had succeeded in obtaining religious liberty, were ardent

in their manifestations of gratitude. When, on the march through their country, the Swedes assembled for evening prayer, and King, officers and men devoutly bent the knee in supplication to the God of their fathers, they were joined by the long-restrained voices of thousands, who invoked blessings on the people of Sweden and their noble-hearted King. Husbands and wives, parents and children, all united in the song of praise.

The army with which the King was marching to encounter his most dangerous foe, numbered about 44,000 men. It was composed of the best equipped and best armed troops Sweden had ever possessed. The officers, and even the men, had saved considerable sums of money, and large amounts were collected in the regimental chests. In other respects, however, this army had sustained irretrievable losses. Numbers of veteran soldiers and many subaltern officers had gone back to their homes on furlough, their places being very inadequately supplied. Some of the most distinguished officers—Arvid Horn, Magnus Stenbock, Nieroth, Liewin, and others—all faithful friends of the King from his boyhood—had returned to their country, either to fill places in the council or other important posts.

Field-Marshal Rehnsköld alone remained of those who had held high command, and his influence soon became so predominant that even Count Piper, who hitherto had especially possessed the ear of the King, found himself supplanted. There were, indeed, besides Rehnsköld, other and younger favorites — Majors-general Lagercrona and Axel Sparre; but these, though brave, were too inexperienced to achieve much distinction in the war, and their authority was rather injurious.

At the close of 1707, however, Charles XII. bade a final adieu to Poland, and parted from Stanislaus only to meet him again as an exile in a distant land. Eight thousand men, under General Krassou, remained as a body-guard to the Polish King.

Charles, at the head of the main body of his army, numbering at the utmost 33,000 or 34,000 men, had at length determined to confront the Czar. General Adam Ludwig Lewenhaupt, who had been ably defending Livonia and Curland, was ordered from the North to join the King with all his available troops, about 10,000 men; for it was not considered prudent to invade Russian territory with a force inferior in strength to that of the two armies combined.

The Czar, who was quartered in Lithuania, was so careless of his personal safety that he narrowly escaped capture at Grodno, being rescued only at the sacrifice of his rearguard. This mortifying event probably influenced his resolution to avoid engagements in the open field, and to burn and waste the country through which he retreated. Charles found it hard to curb his wrathful impatience of such proceedings. Yet he set his soldiers an example of courage and self-denial; although both he and they were now convinced that they had to grapple with a very formidable foe.

Late in the year the army went into unfavorable Winter cantonments in the district of Minsk, the headquarters being at Radoscovich. The Spring of 1708 was unusually hot, and disease broke out among the troops to an alarming extent. To remain inactive was impossible; to retreat was incompatible with the temper of Charles. Such a course was indeed never suggested by any of his followers. "Forward!" was the word. But in what direction should it be? Three routes were open for choice:

The northern route, with St. Petersburg for its goal, led through Lewenhaupt's camp, over Pleskow and Novgorod—after reaching which, Charles could have supported the detachments that were to approach from the North to the attack of the Czar's new capital.

The eastern route led to Moscow, over Smolensk, and through endless morasses and wasted territory.

The third, and southern route, also leading to Moscow, Charles probably never thought of. His previous line of march, and the fact of his having issued orders, when he met Lewenhaupt in the Spring, for the junction of the two armies, seem to warrant this supposition. The Cossack hetman, Mazeppa, first suggested the route, and induced Charles to take it by his glowing representations of assistance from powerful and warlike tribes, as well as by the promise, so cheering to weary and famishing troops, of finding a more favorable field for the operations.

The blame with which Charles's decision has been assailed is not wholly deserved. It should be remembered, that at this crisis he had only insuperable difficulties to choose between; for, take whichever road he might, they would confront him. After the victory of Narva, Russia might have been compelled to accept an immediate peace. But that opportunity was neglected, and the right moment for peace had passed away with the eight eventful years since elapsed. In that interval Sweden had lost provinces. The Russian had gained them. He had founded St. Petersburg, matured his plans, and trained his armies in six campaigns, against troops who, though brave, were few and scattered. Charles was also distant from his proper base of operations, and besides, not a few in his army had begun to be weary of war, and of privations that seemingly were endless.

Many have thought that the army should have been led back to its original position in Livonia, and thence—with the Gulf of Finland as a flank support—the campaign should have been opened against St. Petersburg. But the march toward the coast in itself would have constituted a long and hazardous manœuvre, through districts exhausted by war, and in the immediate vicinity of the enemy. Furthermore, the fortresses that should have supported the army were already either in the grip of the Czar, or closely invested. Those who censure the King for not taking the direct road to Moscow, seem to overlook the difficulties of crossing broad and swollen rivers and interminable morasses, during the Spring floods, with an army on the long march through a wasted country, and compelled to carry all its supplies.

Few have approved the march southward to the Ukraine. Charles needed allies; therefore, Mazeppa's offer must have been welcome.

His resolution once taken, it was carried out with activity and speed that would have been better applied during certain periods of his earlier campaigns. Lewenhaupt was ordered to join the main army. He was already very near, but appears not to have received the instruction in time. The delay has been attributed to the jealousy of Rehnsköld. The King, however, waited for him only three days. He then began his march south, thus detaching himself from his much-needed reinforcements.

During the advance toward Mohilew and the Ukraine, occasional days of victor still shed some rays of light on the Swedish arms. The battle of Holafzin is especially memorable, for the masterly strategy and indomitable courage that wrested the laurels from an enemy superior in strength and advantageously posted. The cavalry engagement, too, at Malatitza, was as honorable and successful as it was bloody.

But while the enemy continued to retire, exhaustion and famine gradually spread among the Swedish troops. Hopes based upon Lewenhaupt and Mazeppa at first sustained their courage; but these hopes were not destined

to be realized. Lewenhaupt, whose progress was greatly impeded by the large quantity of stores he conveyed, was attacked by the superior forces of the Czar, which had thrown themselves between the two divisions of the Swedish army.

The troops of Lewenhaupt fought with much bravery. He was, however, compelled to sacrifice his invaluable supplies; so that when he ultimately joined the King, instead of affording him the aid he had looked for, he became rather a new cause of difficulty. Mazeppa's high-flown promises, too, were found to be mere empty words. His richer domains were ravaged by the Russians; the greater part of his Cossacks hesitated, and the alliance with the Crimean Tartars proved an illusion.

Closer and closer relentless Fate drew her meshes around King Charles and his Swedes. A Winter of unusual severity claimed thousands of victims. Spring, with destructive inundations, followed in its steps. Contagious diseases raged in the ranks already so cruelly thinned by incessant conflicts with the foe; and suspicion, dissensions and intrigue prevailed among the generals. Surrounded by hostile and growingly encroaching hordes, the Swedish army moved forward with increasing difficulty, until finally it approached Pultowa, and began the siege of that city. The Russians had stored there large quantities of supplies, which the Swedes hoped shortly to appropriate, the town being poorly fortified. The well-commanded garrison, however, was almost equal in numbers to the entire Swedish army. The Czar was concentrating forces for a decisive action. Charles, in an unlucky moment, was disabled by a shot-wound in his foot, and compelled to intrust the chief command to other hands.

Rehnsköld commanded, when, on July 9th, 1709, the army advanced to meet the attack of the Russians. His generalship before and during the battle was marked by indecision, and led to defeat. There was no unity in the plans, no system in the manner of their execution. Lewenhaupt, who was to command the main body of infantry, was first left without definite orders, and finally without support. A considerable part of the cavalry never operated on the points intended, and some regiments are reported to have gone altogether astray. The artillery was not employed—it has been said they lacked ammunition.

At the moment when the Swedish infantry, after prolonged fighting, succeeded in storming the Russian position, the Czar, supported by the garrison of Pultowa, assumed the offensive. As the main body of his army was three times greater in number than the Swedish assailing forces, this decided the fortunes of the day, notwithstanding wondrous valor on the part of the Swedes. Rehnsköld raved and swore; issued orders and counter orders; until, blind with frenzy, he rode into the midst of the enemy, and was made prisoner. Lewenhaupt succeeded in keeping his division together.

If the remembrance of Pultowa is mournful, it is not dishonorable to the Swedish arms. For, during that fearful day, the troops displayed the noble qualities of heroes—devoting themselves fearlessly to their certain doom. Yet, in the absence of the inspiring leadership of Charles, they did not fight with wonted confidence. During the fury of the conflict the King was frequently in danger of capture. When fortune seemed to forsake his arms he cast himself into the heat of the fray; and, finally, collecting the remnant of his forces, led them in retreat toward the Dnieper. Unfortunately, the fever resulting from his wound paralyzed his mental and physical powers. He did not perceive the danger of his retreat, and neglected to make any preparation for crossing the broad river. Thus the capitulation of Perewolatschna, by which the most famous of the renowned armies of Sweden was delivered to the Russians, was attributable more to the illness of the King than to the defeat itself.

The Czar contrived to conceal from the Swedish negotiating officers the real weakness of his army. Those who did discover it were at once made prisoners. Even Lewenhaupt lost his customary decision. He held councils of war, and asked advice of his soldiers instead of commanding them. At such a moment the undaunted Rehnsköld would have been in his proper place. But he was missing, and the doom of the unfortunate Swedish army was accomplished.

Charles narrowly escaped capture by abandoning his headquarters just before the surrender was made. Accompanied by his bodyguard and a small band of officers, he succeeded in crossing to the opposite banks of the Dnieper in peasants' boats, and finally, after numerous adventures, escaped through the Steppes. Thus did the royal hero, before whom the mighty ones of Europe had so recently bowed, either in fear or in admiration, enter Turkish territory as a fugitive—a striking instance of the fickleness of fortune, and the instability of human greatness.

There is a species of greatness, which is most strikingly displayed in the hour of trial, when all seems lost and all despair. Charles XII. possessed this kind of greatness in the highest degree; and it enabled him to triumph over the blows of adverse fate. The dispatches he sent to Stockholm to his Privy Council are convincing proofs of his firmness under misfortune. There is not the slightest trace in them of doubt or fear. He writes: "The loss is very great; nevertheless, the enemy shall neither gain the upper hand, nor the smallest advantage"; and, as though he foresaw with what feelings the news of his defeat would be received at home, he adds: "It is only requisite not to lose courage, or to let go the conduct of affairs."

No man who had lost faith in the star of his fortunes could have given expression to words like these while wandering in distant countries, wounded, and almost alone. No man, whose strength of will and energy had failed him, could have established, and maintained, in a foreign land, the position and influence which Charles XII. won for himself among the Turks. History can scarcely produce a parallel case.

Although her dreaded main army was annihilated, yet Sweden continued for some time to inspire so much alarm that the small force led back to Pomerania in 1709 by General Krassou, sufficed, at first, to check all attacks on her German possessions. Meanwhile Saxony and Denmark unhesitatingly broke the obligations into which they had so recently entered; thus proving how little worthy they had been of Charles's generosity. It was not difficult for Augustus now to overthrow Stanislaus; but when Denmark attempted to avenge the landing of Charles and his troops at Humlebäck, she found there still was vitality in Sweden, patriotism in her people, and genius in her generals. Of these brave men Magnus Stenbock should especially be remembered. That illustrious general soon created a fighting army. And since the memorable day of Helsingborg (February 28th, 1710), no foreign soldier has set foot on the soil of Skane.

The King's protracted stay in Turkey has generally been harshly criticised. By many it has been attributed to arbitrary caprice, and even to political insanity. That the absolute monarch should have deserted his country in such times was doubtless fraught with danger. But may it not reasonably be assumed that his five years' absence was based on a settled political plan? The real interests of Turkey were identical with those of Sweden, in respect to

Russia, whose power menaced both. But fortune did not smile on Sweden's alliance with Turkey. The one Power delayed to draw its sword until the other, after a long, unequal, and unaided contest, was compelled to sheathe its blunted weapon. Shortly before the opening of the great Northern campaign, the Sultan concluded a peace with Russia; but, after allowing Charles to wrestle alone with the giant for ten years, and when assistance from Sweden could no longer be expected, he actually commenced hostilities.

Unfortunately, the war thus tardily begun was carried on with little energy, and a new peace was already concluded before Magnus Stenbock landed in Germany with the army that was to have marched across Poland to the assistance of Charles. The Czar himself, however, was at one time on the verge of destruction—being surrounded by Turks in superior numbers at the River Pruth. No means of escape was open to him, and captivity or death appeared inevitable. But he was indebted for his rescue to a woman's presence of mind, and that woman the daughter of a Swedish soldier. He afterward made her his consort, as the Empress Catharine I. With her jewels a corrupt Grand Vizier was bribed, and free passage given to the Czar; Charles, deterred by religious scruples, it appears, from entering the Turkish camp, arriving too late to oppose it.

Time passed away in fruitless negotiations; hope grew faint; and the friendship of the Sultan gradually cooled; but in the same proportion did the personal qualities of the King excite increasing admiration among the followers of Islâm. Finally, however, the guest, whose stay became inconvenient, received intimation to leave the country. But Charles refused to depart. An open rupture ensued, which ended in the so-called "Kalabalik," in Bender.

With great reluctance the Janissaries and Tartars attacked the Swedish King, and in the combat spared his life. This serves to explain how it was possible for the King, with only a few officers and his body-guard, to defend himself in a fragile house—during a whole day—against 14,000 men and 14 guns.

At last, the flames of the burning building compelling him to retire, he was surrounded and captured. When conveyed from the smoldering ruins of his headquarters to Demotica, his influence was still so great that a revolt in his favor was on the point of breaking out in the Seraglio. The Sultan, to calm the excitement, was compelled to depose the Khan of Tartary. Little effort was needed to incite a fresh outbreak of war with Russia, and could Charles have taken the command of the Turks, events might even then have assumed a different aspect.

Charles's miscalculation—the great and disastrous miscalculation—was with regard to Sweden herself. He forgot, or, more correctly, did not know, that new opinions had sprung up, and even feelings hostile to his own person. These were the powers that really defeated him.

It cannot be denied that the general position of affairs on the continent of Europe, subsequent to the year 1709, was as unpropitious for Sweden as it well could be. The predominance of France was broken by the fatal campaign for the Spanish succession. The advantages that Prussia most desired were to be attained at the cost of Sweden. Even the Sovereign of England, as Elector of Hanover, became a natural antagonist of the Power that owned territory at the mouth of the Weser. Holland could not be relied on; for there the Czar enjoyed personal influence. Sweden, deserted by Turkey, stood alone, abandoned to her own resources. To rally these, the King must return.

STATUE OF CHARLES XII. AT STOCKHOLM.

It is customary to regard Charles XII. as exclusively a soldier; but this is to view his character in a very partial light. Whenever his sword was at rest—in Livonia, Poland, Saxony, and Turkey—he devoted himself with remarkable energy to the domestic economy of Sweden, and displayed the liveliest interest in education and art. One of his most remarkable administrative measures—that of the new Regulations for the Chanceries of the different Departments of State—was worked out and signed in Turkey. From that country he also issued his Ordinances relative to improvements at Stockholm, the rebuilding of the Palace, and assistance to men of science.

But side by side with this undiminished interest in his

country—which he had never seen since he attained manhood—unfortunately after his defeat at Pultowa the King began to place his confidence chiefly in men of foreign birth. Fabricius, and Müllern, for instance, replaced Piper; and this tendency continued even after Charles's return to Sweden.

The talented and energetic, yet unfortunate, Görtz, was the most prominent amongst the King's foreign favorites; but there were many others, all of whom contributed to widen the breach between the King and his people.

Charles was at last induced to return to Sweden. Stanislaus announced in person his resignation of the crown of Poland; then tidings reached him of Stenbock's capitulation at Tönningen; and, finally, came the unexpected message that the "Riksdag" had been summoned without the Royal command, and that the Princess Ulrika Eleonora had been called to preside at the Council of State.

The ride across Europe which Charles, followed by a few attendants, then achieved, has no counterpart, except in the legends of olden times. Avoiding all frequented roads; pursued by hired assassins; resting in forest recesses during chilly autumnal nights; often without food and shelter; yet never downcast, never tired—even when his hardiest companions sank under exhaustion—Charles, as by a miracle, arrived before the gates of Stralsund on the 11th of November, 1714.

An ecstasy of joy spread through the country with the news of the King's unexpected return. Hope revived and painted the future in glowing colors; for Charles himself came full of trust and confidence. Both he and his subjects, however, soon discovered their mistake.

The country had suffered severely from war, and no less from internal dissensions. The greater part of Finland was lost; the two largest armies of Sweden had surrendered, and no ally held out a helping hand. There was a general cry for peace; and to this cry was added the silent but irrepressible sigh for liberty. To neither of these yearnings did the King give heed. Almost everything was changed, except his own inflexible will. Now, as before, Augustus must be deposed, St. Petersburg destroyed, the power of the Council curtailed, and the new-born aspirations for liberty suppressed.

The Sweden to which the King returned was not the Sweden he had left. The men whom in former and happier times he had trusted were no longer faithful to him. The people, who still idolized his person, no longer approved his policy.

Peace might have been obtained on comparatively easy terms. Esthonia, Ingria, and St. Petersburg, all long before taken, must of course have been sacrificed, together with Stettin and the surrounding districts of Pomerania. Stralsund might probably have been saved by peace; but it could no longer be kept by force, though the King personally conducted its defense to the latest possible moment.

At last, negotiations for the capitulation of Stralsund were unavoidably opened; and the man who, fourteen years before, had left his country, convoyed by a powerful fleet, to march from one victorious field to another, was now conveyed back to the Swedish coast in a small brigantine—through masses of drifting ice, at the imminent peril of his life.

The Emperor of Germany summoned a General Council of the Realm at Brunswick. Charles, as a Prince of the German Empire, was invited; he refused to take part. Thus this favorable opportunity of arranging a peace was allowed to pass. Again, then, the die was recklessly cast in favor of war; while the discontent of the country increased. As, after the battle of Narva, Charles underrated the strength of his foreign foes, so now he too lightly regarded the opposing faction in his own dominions.

Peace having been rejected, war should have been waged upon the most threatened frontier—Russia. But Charles had conceived a new idea: the conquest of Norway, and its annexation to the Crown of Sweden. The struggle to realize this idea was his last enterprise. In it he employed all the yet remaining resources of the country, and they were by no means so limited as some have endeavored to prove. Fresh troops gathered to the standard of their well-loved King, and a third large army was organized. Charles took up his residence at Lund, and never visited Stockholm. Discontent had fixed its headquarters there, and with an invisible hand seemed to keep him from his capital.

The defenses of the eastern frontier were more and more neglected, and the plans of Russia accordingly were furthered. At Lund, in the meantime, the King gave many new proofs of his interest in the arts of peace and the progress of science. He worked assiduously with his new Minister of Finance, Baron Görtz, and occupied himself in improving the legal Code. He associated much with prominent scientific men—Swedenborg, Polheim, Rydelius, and others.

The King's two campaigns against Norway were marked by the same obdurate courage that distinguished all his enterprises; but the victories were comparatively few. The climate, the nature of the country, the warlike qualities and independence of the people, made victory always dear—sometimes impossible. Once, the Swedish forces advanced so far as to be able to pitch their tents on the heights of Ekeberg, commanding Christiania, and thence to cast a few shells over the fjord into the old citadel of Aker. This was in 1716. Lack of provisions, however, soon obliged them to retreat, and, at the end of the campaign, no decisive result had been achieved.

In 1718, the last year of the war, a new plan of action was adopted. The line of march was to be along the Christiania Fjord, and the fortresses on the way were to be reduced; stores were to be collected on the ground; and, finally, a powerful fleet was to keep open free communication with the coast of Bohus.

We may rightly invest this last aim in the life of Charles XII. with the attribute of greatness. It might, however, have been more easily accomplished had Charles in due time consented to make those sacrifices that peace with Russia absolutely required. To present a front in two directions against powerful enemies, is a risk which has brought ruin on stronger Powers than Sweden. In the Autumn of 1718, Görtz succeeded in arranging terms of peace with the Czar. Görtz hastened with this news to the King, but the deadly missive at Fredrikshald put an end to all his plans.

The chivalrous King—who always thought nobly, if not wisely—and the soldiers who followed him for better or for worse, stood out, after the lapse of a few decades, in almost supernatural light; and more than a century passed away ere the Swedish people could be convinced that the ball which, on the night of November 30th, struck down their deified hero in the trenches before the besieged fort of Gyldenlöwe, was simply shot at random, in the dark, from the walls of the enemy.

In contemplating Charles XII. at the head of his "brave blue boys," it is his own unconquerable and heroic courage, as first among his own warriors, that chiefly rivets the attention. His great qualities as a general are too often overlooked. Nevertheless, they were so distinguished, that a Frederick the Great, a Napoleon the First,

with other renowned commanders and military writers, have not hesitated to set them forth as examples. We may, therefore—having followed the hero to the close of his life, in his eventful political career—proceed to consider briefly his military capacity.

Charles XII. had had the advantage of a careful military education; and under the superintendence of the able Quartermaster-general Stuart, industriously studied the science of war and the art of fortification. Consequently, it was not without preparation that he placed himself at the head of the Swedish army. He was fortunate, too, in being surrounded by most efficient commanders.

The military tendencies of the time, and, still more, the King's own character and inclination, made him an especially eminent cavalry general. Quickness of apprehension, celerity in movement, energy in assault, are three of his prominent traits as a soldier. The Swedish cavalry was then renowned, far and wide. Even Prussian military writers of the highest merit freely acknowledge that the models for the subsequently famous cavalry regiments of Ziethen and Siedlitz were sought in the army of Charles.

The King gloried in being himself the most indefatigable in reconnoitring, and the foremost in the charge. While the divisions of the Swedish army lay widely spread over Poland, Charles, with a few squadrons of horse, or accompanied only by his bodyguard, would speed, by forced marches, to a threatened point, or to reinforce one of his generals, with whom he then made some unexpected assault. Cavalry was still the chief arm of European forces. In the main army of Sweden this arm of the service, in 1701, as compared with the infantry, was only in the proportion of sixty to a hundred; but when the Swedish troops marched out of Saxony there were no less than 25,000 cavalry in the total force of 44,000 men.

The infantry, in consequence of the imperfect weapons then in use, was not of the same importance as in later times. Yet the Swedish infantry, in particular, was then counted amongst the best in Europe. Its unfaltering steadiness made it, and with good reason, much dreaded; its tactics —the work of Gustavus Adolphus—won universal approval. Charles well understood how to employ this arm. It was he who established that confidence in the force of a bayonet charge, which so often led to the most improbable success, and which, until the latest times, has survived amongst the soldiery of Sweden. A large portion of the Swedish infantry was still armed with the pike, although laid aside by most of the European armies. Charles ordered his soldiers to reserve their fire until the enemy was sufficiently near to allow it to be used with full effect.

He, himself, fought at the head of his infantry at the landing in Zealand; at the storming of the Narva ramparts; at the crossing of the Dwina; at Holofzin, and in many other sanguinary conflicts. Like Gustavus Adolphus and Charles X., the twelfth Charles well knew how to make the infantry and cavalry effectively co-operate and support each other. The cavalry was usually placed on the flanks, and amongst them were often distributed small detachments of musketeers, chosen mostly from the surest marksmen. This greatly embarrassed foreign cavalry, who, seeing only horsemen opposed to them, were unprepared for a well-directed and effective discharge of musketry. Charles, too, did not servilely follow the formal rules which prevailed at that time for the battlefield. His temperament could not adapt itself to tactics which prevented immediate advantage being taken of the changes incident to battle. Thus, in his armies we often find other formations adopted than those in vogue. Of this there were instances at Narva, and in the bold attacks at Clissau and Holofzin.

To artillery, Charles was not much attached. This may be explained by the fact that this arm was yet very imperfect, difficult to manœuvre, and wanting in destructive power. The army estimates of that period totally pass over the item of artillery—a proof how little it was valued. Its operations were limited to firing at the breastworks, behind which the enemy's infantry not unfrequently took shelter. At Holofzin, the most cleverly ordered of Charles XII.'s battlefields, this arm was employed far more than usual. But, during the battle of Pultowa, it was left inactive with the baggage, and increased the spoils of the enemy.

The Swedish soldier has never hesitated to follow loved and respected leaders; but, like the French, he demands much from his officers, and still more from his commander. Never was a man more thoroughly suited than Charles XII. to inspire Swedish troops with courage, or to lead them to victory. Noble, just and self-denying, and brave as a lion, he seemed to them almost a supernatural being. Every victory he won made his soldiers more confident in him; every danger he shared with them spurred them on to increased exertion. His enemies lost faith in their own good fortune. The feelings that overwhelmed the Swedish soldiers after the battle of Pultowa were probably more of wonder that their King could have been conquered than of sorrow at the defeat.

It would occupy much time to recount the many exploits in which Charles was himself the foremost; but to enumerate them is unnecessary—the remembrance of them being deeply graven in the heart of every Swedish soldier. None can without emotion picture the hero pressing alone through the gates of Cracow, which opened to the stroke of his riding-whip as if to an enchanter's wand—or storming the virgin ramparts of Lemberg at the head of a few hundred dragoons. Who has not read with wonder and excitement how, mounted on horseback, he forded or swam over rapid rivers, waded through bogs and morasses, or, almost alone, daringly ventured into the midst of the enemy's outposts—heedless alike of flying bullets, wintry chills, and the rough paths of the desert? Who has not admired the example of fearless courage he gave to his soldiers when, during the siege of Thorn, he would not allow earthworks to be raised around his own exposed headquarters, because all could not enjoy the same advantages? or when, from the flames of his burning house at Bender, he rushed amongst the Janissaries crowding the courtyard that, at least, he might die a soldier's death; or when at Stralsund he heard, without turning his head, a shell explode close by the table at which he was issuing his orders? Who must not respect the commander who always shared his soldiers' hardships; and, that he might not suffer less than the meanest in his army, carefully avoided taking up his headquarters in the larger towns, where he could have enjoyed much needed rest and greater comfort?

He was the last of the Northern Vikings; and a halo surrounds his memory similar to that which gleams on the hero of ancient legend. To the adventures of both, Svea's sons still listen with enthusiasm and pride.

But although Charles XII. was so generally beloved by his army, he did not possess the rare gift of being able to maintain accord among its superior officers. Arvid Horn, the most intimate of Charles's youthful companions, became the head of the opposing party; Stenbock, suspected by the King, was allowed to pine away in the castle of Copenhagen; Adam Ludvig Lewenhaupt shared the same fate in Muscovite captivity. And when, at length, Rehnsköld returned from Russia, he was but the shadow of his former self. Endless wars exhausted

energy and zeal of those most attached to the King—until, at last, with the exception of a few veteran officers and bodyguards, who remained near his person, he was surrounded only by youthful soldiers. He had not succeeded in training new and distinguished generals. His power was personal, and expired with himself. His career resembled the flash of a meteor, lighting up the heavens, and dazzling the eye, but followed by deepest gloom, until, again sparkling in the horizon, rose memory's "Charles's Wain."

When, on the morning of the 1st of December, the news of the King's death spread through the army, all bonds of discipline and comradeship were at once sundered. No worthier points of union were found than ignominious retreat, division of the army cash among the leaders, intrigue in the Diet, and desertion. A sad prelude to Helsingfors and Anjala! It is hard to be compelled to say that the once all-powerful Charles XII. was not only gone, but was forgotten!

Charles XII. possessed admirers, even worshipers, and deserved to have friends. But he had not the faculty to create either political or military apostles, and his history is therefore left without a chapter on "the acts" of his followers. Not without reason has the historian Geijer uttered over his grave the significant words: "It was a finished life!" It might be added, that it was also a finished period in the history of his country. Its golden age, both political and military, had passed away, and Sweden ceased to be a great Power.

The gloomiest shade of this picture must not be the last to engross the eye. Brighter lights are there, and, in proportion as the simple humanity of our hero is developed, so the shadows retreat and fade.

No Swede has met adversity with more indomitable firmness than Charles XII. None has been so indifferent to success—so little allured by the blandishments of fortune, so little dazzled by glory.

These qualities, at times displayed to excess, and often productive of mischief, must yet be admired. They were based essentially on religious principles. Unaffected piety, warm, living faith, and moral purity, were the fruits of a tender mother's care in his early life; while in manhood they were fostered and developed by constant companionship with the Word of God. The uprightness of his character was rarely ever untrue to itself. If, looking from the light of our own times, we could wish that on some occasions he had acted with less severity, yet we cannot call him hard—still less, cruel. He forbade the employment of torture, even when it was counseled by the highest officials. For real disinterestedness of character he was distinguished above many of the most upright men of the period.

Charles XII. has been called a woman-hater, but unjustly. In his correspondence with his sister, Ulrika Eleanora, warm, brotherly love shows itself in every page, and fails not even when "*Mon cœur*," as he styles her, lends an ear to his enemies, and strengthens by her name and influence the opposition against her brother and lawful King. In his letters he often alludes to the ladies of the Court by familiar and jocular names; and frequently sends them messages of remembrance. We have stories of his visits to the chateaux of Polish nobles, touchingly portraying the thoughtful, unpretending, and almost bashful behavior of the youthful King.

The news of the death of his eldest and best-loved sister, Hedvig Sophia, Duchess of Holstein, reached the Swedish quarters shortly before the battle of Pultowa. The King being wounded, none dared to tell him the sorrowful news, which he learned only after his passage across the Dnieper. What all the terrible misfortunes that again and again befell him could not effect, this sad news produced. He shed bitter tears, and for a whole day not a word escaped his lips. Charles had then a heart for those nearest to him, and he could cherish affection even for women. Sensual desires, however, appear to have been quite unknown to the simple-minded soldier-Prince, and the seductive beauty of Aurora Königsmark produced an effect upon him the very reverse of what she expected.

Of manly friendship his soul was highly susceptible; and perhaps its most striking example is presented by his bearing toward Max Emanuel, of Wurtemberg—styled the "Little Prince." He was a faithful admirer of Charles, and an inseparable follower during many years of adventurous enterprise and contest.

Even toward his enemies he was willingly tolerant. Nevertheless, if his deep displeasure was once aroused by falsehood or dishonorable conduct, then he was difficult to appease, and his sense of justice exacted punishment equaling in severity the gravity of the offense.

His addresses and proclamations were curt and pithy; his orders were clear—with the exception of those issued at Pultowa during the time that fever, resulting from his wound, enfeebled his strength and obscured his intellect. When his sword was at rest, reading was his favorite occupation; and, apart from religious books, he preferred old warrior legends and the classic authors. To this taste was added, during his long stay in Turkey, a fondness for chess, in which he is said to have attained more than ordinary skill.

In conclusion, let us glance at the personal appearance of this remarkable man—this chivalrous and noble representative of Swedish character—aided by the statue of bronze now erected in the heart of his native city, and near the banks of the stream that flows past his grave.

His features bore the stamp of the House of Pfalz Zweibrück. Gazing at the piercing deep-blue eye, the towering forehead—that abode of daring thoughts—the somewhat aquiline nose, the stern, almost defiant lines about the beardless mouth, no one could doubt for a moment that he was in the presence of an extraordinary man. Contrary to the custom of his time, from the tendencies of which he diverged in so many ways, he never wore a wig in his maturer years. On the momentous occasion when he embarked at Carlshamn, to enter upon his long career of warfare, he threw that covering aside; and thenceforth the auburn locks, already much thinned, waved in freedom around the head that bore itself so proudly. He was about five feet ten inches in height; his figure well built, though his limbs were not powerful. His constitution being uninjured by weak indulgence, he enjoyed unbroken health, and was able to endure extreme privation and hardship.

His diet was frugal. After the toils of the day he rested on a couch of straw. During his campaigns he allowed himself only a few hours' sleep, and at other times—at Lund, for instance—he is said to have been usually found at his writing-table as early as two o'clock in the morning.

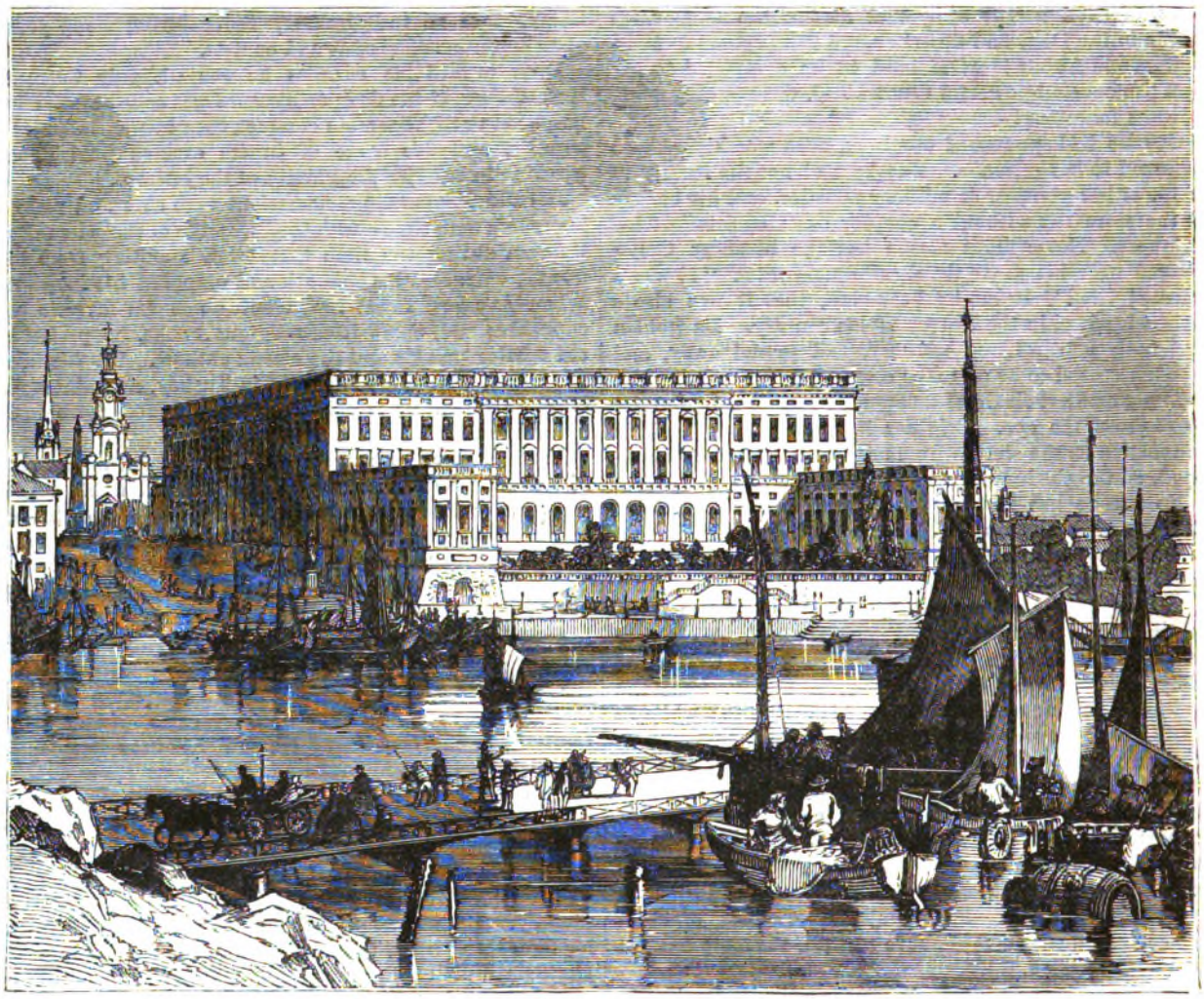
His dress was Swedish in fashion and color. All are familiar with his loose blue coat, with turned-down collar, and large plain brass buttons; the buff waistcoat, the black kerchief—doubly folded around his neck—the coarse felt hat, and the high, broad-toed riding-boots, with their massive steel spurs. External marks of rank and position he did not use. Neither medals for valor nor orders of distinction adorned his breast; but within was enshrined a treasure of purest gold—a heart that throbbed with brave emotions; while in his hand flashed the blade so

honorably symbolized by the Swedish Order of the Sword. Such is the portrait of Charles XII. What makes it so fascinating to Swedish eyes? What has made the man himself so admired by the whole of Sweden, in spite of the misfortunes that attended his reign, and mistakes of which he cannot well be acquitted? This is the charm—both his faults and his merits proclaim him a true son of our Mother Svea!

On the 31st of August, 1859, another King Charles, surrounded by some of the chief scientific men of the country, stood beside the opened sarcophagus of his illustrious namesake, in the vault of the Charleses in the Riddarholm Church. A careful examination then proved how utterly unfounded were the suspicions that the hero had fallen by an assassin's hand.

God be thanked for the certainty that his illustrious life had a better and worthier close! The sons of Sweden need no longer cast down their eyes with shame, oppressed by the cruel rumors which hitherto had whispered of treachery—treachery blacker than the darkness of that fatal November night, which more than a century and a half ago sank over the Scandinavian peninsula.

To me, the author of this biographical sketch, the privilege was also granted of gazing upon the remains of that wonderful man, before whom Europe once had trembled, and over whose pallid form a thousand trophies—eloquent in their silence—drooped in half-moldered folds from the lofty arches of the chapel of his tomb. The scene is as ineffaceable from the memory as it was solemn at the time. From that moment the features of Charles XII. became indelibly engraven on my mind. In memory of the day, I was permitted to take a leaf of the laurel wreath that encircled his brow, and also a lock of his hair. These precious relics, together with the cast of his face which was taken at the time that his body was embalmed, are henceforth the property of the Swedish Military Association of Stockholm. To these gifts are added two others, eminently calculated to recall two of King Charles XII.'s most prominent qualities; namely, one of the good blades that so often opened his way to victory, and a copy of the Holy Book, in whose pages he learned those lessons that give strength in all vicissitudes, and which are so grandly expressed in the old war-cry of the Charleses, "By the help of God!"



VIEW OF STOCKHOLM FROM THE WATER SIDE.

The era of Charles XII. is past, and a younger generation inhabits the land which witnessed the birth of the heroes of that age. A subsequent century not seldom underrates that which a previous one has held greatest and dearest. It is useless to deny the power of time to change many distinctive features in the character of a nation: but so long as Sweden remains an independent land; so long as her sons do not forfeit the heirloom inherited from their freeborn fathers; so long as chivalry and manliness, faith and virtue, have their abode in ancient "Manhem,"—so long will all connected with "King Charles, the youthful hero" be valued and loved.

HER SECRET.—"'SIDNEY,' SAID LAVINIA, 'I MUST SAY, FRANKLY, THAT I DID NOT EXPECT IT.'"—SEE PAGE 562.

HER SECRET.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

CERTAINLY do owe you everything. It's a profanation to mention money in connection with that sort of indebtedness; but, Lavinia, I shall try to discharge part of it in another way."

Miss Vin smiled and blushed, plucking at one of the roses climbing all about the window, with lowered head and very great embarrassment.

Sidney, however, saw nothing of this; his thoughts were projected into the future: and, although his gaze rested dreamily on the things about him, his fancy had taken a wild flight, and was busy with very different objects. And there was a silence, Lavinia frightened.

Just then Carrie appeared with her straw hat on and the strawberry-basket in her hand, looking a great deal like a figure out of a picture.

"I want you, Sidney."

And, with his honest smile, away went Sidney to stain his hands with picking berries.

Lavinia looked after them with a faded glance—just the shadow of something—not vexation, but a gleam of sadness and disappointment; and she went in and was rather quiet for a few minutes, bustling about the room, and finally over to the glass, where she took a stolen peep at her own comely features. She saw a woman of thirty, still pretty, and even handsome.

Well, there was certainly no disparity of age, for he was quite thirty also—some months more.

"That is what he means, I *think*," said Lavinia, after deep cogitation. "He does owe me everything, just as he says, and I—I believe he likes me. We grew up together, and it is only natural. I shall certainly not do anything rash. I mean, refuse him. I like him, too"—her voice faltered—"I never knew until now how much."

Old Dorcas came in with a needle to thread, and Lavinia drew herself up a little haughtily at being caught before the mirror.

"Strawberries for dessert, Dorcas. Carrie will pick them."

"I see the doctor and her gatherin' 'em, miss," returned the ancient handmaid. "I think I never see him looking so well, miss, as this time. And it's not far off, I can tell you," said Dorcas, with a pregnant nod and smile.

"What's not far off?"

"The question he is going to ask you, Miss Vin. You know very well; and, if you intend to make him happy, it takes only the one word."

"Nonsense! I don't even know what you mean," said Lavinia with a laugh of trepidation, and coloring brilliantly, absorbed in the threading process. "The difference of age, and everything."

"The age is just right, and he is in earnest. I found this on his desk."

Dorcas produced a sheet of paper on which was traced many times, in very beautiful penmanship, surrounded by scrolls and other marvelous embellishments, the name, "Mrs. Sidney Linden."

Lavinia inspected it eagerly, and then returned it with a reproving frown.

"You had no business to poke among Dr. Linden's papers, Dorcas. It was wrong, and he would be very angry."

So the old servant was dismissed, and went out smiling, and Miss Vin was alone again.

Well, here was confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ—documentary evidence, which even the law admits as indisputable; and Lavinia Brandon, like the practical woman she was, accepted the facts and went on with her plans.

As Sidney's wife she could be of more use to him than ever—and that was saying much. Old Dr. Jellick had long been willing to sell out his practice, and ran her happy thoughts: "We can stay just where we are. This old house is endeared to us both, and the village and the people. Oh, Sidney, you do not know how much I have always loved you, and I never dreamed until now that you cared for me other than as a cousin! How my heart beats! I never expected to be so happy! But thank God, who is so good to us all!"—and she wept a little gush of grateful tears.

On she went with her castle-building. Wonderful things were to be done, everybody should share something of her happiness.

Her sister Carrie, in a year or so—she was only seventeen as yet, and too young—should go to New York and make a fortunate marriage; it would, of course, as Carrie was so very pretty, be only a question with herself as to which millionaire and paragon she should choose; they would be all at her disposal; perhaps she would fancy some duke's son from abroad—marriages of this sort were growing very common.

And so on builded Lavinia her beautiful architecture, until with a thrill she heard Sidney and Carrie disputing about the strawberries in the garden outside.

She went out to them, and Carrie, sunburnt and vexed, and with hands like Macbeth's, ran away with the berries to old Dorcas.

"She is such a romp, Sidney. I wonder you do not get out of patience with her."

"No, my stock of that article is unlimited. A wonderful day this—clear as crystal. The country in Summer—it is the nearest idea my not very vivid imagination can realize of heaven. I think, dear Vinnie," he said, laughing, "that it is just the sort of day on which to say something that has been in my thoughts for a long time."

"What can it be, Sidney?"

"You could never guess. It is something very serious and prosaic."

"Perhaps you had better postpone it."

"No, I might never have the courage again. Do you not feel an intuition of what is coming? I owe everything to you, dearest Vin; your money paid for my education—for the very bread I have eaten. I am in the attitude of one who still asks favors; this the last, I hope, but the greatest of all. Vinnie, I am in love, and one word from you seals my happiness or misery."

She was silent, looking down on the grass; but after a minute she spoke.

"Sidney, I must say frankly that I did not expect it. As to your obligations, they are now nothing; but once I did think them a tie that should always bind us together—friendship and gratitude—you understand? But if it has, as you think, grown into another feeling, those obligations are discharged; if, in fact, you love me, Sidney, and wish to make me your wife, it is I who am indebted and grateful to you, for I tell you frankly that it was, until this moment, a dream I did not dare allow myself to think of. But, since you wish it, I will be your wife, Sidney, and live henceforth with but the one thought of making myself worthy of you."

Red and pale by turns—tremulous, puzzled and bewildered at first, but divining at length the horrible truth—stood Sidney Linden.

Was there ever before so incredible a mistake? He knew not what to say or do. He had intended to ask Lavinia's approval of a contemplated proposal to Carrie—and what an appalling situation had arisen!

He was, indeed, bound by honor and gratitude to Lavinia, who had been so good to him, and he had intended always, in some dim fashion, to return something—he did not know exactly what; but paying the debt in this way had never entered his thoughts. He loved Carrie—a hidden romance of two years back; a real love—a part of his life, indeed. But here suddenly was catastrophe; he was ruined.

"Lavinia, I—of course I—" he stammered—"that was what I meant—to ask you to be my wife. I never had any other idea than to—to discharge my obligation in the one way—by asking you to—to accept me as your husband;" and he hung his head in shame.

Lavinia did not notice it, or, if she did, put her own interpretation on his confusion. She was quite too happy to realize details of what was happening; memory brings those back afterward. And, speaking very little more, they crossed the lawn to the house, and she went in.

She went up to her room and knelt at her bedside, and offered up a thankful prayer. Think of the ecstasy of winning something beyond your maddest hopes! And in shuffled old Dorcas to ask something about dinner, smiling broadly and rather idiotically, as usual.

"Well, Dorcas," said Lavinia, getting up and going to her and putting her hands tenderly on the old servant's shoulder, smiling radiantly; "you were right, and it is to be."

"I knowed it—didn't I?" said honest Dorcas, with a broader grin. "He often talked to me, as young men in love will with anybody, about the one they love; they'll even sit and hear her abused rather than not talk of her at all," went on wise Dorcas, who could see through a millstone as well as others.

Lavinia uttered a pleased laugh and kissed the old creature.

"He does love her, sure, and he says to me this very morning, 'I can't wait a day longer, and I am going to ask Lavinia for her to-day,' and you see he has done it, and got your consent."

It was not a cry, it was a kind of choke, as of some one dying suddenly of suffocation. Old Dorcas stared aghast—her mistress had fallen to the floor. But in one minute she was on her feet again, and, though pale, strong and steady.

"The idea of losing her, Dorcas—it is Carrie we mean, of course—it overcomes me a little," said Miss Vin; and Dorcas had never seen such a countenance out of a coffin. "But we must try to bear those things; he will make her a good husband. I think I will lie down for a moment."

So Dorcas, none the wiser, shambled out, and Lavinia crossed over to the window and stood looking out. I do not know what she saw there, but those moments had their tragedy which words can give no idea of.

And after awhile she went down and found Sidney seated on the little porch, just where she had left him. He looked up dismally enough.

"Sidney," she said, abruptly, "I don't know what you will think of me; but I have changed my mind since I saw you a few minutes ago. I cannot be your wife; but I may tell you this, that if you should ever fancy Carrie—you might learn to like her in time—it would make me very happy."

"But you, Lavinia——" he began, astounded.

"Well, I really was tempted to give you my hand, Sidney," she smiled; "but it was only the craze of an instant. Such a thing would never do, and you will say so yourself some years from now; and while I am grateful to you, Sidney, for thinking so much of me as to wish to make me your wife, I must tell you frankly that it is impossible. I was born for an old maid, and must die one. And now, if you are a wise man, you will turn your thoughts from me and bestow them upon Carrie."

And with a little laugh, in which there was nothing of her heartbreak, she turned and re-entered the house.

And to the hour of her death no one ever knew her secret.

A TRIP TO THE TECHE.

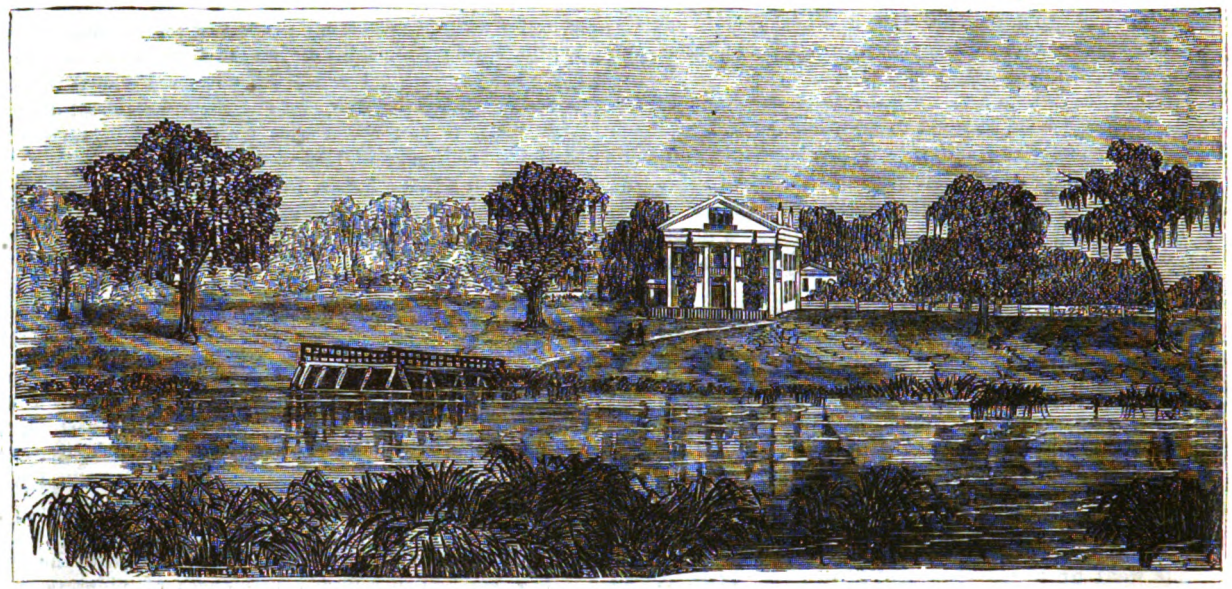
We were gliding down the Mississippi River through Lower Louisiana. Seated on the upper deck of a fine steamboat, high enough above the water to overlook the level lands, shaded from sun, a cool breeze, caused by the motion of the boat, fanning us, our arm-chairs tilted back at a comfortable angle—it was certainly the most enjoyable traveling in the world.

A panorama of great beauty passed before the eye. Stately veranda-surrounded residences of planters, with avenues of China-trees leading up to them, gleamed white in groves of deep-green live oaks and glossy-leaved magnolias; further back, standing in rows, were the cabins of the negroes, neat and whitewashed, and each with its little garden; then broad fields of waving sugar-cane and corn, and three or four miles back of all, the dim, mysterious, wooded swamp.

"The present State," said my friend, "constitutes but a small portion of what Louisiana originally was, yet within its limits some of the most interesting events in American history have been enacted. Its history is full of poetry of the highest order and most varied nature; the names of De Soto, Father Marquette, Joliet, La Salle, Iberville, Bienville, Napoleon, and many others known to fame, are connected with its annals. Physically, also, it is poetical and picturesque.

"But to see the beauties and peculiarities of Southwestern Louisiana, the Attakapus region and the Têche, and to study the characteristics of its Acadian inhabitants, to whose story a tinge of sentiment attaches, you must visit the interior. There deep, silent 'bayous' stretch like a net-work, their surface sometimes reflecting back the moss-bearded cypress, oaks, willows, and other trees that line their banks, sometimes covered with water-lilies, *graine-à-volet*, with its large leaves and bright-hued flowers, or with a floating plant, like brilliant green moss, that forms a complete covering, and keeps the water beneath sweet and pure. There, too, are clear, quiet lakes, some of them large and always deep; others deep enough for loaded steamboats to traverse in Winter, but becoming merely wide, grassy plains in Summer. The grand old primeval forest, its trees hung with tangled vines of the scuppernong grape and other mighty creepers. Vistas open into its dark recesses. Hidden in it, and themselves overgrown with large trees, are Indian mounds, relics of an unknown race, long since passed away; jungles of cane; ponds, in which myriads of water-fowl feed. Near the coast, wide, extended marshes, at some points firm enough for cattle to graze upon, at others forming the dreaded 'trembling prairie,' whose deceptive surface is apparently strong enough to bear the weight of the hunter, while underneath its thin crust is an unknown depth of water.

"Rising from these marshes, at a distance of five miles apart, are some lovely islands that loom like hills from the bosom of a lake, to a height of about two hundred feet.

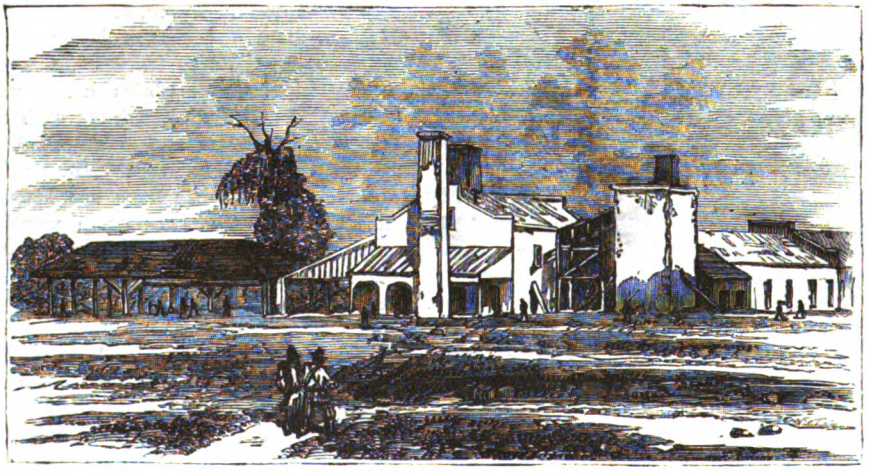


A PLANTER'S HOME ON THE TÊCHE.

None are more than two miles wide; they are embellished in places with a heavy growth of timber, and are cultivated in fine plantations. Their surface is beautifully diversified into ravines, valleys, hillsides, level plains, pastures, canebrakes, and pure fresh-water lakes, surrounded by trees, whose branches extend far over the tranquil water.

A CHURCH ON THE TÊCHE.

"One of these islands, Petite Anse, contains a marvelous mine of pure rock-salt; its galleries excavated by the miners glisten like crystal. The formation of such a mass of salt in this solitary island is one of the strangest freaks of nature. Near the surface of the salt, bones of the mastodon have been found; side by side with them, Indian baskets, made of wild cane, in a perfect state of preservation; some pottery, also, and near by an ancient Indian pottery kiln, with some of the pots in it entire.



A SUGAR-MILL.

"A painter would be enchanted with the views on Orange Island. Banks descending steeply to a large lake; natural lawns gently sloping for miles; avenues of live-oaks and groves of tall magnolias. Yes," continued he, "although I have been over the country before, I would like to accompany you in a visit to the Têche and the prairies west of it, but other engagements interfere."

"Then I shall go alone," cried I. "Va pour le Têche!"

This bayou is about 150 miles long; its course is nearly parallel to, and about fifty miles west of, the Mississippi.

A few days after the conversation with my friend I had left Berwick's Bay on a small steamboat, and was ascending the Lower Têche. This portion of it is deep; its water ebbs and flows with the tide from the bay. At one hour of the day flowering aquatic plants and the green covering on its bosom pass "upward with the flood"; at another they repass on their downward way, their motion seeming strange in the otherwise deep stillness of the scene. The woods on either side have been cut away long years ago, but the banks are still thickly lined with trees. On one spot I saw three typical Southern trees growing

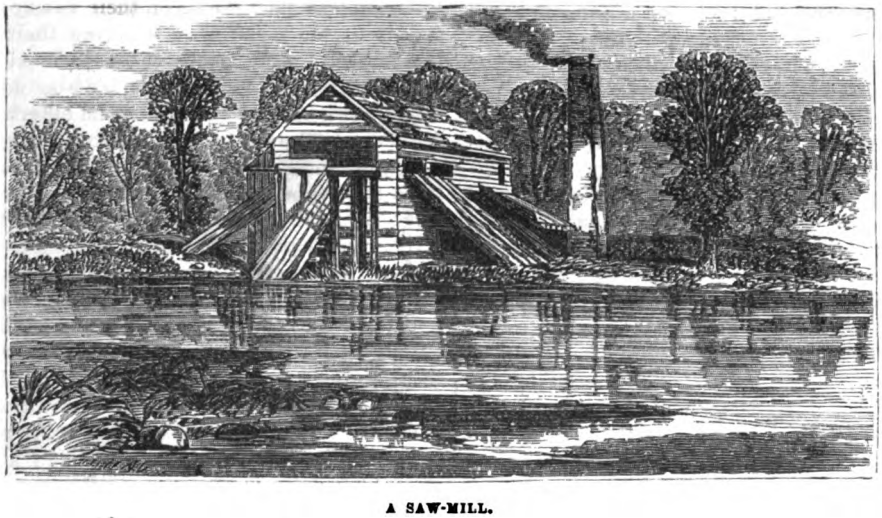
A TRIP TO THE TÊCHE.— A VIEW IN CENTREVILLE.

side by side—a live-oak, a magnolia, and a cypress. The plantations here are large, the mansions grand, their ample lawns slope to the water's edge, and are shaded by noble trees. At intervals white-painted, graceful draw-bridges span the stream. The owners of these plantations are Americans and French Creoles, and evidences of wealth and refinement are seen on every hand.

The bayou further up is in many respects more beautiful than the Lower Têche. Its sloping green banks are about twenty feet high, and the scenery on both sides is charming. Forest-trees of tall, graceful growth—walnut, ash, hickory, pecan, gum, sycamore, magnolia, and many kinds of oak, besides the monarch live-oak ; under them grows the flower-dotted grass. The beautiful, clean-looking prairies on the west side are as smooth and apparently as well-kept as the park of a gentleman's estate ; and, where the skirts of timber meet the prairie, the trees are as trim and as even as though planted by the hand of man and carefully tended.

After leaving the boat, I had bought a Creole pony, intending to make the rest of my trip in the approved mode of traveling in the prairies—on horseback. My friends had given me a letter of introduction to Mr. B., a resident of the country, and I set out alone to find him. What I first found was, that I was among the true Acadians—for when I asked of an old negro, who was standing in front of a small house by the roadside, the way to Mr. B.'s, he replied, in negro patois, "*Moi pas cannais li, moi après courri demander*"—"I don't know him ; I will ask." He soon brought out from the house a white man who, on my repeating the inquiry, answered, "*Je ne parle pas l'Anglais.*" Finding, however, that I could speak French, he politely gave me the proper directions, and even rode a part of the way with me, through a skirt of woods and into the next prairie, where Mr. B. lived.

The Acadians are descendants of French Canadians who, in 1755, were exiled by the British Government from the province of Acadie, or Nova Scotia. They no longer wear the costumes of their ancestors, the first settlers—otherwise, their manners, customs, and mode of life have changed but little in the past hundred years. The houses of those who live in the prairies are small and built of wood; all have a porch in front. They are usually located on the edge of a belt of timber, but often out on the open prairie ; they are generally in a yard surrounded by a pointed picket fence,



A SAW-MILL.

though sometimes nothing separates them from the wide-extending prairie in the front, or the woods in the rear.

The true Acadian does as little labor as possible. Everything around him is of the simplest, yet he avoids buying anything that can be made at home. The women may be seen spinning on old-fashioned wheels, and weaving on hand-looms; they make and dye a kind of cloth called "Attakapas jeans"—enough for the needs of the family, and some to sell. They carry on what may be termed "light" housekeeping. On wash-days, they repair to the edge of the nearest bayou, dip the clothes in the water, and soft-soap them; no complicated washing-machines or patent wringers to annoy them—no: squatted on a short plank that extends a little over the water, they beat the wet clothes on the plank with a paddle, and then rinse them in the bayou.

The men do not devote much time to agriculture. Their chief wealth is in ponies and cattle, that roam on the common prairie; and to attend to these, they necessarily pass much of their time on horseback. They are skillful riders; but an Acadian, dressed in home-made blue cotton clothes, with a broad-brimmed, coarse palmetto hat, and mounted on a pony—his feet almost touching the ground—is not a graceful sight. They use large Spanish saddles, long whips, or spurs with immense rowels. At the pommel of the saddle hangs a coil of hair-rope, which, like the smaller bridle-reins of twisted hair, is of home manufacture. Under all this, the little horse seems lost; but these horses are a hardy race, and will gallop for miles with their riders—in fact, they seem able to gallop indefinite distances without being injured. The walk and gallop are their only endurable gaits. They are tricky, shying little beasts, for they are broken in suddenly and cruelly; they are seldom shod, and, if at all, only on the forefeet.

When a genuine Acadian accumulates a few thousand dollars, as some of them do—enough to make him wealthy in the eyes of his brethren, he does not materially change his mode of life. His hospitality cannot be much increased, for it has always been of the freest; his house and furniture remain similar to those of his poor neighbors. All are ready to aid each other—and perhaps none should be called really poor, for their tasks are simple; they usually have enough to supply their wants, and are content. Their food is plain; although they own thousands of cows, yet milk and butter are seldom seen on their tables.

On the morning after my arrival at Mr. B.'s, where I met with a hearty welcome, we had milk. I was helped to an inviting-looking bowl of it; but, on placing it to my lips, great was my disappointment to find the milk bitter as gall, owing to the cows having been allowed to roam at will on the prairie and feed on the wild camomile. The family drank this bitter milk without remark.

The younger members seemed deeply interested discussing some event.

"It is a w dding," said the mother; "the daughter of one of our friends is to be married this evening."

"Any relation of yours?" I asked.

"Ma foi, she must be; same name. You know there are hundreds of families here bearing the same name, all living comparatively close together. If monsieur would do us the favor to be present at the wedding he would be welcome."

Of course I accepted so sincere an invitation, and that afternoon we started for the house, the mother and daughter crowded together into a queer-looking buggy, drawn by one horse; the father, sons and myself on ponies. Arrived there, we saw numbers of buggies outside, and many horses hitched to the fence, trees and posts. The young men were congregated together outside and on the piazza, talking in French. Their conversation turned on local matters, for an Acadian knows but little of the world outside his own people. He is proud of being a Creole, and does not at all wish to be considered "American." His political ambition is limited to minor parish offices, yet the holder of one of these becomes an important personage to his neighbors; particularly to those among them who speak no English, and there are thousands who do not. These cannot understand the restless disposition of the Americans, and are shy and suspicious of them; with some show of reason, too, for the lower class of Americans are apt to ridicule the lack of energy and spirit in those whom they contemptuously call "Cajuns."

At the wedding I was an object of polite curiosity, as "un jeune homme de la ville." After the wedding the feasting was prolonged, that being an important part of the proceedings.

The young men and women had kept pretty well apart until dancing began. In fact, it is only at balls or dances that free conversation between young people of the two sexes can take place, the girls being always under the surveillance of their elders. Of balls, however, the Acadians have many, for they are inordinately fond of dancing. In one settlement of about one hundred and fifty families there are no less than sixty fiddlers. They are a merry people, and obtain at small expense a great amount of social enjoyment.

Horse-racing is a favorite pastime with the men, and Sunday, after mass, is the favorite day for it. Their races are merely quarter-mile dashes, run by the common ponies of the country, but it is amusing to see how much interest the men can take in them. The pony I had bought was considered rather a superior animal, and in one or two impromptu trials of speed with other ponies, since my arrival, had come in ahead. Some of the young men concluded that he might be made to develop considerable speed, and matched him against a somewhat noted horse of the neighborhood; the race to come off in five days, as I was to leave on my return trip about that time.

More interest than usual was evinced in the affair, as my pony was from a distance, a "dark" horse, so to say, while with the points of the other horse everybody was familiar. Immediately all the young men of our prairie took sides, for or against my pony; it requires so little to create an excitement in their monotonous lives. It was wonderful what an object of interest my little horse had become. He was put under a regular course of training, and particular attention was paid to his food. Young men came constantly to see him before wagering their cash. Some of the most knowing among them declared that he was the better horse, but that he was hide-bound, and therefore would not make as good time as he otherwise might. His trainers at once set to work to remedy the defect, by currying, brushing and rubbing with the hand. Their intentions were good, but, unfortunately, the time was too short for such treatment; the truth of the old saying, "Save me from my friends," was exemplified. On the day of the race he was no longer hide-bound, but he was sore in every joint, and was beaten by an inferior horse, much to the financial discomfiture of his backers.

Both sexes among the Acadians are inveterate gossips; the men will spend hours telling neighbors news, and smoking perique tobacco. Their educational facilities are poor, and thousands among them cannot read or write.

I found the Acadians hospitable and kind, and will always look upon my trip among them as one of the pleasantest of my life.

A THRUSH'S SONG.

THE fire burned low, the day was nearly ended,
And I was sad at heart and all alone;
My thoughts with pain and sorrow so were blended,
I turned impatient, with a heart-wrung groan,
To the wide window, where, through small soft rain,
A sweet thrush raised its lovely liquid strain.

So am I, said I, vainly ever trying
To sing my song through rain that ever falls—
Through night-winds bleak that never stay their sighing,
Through such a strife that all my soul appals;
There is no room for me; why should I try
To sing at all, when surely I must die?

The bird sang on, and through his stream of singing
I seemed to hear him tell of Summertime—
The Summer that pale Spring is surely bringing
To bless us with its rose-perfumèd clime.
And so I did forget my present woe,
In thinking that this cold gray time will go.

The bird was silent; and no more for ever
Could I distinguish him from all the rest—
Such birds are all alike. How could I sever
This one wild songster with the speckled breast
From that vast tribe whose songs are sung at eve—
When daylight dies, and mourners sadly grieve?

What did it matter? 'tis the song that lingers,
Hid in the place that Memory claims as his;
And none may tell when Time's cold withered fingers
May ope the shrine where that song surely is.
The singer dies, but leaves behind the song
The only thing that to him doth belong.

And so, O heart! when thou art sad and tired,
Still sing thy songs. Perchance when thou art dead,
One little word of hope, one thought inspired,
May still live on, e'en though thyself art
And it all dies, yet hast thou done thy b
And so hast earned an everlasting rest.

THE COUNTESS'S DIAMONDS.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

EVERY one knew that of all the jewels in Mexico, whether hereditary and brought from old Spain in the early days; whether purchased in more modern times, or mysteriously appropriated in the confiscation of Church property by Juarez, none were more magnificent than those of the Countess de las Rozas, especially the set of diamonds preserved with so much care and self-denial through three generations of varying fortunes, civil war and increasing poverty. And now that the countess was no longer young or beautiful, and the stately Imperial Court had given place to the poor imitation of Republican government, so foreign to all the traditions of Spanish blood, nothing could be more natural than that the countess—widowed, and about to flee with her daughter and two or three faithful old servants—should consign her jewels for safe-keeping to the Bank of Vera Cruz, reputed to be the safest and strongest and best guarded within five hundred miles of Sansprito, where the family De las Rozas had resided for more than a century. And so it came about that late one windy and rainy evening, just as Fernando Herrara, the cashier and factotum of the Bank of Vera Cruz, was bidding his daughter Dolores look round the house and see that all was in order for the night, a loud knock at the door announced a visitor.

Dolores opened, and lo! no less a visitor than the confidential servant of the Countess de las Rozas stood upon the threshold, saluted the girl with affable condescension, and demanded her father.

The cashier came at once, and Señora Jacinta, with a whispered word and sign, beckoned him out into the wet night, and led the way to the little donkey-carriage at the gate, where sat the countess, who hurriedly said:

"I have called upon you, Señor Herrara, in this manner, because my business demands both haste and the greatest secrecy. I have here in this carriage the chest containing all my jewels, and I wish to place it in your bank, and under your especial charge, for safekeeping during my proposed absence from Sansprito."

"But, madame, the bank is closed, and——"

"Do not I know it?" interrupted the lady, impatiently; "and was not I telling you why I came at this hour, instead of to the bank in banking hours? Do you suppose I wish the whole town to ring with the news that the most valuable jewels in Mexico are placed in the safe of the Bank of Vera Cruz, that we may have every brigand in the country plotting their robbery? No, my dear Herrara, it is you, and you alone, besides my good Jacinta here, who will know the truth; all the rest of the world will understand that the jewel-chest goes with some other boxes to be sent to the capital to-morrow; but, trust me, I am too wily to place the cream under the cat's nose for safe-keeping. The Government has robbed the churches; the next thing will be the women's trinkets, and mine shall be hard to find. Come now, señor, and get on your hat and cloak, take the keys of the bank, tell your daughter that I have come to draw my last real from the bank and cannot wait for daylight, and then step into the *calèche*, and Jacinta will drive us to the bank. I wish to see my chest deposited in the large safe, and to take a receipt before I leave it.

"Señora contessa, it is impossible!"

"Indeed! And why, if I may inquire?"

"Do not be angry, madame, for it is by no fault of mine. I have only one of the keys necessary to open the inner door of the bank; the other is in the possession of my assistant, Henrico Domez, who——"

"Did you speak my name, señor?" asked a blithe young voice in the darkness, as the steps of an approaching passenger hastened a little and paused in the darkness beside the *calèche*.

"You, Henrico!" exclaimed the cashier.

"Yes, father-in-law," replied the gay voice. "I was going home from a little *fandango* up here, and made it in my road to come round this way."

"Has he the other key?" whispered the countess, resting her skinny hand on the cashier's shoulder and whispering in his ear.

"Yes, madame."

"Then he, too, must be trusted. Do you vouch for his honesty, Herrara?"

"As for my own, madame,"

A SPORTSMAN IN THE TÈCHE COUNTRY.

"Then, young man, listen!" And the countess, in her brief and haughty style, repeated to the newcomer the same story she had already given to the cashier, and demanded that he should accompany them to the bank and assume a portion of the responsibility of the deposit.

After a word with his principal, Domez consented, and walking rapidly along beside the little carriage, kept it in view, while Herrara, honored with a seat beside the countess, briefly explained that Henrico Domez, besides being his own deputy and probable successor in the Bank of Vera Cruz, was the betrothed lover of his daughter Dolores, and thus doubly bound to aid and uphold him in every manner.

The grim little stone building, so strongly resembling a jail, was reached at length, and the two men, under direction of the countess, lifted out the little steel-safe with its patent lock, and Henrico having unlocked the outer door, they carried it in, followed by the countess; while Jacinta jumped out to hold the head of the restive donkey and turn the carriage before her mistress should wish to remount.

As she did this, she was sure that some person brushed past her in the darkness and disappeared within the open door of the bank; but as Caroche, the donkey, chose that moment for lashing out viciously and at the same time biting at her shoulder, Jacinta found her attention fully occupied in attending to him, and when the rest of the party returned, some fear of blame or ridicule prevented her from mentioning what might, after all, have been but a fancy.

So she drove silently homeward, and the Countess de las Rozas, before she slept, sewed the receipt of the cashier and his assistant into her corset, and smiled to think how completely she had fooled the robbers—whether brigands, or lawless radical soldiery, or Government — whichever might be planning to enrich themselves with the De las Rozas jewels.

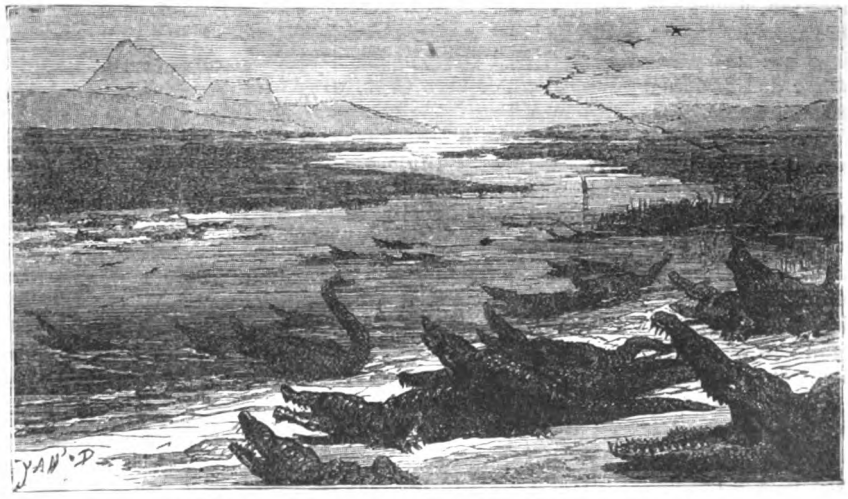
The next morning the porter of the bank found a window on the lower floor unfastened although closed, and fearing that his own neglect had left it so, was careful to say nothing about it.

That night, far within the rocky defiles of the mountain region about Sansprito, half-a-dozen men sat crouching around a fire of dried pine limbs built against the back of a shallow cave, listening eagerly to the story of one, who, gesticulating freely, had whispered:

"So, finding all secure, I was just about leaving, when up drew the light carriage of the De las Rozas herself, and with her Herrara and Domez. They lifted out and carried up-stairs a heavy box. I saw it. I slipped in behind them. I crept up, and through the chink of the door I saw her open and show the inside to the two men. *Basta, camaradas!* The glitter of the diamonds is in my eyes at this moment! But you know the jewels—we have spoken of them many a time; and now—now they are in that little stone building, which we might carry off upon our shoulders if we chose."

Ten days more, and the countess, with her child and her waiting-maid, has gone to visit some relatives in a quieter part of the country, having first, with ostentatious care, sent a laden pack-mule, under charge of four armed men, to the capital, whither she proposed finally to follow them.

Partly from his own choice, partly by the wish of the directors of the bank, Señor Herrara sleeps in the building every night, besides the porter, who also acts as night-



A TRIP TO THE TÈCHE.— AN ALLIGATOR BAYOU.— SEE PAGE 563.

watchman; his assistant often shares his watch, but is never permitted to act as substitute, the stanch old man holding to his trust as a bulldog does to his prey.

But now comes the wedding of Maria Panina, the dearest friend of Dolores Herrara, and she is resolved to be present at the festivity with Henrico, who at first declares he cannot possibly go to the neighboring town for a night, and finally consents with a very bad grace.

Dolores pouts, but is finally appeased, and the lovers arrive at Maria's house in good season; but scarcely has the dancing begun, when Henrico is reported absent without leave, and does not return until long after midnight, when Dolores refuses to speak to him, and announcing her intention of remaining all the next day with her friends, dismisses her lover, who, in apparent anger, again withdraws and returns no more.

But while this scene of youthful love and anger, of causeless quarrel and petty mystery, is being played at Dominico, what is going on at Sansprito—at the Bank of Vera Cruz?

Señor Herrara had perhaps found it a little dull at home with his pretty Dolores away, and no one but old Anina to make his supper-hour bright and comfortable; at any rate, he staid but the briefest space at home, and returned to the bank just as dusk was deepening into dark; went around, followed by Tomas, the porter, to examine every door and window, and test the fastenings with his own hands; and then, while Tomas prepared for him the pallet upon which he was content to spend his nights, the cashier opened the safe, examined the fastenings of the strong-box containing the gold on hand for that day, carefully tested the lock of the steel safe, and then, with a

PIGEON-SHOOTING ON THE TÈCHE.—SEE PAGE 563.

sigh of relief, refastened the outer safe, and placing the keys in a girdle about his body, lay down, and was presently asleep, while Tomas, descending to the lower floor, spread his own couch, and, after a few pipes of peace in the shape of corn-husk cigarettes, stretched himself upon it and went soundly to sleep.

Midnight sounded, and, as if the twelve sonorous peals of the church-clock had been a spell to evoke the dwellers of midnight darkness to action, a dark form slowly rose from behind some empty cases piled at one side of the lower passage, and, after waiting a moment to make sure that all was still, crept softly to the side of the porter's bed, and before the unfortunate Tomas knew what had befallen him, had silenced him for ever.

The next act was to softly unbar and open a window at the back of the building, and utter the low chirp of a cricket three times, with a pause between each call.

Obedient to the signal, six dark and silent figures stepped noiselessly in at the open window, and held a whispered consultation with him who had opened to them, and who presently led the way up the stairs, posted his confederates in an angle of the passage, and then, knocking cautiously at the door of the upper room, where the bank business was transacted, called cautiously, and in a fair imitation of the porter's voice:

"Master! Señor Herrara! Waken, and let me in!"

"What? Who is it? What is wanted?" called the half-roused sleeper, starting to his feet.

"It is I—Tomas Lopez, master—let me in, I beg of you; I believe there are robbers without."

"Robbers!" exclaimed the dauntless old man, hastily dragging on some clothes and catching up a pistol; "where do you hear them, Tomas?" and, with the word, he unlocked and threw open the door, peering out into the dark passage as he spoke.

Out from that darkness glides form after form, apparitions or robbers, he knows not which, but, aiming wildly, he fires uselessly, and then the poor, brave old man is knocked down by the rush of all the assassins together, bound and gagged, and threatened with more and worse ill-treatment if he does not help the robbers to secure the prey for which they have come.

The outer door of the safe is not very difficult to force for seven strong men armed with various burglar's tools, and such spoil as is to be found in the larger compartments is soon appropriated; but the strong-box, containing the gold of the bank, and the steel safe inclosing the jewels of the Countess de las Rozas, are secured by patent locks, imported for this very purpose, and defying all the skill of the robbers even to begin to comprehend, since no visible keyhole offers so much as a point upon which to begin operations.

"*Maldita!* Is there no way to crack this nut, then?" growls the leader, whom the rest address simply as *capitano*.

"The old man could tell," suggests another, with an evil glance toward the cashier.

"Ay, but if you give him the use of his voice he will bellow for help, and have the town upon us," adds a third.

El capitano rolls out a horrible oath, meditates a moment, then says:

"Bundle him up and carry him between two of you. Take the safe, and the box, and all these papers. He can tell us what is of value and what is not, and no doubt he knows the secret of these locks. We will carry him where he may bellow all he likes and no one be the wiser. Ay, and if he is stubborn, we will give him something to bellow for."

The men exchanged sinister and gloomy looks with each other at these last words, and the two stout ruffians rolled the helpless old man in the blankets of his bed, lifted him like a log between them; others loaded themselves with all that was to be found either of real or possible value in the safe—and just as Dolores was angrily wondering what had become of her absent lover, her father's captors left the bank as quietly as they had entered it, laid the old man across a donkey left waiting at a little distance out of the town, and rapidly pushed on to the rocky fastnesses of the wild forest-land surrounding the little place.

Next day the excitement in Sansprito was intense, for nearly every one of consequence in the place had lost something, either of valuables deposited for safekeeping in the bank, or of money invested in the Bank of Vera Cruz, and rage at the missing cashier was for a while the preponderating sentiment.

Henrico Domez appeared upon the scene late in the day, but with no explanation of whence he came, and no suggestion to offer as to the probable robber or the mode of following and recapturing him or the booty.

That the guilty party could have been Herrara, he indignantly denied; but when asked for the grounds of his certainty, had none to give, except the character and life of the old man, whom all Sansprito had known and respected for sixty years.

"And where were you all last night, Señor Domez?" asked the president of the bank, after the examination had proceeded thus far.

"At the marriage *festa* of Maria Panina, at Los Piños," replies the young man, glibly.

"But Dolores Herrara, whose testimony has already been received, avers that you left the *festa* some time in the evening, and did not return until after midnight. Where were you during that period, Señor Domez?" asks the president, gravely.

"I was engaged on private business, Señor President."

"Ay, but where, and with whom? It is desirable that you should account for those hours very clearly to us, lest we hand you over to those who question more sharply, and punish him who refuses to answer," suggests the president, sternly.

But Henrico Domez steadily refused any answer other than those already given; and at the end of the investigation he was dismissed with the consciousness that something more than suspicion attached to his name, and that it was very likely active legal measures would be at once commenced against him.

He went at once to Dolores, but his reception there was not of a nature to bring cheer or comfort. The loving young girl seemed transformed to a stern inquisitor, and when she found her questions evaded or directly refused an answer, her cold displeasure gave way to bitter anger, in the midst of which she at last said:

"I believe that you are false to me and to your trust, both one and the other. Go! and if you ever desire to see my face again, bring my father with you, his innocence proved, and the guilt of others established."

"I take you at your word, señorita," replied the unhappy lover, in a tone as bitter as her own. "Farewell until the day you describe shall come."

He was gone; and whether Dolores repented of her hasty sentence or not, when she found it so suddenly gone into effect, we cannot say. At any rate, she had time to reflect upon the matter in her lonely home, with no companions but Margarita, the deaf old servant, and an aunt who had come at her summons to act as duenna so long as the young girl should be alone.

When it was discovered the next day that Henrico

Domez had left town, his guilt was considered proven, as well as that of his elder associate, and if Dolores had wished to show herself abroad she would not have dared to do so, knowing that she was looked upon as the daughter and betrothed of robbers, and, perhaps, as their accomplice.

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In the gray of a rainy dawn, the robbers reached the spot where we have first seen them, and, having unloaded their senseless captive from the donkey, threw him down upon a bed of leaves in the back of the shallow cave, placed the steel safe, the strong-box, and some packages of money and papers in a niche beside him, and, having made a fire without, sat down to eat, rest, and decide upon their future course of action.

After a good deal of discussion, it was finally decided two or three of the band should go back to the town, and hang about for a while, to ascertain whether the robbery was laid to their charge, and what measures were to be adopted for the recovery of the treasure.

The remainder were to wait where they were for the return of the spies, and decide the next movement by their report.

El Capitano, as being the most intelligent of the troupe, was to lead the party, and rapidly proceeded, by changes of dress and equipment, to make himself into the semblance of an honest country cattle-driver; Tomas and Jago followed his example. Antonio and Pedro were left to guard the cave with its contents, and Miguel, with Pepito, were dispatched to a fastness several miles further in the mountains, where the rest of the band awaited the return of their chief, with orders to prepare for a feast to celebrate the grand *coup* achieved by that worthy leader.

The two parties left almost as soon as their plans were matured, since celerity and decision are two of the principal tactics of the gentleman of the road in every country and every age, and in a few moments from the announcement of El Capitano's decision, Antonio and Pedro were left alone beside the dying fire, where their coffee still simmered, and beside which the two brigands stretched themselves, pipe in mouth, to discuss the event of the night, and the probable sequel.

But lying beside a fire, pipe in mouth, is a dangerous amusement for weary men if they are intended to act as sentinels, and it was scarcely an hour before both ruffians slept as soundly and dreamlessly as innocent babies, their heads pillowed upon their blood-stained hands, from which their weapons had fallen long since.

But if they slept, their captive waked and watched. From where he lay the scene at the mouth of the cave was plainly visible, and no sooner did Antonio and Pedro stretch themselves beside the fire, than Fernando Herrara began silently, but vigorously, to work upon the bonds about his arms, which he had already felt becoming looser since he was thrown into his present position.

Another hour passed, and the cashier slowly and cautiously rose to his feet, stretched first one and then another limb, drew in a long breath or two, and, finding himself as fit for action as ever, he rapidly and silently proceeded to go through the parcel of papers and valuables bundled together by the robbers, placing some in his various pockets and about his person, and making the others into a compact package.

Then he turned his eyes upon the strong-box and the steel safe containing the jewels of the Countess de las Rozas. To carry these away in his arms was impossible; the steel safe alone was a load for any man, even for a short distance, and the strong-box was almost equally heavy.

The cashier hesitated for several moments, and then the feeling of chivalry and honor decided the point. The jewels were a trust confided to him personally by a woman who relied upon his word that they should be safely restored to her; they must be his first care; and, with a last regretful look at the strong-box, whose contents were too bulky to be carried away in his already loaded pockets, he seized the safe in his arms, and, stepping lightly as a cat, stole out of the cave, past the sleeping robbers and down the ravine leading to the cave.

As soon as possible he turned off the path into the thorny and tangled chapparal, and putting down the safe, which seemed tearing his arms from their sockets, he wiped his brow and considered his future course. To carry the safe further was all but impossible, and at every instant he dreaded to hear the shouts of the pursuers upon his track. The best plan, obviously, was to conceal the casket and make the best of his way back to Sansprito, get help from the mayor of the little town, and return to rescue that, and perhaps the rest of the plunder as well.

Once more raising his burden in his weary arms, Herrara pushed still further into the thicket, until he suddenly found further progress checked by an abrupt precipice, falling sheer away at his feet into a deep ravine, its extent concealed by the thick growth of trees and shrubs clothing the face of the cliff. A little below the edge stood, or rather clung, the remains of an old chestnut-tree, its roots torn almost from their hold by some tornado, or perhaps, by the assaults of many; while the cavity left by these uptorn roots was filled by a tangled growth of cactus and thorns, twined together in a jungle of greenery and brilliant flowers, defended by spines and poisonous thorns.

Into the midst of this jungle Herrara, after a little hesitation, rolled the steel safe, confiding in the rapid growth of the cactus to hide in a few hours any trace of disturbance, and, by means of a long stick, pushing some dried leaves and forest litter into the slight track the box had left in its descent.

This done, the old man, instead of retracing his steps, kept on along the edge of the cliff for some distance, so as to lead his pursuers, in case they should be following his trail, away from the hiding-place of the safe, even though he thus directed them upon his own path. Making a long detour, the fugitive at length regained the path leading toward the town, joyfully emerged into it at a point above its conjunction with another path, and had scarcely time to look one way and the other before a stern voice cried:

"Halt! It is the cashier! He has escaped! He has murdered our comrades, and——"

Three pairs of sinewy hands seized him, three pairs of ferocious eyes menaced him, three angry voices questioned him, and the unhappy man found himself the captive of El Capitano and his companions, just returning from their journey to the town. Defense was useless, and he attempted none, but, in silent despair, suffered his hands to be bound—this time with brutal violence—and moved on in front of his captors, who goaded him on with the points of their long knives as often as he lagged in the least.

The gloomy procession, thus arranged, rapidly traversed the mile or more of rough country between this point and the cave, and arrived just as the two delinquents, aroused from their slumber and missing their captive, were searching wildly around for traces of his flight.

El Capitano stood and sternly regarded them for some moments, asked a few sharp questions, and finally demanded if all the booty was safe. A rapid search, first in the cave and then upon the person of the captive, revealed the loss of the steel safe and its contents, and the captain,

turning his menacing gaze upon Herrara, demanded its whereabouts.

"I cannot tell," was the brief response.

"Cannot, or will not, señor?" demanded El Capitano, fingering a pistol at his belt.

"I cannot tell," repeated the cashier, stolidly, nor could persistence, threats, promises or arguments draw any further reply from him.

"So be it!" exclaimed El Capitano, in a rage too intense for violence. "We will take this forgetful gentleman along with us to the grotto, and perhaps to-night we shall find some way to make him remember what he has so strangely lost from mind within two hours. As for you—dogs—traitors——"

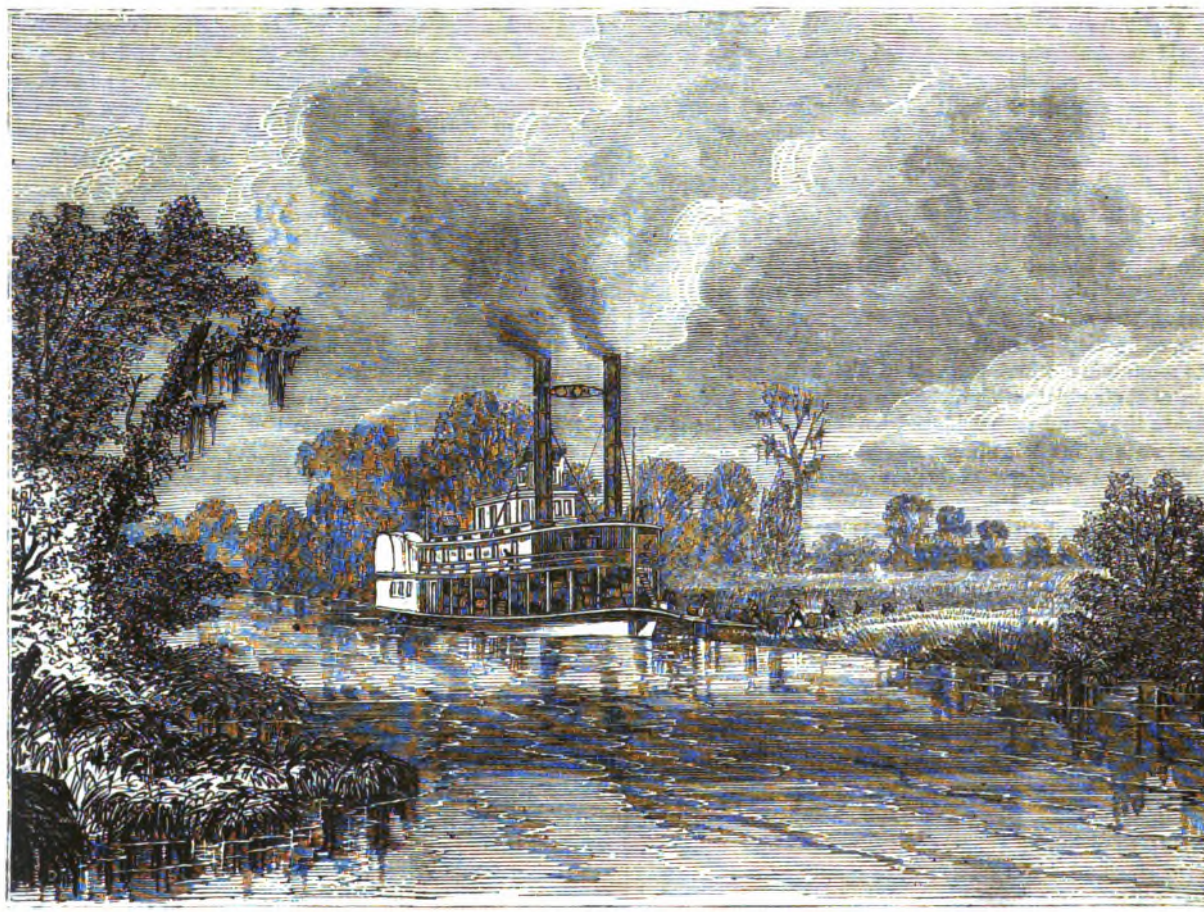
Two reports of the pistol, and all was said. Life was not very precious in Mexico in those days, not very precious among these bandits at any time. The men had betrayed their trust, through their negligence the whole band suffered, so it was probably as well that they should suffer for the band. At any rate, no one objected, and half an hour later every living creature had left the ravine, and from the thick chapparal around low rustlings and breathings proclaimed that creatures less ferocious, less cruel than those who departed were coming to occupy their place.

It was midnight. The robbers had enjoyed their feast, and divided such plunder as remained to them, setting aside the papers, whose value they did not understand, until such time as the cashier should explain their meaning, and point out the means of making them available. And now, the food all eaten, the aguadiente all drank, the fires burned down, the larger part of the band, including the wretched women who followed their fortunes, were dispatched to their slumbers, a watch set for the night, and El Capitano, nodding to two of his chief followers, led the way into a small cavern devoted to his own use, and motioned the last comer to close and bar the door.

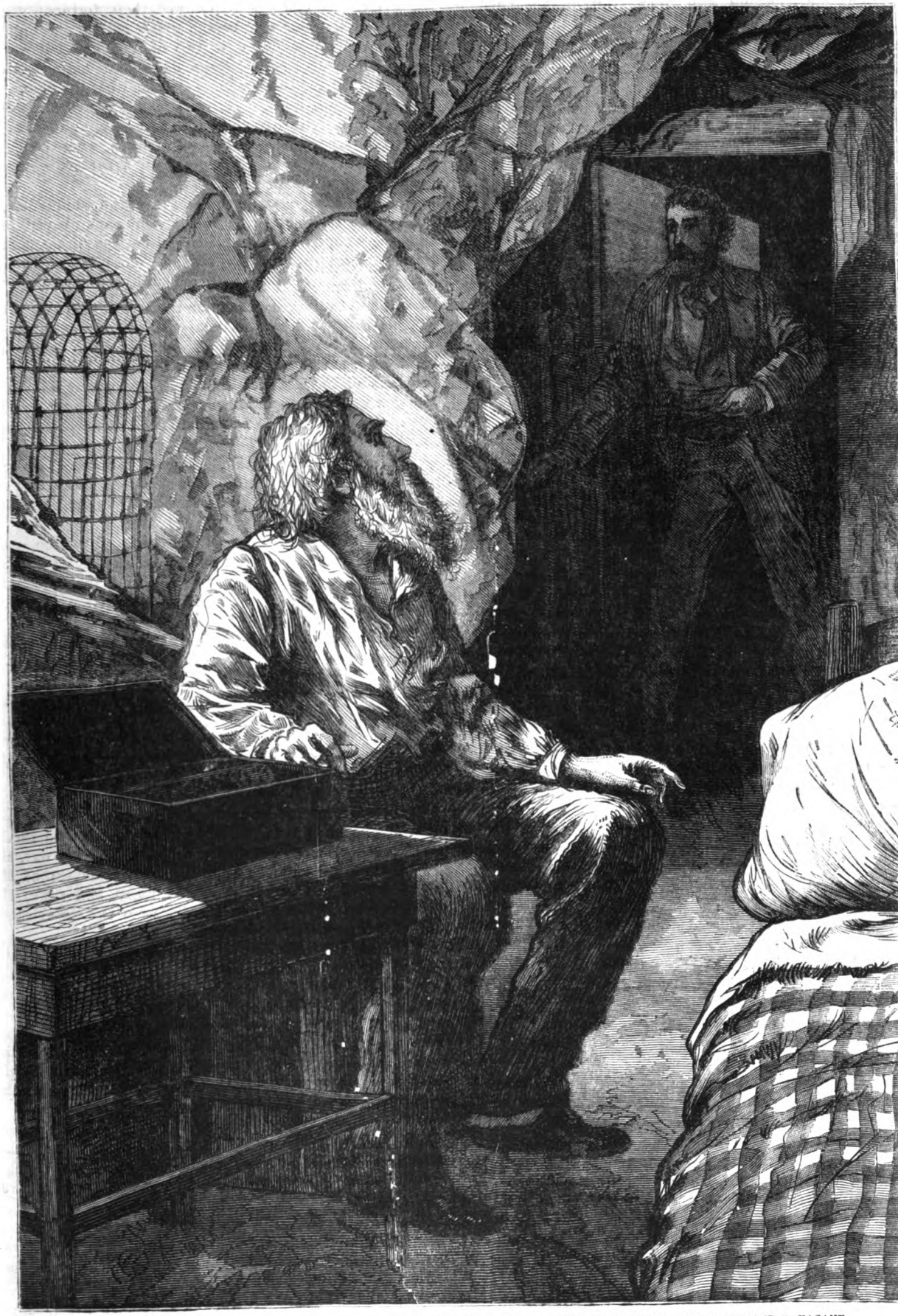
The place was small, but in a corner of the rock a great fire had been lighted some hours previously, and had now burned down to a heap of glowing coals, whose concentrated heat made of the whole cavern a furnace wherein one scarce could draw his breath.

"Open the trap-door, Juan, and give us a whiff of air," ordered El Capitano, and, as the lieutenant obeyed, his superior stooped and dragged up from the corner something looking more like a sack of old clothes than a human being, but which was really the bound and helpless and sorely abused form of Fernando Herrara. The robber captain looked at him for a moment, then signed to the third man to unbind and ungag the captive, and seat him upon a billet of wood opposite his own seat. Then he slowly said:

"Old man, you are in the hands of men without mercy and without fear—men who value neither your life nor their own the whiff of a cigarette, and who know no law but their own pleasure. Now you can judge how safe it will be to trifle with such men, or how much chance you will have in a contest with them. I ask you once more, what have you done with the safe containing the jewels of the Countess de las Rozas?—and if you do not answer honestly, I shall proceed to give you a taste of the persuasion never yet found to fail with the most obstinate. Where is the safe?"



A TRIP TO THE TÊCHE.—A STEAMER TAKING IN COTTON.—SEE PAGE 563.



THE COUNTESS'S DIAMONDS.—"FONDLY EXAMINING THE MUSIC-BOX, SAT AN OLD MAN WITH WHITE HAIR, AND A VACANT, CHILDLIKE FACE, IN WHOM DOMEZ PAINFULLY RECOGNIZED HIS FRIEND AND CHIEF."

"I cannot say, Señor Capitano," replied the cashier, stubbornly.

"Roberto, pull off his shoes and stockings, bind him to the chair and put him to the fire," ordered the captain, briefly; and, with the speed of long practice, the two myrmidons stripped the unfortunate man, bound him in such a manner that the soles of his feet were immovably fixed outward, and pushed him close to the bank of glowing coals.

For several moments the old man bore the torture bravely; then a shriek of agony burst from his lips, and he writhed convulsively in his bonds.

"Tell me where the safe is, and you shall be released!" demanded El Capitano, coldly.

"I cannot tell!—I cannot tell!" cried the sufferer, again and again, his anguish finding some relief in outcry, even of denial.

"He'll never give in," muttered Juan—"he'll die first!"

"Or go mad, like the last one," replied Roberto, in the same tone.

"He must do neither, for then he cannot speak. Pull him back," ordered the captain.

The men obeyed; a cup of water was held to the scorched lips of the tortured man, and again he was interrogated by the captain, but still the answer was the same—still he moaned or shrieked as the pain grew duller or more intense.

"I cannot tell!—I cannot tell!"

"*Demonio!*" exclaimed the captain, in a rage. "Push him to the fire again; give him more, and if we can get nothing out of him, let him die in his obstinate folly!"

The men obeyed in silence; again those piercing shrieks filled the cavern, until, with one cry, as of the last agony, the unfortunate Herrara fell back in a convulsive struggle, and lay apparently dead.

"Pull him back! Give him some wine! The old fool has not really slipped through our fingers, has he?" demanded El Capitano, with a horrible attempt at a laugh, for he saw the disgust and terror upon the faces of his men, and may have felt some touch of human feeling in his own pitiless breast.

At any rate, he ordered soothing applications to the roasted feet, restoratives to the exhausted strength, and that the prisoner should be removed to a cooler place and placed upon a comfortable bed. Then he went away, saying, as if in apology:

"We must nurse the old dotard back to life and some sort of strength before we can question him again."

At daybreak Juan stood beside the rude couch where El Capitano slept soundly, and as he awaked, said, in a morose voice:

"You'll get nothing out of that old man, Capitano. He's gone mad."

"Mad! *Demonio!*" exclaimed El Capitano, springing to his feet. "But it's only temporary, good Juan. He will recover his senses with the healing of his feet? Don't you say so?"

"I cannot tell, *mio Capitano.*"

"Don't repeat that phrase unless you want your feet roasted, too!" thundered the master, springing to his feet. "Begone, and take the very best care of that old man. Let Luiza attend upon him, and do everything possible to restore him. He must—he shall recover, and when once he has his senses I'll have the secret out of him, if I cut him into shreds to find it."

Four months had passed away—four slow and melancholy months to Dolores Herrara in her seclusion and her loneliness, when, as one gloomy evening in November she paced her little garden up and down, thinking her own sad thoughts, she heard a step behind her, and turning suddenly, saw Henrico Domez. With a little cry of joy she sprang toward him, but folding his arms, he drew coldly back, making a formal bow, and saying:

"You accused me when we last met, Dolores, of falsehood and treachery, both to you and to the charge I shared with your father. To-day I have been at the funeral of an erring but most beloved mother, whose return to the neighborhood of her old home I only learned upon the night of the robbery, and the time I was absent from you was devoted to her. Since then I have been on the track of a certain band of brigands known to harbor in these mountains, and three days ago I discovered their principal haunt. I have reported to the mayor of the town, and to the colonel of the regiment quartered at San Pedro, and to-morrow, at sunrise, I guide a party into the mountains, with the hope of capturing these brigands, and, as I am firmly persuaded, discovering in them the robbers of the Bank of Vera Cruz, and it may be the assassins of your poor father; for I, more generous than you, señorita, scorn to suspect a friend of villainy I would not commit myself."

"Oh, Henrico *mio!* Pardon me!" murmured Dolores, in a choking voice. But Domez shook his head, and still withheld the reconciliation so evidently desired and timidly implored.

"If I return, Dolores, we will speak of pardon, upon whichever side it belongs," said he, coldly. "If I do not return, you will at least know that I died in the attempt to prove myself an honest man, in spite of the suspicions of yourself and others."

He was gone, and poor Dolores remained alone to weep and to pray—those two mournful occupations in which so many women pass the greater portion of their lives.

It was the dead, dark hour just before dawn, and the camp of the robbers was wrapped in darkness and slumber; the two sentinels waked, to be sure, but the drowsy march up and down the appointed limits showed that fatigue was fighting hard for mastery over the necessity of vigilance, and might soon conquer.

The flickering fire had almost died out; the most restless among the group of sleeping forms huddled in the great cave were quiet now; even the hoot of the owl, the cheep of the cicada, and the thrilling whispers of the "spirit-bird," were hushed. The moon had sunk, the earliest dawn had not yet appeared, even the stars seemed to shine drowsily, and all nature slept.

Of a sudden this calm repose felt a change—too subtle at first to put into words—a rustle of the underbrush, the snapping of a twig, a whisper of the human voice; these perhaps, or perhaps only the consciousness of animated life suddenly intruding upon sleeping nature; but something there was that induced the sentinel nearest the woods to pause uneasily in his march, look searchingly upon every side, and finally move toward the fire with the intention of stirring it to a blaze.

As he stooped, a file of dark figures moved rapidly from the woods behind him, and the next moment both he and his companions were surrounded, bound, and laid helpless prisoners upon the ground beside the fire, now flickering into a blaze.

The occupants of the cave, vaguely disturbed by the scuffle without, were fully awakened, only to find themselves already captives; and ten minutes from the first alarm all was over, and the whole band of robbers made prisoners almost without bloodshed. But Henrico Domez was not yet satisfied.

"Where is the old man, your prisoner?" demanded he,

of first one and then another of the sullen captives; but some answered not at all; some professed not to understand what he spoke of; some told one story and some another, until, as he ranged eagerly about the cave, now fully illuminated by torches, a sudden strain of music fell upon his ear, proceeding from behind a sharp projection of the rock.

Following the sound, the young man presently discovered a narrow door locked upon the outside, but with the key in the lock. Opening, he came upon a strange scene.

A narrow cell, scarcely more than a crevice in the natural rock, but furnished with a regard to comfort not found in any other portion of the abode of the robbers; a carpet covered the rocky floor, a comfortable bed was spread at one side, the walls were covered with bright pictures, and upon a table beside the couch stood a music-box, whose strains had attracted the notice of the young man.

A candle of yellow wax—its size and color suggesting that it had been robbed from some church, burned behind a locked screen of wire, and upon the bed, fondly examining the music-box, sat an old man with white hair, a bowed figure, and a vacant, childish face, in whom Domez painfully recognized his friend and chief, the object of his frantic search.

"Oh, my father! is it you—indeed you?" exclaimed he, falling upon his knees beside the old man, and seizing his hand, while, in spite of his late passion and fierce conflict with the robbers, tears of pity rose to his eyes.

"Yes, my son, it is I," replied Herrara, gently. "Hark now, it plays the 'Ave Maria'! There, do you hear it?"

"But, my father, do you know me—do you know Henrico? do you remember Dolores? Look at me, dear father, and not at that toy."

"Dolores! Yes, yes; but even if you find them, they are not for Dolores—they are the Countess de las Rozas's, and I shall take them back to her some day. Hark in your ear, *amigo*. I have hid them safely, and the *ladrones* do not know where, and I shall never tell them. They burned my feet, but I did not tell; and then I was so ill they thought I should die, and so they put me here to get well, in hopes that afterward I should tell them; but I never shall. Oh, no, no—indeed, I never shall—I never shall!"

And, with a busy appearance of mystery, the poor old man shook his head and returned to his music-box, which was trilling out a little waltz, to which Herrara kept time with his fingers.

"But, father, you can come home now with us. The robbers are all prisoners, and you are free," said Domez, almost impatiently.

"Free! What! can I go out of that door, and out of the cave?" asked the old man, eagerly.

"Yes, I tell you—you are going directly; but can you walk, poor father?"

"Oh, yes. My feet are all well now, and if I could get through that door, I should have gone long ago. Henrico, *amigo*, do you want some gold?"

"Is there some here, *pauvre mio?*"

"Yes. They keep their treasures here, because everybody is afraid to come in but the captain and the women. "See that box there, Henrico?"

"Aha, aha! The Bank of Vera Cruz will not be so much of a loser as we thought! The rascals could not dispose of the bonds, I suppose, and money, too. Ay, ay, this is worth while. *Bueno*, my father! You were too much for the *ladrones*, after all, were you not? And our names will be cleared of infamy."

"Come, then, let us go and get the countess's diamonds, and take them to her at once. I dare say she has been uneasy, has she not?"

"Uneasy! She has been furious. She has been like a tigress robbed of her whelps!" exclaimed the young man, shrugging his shoulders and laughing grimly.

"Come, then! I made them give me all my clothes, and I have worn my shoes a good deal, because I wanted to be ready when some one came to let me out," said the old man, simply; and, after some little preparation, he rose steadily to his feet, and leaning upon Henrico's arm, walked from the inner cave into the outer one, and, scarcely noticing anything or any person in his way, hurried though, and, once outside, stood for a moment gazing about him in the gray light of early dawn; and then, with the unerring instinct of an animal rather than the reason and memory of a man, he led the way into the narrow track by which he had arrived at the cave, and pursued it steadily and surely, followed by Henrico and two or three comrades whom he had called to his side, until he stood upon the edge of the precipice, and pointed downward to the half-uprooted chestnut-tree, with the growth of cactus and creepers in the hollow of its root.

"The casket containing the jewels of the Countess de las Rozas is beneath that tree!" announced he, in a loud voice; and then, without further word, or move, or outcry, he sank, senseless and apparently dying, upon the edge of the bank.

Busy hands and strong limbs were already descending to search for the diamonds, but Henrico Domez gave himself up to the care of the devoted old man who had so freely given his life to protect the trust committed to his charge; and, a little later, two processions moved—the one gayly, the other sorrowfully—through the little tangled path leading to the main track; the one escorted the steel safe, still unopened and uninjured; the other bore upon a litter the pallid form of Fernando Herrara, not knowing but it might be his corpse.

The surgeon of the regiment had accompanied the party detailed for the capture of the robbers, and by his care and remedies, the feeble spark of life lingering in the poor abused body was nursed back to a full flame; so that when, toward night, the cashier was once more borne in at his own door, Henrico could proudly say to Dolores, as she flung herself into his arms:

"I have brought you your father alive at least, if not strong; and I have brought to the Bank of Vera Cruz the larger part of its stolen property; and I have brought to the Countess de las Rozas the jewels intrusted to your father's charge and mine, and for whose safe-keeping he has given all but his life; and I have gained what is more to me than life, since, had they been lost, I never would have shown myself before you again."

"And you will forgive me, Henrico?" whispered Dolores, tearfully.

"Now that I have proved you wrong—yes," replied he, with stern tenderness. And she was fain to be content.

Do you know what they do with robbers in Spanish America? They garrote them.

A LADY in Taunton, Mass., has received from Europe a bouquet containing a clover from George Eliot's grave, a violet from Melrose Abbey, a buttercup from De Quincy's grave, a sprig of ivy from Walter Scott's Abbotsford, and a bluebell from the grave of Helen MacGregor, near Loch Lomond.

IN the treatment of nervous cases, he is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.

"OUR FATHER!"—A SONNET.

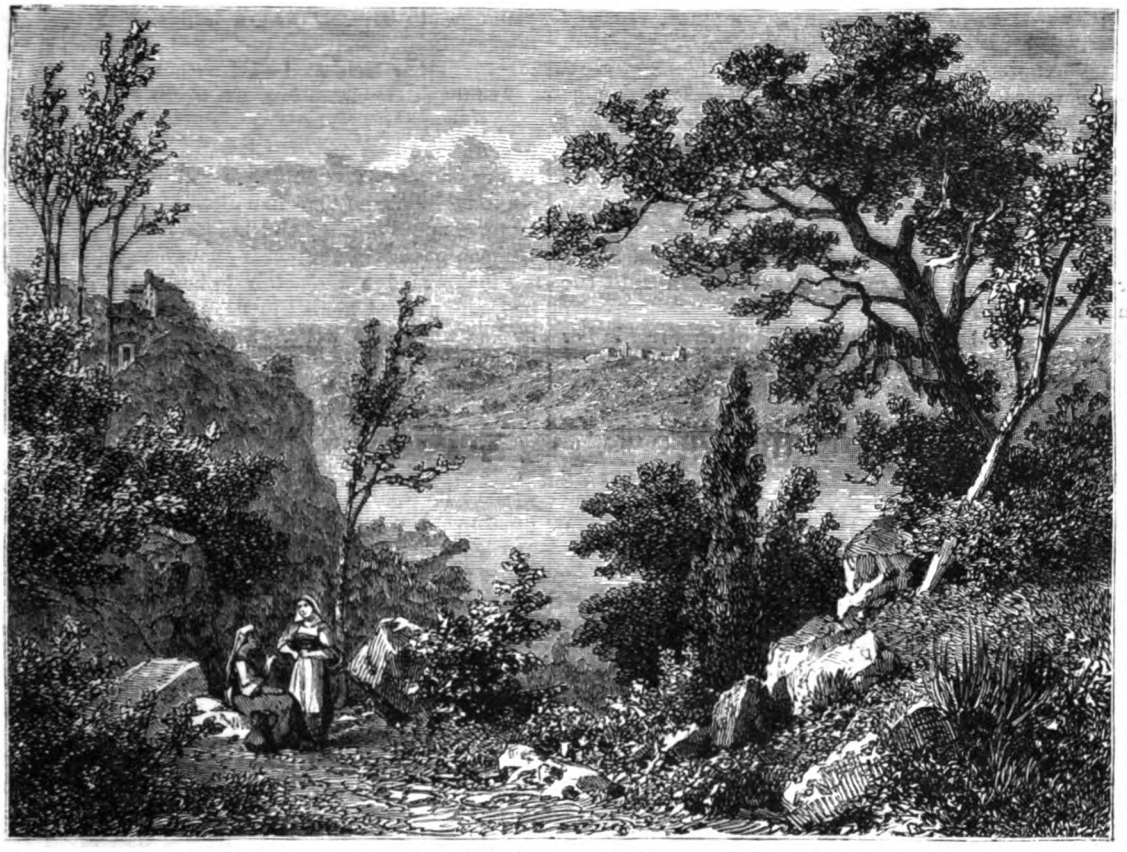
By G. W.

In happy days of childhood, when the wide,
Far-stretching sea of life lay calm and still,
Or softly rippled by some childish ill,
How often have we knelt at eventide,
Wee white-robed figures at our mother's side,
While she would clasp our hands, and bid us pray,
To Him, "Our Father," who would hear alway
His children's griefs, and soothe them when they cried.

So now, when strong fierce storms of sorrow beat,
Bringing us agony so hard to bear,
That we fall prone and senseless on the sod,
Our mother earth, with kindly touch and sweet,
Clasps close our hands, bidding us cast our care
On Him, our loving Father and our God.

THE SULPHUR SLAVES OF SICILY.

The sulphur is extracted and brought to the surface by human beings, and, indeed, chiefly by children. Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children" might have been written in the sulphur mines of Sicily. Hundreds and hundreds of children, who have scarcely the form of human beings, are sent down the steep, slippery stairs into the muddy, watery depths. Here they are laden with as much material as they can sustain, and they must re-ascend with it on their backs, stumbling at every step, often falling back into the bottom of the pit with broken limbs, or even dead. The elder ones, writes an eye-witness, arrive at the pit's mouth shrieking, the little ones crying and sobbing. The mortality exceeds that of any other province of Italy; the statistics of the *leva* show an incredible number of lame and deformed, and of young men of one-and-twenty totally unfit for military service.



THE SHORES OF LAKE NEMI.

A LATE REMORSE.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Part II.—Chapter XV.

Nearly a week passed; Madge was getting on as well as possible, surpassing even the doctor's sanguine hopes. Florence Denham called in to see her, but sorry as she felt for the woman, Madge did not impress her favorably. She was very impatient and irritable; exasperated at having lost so much time by her illness, and declaring that it was all a portion of her usual bad luck; she never had a chance like other people.

Florence told Mr. Gresham it seemed to her that her aunt's *protégée* had only one recommendation—her handsome face—and she would risk soon losing even her beauty if she did not try to cultivate a more contented spirit.

She did not mention Madge's illness in her letters to her aunt. The doctors had told Mr. Gresham something which was still kept from Florence and Kenneth—Mrs. Alderly had heart disease. She might live for years, perhaps keep as strong as she had been this Winter; but for the present great care must be taken that she was spared any excitement whatever. Of course it did not occur to Mr. Gresham that Madge Hudson's illness could cause her any feeling beyond natural sympathy, still he advised Florence to say nothing about it; by the time her aunt arrived at Lakeside Madge would be quite well—it was useless to tell her in advance.

These were very restless days to Florence, but she bore her burden with the cheerful courage which was so strong an element in her character, and as much as she could, kept herself from reflecting upon the revelation Elinor Stuart had made, which placed Reginald Seymour's conduct in a light so different and opened possibilities for the future so dazzling that she was actually afraid to dwell thereon.

He had loved her—he was coming home very soon—they could not fail to meet. That Elinor would repeat to him her assurance was certain. Then if he believed her—if he realized that he had acted hastily and unwisely in acting upon some idle gossip; that instead of rushing off he ought to have gone at once to her and demanded an explanation, to which her acceptance of his attentions would have given him a right—why, then, everything might yet be so different.

But beyond this vague thought Florence did not dare to go; she must wait—she must leave the future to itself. He was coming home; he was neither false nor fickle, and he would learn that he had condemned her unjustly.

At the expiration of little more than a week, Madge had so far recovered that Mr. Gresham's servant went back to Lakeside, and the doctor promised the impatient woman that within a fortnight she should resume her place in the mill. She fretted a good deal, cried like a baby when she found that her strength could still serve her so little, and worried placid Mrs. Dawson hugely by her capricious, captious moods; but the easy-going woman was very considerate of her charge, and her worship of the wonderful baby increased daily.

One afternoon Madge woke from a nap and crept downstairs; Mrs. Dawson was busy in the kitchen, and the child asleep in his cradle in the sitting-room.

Madge had forgotten her pocket-handkerchief; she saw a pile of freshly ironed clothes which Mrs. Dawson had left on the bureau, and began turning them over to find one. On the top of a little pile of handkerchiefs lay one so fine that it attracted Madge's attention—neither she nor her landlady owned any of such delicate material. She picked it up with the idle curiosity of a convalescent, saw a name written in one corner, read it, and sank back in a chair with a cry which brought Mrs. Dawson into the room in hot haste.

There Madge sat, holding out the bit of cambric in her shaking hand—her face pale and convulsed.

"Land's sake, how you scared me!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawson.

The instant she saw the handkerchief she knew what was the matter. Madge was well enough now, so that the doctor's injunctions of secrecy need no longer weigh, and the widow felt that she had a right to satisfy her curiosity as to what the physician could have meant by ordering her to hold her tongue about Miss Stuart.

"How did this come here?—where did you get it?" demanded Madge, in a choked voice. "Can't you speak?—have you lost your tongue?"

"Now, don't you wrought yourself up, Madge," said Mrs. Dawson, whose patience had been sadly tried all the morning by her lodger's humors; "if you excite yourself you'll be sick again, and I shall just have to send for the doctor."

"Do you mean to tell me where you got this?" cried Madge.

"Sh, sh! You'll wake the baby, then he'll screech like all possessed," cautioned Mrs. Dawson. "Why, of course I'll tell you—only jest don't axcite yourself."

The good woman was far from wishing to exasperate the invalid; she only wanted to break her news carefully—and when people, no matter what their degree, attempt to do that, they are always annoying beyond endurance. Madge started up, with a look so wild that Mrs. Dawson retreated with incoherent ejaculations.

"Don't be a fool!" groaned Madge, sitting down again, and trying to control herself, though she was shaking from head to foot. "Then I didn't dream it—that girl was here! I saw her by my bed——"

"Why, o' course you did!" broke in Mrs. Dawson. "She took care of you every night for ever so long, and come of'en in the day to look arter baby. The doctor says you a'most owe your life to her."

Madge threw her arms above her head with a groan of pain and wrath, crying:

"I'd ruther have died! I'd ruther have been torn by inch bits—stamped to death—been killed a hundred times, than owe anything to her! How dared she? the devil—the wretch——"

"Oh, now, see here, Madge! jest stop, or I'll send for the doctor!" Mrs. Dawson again broke in. "That ain't talk for a woman that's been down as low as you have! I do' know the rights of it, but I know that lady took care on you as if you'd been her sister; and no matter what reason you've got to be mad at her, you ought to be grateful! I'm sorry you see the handkercher. She forgot it here, and I allowed I'd wash it and take it home. I didn't think of your finding it; but it's all one—you had to be told. Now do behave! Jest think what she done for you! I couldn't—I didn't know how. And baby taking to her in such a way as never was!"

Madge wrung her hands, and groaned and sobbed in her usual tumultuous fashion, refusing to give any explanation to Mrs. Dawson's inquiries—just moaning at intervals:

"I'd ruther have died—I'd ruther have died!"

At first the exclamation was wrathful only. Mrs. Dawson, perhaps unconsciously irritated by Madge's refusal to confide in her, poured out a detailed account of all that Elinor had done; and Madge still uttered her wild asseverations. But the tone had altered; there was fright and remorse audible now; and ignorant as she might be, Mrs. Hudson possessed acuteness enough to notice the change.

Finally Madge went away to her room, lay down on her bed, and sobbed herself to sleep. Mrs. Dawson was sitting by her when she woke. She started up with a shriek, calling:

"I thought Will had come to haunt me! Oh, I wish I had died!"

Mrs. Dawson dared not pursue her inquiries. When the doctor came she told him of the way Madge had behaved; he warned her to leave the subject alone for the present. He took charge of the handkerchief himself, and when he gave it to Elinor he informed her of what had happened.

Three days later Elinor was in the village, and called at the nursery-gardener's to leave an order for some plants Miss Seymour wanted. She did not find the man in the shop, and walked on through the garden, which was spacious and pretty, and at a turn in the path, she came face to face with Madge.

The doctor had obtained permission for the invalid to sit there and enjoy the fresh air and the healthful scent of the shrubs, and Mrs. Dawson had assisted her thither this afternoon. The widow herself had taken baby and gone to exhibit him to the gardener, while Madge sat resting in an easy-chair the man had good-naturedly brought out for her.

She was leaning back, with her eyes closed. Elinor would have retreated, but at the sound of her step on the gravel, Madge looked up—shrank back in her seat, and put up her hands with a gesture which seemed to Elinor rather fear than anger or repulsion.

"What do you come dogging me for?" she cried, querulously. "Hain't I suffered enough? Go away and let me alone!"

"I did not know you were here—I had no thought of forcing myself upon you," Elinor said. "I am glad to see you able to be out. As you do not need me any more, of course I should not intentionally have come where you were."

"Now you want to twit me with what you have done," cried Madge. "It ain't my fault—it was your own doing."

"And you may forget it all, as soon as you like or can," replied Elinor. "I only did for you what I would have done for any person who needed help."

"I'd rather have died than be beholden to you," groaned Madge. "You did it just from deviltry—you knowed it would drive me a'most crazy when I found out—that was what you wanted."

"If I had wanted any reason beyond that of sympathy for suffering, I had it in the precept that we are to forgive those who injure us, and do good to those who despitefully use us," Elinor said.

Madge cowered lower in her chair, again put up her hands with that gesture of fear, glanced over her shoulder as if half expecting to see some shape standing there. Then she shook her head, her face became sullen and lowering as she exclaimed:

"It's you did the harm—you! Oh, you vile, wicked

woman; if it hadn't been for you Will would be alive now. You murdered him—yes, you did—you murdered him!"

"Stop!" said Elinor, solemnly. "Remember that Will hears you—remember that he has gone where he cannot set right the wrong he did—I forgive him, and I forgive you."

She turned and walked away; Madge moaned and wrung her hands, muttering:

"I won't, I won't—not if he comes and haunts me, I won't."

Her gestures seemed as if she were struggling with some invisible being, her face grew livid with fright. Suddenly she burst into a passion of tears and called:

"Come back, for God's sake come back!"

Elinor returned and stood before her, but a paroxysm of hysterical emotion left Madge unable to articulate.

"You must not," Elinor said, kindly. "Let me go—my stopping here only makes you worse."

Madge beat her bosom with her clinched hands, moaning:

"Yes, it does—go away, don't ever come near me again. I won't stop in this place, I won't be near you. She shall take me away. Oh, Will, oh——"

"Madge, Madge!" broke in Elinor, "what ails you?—what do you want to say?"

"I'm a wicked woman," groaned Madge, and stopped, fought with herself again, and added: "I only meant that though I hate you, I'm obliged for your help. There, I've said it—I'd sooner have cut my tongue out—I won't say any more, I won't."

It would be wrong to stop an instant longer, for her presence would only excite the woman to a pitch which might be dangerous. Elinor saw Mrs. Dawson coming down the path, and hurried away, pursued by Madge's shrieks and that wild cry, many times repeated, in despairing accents:

"I won't say any more—I won't!"

Chapter XVI.

ALMOST another week elapsed; Elinor had seen nothing more of Madge. She heard from the doctor that for several days the poor woman had not been so well, though better now, and eager to get to her work, but he had forbidden her to do so for the present.

"She has proved a sad worry to Mrs. Dawson," the doctor said; "I fancy that if it were not for her fondness for the baby, the good soul's patience would have given way, sorry as she is for Mrs. Hudson."

"You know that I met her?" Elinor said.

"Yes, Mrs. Dawson told me; the creature had a dreadful nervous attack after she got home, and I was sent for."

"I would not have gone into the garden if I had dreamed of her being there," Elinor said; "an interview between us could do no good, even if she were well and strong."

"Mrs. Dawson says she has been in a strange state of mind ever since," the doctor observed, thoughtfully. "Sometimes she raves about you in a very violent manner; then again she cries, and says you were good to have come to her, but she'd rather have died than owe anything to your care."

"Poor, wrong-headed creature!" sighed Elinor.

"Mrs. Dawson thinks she has some secret on her mind which oppresses her," continued the doctor; "perhaps it will only disturb you uselessly, but I thought I ought to tell you."

"I have been certain of it ever since I saw her," Elinor replied; "I don't know—it seems hopeless—but perhaps in the end, if there is anything she could say, her conscience may weaken."

"Several times she woke screaming out of her sleep, Mrs. Dawson says, crying out something about her husband's having threatened to haunt her, but she only turned sulky when Mrs. Dawson spoke of it, and now she insists on sleeping alone in her room."

Elinor pondered a good deal upon what the physician had said, and it increased her conviction that before his death Will Hudson had repented his wickedness, and implored Madge to do what she could to atone for it. But there seemed no steps that Elinor could take personally, till at length the idea occurred to her to go to Mr. Gresham and ask his advice. He had assured her that he felt kindly toward her; he might be willing to see Madge, and, perhaps, would succeed in inducing her to speak, if her husband had really laid such injunction upon her.

Then Elinor grew hopeless again, telling herself that it was idle to attempt any effort; she should only give herself more trouble and restlessness. Before the week was up Reginald Seymour arrived, some time before he was expected, and his sister's joy was only disturbed by the recollection that he must be told that Florence Denham lived in the neighborhood. She asked Elinor to give him the news the night of his arrival, after she had herself gone to bed; she lacked courage to tell him.

Elinor went down-stairs to do her errand; that conversation with Florence in Mrs. Dawson's house rendered her task easy enough. She had not mentioned the matter to Miss Seymour; it seemed due to Florence that the communication should be first made to Reginald himself. Who could tell? the last year might have brought such changes that the tidings of the deception practiced by Mrs. Alderly might not greatly affect him.

She entered the dining-room, where Reginald sat smoking; as she opened the door he looked up, saying:

"I am very glad you came back. I've had no chance to ask you about Lucy yet."

"She told you what the oculist promises? Her health is much better; I feel certain the operation will succeed perfectly, and though not unduly hopeful, she is very patient and courageous."

"Are you sure?" he asked. "It seemed to me as if she were fretting about something."

"She is," Elinor answered; "but it has nothing to do with her health. She has not the courage to tell you, so she asked me to do it."

"Good gracious! no misfortune has happened?—her money is all secure? It is nothing about you, I hope, Elinor?"

"No, no, Reginald; Florence Denham is living near us—her stepfather has bought Lakeside?"

Reginald grew rather pale, but said, quietly enough:

"Very well, the young lady has a pleasant home—that is all I can say. She is not likely to trouble us—we certainly sha'n't trouble her."

But Elinor saw how deeply he was moved, and she was glad.

"I have something else to tell you," she said. "I've not even mentioned it to Lucy—you had a right to the first news. Reginald, I saw Florence Denham——"

"Now, my dear girl," he broke in, impatiently, "if your news concerns Miss Denham, excuse me for saying that it cannot in the slightest degree concern or interest me."

"I mean to tell it, all the same, and you must listen," she said, with a gayety which caused him to look reproachfully at her. "Reginald, Mrs. Alderly told you a falsehood! Florence was never engaged to her cousin; she likes him as a relative—nothing more."

He sat staring at her in incredulous astonishment. The tidings were so sudden and unexpected that he could not take them in.

"You mean their engagement is broken off," he said. "Well, that is nothing to me."

"I mean it never existed."

Reginald started to his feet.

"I don't understand!" he said, breathlessly. "Who told you?"

"Florence Denham herself."

"I am rather surprised, after all that has come and gone, that she should have got the chance," said he, still so bewildered and unbelieving that, man-like, he took refuge from his dazed state of mind in a little irritability. "I don't mean about myself," he added; "but, after the way the people connected with her treated you—— Oh, I beg your pardon—I oughtn't to have said that!"

"I am afraid she found me rather a porcupine," returned Elinor, laughing. "But she did tell me—she told me the truth, too! Wait! I'll tell you how it was. She met with an accident down by the lake; I was able to help her; she and her father came to thank me, not knowing who I was. You know what my temper is, and you can imagine the reception they got!"

"Stately, I should fancy."

"I believe I was very hard—but I can't blame myself. Well, afterward I met Florence in the house of a sick woman; she behaved beautifully! I was vexed, though; for, when she spoke of you, I took it for impertinence. She made me angry, and I told her outright why I wished to have nothing to do with her."

"Good heavens, Elinor!"

"I wish you had seen her face! I read there as plainly as if she had put it into words that for the first time she understood why you had left her so abruptly. Then after a moment she said, in that slow, truthful voice of hers: 'Mr. Seymour was deceived; I never was engaged to my cousin—never dreamed of being.'"

"And that woman invented the lie to drive me away," he murmured, after a pause, during which she heard his breath come thick and fast. He rose and walked to a window, and stood looking out into the moonlight.

Elinor went up to him, laid her hand on his shoulder, and said, almost in a whisper:

"You care—you care! so I shall tell you the rest of Florence's secret, though I found that out for myself. You did not throw away your heart, Reginald—she cared, too, and she has never forgotten!"

When he was sufficiently calm, they had a long conversation, and Elinor told him about Madge Hudson. He agreed with her that the wisest thing would be to go to Mr. Gresham, and he offered to accompany her to the house whenever she liked.

Miss Seymour seldom left her room till toward noon, as the oculist had warned her that she must give her eyes as much repose as possible. With her usual care for others, after Reginald had spent an hour with her the next morning, she declared that he should not stay shut up in her darkened chamber any longer—he was to go for a walk, and Elinor must go with him. She declared playfully that they had talked her nearly to death, and she needed to rest before beginning the operation of dressing.

So they left her, and determined to carry out their intention of visiting Mr. Gresham. It would be pleasanter to take the path to the lake and up through the wood, than to follow the dusty high-road—so they chose that route.

Just as they were ready to start, Reginald received a telegram from town which required an answer; so Elinor departed, and he promised to follow in a few moments. She was so eager and excited by the thought of her mission, that she walked more rapidly than she was aware, and when she reached the lake, Reginald was not visible.

She strolled on along the bank, and presently perceived Florence Denham seated on a green hillock under the shade of a great walnut-tree that dipped its branches down into the water.

The pair had met once since that interview in Mrs. Dawson's house; it was in the doorway of the church, and though no word had been exchanged between them, the glance and smile which she received told Florence that her avowal had been believed, and had entirely changed Miss Stuart's feeling toward her.

Florence heard the sound of footsteps on the pebbles, turned and saw Elinor. She rose and hurried forward, saying:

"I am so glad, so glad! I have wanted so much to see you. I have been down here two or three times, hoping I might meet you."

"If I had known that I would have come," replied Elinor, holding out her hand, while a cordial smile lighted up her face.

"Oh, you don't mean to avoid me any more—you have changed toward me!" cried Florence, joyfully.

"I want to beg your pardon," said Elinor; "I have wanted to ever since that day we met at Mrs. Dawson's, but I have been greatly occupied. I did think of writing to you, but it seemed better to wait."

"Oh, you will let me kiss you now—you will let me thank you—you don't know how I have wanted to."

"Yes—as a sign that you forgive me for having been so hard and cold."

"No, as a proof that you like me a little," exclaimed Florence, and the two embraced with moist eyes. "I felt sure you did that Sunday when we met in church. I've had three minds to go to your house, but I did not like to venture."

She stopped, and a vivid blush crimsoned her cheek. Elinor knew that a fear that Reginald's sister might not willingly receive her had deterred the girl; perhaps, too, a natural maidenly shyness, since her confession, which had held a deeper significance than the mere words.

Elinor looked and saw Reginald Seymour coming down the path. Florence's back was turned in that direction—she was hidden, too, by the trunk of the walnut-tree.

Elinor beckoned to Seymour, and he ran toward her.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting," he called.

In another instant he reached the spot where they stood—saw Florence, and stopped irresolute. Even in her surprise and confusion, the girl's womanly dignity supported her. She turned red and white, but she held out her hand bravely, saying:

"You are welcome home, Mr. Seymour. Miss Stuart did not tell me you had arrived."

"I thought I would let him announce himself," said Elinor, gayly. "But now he is here, he doesn't seem to have anything to say."

She was determined, if possible, that a complete understanding should take place between them at once; there had been enough of mutual suffering from that wicked woman's falsehoods.

"Miss Denham!" exclaimed Reginald, stretching out his hand—it was all he could say, but his face was eloquent enough. Florence's eyes drooped under his eager

gaze, but she let her hand fall shyly in his, and he held it fast as he hurried on: "I didn't dream of your being near, till Elinor told me last night!"

"Did she tell you that she saved my life? I was drowning; I should have drowned but for her."

"My God!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, that can wait," said Elinor. "I told him I was able to help you a little, and so we made acquaintance."

"She saved my life!" cried Florence, with a sudden rush of tears.

"God bless you, Elinor! You did not tell me!" he said, brokenly.

Florence had hidden her face in her hands—now that she had an excuse for weeping, she could no longer restrain her emotion. Elinor made a sign to Reginald, and walked away. She heard him exclaim:

"Florence—Florence! Don't go! Wait, Florence—wait!"

Then she passed rapidly on. She had done her part, and could leave them to their happiness.

Chapter XVII.

ELINOR entered the wood and mounted the hill. She meant to fulfill her intention of trying to see Mr. Gresham; after all, it was better that their meeting should take place without any witness.

She gained the top of the ascent, and reached the great lawn, dotted with flower-beds and shrubberies that spread along at the back of the house. Mr. Gresham was just descending the steps of a piazza opening out of his library. He saw and recognized her, and came forward, saying: "Miss Stuart, I am very glad to see you."

"And surprised, also, I suppose," she answered, quietly.

"I don't know—I think not," he said, smiling. "But I thank you very much; it will be a great pleasure to my little Florence. She is somewhere about."

"I came to see you, Mr. Gresham," Elinor replied. "I have already seen Miss Denham. I met her by the lake."

"Oh, then I am sure you made her very happy, if, as I hope, you told her that you do not mean to keep us aloof from you any longer."

"Yes; I left her very happy," Elinor said, with a smile.

"Didn't she come with you?"

"No; I wanted to talk with you alone, Mr. Gresham."

"I am quite at your service," he replied. "First, one moment. I suppose it is silly, but it makes me nervous to think of her being there alone—I shall send her maid down."

"She is not alone—I left Mr. Seymour with her. They are old acquaintances; and as they have not met for a long time, naturally they will find a great deal to talk about."

"Oh, yes," he replied, though he looked somewhat surprised. "I may have heard Florence mention him, but I do not remember."

"Now, if you are at leisure, I want to speak with you," said Elinor."

"Certainly," he replied. "Will you come into my library? We shall be quite alone there."

He led the way into the large, richly furnished room, established Elinor in an easy-chair, and sat down opposite. Her face had grown so grave that he perceived she had some important motive in seeking him.

"The last time we met," said Elinor, "you told me that if you could in any way befriend me, you should be glad to do it."

"And I repeat it!" he answered. "Miss Stuart, as long as I live I shall regret that I allowed you to leave Laughton as you did—regret that even for a moment I should have allowed my harsh judgment of your sex to influence me. Little as I knew you, I ought to have known you were incapable of any action or thought in the least derogatory to your womanly dignity."

"I thank you, and I believe you," said Elinor. "In my turn, let me say, Mr. Gresham, that I was wrong to make no effort to defend myself; but I could not then—I was so hurt—so—— But let that go! When we met the other day, I did not reject your friendship because I was hard or unforgiving, but I believed that the slanders from which I had suffered would never be cleared up; and I could not resume our acquaintance unless I could, if not prove myself free from wrong, at least show you my reasons for believing that such proofs exist."

"You do believe that?"

"Yes! I believe that before he died William Hudson repented, and left the duty of righting my name to his wife."

"Great heavens! if she hesitates she must be worse than a fiend. In any case, her conduct would be horrible, but it is worse after all your kindness to her."

"She is only wrong-headed and ignorant. She blames me because her husband drank; I have no doubt that remorse for his conduct did help on his natural failing. Mr. Gresham, I am sure that when sober he was not a bad man. I think the consciousness that he had made so evil a return for my efforts to help him educate himself rendered him unhappy."

"But that would be no excuse for his wife's keeping silence, if he did repent and enjoined her to tell the truth."

"I think it would to an impulsive, hot-tempered woman like her—you can easily see how the matter would look to her morbid view."

"Will you tell me on what you place your belief that there is some secret she is keeping back? Understand, I have no doubt you are right; be certain, too, that I will leave no stone unturned till I have sifted the matter to the bottom."

Elinor related all the occurrences in plain, simple terms, speaking with a calmness which rendered her account the more impressive. Sometimes when she was watching Madge during her delirium, the woman would seem for an instant to recognize her, then mistake her for a person who had promised help, and beg that friend to keep Elinor away. She related their interview in the garden, and the details the physician had given of Madge's conduct after she returned home.

Mr. Gresham listened in silence; when she ended, he said:

"I am sure you are right—Madge Hudson's conscience is troubling her. Miss Stuart, she shall be made to speak. Mrs. Alderly will be here to-day. She has been very kind to Madge; taken great personal trouble—she was even at the house almost up to the hour of Hudson's death."

"I am aware of it," returned Elinor, in a voice so changed that Mr. Gresham stared at her in astonishment.

The suspicions which had risen in his mind in regard to the woman since his former conversation with Elinor, flashed up again; he had put them by—not so much

because he deemed Mrs. Alderly radically changed since the days when she had done him such harm, as because he could conceive of no motive for her to be personally prejudiced; besides that, he could not bear now to feel harshly toward Kenneth's mother, and he believed that she regretted her wrong-doing toward himself.

"Miss Stuart," he said, quickly, "who was the person Madge fancied herself addressing when she pleaded for you to be sent away?"

"I do not see that telling you would serve any good purpose, so I would rather not do it," she replied.

"At least tell me again exactly what Mrs. Hudson said."

"They were only broken words—sometimes she would cry out: 'You made me do it—don't you let Will haunt me—send her off!' There was nothing more connected. But that part is of no consequence—what I want, if possible, is to make Madge speak."

"I beg your pardon, it is of great consequence," he said, resolutely; "if there is a secret, and some person shares it with Madge Hudson, I must know who it is before I act. Do not hesitate; you have asked my advice—if you want me to help you, you must give me every means."

Elinor remained silent for awhile, finally she said:

"Then I think we must leave the matter for a time—I have need to reflect."

"Not for your own sake?"

"No."

"Then it is for mine—you are trying to avoid giving me pain," he said, and his eyes read the truth in Elinor's face—try to conceal her features as she might, she could not hide that fact. Mr. Gresham sighed deeply; he looked pained and troubled, but a stern expression mingled therewith. "I am sorry to speak the name," he continued; "but if I am wronging the lady you will tell me. Miss Stuart, the person Madge appealed to was Mrs. Alderly."

"Yes," Elinor said, "it was Mrs. Alderly."

He rose and walked several times up and down the room; at last he came back and resumed his seat; great as the distress in his face was, the stern resolution overmastered it.

"I am very sorry you have discovered," Elinor said. "Mr. Gresham, I release you from your promise—I will not have you mixed up with the matter."

"I shall follow it out to the end—it is my duty," he answered. "I am sorry that I must act, because Mrs. Alderly once did me a great wrong, and this will look, if not like vengeance, at least like retribution."

"Then leave it to me. After all, the old slanders can do me no harm—perhaps I am morbid—perhaps it would be better to let things rest, and try to forget."

"No human being has a right to sit passive and suffer slander or misrepresentation," he replied; "you must and shall be set right—this day shall not go by without my accomplishing it. Indeed, it is better that I should do it; I tell you frankly, I shall try to screen Mrs. Alderly—not for her own sake, but Florence loves her dearly——"

"I would not have Miss Denham know for the world!"

"And for her son's sake. You know Kenneth Alderly—you know he is one of the noblest, most generous and sensitive men that ever lived—to discover his mother capable of such conduct, would nearly break his heart. But good heavens, what motive had she? I know she is capable of great lengths when anybody thwarts her—but she did not know you—she had no reason for hating you."

"We need not talk about her—it can do no good."

"We must; you must make everything clear to me. Mrs. Alderly is a hard person to fight—I must have every weapon!" he cried. "Had she any reason personally to dislike or dread you, Miss Stuart? Do not hesitate; believe me, I shall be able the more easily to screen her if I know the whole. Had she any reason?"

"Yes," Elinor answered. "Her son had asked me to marry him—we were engaged."

"But I never knew this—never dreamed it."

"No; he waited until he had written to his mother before telling you," Elinor said. "The night she got there was the night William Hudson insulted me, and Kenneth Alderly knocked him down."

"Was he angry with you?"

"I never saw him again. I got a line that evening—I wrote and begged him to wait a day before seeing me; I wished him to have time to reflect, because he had seemed to doubt me for the moment."

"And he went away without coming to your house?"

"Yes. The next day but one, Mrs. Alderly called; she had been first to see Madge Anderson."

"She knew of your engagement?"

"Yes; she came to beg me to break it off. She said, disgraced as I was, I ought not to wish to force her son to keep his word," continued Elinor, so excited now that she could not restrain herself. "As if I could hesitate—as if I would ever have seen his face again! She need not have insulted me by declaring that he doubted me; but his honor held him bound."

"Miss Stuart, that must have been a falsehood, like the rest."

"No; she showed me a note from him."

"A letter to you?"

"Just a page—no beginning or end—as if he had torn it off a longer letter; but it was enough."

"She tore it off, then!"

"She told me also that her son had always loved Florence Denham—I had fascinated him for a time—— Oh, let all that go! There she told the truth; Mr. Gresham, she offered to take her oath."

"Not twenty on her part would convince me," he said, "now that I know she had a motive to separate you from Kenneth! Did you write to him?"

"Yes. She wanted me to do that—it would be the only way of setting his mind completely at rest."

"I suppose, at this distance of time, you don't remember what you wrote?"

"I do; I was not likely to forget—just these words"—she repeated slowly the sentences of that farewell note, which had engrossed themselves indelibly upon her mind.

As she finished Mr. Gresham cried out, almost with a groan:

"But don't you see, they were fairly a confession of wrong-doing."

"I do now—I did not then."

"I understand everything!" Mr. Gresham said. "She begged me never to speak of you to Kenneth; she said her son had liked and respected you so much that it pained him to——"

"To think I had fallen low enough to coquet with a man like William Hudson," Elinor finished the sentence as he paused.

Some one knocked at this moment; Mr. Gresham crossed the room and opened the door; Elinor heard him say:

"Has Mr. Haskell come, James? Ask him to wait for a little, I am busy at present."

"I beg your pardon, sir—it's Mrs. Alderly."

She heard Mr. Gresham utter an exclamation—then Mrs. Alderly's voice reached her, saying, gayly:

"You see, we have taken you by surprise—I had a fancy for coming by an earlier train. I hope you are quite well, and Florence, too?"

"Quite," Mr. Gresham answered. "Where is Kenneth?"

"I left him at the station—one of our trunks was missing—such unpardonable carelessness. I begged Kenneth not to wait—the box was probably left in town—but he wanted to make sure they telegraphed at once; you know his mania for always attending to everything himself."

Mr. Gresham had stepped back; his guest entered the library while speaking. With his usual rapidity of decision, Mr. Gresham determined to act then and there; if Mrs. Alderly were wise the matter could be settled, and she escape the mortification of knowing that he and Elinor Stuart were aware of her treachery, and he desired this for Florence and Kenneth's sake.

He followed his visitor into the room and shut the door; Elinor rose as they entered; Mrs. Alderly saw her, and a sudden fear whitened her face, but even a crisis so momentous as she instinctively felt this present to be, did not paralyze her powers, unexpected and perilous as it was. She cast one disdainful glance at Elinor, and turned her eyes upon Mr. Gresham with a look of haughty inquiry.

"This is Miss Stuart," he said.

"I recognize Miss Stuart," she answered; "and I am surprised to find her here—still more surprised that you should have exposed me to meeting her, Mr. Gresham."

"One moment, Mrs. Alderly," he said, hurriedly; "let me explain, before you say anything that you might regret."

"Sir, I never say anything that I regret," she retorted, in her haughtiest, most intolerant voice. "You can have nothing to explain where your visitor is concerned, that could in the slightest interest me."

But Mr. Gresham went on speaking without paying any attention to her words, earnest in his resolve to enable her, without exposing herself, to induce Madge Anderson to set right their mutual treachery, and confident that Elinor would quickly understand his motive and aid him.

"Miss Stuart has reason to think that before his death William Hudson enjoined upon his widow to atone for his vile conduct—you know what the poor creature's temper is—it makes her little better than mad. I want you to help us; you have been very kind to the woman, and she cannot resist your wishes and commands."

"You must excuse me, Mr. Gresham," replied Mrs. Alderly; "I cannot help you. That poor woman has had trouble enough; I will neither assist in tormenting her, nor will I permit her to be tormented. William Hudson did not die, he was murdered—he left no such injunction as you mention. I am astonished that, knowing all the facts of the case, as you do, you should allow yourself to be duped for an instant."

Mr. Gresham perceived that his hope was vain; the indomitable woman would not avail herself of the loophole he had offered.

"It is because I do know the facts of the case that I speak," he said, sternly. "Miss Stuart's reasons for believing——"

"I cannot listen to what you call Miss Stuart's reasons," she interrupted, with cold insolence.

"I should have used another word—Miss Stuart's discovery of Madge Hudson's wicked treachery," returned Mr. Gresham, in a tone so hard and firm that the woman trembled for an instant, then with a great effort controlled herself, and kept her eyes resolutely fixed upon his face while he continued: "Mrs. Hudson has been very ill—delirious for days and nights. Miss Stuart took care of her as tenderly as if she had deserved it—and during this time discovered the truth."

"Then I am at a loss to understand why either you or I should be appealed to," Mrs. Alderly said.

"Because Madge Hudson has not followed up her involuntary confession; and she must be made to do so."

"Really, Mr. Gresham, your newly roused sympathy for Miss Stuart makes you forget your usual clear judgment—excuse me for pointing that out," she said, scornfully. "You accept the ravings of a woman in delirium as proof; you know very well that nine times out of ten people delirious with fever are plagued by fancies just the opposite of the facts."

"This happens to be the tenth case, in which the delirious person spoke the truth," he replied, firmly. "Miss Stuart has seen Madge Hudson since her recovery—her fright and her language were a confession—a confession repeated to the woman in whose house she lodged. I am satisfied of her guilt, and I will never rest till she has made atonement. If necessary, I shall act for Miss Stuart—I shall sue the woman Hudson for slander and defamation of character——"

"Oh, if Miss Stuart desires such more publicity!" broke in Mrs. Alderly, with a cruel laugh.

"Painful, it is true, but a publicity which will bring everything to light—do more than exonerate Miss Stuart—leave her a martyr," returned Mr. Gresham. "I should be glad to avoid that for all our sakes; you must remember we should all of us be dragged into the matter—you and I, and Kenneth—even Florence."

"Good heavens, Mr. Gresham, I should think you were mad! What can Florence know? You do not, I suppose, mean to tell me that you have allowed this—this lady, whom you pronounce a martyr, to make Florence's acquaintance?"

"Miss Stuart saved Florence's life," he said. "Florence was drowning, and Elinor Stuart rescued her."

Mrs. Alderly shrieked aloud; her emotion was perfectly genuine. The idea of such danger having come near the girl she loved as dearly as if she had been her own daughter, filled her with a terror which for the moment rendered her oblivious of the peril that menaced her carefully arranged plans. She sank into a chair and hid her face in her hands, trembling from head to foot.

Elinor Stuart spoke for the first time. She had fully comprehended that Mr. Gresham's object was to enable the woman to believe her treachery unsuspected.

"Madame," she said, "if the help which, by God's mercy, I was able to give your niece softens you somewhat toward me, I implore you to use your influence—to persuade Madge Hudson to tell the truth—to give up the proofs which I am morally certain her husband left her."

Mrs. Alderly listened with face still hidden; her crafty brain began to act again—to seize eagerly upon the one chance which could save her. If she could gain time—see Madge—get her out of the way—hide her beyond reach! To realize this project, she must change her tactics—soften toward Elinor—promise to do everything in her power.

She rose quickly, hurried forward, and snatched Miss Stuart's hands, crying:

"God bless you! If I have wronged you, I beg your pardon! I am a very impulsive woman; my sympathies were so strongly enlisted for that poor creature, that perhaps I accepted her account too implicitly; but you must remember she was mad with jealousy—don't think me hard, but I must say it! You were the means of taking her lover from her for a time; after their marriage you came between them—his mad passion for you made him drink——"

"Oh, stop—stop!" interrupted Mr. Gresham. "Do you not see that every word is a terrible insult?"

"I didn't mean it—I only meant to justify myself," she said, plaintively; but Elinor caught the quick, cruel smile that crossed her lips; she knew the speech had been a deliberate outrage. "But if I have erred before, or now, I shall be only too glad to atone! Mr. Gresham, I will go at once to Mrs. Hudson. Order me a carriage—I'll not wait a moment. I will use every means within my power—prayers—threats—nothing shall be left undone!"

"I will go with you," Mr. Gresham said.

"No; I had better see her alone. She will be much more likely to speak freely. Let me use my own judgment—you will see that I am right."

He hesitated. Now that his suspicions were fully aroused, he could not help fearing she had already conceived some new artifice, and meant to make it effectual.

"I will take Kenneth with me," she added. "I will either bring her here, or she shall appoint a time for you and Miss Stuart to go to her house."

She knew that she could keep Kenneth from seeing Madge. She would come back with a statement that the woman promised to meet them; but she was so weak and agitated that she wanted time. Before the hour set, Madge should be gone—gone beyond discovery; and she herself would be supposed to have been duped by the creature's pretended willingness to confess.

She felt confident that she could battle down the reproaches of conscience which illness and Elinor's kindness had roused in Madge; she would appeal to her temper and jealousy; besides, she knew the girl's love of finery and money—she would give her a sum that would seem wealth in Madge's eyes in return for the paper Hudson had left.

Oh, that paper! How could she have been so mad as not to force Madge to give it up? But the girl had persisted with wild obstinacy, partly because some fear of her dead husband prevented her letting it be destroyed—partly because in her craftiness (and Mrs. Alderly had rather admired this) she saw that its possession gave her a hold over her protectress.

But she should give it up now—she could not resist the golden bribe Mrs. Alderly was ready to offer—give it up, and go away under a new name to a foreign land, dazzled by the idea of a life of ease for herself and her boy.

"Don't lose any time," said Mrs. Alderly. "Order the carriage; I shall meet Kenneth on the road. Oh, rest content, Miss Stuart! it shall all be settled this day. I will show you how grateful I am; you saved my child—my Florence! Oh, if I can only have it in my power to give you happiness in return! to reinstate you—persuade those people in Laughton who say such dreadful things of you, that they were mistaken—I shall be the happiest woman in the world!"

They were disturbed by the sound of voices outside the door—a man's tones in expostulation, a woman's crying sharply:

"I tell you I can't wait! I will go in—I will!"

Mrs. Alderly could not repress a cry. She started forward—but Mr. Gresham was before her; he opened the door. Madge Hudson pushed past the servant and rushed up to him, exclaiming:

"Let me in—let me in! I've come to tell you—I must tell!"

Mr. Gresham seized her hand, drew her into the room, and closed the door. Before he could speak, Madge caught sight of Mrs. Alderly and Elinor—her white face grew whiter, her great eyes blazed with a light like insanity, and she cried out, panting for breath:

"You are all here together! I'll tell—I'll tell! Oh, my God! Miss Stuart, my child—my child! Maybe he won't die if I tell—Will says he won't! I saw his ghost—I——"

She flung up her arms with a shriek, and would have fallen on the floor if Mr. Gresham had not caught her, writhing and moaning in a hysterical spasm.

It was some time before, in spite of all her efforts, she could conquer the paroxysm enough to speak; then she began to cry out incoherently, and Mrs. Alderly, half distracted as she was, caught at a wild hope that she might yet prevent ruin overtaking her plan.

"Go away, both of you," she whispered—"leave her alone with me."

But Madge caught the words, and shrieked:

"They sha'n't go—they sha'n't! You needn't think I won't tell! Don't you hear?—my boy is dying! Will said he would die if I didn't come. Oh, Miss Stuart, you can pray to God—pray for me!"

"Your boy won't die—I know he won't, Madge," cried Elinor.

"Not if you tell the truth; do it at once," called Mr. Gresham.

"Give the poor soul time!" exclaimed Mrs. Alderly. "Remember how ill she has been—let her rest; this excitement is enough to kill her! Madge, come with me—we will go to my room. After you get quiet, you shall tell them; don't try to say a word more."

"Do you mean to let my boy die?" she moaned. "I won't go—I will speak! Oh, Miss Stuart, I was so crazy—try to forgive me! Even when Will swore he was to blame, I wouldn't believe but what you'd fooled him—I cursed you for his death—I——"

"Madge, you must wait—you will kill yourself!" broke in Mrs. Alderly.

"And my boy—my boy! Oh, he was so well! and in the night he was took with a convulsion; and a while ago I got to sleep—then Will came and told me he'd die if I didn't tell! I've brought it—I've brought it! Here's the paper! Will wrote it—swore to it, and I kept it back! Take it—take it! Oh, my boy, my boy!"

She drew a sealed packet from her dress. Mrs. Alderly tried to seize it—she had gone so mad in her despair that she would have torn it in pieces; but Mr. Gresham caught the paper.

Madge fell back in her chair, groaning and shrieking, imploring Elinor to say that she forgave her—to save her boy! and Elinor was bending over her and trying to soothe her with whispered words of hope.

"Give me the paper—let me see!" moaned Mrs. Alderly.

She snatched it out of Mr. Gresham's hands; as she did so, the door opened, and Florence and Kenneth entered, and stopped thunderstricken at the scene.

"Come in—come in!" cried Mr. Gresham. "News—grand news! We have the letter Will Hudson left, admitting his wicked conduct. Kenneth, do you give it to Miss Stuart—it is your right to have that happiness."

Florence uttered a joyful exclamation, and ran toward her aunt, who had sunk into a seat, and sat staring straight before her with the fixed, glassy eyes of a dead woman.

"Miss Stuart!" Kenneth repeated, in bewilderment. Then he stepped forward, took the envelope from his mother's nerveless hands, and moved toward Elinor.

There was a sharp cry from Florence; they all turned and saw Mrs. Alderly lying back in the chair, her head drooping over the arm, the glazed eyes half shut.

They carried her away to her room. Long before her senses came back and Kenneth was able to leave her, Elinor had left the house with Madge. Mr. Gresham gave a

rapid, clear explanation to the young man, but it was easy to do so without rousing any suspicion of his mother—Elinor's wounded pride at his momentary suspicion of her, was made to account even for her letter of renunciation.

THE AWKWARD PROPOSAL.

For a whole week the pair did not meet. Kenneth never left his mother's bedside save for a few moments at a time. She lay there, helpless and paralyzed; sometimes they would see by the expression of her eyes that she recognized them; sometimes her lips would frame a voiceless monosyllable in answer to their questions; but usually she seemed neither to hear nor see—to have no connected thought in her torpid brain.

They knew she could never recover. The paralysis had been caused by the action of excitement upon the heart, the doctors said, as they had already prophesied to Mr. Gresham would be the case if any great shock reached her.

On the afternoon of the seventh day she roused from a

long sleep ; Kenneth and Florence were by her bed. Her eyes wandered from one to the other, went beyond them, as if in search of some one else, then came back and rested with agonized entreaty on their faces.

"Try to tell me, mother—what is it ?" groaned Kenneth. Her lips moved, he bent close to her, he heard her murmur slowly and with great difficulty :

"Bring—her."

"Elinor—you mean Elinor ?"

Her lips stirred again ; the wild trouble in her eyes gave way to a look of pleasure that she had been understood.

"She shall come, mother—she shall come."

Florence hurried off to find Mr. Gresham ; he went himself to Miss Seymour's house, and very soon entered the room with Elinor. They went up to the bed, but the dying woman appeared unconscious of their presence.

"Mother, mother !" cried Kenneth.

She opened her eyes, stared at him, then glanced about again with that look of piteous entreaty.

"Speak to her," Mr. Gresham whispered.

Elinor leaned forward and said, softly :

"Mrs. Alderly !"

There was a low murmur in her throat, she gazed appealingly in Elinor's face. The girl bent lower, she alone heard the one word :

"Forgive."

"Yes, yes," Elinor answered, falling on her knees.

Kenneth knelt beside her ; Mrs. Alderly's glance rested for an instant on Florence, and went back to them. She tried vainly to raise her right arm ; Mr. Gresham saw and comprehended the action. He took Elinor's hand and laid it in Kenneth's, on the counterpane, and gently placed the dying woman's upon it.

She smiled ; once more her lips moved ; in the complete stillness they heard her scarcely articulate voice murmur :

"Forgive—bless !"

Then her eyes closed, but the peaceful smile still parted her lips.

THE END.

NEATNESS IN WOMEN.

A WOMAN may be handsome or remarkably attractive in various ways ; but if she is not personally neat, she cannot hope to win admiration. Fine clothes will not conceal the slattern. A young woman with her hair in disorder and her clothes hanging about her as if suspended by a prop, is always repulsive. Slattern is always written on her person from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and if she wins a husband he will turn out, in all probability, either an idle fool or drunken ruffian. The bringing up of her daughters to be able to work, talk and act like honest, sensible young women, is the special task of all mothers, and in the industrial ranks there is imposed also the obligation of learning to respect household work for its own sake, and the comfort and happiness it will bring in the future. Housework is drudgery, but it must be done by somebody, and had better be well than ill-done.

VOYAGING TURTLES.—It has been observed that turtles cross the ocean from the Bay of Honduras to the Cayman Isles, near Jamaica, a distance of 450 miles, with an accuracy superior to the chart and compass of human skill, for it is affirmed that vessels which have lost their latitudes in hazy weather have steered entirely by the noise of the turtles in swimming. The object of their voyage, as in the case of the migration of birds, is for the purpose of laying their eggs in a spot peculiarly favorable.

EMBLEMS.

[The following lines were written more than fifteen years ago, and addressed to a charming young lady in Louisiana, who had sent the author a wreath of flowers.]

IN dreams I beheld thee, twining this wreath,
Each flower and rosebud perfumed by thy breath;
Dewdrops in clusters, gems of the morning
Shedding their lustres, the flowerets adorning.
Sweet honeysuckle, scarlet verbena,
Emblems of virtue, emblems of Nina.

Flitting I saw thee, from rosebush to bower,
Plucking this and that bud, this and that flower;
Heedless of hum-bird, regardless of bee,
Sipping their nectar, regardless of thee.
Sweet honeysuckle, scarlet verbena,
Emblems of virtue, emblems of Nina.

MONICA.

THE JUICE OF THE MANIOC.

I PRESUME I am less superstitious than most persons. I have no faith in spiritualism as expounded by the modern table-tippers, rappers and writers ; and, though I can offer but little sustaining testimony, I do not believe the story here recorded was written through any supernatural agency.

The first I was conscious my left hand was writing, was when it neared the bottom of the first page ; then a nervous twitching ran through it, which rendered almost illegible the quaint back-handed chirography. When the space was filled I turned the leaf with my right hand, and the nervousness was at once allayed. Thus, for quite four hours, I sat thinking of a hundred things irrelative to the words my pen was tracing, until at last it ceased to move, and the story was abruptly finished. I was not fatigued when I arose and glanced curiously over the pages before me.

I confess a slight indulgence on this evening, that may be the secret of the whole matter. I have sometimes dropped into a glass of ice-water a homœopathic quantity of the juice of the manioc ; and this, I discovered, suggested ideas while reading, and bright dreams when sleeping.

The definition of abstraction from the book I had been perusing, does not explain to my mind the absence of the power of my will over the muscles of my fingers, though it is evidently quoted with this intention.

It puzzles me to think, however, that I cannot now write a plain word with my left hand.

In the volume alluded to I had just read an instance, that the juice of the manioc, flying to my brain, may have merely transformed. For this reason, because there is a similarity between the stories, I question the presence of any spiritual agency. The paragraph is as follows :

"There is a story (written in the seventeenth century) of a youth, who, in a playful frolic, put a ring on the marriage finger of a marble Venus; and a strange illusion came upon him that she had thus become his wife, and, in obedience to the injunctions of the ceremony, came to his bed when the sable canopy of night was spread around them. So intense was this illusion, and so cold and loveless was his heart withal, that, as the story goes, an exorcist was employed to dissolve the spell which had so firmly bound him."

THE STORY BY THE LEFT HAND.

THE hand that pens these words is human, though the will that directs it is supernatural, and long since deserted its earthly tenement for the higher life—the eternal existence.

A strange fancy has absorbed me to return for a little while, and communicate in this manner something of the past in which, on the world, I moved and was. So, floating in the atmosphere like a thought in the mind, I saw beneath me in his study this student, this grammarian, and at once my will fixed upon his unoccupied left hand. Paper was before me, and the hand is now writing that which I dictate. The student is immersed in his book. He does not at present even know his hand is being used by me. He is reading "Philosophy of Mystery." Let us quote, for his own abstraction is great: "As attention is concentration of a sense, abstraction is the concentration or attention of the mind; therefore the power of fixing the senses and forgetting the mind is attention, that of fixing the mind and forgetting the senses is abstraction—philosophy, if you will." Thus the student's volume explains his own abstraction.

I cannot say why I was attracted by this particular student, unless by the force of natural cohesion. Once in seven years, it is well known, all mortals undergo change, cellule by cellule, and the atoms that compose the body are utterly diffused in that time. The hand with which I am writing may contain particles of matter of which my mother once was; perchance from the soft cheek I was wont to kiss. Or it may be that I am but directing again some of my own earthly person. As nothing perishes, who will say this may not be so?"

Ah! my mother! nurtured under the skies of the far south, she was too frail for the great breath of the sea. So when the deep was quiet again she, too, slept. I was lying in her lap looking up into her face, like the mere that looks up at a star whose image is shadowed in its breast. The sea was calm, and the hush of summer twilight was over it. Only a cooling breeze lisped through the rigging, or idly scooped the ripples, but suddenly a strong breath fanned us, and as it passed the sweet eyes that had been closed above me opened and closed again forever. That one draught of air was caused by the angel of death, as she swooped down with a single waft of wing and bore away the dear life to whom I had been so dear. Immediately Ronel was by her side, calling her name wildly and mournfully, kissing the eyelids, and holding the drooping head close to his breast. There was no response, no answer. What need of speech had she, to make reply? Like a bird of passage which has learned a new song, she had flown away.

As a musician, Ronel was an enthusiast. He had genius—the genius that appreciates, opposite to that which creates. He thoroughly interpreted the masters, and when we reached Florence, found no difficulty in securing a place as organist in one of the many old cathedrals.

I was but a child then, and tenderly every day he would take me with him, either to regular service, or when he went to practice. Hand-in-hand, threading the narrow streets, we passed up the broad stairway to the cathedral, and the narrower steps to the organ-loft. On our small income we lived comfortably in a retired part of the city. We came at last to be known somewhat, and a monk who had frequently met us in the old pile greeted us with smiles and flowers.

I was very happy in those days, and Ronel, my father—he wished me to call him Ronel—taught me to sing. Standing by his side, often in the twilight, or when the darkness had fallen, he would strike some grand chords on the great organ, and with tears of joy cry, "Sing, Monica! Welcome thy mother, for this is her spirit that comes to us again." His fancy finally settled into the belief that in the music she came to him, or that her soul itself was music.

The cathedral was a treasury of art. The walls were frescoed by the best painters—Stefano, Brigordi, Sandro, Lippino, Fra Angelico and others. The floor was of marble, and in the chancel and about the altar were statues of many of the Apostles and the Madonna. These, from the organ-loft, seemed white-robed worshipers or silent ghosts.

The crypt was once explored by Ronel and myself with a poorly-prepared torch, which being extinguished, left us in the appalling darkness. We reached the entrance without difficulty, however, after stumbling over the rattling skeleton of some poor friar.

For a long time I was engrossed in studying the frescoes and paintings of the cathedral; and while Ronel invoked sublime symphonies from the organ, I wandered through aisle, apsis and nave, reading the thoughts the masters had made outlive themselves in the faces of those they had portrayed.

For awhile these alone pleased and satiated me, then I turned to sculpture. I turned like one whose taste having become cloyed with sweetness, turns to something more substantial and enduring, yet none the less beautiful.

There is always a time in youth when the more sensuous and rich the fancy, the more it is admired, but in after years we seek severer beauty; and he is the best painter, sculptor and poet whose imagination has been the most thoroughly chastised.

Thus, from a love of painting, like an afterthought, came my love for sculpture.

I lingered about the statuary when I could find opportunity, and closely observed and studied it. I was in my twentieth year now, and life had a broader look than it had ever assumed before.

There were several sculptors in Florence, and I obtained permission to visit their rooms at pleasure, while to Ronel I intimated my desire to adopt the art as a profession. This he was loath to gratify, fearing my love for sculpture would step between him and my love for himself. On our small competence, aside from his labors, he said, we could always live well, though plainly, and it was not his intention to allow his daughter to descend to earning her own livelihood. Strange that he should have thought application to art was labor!

Once, in a studio I had often visited, after examining an exquisite figure of Juno which was just being rounded into form by the workmen, I peered through the half-opened door into the modeling-room, and saw the artist at work. He looked up smiling, and advancing toward me, said:

"I am glad to meet you, and shall claim your acquaintance, for I learn that you, like myself, are from America."

I accepted the proffered hand, and bowing, replied in Italian:

"It is a long time since I saw my native land. My father, loving music better than home, came to Florence."

My interlocutor's eyes seemed fixed immovably upon my face.

"You are from the South."

"Yes, and you?"

"No, from the North."

"My mother was a Creole," I resumed, simply; "we lived for a time near Barancas, afterward at New Orleans; but at sea, on our way hither, mother died."

Promising to meet again, we parted.

In time I learned the sculptor had purloined a copy of my form and features for a statue. A representation of America, he said—a woman shackled with heavy chains. From that hour I knew I was beautiful. I had been the

type of this slave, and as she was perfect in physical loveliness, must not I be also? It is not vanity for a beautiful woman to know she is beautiful, and when I came to this knowledge, I merely inspected more closely the statue of which I had unconsciously been made the model, and loved myself not less, but sculpture more. The full, round figure, tapering in a hundred lines of grace, the bare arms and shoulders, the downcast eyes and shadow of seriousness that swept across the face, all complimented and pleased me. Even a lily might be gratified with its picture in the water.

I was at the cathedral with Ronel. For a time I stood beside him, as he struck the rich chords of a fugue by the master of Saxe Gotha, but wandered down at last through the broad aisles, pausing before a statue of St. John.

I had noticed this the least of any of the works that adorned the edifice; but now, at a glance, I saw it was the most perfect of them all.

Through the stained-glass window a golden glory of light shone in from the afternoon sun, and rested like the hand of an angel on the head of the statue.

The marble was life-size, and held in its grasp a scroll whereon a single Hebrew word told the Apocalypse. On the face an expression of supreme love and peace rested. The lips were semi-parted, as if in speech; the form was slight, yet knit and muscular, and the outer robe, which covered the shoulders, fell to the feet. The tunic was gathered at the waist with a simple girdle, and the head was bare, and the hair descended to the back. The folds of the robe were arranged with an appearance of carelessness that half revealed their studied nicety.

The sculptor's name I could never know. Some touches betrayed a pupil of Nicolo the Pisan; but whoever he was, this marble thought enchanted me. Held I was in a thrall by its splendid presence. Strange, that from the first I should entertain this feeling of awe and love for it.

To me it was St. John arisen and glorified, waiting meekly and patiently in the old cathedral, to see the good done on earth, and transmit the tidings to heaven.

To me, indeed, it was St. John—St. John, the beautiful—the beloved St. John—whom the Master loved—St. John, whose words I pondered:

"Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love."

If love be God, I reasoned, I will make it my faith, my trust. When it shall come—for it comes once in life to all—I will bow down to it, and know, whatever the issue, it will be best, for God is love.

Following this hour, I daily visited the statue. In its presence I saw, in imagination, the whole life of the saint. I pictured him with his nets by the sea, and the Master a little way off, beckoning him. I saw him with Mary and Martha, his true friends. Often I would sit at his feet on the pedestal, and read the wonderfully prophetic lines of the Revelation pertaining to the great city whose streets are paved with pure gold; or, leaning my cheek against his cool garment, dream of him as he sat at the Last Supper, with his head reclining on the breast of the Saviour.

I acknowledged to myself ere long that I loved this statue. I know the passion was wild and unnatural, yet it existed, despite me, and was deep and intrinsic. I knew I had not created it, and even while I nurtured it, I wished it dead.

How, then, came my affections to fasten on such an object? you ask. Let me answer.

The genius whose brain cradled this statue, when it was but a mere fancy, possessed a large and powerful will.

A thought is real or unreal, in the sense that, impelled by will, it blossoms into action, or, lying dormant in the mind for a time, is forgotten.

This genius—imitator of Nicolo, Glycon or Praxiteles, if you will, yet none the less a true genius—loved his subject, and studied it. In his brain he saw St. John, as in the earlier day he walked with Christ and the Disciples. The fancy to him was a living presence, and of it the outward type a mere picture. The Apostle, as the artist saw him, was all gentleness and loveliness, and on the face of the statue he stamped the expression of both these qualities. It was not strange that the inflexible purpose of the sculptor was embalmed in his work.

The thought became fact; the statue was complete. A certain sense of loveliness and beauty, drawn from its creator, had gone into it. An aura of gentleness and love hovered ever about the form, and all who looked upon the features at once admired their more than marble grandeur.

So, because my will was too weak to resist the power of the sculptor's will that yet remained in the statue, and because my passions were strong, I came to love the marble.

Perhaps, on a similar principle, Ronel loved the works of Verdi and Mozart. Genius may so live in its inspirations that they become part of that it strives to depict. Who has heard the dirge of Marius at Carthage, and not been impressed with some fancy of the scene itself?

Even now, I remember the day I saw Geoffry coming down the street toward us. He smiled pleasantly, and raised his hat, as if to pass, but turned suddenly, and was introduced to Ronel. Then I explained how I had been playing interloper in his rooms, and my father laughed and invited the sculptor to go with us to the church, as a rare aria was to be performed.

We strolled up the quaint thoroughfare, saying little, save that the skies of New England were dearer than those of Florence, to which was added Geoffry's "Amen." We entered the cathedral, Ronel humming abstractedly a few stray notes of the music, on which he was intent.

This we heard with ecstasy, and so praised the player he blushed; then wandered down the stairs and up the aisles, where, in an instant, the eyes of Geoffry encountered the statue of St. John.

"Oh, is not this perfect? By whom is it? How came it here?" were the questions he asked in a breath.

"It is wonderfully beautiful," was all I could say, casting down my eyelids, for fear he should take hint of my secret, yet the blood crimsoned my cheeks, I knew.

"Then you cannot name the sculptor?"

"No, sir; perhaps Phidias wrought the work. It may have come from Athens."

"A surmise concerning a mystery is more attractive than a fact, so I grant the possibility."

"I do not place this statue on a level common with the others," I resumed, earnestly. "This was never the work of any but the artist in whose brain it originated. No erring chisel cut it from a model in softer substance. It was struck out at once, a creation—an inspiration. Observe the perfection of the lines—not from a model in clay, but from a great thought, have these been taken."

Geoffry smiled; but whether in acquiescence or with incredulity, I could not determine.

"You are an enthusiast," he remarked.

"It may be. Wordsworth was, for such he makes his Excursionist. Writers give their best characters those attributes best in themselves."

He drew my hand in his arm familiarly, and we joined Ronel at the porch. Reclining at the base of the steps was a little flower-girl, who, as we descended, arose and extended her hands to us, filled with delicate bouquets.

Geoffry paid an exorbitant price for a cluster, purely of violets, and offered it to me.

"The language of the violet is modest worth; will you accept the bouquet under this consideration?"

"Why not for my sake?"

I changed the subject directly, and the question was not repeated. We soon reached our villa, and our guest came in with us to tea. Afterward we watched the sunset

A SALOON IN OLD ROME.

"If by 'this consideration' you intend a compliment, I answer No, because I dislike compliments. I will accept the violets, however, for their own sakes."

from the veranda, and criticised somewhat those of the statues by the old masters we had the good fortune to have seen.

"I hold," said Geoffry, "there is, after all, no sculptor like the wind;" and a cool breath for the praise kissed his cheek. "See how like marble that western cloud is. Now, observe the wind, with its invisible mallet and chisel, pounding away at it, and molding it into a hundred fantastic forms."

So the conversation framed into gayety, and, when the moon came up, we waltzed in its light, while Ronel played for our footsteps a dreamy cadence on his guitar.

The waters of the Arno were mailed with a sheen of silver, and from the Apennines, saturated with sweetness, came the cool wind.

I felt at the time a strange influence striving with something in my spirit—a power subtle, yet distinct, subduing the force of a passion I had nourished. Geoffry, I know now, had willed that I should love him. Would he succeed? Was it possible a direct intention could drive back the power of the affections for one ideal, and centre them upon another?

Our guest bade me good-night, formally, and later, a voice that I knew to be his sang beneath my window one of Shakespeare's serenades. Not in gratitude for his love, but for his kindness, I arose, kissed my hand to him, and withdrew.

The violets he had given me I had tenderly cared for, depositing them in a rare vase of antique workmanship, that stood upon a stand near my pillow.

Through the night their delicate odor mingled with my dreams, and I walked in quiet gardens under the calm sky, by the still sea; and ever in my brain tinkled the guitar music, and ever arose the passionate perfume of flowers, and ever the statue walked beside me—a glorious presence, that I in vain adored.

The subsequent afternoon, Ronel and I were, as usual, at the cathedral, and, by mutual consent, were to remain until moonlight. He had a requiem he wished to perform in the shadows; and while it was yet day, I sat upon the pedestal of the statue, little demurring at the prolongation of the time I could be with that I loved.

From the violets, still fresh and fragrant, I wrought a wreath, and this I laid upon the head of the disciple. Ronel, smiling down from the loft, praised the conceit, while the features of the statue itself beamed with new loveliness.

The blind shadows were groping in the corners before the organ pealed forth the opening of the requiem.

Ronel had found the music, in manuscript, at a sale of the effects of an old musician, who had recently died. The paper bore no title nor name, but father at once caught at its meaning and saw its perfections.

It was a requiem for one who had been buried at sea. I held my hand upon the arm of the statue, and heard the opening, in *adagio*—a broad, slow sweep of delicious tone, that seemed like the blue deep, illimitable and profound.

Then followed, in *arpeggio*, notes quick and full of life, like the breeze stirring the sea into the lightest ripples. In rapid succession came a shrill *oboe* sound, like a voice moaning with despair; the boom of low bass notes, cannon-like, and a plaintive melody at last, tender and beautiful—a prayer in music for the dead.

In libation for the sacred memories the requiem had invoked, the tears were silently falling on Ronel's cheeks. I, too, with a vague sense of loneliness, leaned upon the marble shoulder of the disciple, and wept.

Thus the chain of the music was broken, and a march by Haydn followed.

Immediately my tears were gone, and the clear tide of tone swept me away where I heard the tramp of invisible armies. Then arose the flute notes of a twilight melody, and I at once reverted to the thoughts that were mine as I formed the wreath.

I was leaning upon the shoulder of the statue. I put my arms about its neck, and laid my head upon its pure breast. I kissed the lips with the very affluence of desire. Stript of my tears, I was like a daisy after the rain. As the daisy loves the sun, so I loved the statue—existence seemed the centre of happiness in its presence.

As a pearl-diver buffets with the waves when he rises with his treasure, so I with my fears buffeted, clinging to the pearl of my love. Pearl it was, luminous and clear. Its radiance permeated my whole being, and made me something which without it I would scarcely dared have been. It was my religion and my faith indeed.

I did not then distinguish between the different degrees of love. Mine was so intense that I misunderstood and confused it. Knowing the lips of him, in whose semblance the statue had been wrought, had said, "Brethren, let us love one another, for God is love," I mistook the meaning, like one who on a journey mistakes the path, and was led astray. I did not know the love men thould entertain for one another should partake but little of passion, and most of charity.

Could I have reasoned thus, it would have seemed fallacy, for my love was not for my kind—and this fact would have confuted me. So I closed my eyes, and like the shadows, groped blindly in deeper shadow.

I was a bird swaying on a spray of hope, a something I caught at and clung to—I was a bird swaying, and singing in my heart a new song, strange, without words and ethereal—but a new song, a melody. I was afloat on a tropic sea, with the divine calm of stars above. I was outward bound, and drifting away. An odor of violets came from the shore—a foreign shore, unknown. Flowers draw down into themselves and exhale the airs of heaven. So the land from whence I was drifting might be celestial; yet it could not be, for him I loved was of the seraphim, and would he allow me thus to be carried from him? Rapturous symphonies came out straying from the shore, and ever grew fainter and fainter. At last, no land in view, my boat and I were alone upon the wide deep, yet for ever drifting away.

Standing thus, with my head upon the stolid breast of the marble, it is not strange I prayed it might have life—that the arms might be twined about me, that the lips might press my own.

A violet, thirsting for the dew, droops no more in the intense heat, than I thirsting for the dew of the first kiss.

I was calm, with a divine languor, yet my whole blood was turned to lava, that poured through every vein. For all this there was no recompense, no return. The splendid brow, the dreamy eyelash bent no nearer my own—all was cold and calm. So, like a glass filled with the liquid fire with which I was consumed, I held my soul up, and poured my thoughts slowly forth in prayer. It was a prayer for life—life to the inanimate, to the unreal. Ah! if nature ever might come to art, here let the seal be set. We are Thy children, dear Lord, and thou makest us with our desires; grant to the least of Thy little ones this boon, this fruition for waiting hope. Lord, I am a beggar at Thy gate; arise, and give me that I ask, and I will quickly go away.

The statue was unmoved.

Was there then no answer to prayer?

My heart beat slower when my thoughts turned upon me with this question. A terrible, scorching fear lurked in my brain, and throbbed at my temples. Only a doubt could have interrogated me thus. My reason gave no

reply; yet I wept, and without faith, like one that is lost. My heart seemed the centre of a wheel that was ever revolving, and constantly emitting coruscations of fire that permeated my whole being.

As men have fancied they have seen spectres in the twilight haunting deserted ruins, so I dreamed my love a spectre, a strange ghost, an intangible yet living presence, for ever haunting the deserted places of my heart.

The moon comes up over the wilderness, and shines on cliff and glen. The flowers, dripping with dew, seem meek maidens with necklaces of pearl about their dainty necks, and their lips of honey wait for the kisses of the bees. A little lake lies out in the stillness, and, as the moon bends over it, draws down into its depths its entire fullness of light, till every ripple and cove is saturated, and its whole expanse gleams like a shield of silver. So my life, like a little lake, lay out in the wilderness of fate till the moon of love arose; then the dark waters were changed and became beautiful, and midnight seemed crowned with dawn.

It will be seen my affection was the most intense, yet also the most contradictory. It was extreme pleasure and extreme pain. It possessed the repellant and attractive forces of the magnet. In its object it was dissatisfying and cold, but in itself broad and full and deep, and to me as illimitable as the universe. It was generous, and kind, and good. It caused me to look leniently on the misdeeds of mankind, and broadened my heart to a capacity I had not dreamed it could attain. Yet it ever must remain unrequited and alone. It was a goblet of brimming nectar filled for a guest who would not drink. Yet, perhaps, for all this I clung to it the more.

There is a story of a spring on the great desert, whose cool waters fail to quench the thirst. I had found it. I saw the clear brook by the wayside, and stooped to heal my parched lips, but in vain—to drink was to thirst for ever.

I heard Ronel calling me from the loft:

"Monica! Monica! Monica!"

Each articulation was a stone thrown into the water of the silence, and each spread a hundred ripple-like echoes that ever circled, and broadened, and died away.

I love echo, and I do not wonder the ancients personified it. From his abode in the rocks I have caused him to arise at my all-potent spell; and in the old churches and cathedrals, where he has lurked for centuries, he has answered me. Though invisible, he was always present when I stood near the statue. If I but whispered he would reply, and I always wished the marble lips would snatch his power, and speaking, there leave him mute for ever.

As I passed down the aisle I detected a slight shuffling noise, as of some one moving rapidly away from me, and saw an uncertain figure crouch for a hiding-place among the thick shadows.

The incident terrified me, and I hurried to the door to meet Ronel, who, noticing my agitation, inquired its cause. He was at once anxious to go back and discover the intruder, but I demurred, and to gratify me we hurried through the dimly lighted streets toward our home.

Conscious some one was following us, I looked back, and as a broad ray of light fell upon it, I saw Geoffry's face. He must have turned into some house or street, for, before we reached the villa, I ceased to hear the footsteps.

At the gate we were met by the monk who, years before, greeted us at the steps of the cathedral, and with whom Ronel was on terms of friendship. He was just coming from the river, and seemed much excited, making some hurried remarks to Ronel that I did not understand.

"Monica, Geoffry is drowned!"

"Geoffry drowned! Impossible, for I saw him behind us as we came down the street."

The monk had gone on to procure men to search for the body, and we had entered the gate.

"The report cannot but be true, for Father Sarano has just seen the peasant with whom he was talking before he leaped into the river. Geoffry gave his name, and said he had deliberately concluded to commit suicide, and any interference would be useless. He wished Father Sarano to be informed of his death, and with this request the frightened peasant had complied with breathless haste."

I went to my room, not without a great feeling of dreariness at my heart. What had been the cause of Geoffry's rashness I could not surmise. I knew so little of his inner life, I was baffled to think what terrible misfortune had crushed him. Had I known even then he loved me, I would not have dreamed it could result in such mad impetuosity. The window of my own room was open, and on the floor I found a bouquet, wherein was concealed a note, to which was tied with a ribbon a large seal ring.

The words ran thus:

"MONICA:—I have discovered you love the statue. I know how fervent that love is, and what folly it would be for me to ask you to supplant it. As life is nothing without you, I have resolved to die. GEOFFRY."

The ring was antique, deftly carved, and I fancied it might belong to Gyges. As I placed it upon my finger a strange thrill passed through my whole frame. This was not repeated, though from the instant I was conscious a will, foreign to my own, was striving with me, endeavoring to raise repugnance to the statue. My love was stronger than my will, and this wrestled with the demon that had come up to my brain out of the ring. I call it demon, for such it seemed to me then—I know now it was an angel. Yet I felt a stronger pity for Geoffry, and a new bond of sympathy seemed signed by us, seeing both had loved in vain. Because he had loved me, and because he was so noble, and for that he died, I wept.

Then my first love arose in anger, and dried my tears, and put away all pity from me, so that I think I was as the statue itself. Yet, the power in the ring was potent and strong, and while it was upon my finger I could not rest; no sleep came to my eyelids. At last I removed the golden circlet, and soon a gentle slumber fell upon me, and I dreamed of the statue; but that night I thought of Geoffry no more.

I do not think Ronel mistrusted my singular passion. Knowing my predilection for sculpture in all its forms, the mere fact of my hovering near the statue of the disciple could not in any way have attracted his especial attention.

Yet I fancy all women betray themselves when they love. The color on my cheeks at times came and went with my own thoughts. I was unusually pensive, and my eyes must, in some measure, have expressed the delicious languor that at times possessed me.

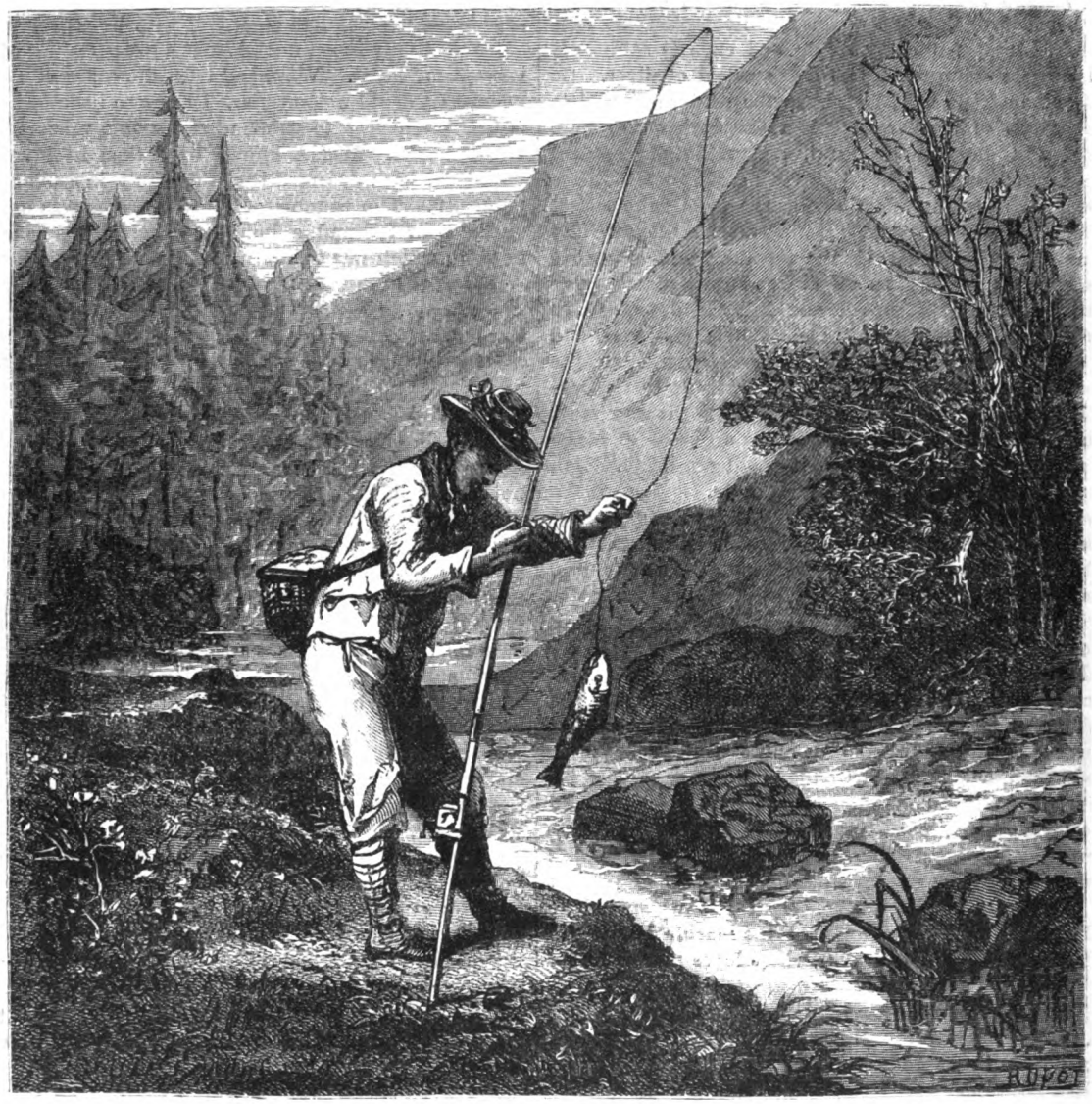
The silent intelligence that is in ourselves, and that whispers to us all our thoughts, told me that if anything should befall the statue I would die. From what other point came the intuition I did not then ask myself, knowing little that the shadows of events are sometimes mirrored in our dreams and feelings. I only knew that if any harm should come to the disciple my life would pay the penalty. It seemed as though the will of the great sculptor who wrought the marble had intrusted it with me, and it was my duty to watch and guard it. It appeared

necessary that my vigilance should equal my love. I was not appalled, however, at the thought of death. Geoffry had died, could not I, too ?

In the afternoon I again slipped the ring upon my finger, and immediately my thoughts were with him, who had so rashly cast away his life. In some measure we must love in return the object that loves us. It is impossible wholly to dislike those by whom we are beloved. I could not forget Geoffry.

I remembered him as he stood upon the veranda, but a few evenings past, how handsome and how good he was.

The shadows were growing dense as I entered, and a flood of melody greeted me. There were several worshipers about the altar, and a chained lamp of silver was burning dimly above it. I joined Ronel in the loft for the time, not caring to be seen at the shrine at which I was a devotee. The strange murmur of muttered prayers arose with the incense. Only the one light glowed like a star in all the vast cathedral. A dirge, born of the spirit of tears, lifting the soul to the most sublime emotion, rolled and trembled under the broad roof like some mighty spirit that would not be comforted.



TROUTING.— SEE PAGE 595.

The wind pouring down from the gorges toyed with the black hair that clustered about his forehead. His eyes, glittering in the moonlight with the excitement of the dance, seemed to partake of something of the soul within. The tall, broad-shouldered form, fit for an Atlas, and the clear-cut regal features, I could not but admire.

So long I pondered and dreamed, idly slipping off and on the ring Geoffry had given me, that Ronel had gone to the cathedral alone, after having called me in vain to join him. Then, when the afternoon had nearly worn away, the ring of the day having slipped off the finger of time, I put from me Geoffry's ring with the spirit it had exercised, and wended my way toward the church.

When the worshipers had dispersed I stole down the stairs and up the aisle. Calm in the shadows stood the statue. I drew the ring from my necklace and placed it upon the marble finger. Was it fancy ? Did the statue start ? I drew nearer, and clasped my arms about its neck. I was folded to its breast in return.

My prayer was answered !

The lips met mine in one long delirious kiss. The dear eyes were gazing full in my own.

"Hush, Monica, and forgive me if I am wronging you ; I am Geoffry."

I started back aghast, yet I fancied I understood the truth.

MONICA.—"I WAS LEANING UPON THE SHOULDERS OF THE STATUE. I PUT MY ARMS ABOUT ITS NECK, AND LAID MY HEAD UPON ITS PURE BREAST."— SEE PAGE 586.

"Geoffry is dead; you are then his spirit. I know you loved me, Geoffry, now I can return it, because you have given life to this statue. You died, that the marble might live and be mine."

"Monica, I am Geoffry as in the past. Think of me as such. The statue is no more—forget it and live for me. You remember the violets I gave and the ring I now return. Be my violet—never a lovelier flower can be worn. Be my ring—your presence will be a circle of gold about my daily life."

I could but dimly comprehend. The loose robe was cast aside, and down from the pedestal we stepped, my hand upon his shoulder, his arm embracing me. He was dressed as when I last saw him, wholly in gray, even to the little cap he drew forth and carried to the door in his hand. Ronel seemed overjoyed to see him, and begged an explanation.

"A mistake," said Geoffry, "a sheer fabrication. I remember meeting a peasant some time since upon the banks of the Arno, to whom, through chance, I gave my name. But what incentive he could have in telling such a story I cannot say."

I considered this a vague excuse, but Ronel seemed satisfied. After he had closed the organ we went home. Geoffry accompanied us, and remained late into the night. When I interrogated him concerning his transition he was silent and evasive. He either could not or would not explain. I thought then that it had transpired without his own volition, and through the power alone of my faith.

It was arranged that night that in two weeks we were to be married. We would have a few friends at the villa to witness the ceremonies, and start immediately for Venice. Geoffry wished to avoid all display, and have as little said about the wedding as possible.

After drifting about for a few days in the sleepy gondolas, and seeing what we could of the labors of art, we were to return home, and resume our old duties quietly, Geoffry dwelling with us.

I acquiesced in all this readily because I could not say no, and for the reason I knew I was bestowing a pleasure when I complied. Yet a vague fear, even that night, caused me to suspect Geoffry and the statue were not identical, while some force pinioned my doubts, and hushed them in every attempt at utterance. Yet Geoffry was so kind, so generous, why should I not love him for himself alone? This question came to me again and again. After Ronel had withdrawn to the library we were sitting upon the steps of the veranda, waiting for the moon to rise, enjoying the calm night and the delicious fragrance of the flowers.

"The schools of fish in the river, Monica, that glitter and dive and rise; the flocks of swallows that, in the twilight, sail and dip and soar, each swallow braiding and interlacing in the network of the flock, each fish braiding and binding in one mass the entire school, are like the myriad intents, the glittering fancies that have assembled in my brain concerning my bride to be, my Monica. All my life seems spread out like a glad sea. The stars are brighter now than ever before, and I know the sun will rise kindly above me on the morrow. Long I cherished art as a bride, but she is a cold mistress; often true and kind, she is never tender and passionate; the heart is dazzled, but the soul alone is satiated with her."

I only smiled at his words, vouchsafing no reply, and listlessly slipped his ring on the leash of my necklace, with the gold beads that had been hung about my neck when a child. They were so much like dewdrops solidified in the yellow sunshine, that I wore them frequently, remembering that, to palliate their quaintness, they had been molded a hundred years before, by some acquisitive ancestor.

"Look at the seal of the ring, Monica."

I had observed it before, and now saw it plainly in the moonlight—the palm of a hand, with the erratic life-line distinctly traced, was cut in ruby.

"Press the spring to the left of the hand."

I did so. The seal flew up, and an electric shock tingled through my arm. A few drops of whitish fluid were spilled upon the step from beneath the seal, and a tiny magnetic needle turned round and round upon its pivot in the ring.

"Monica, this ring was given me in Arabia by a strange man, in whose amulets and charms I half believed. A service for him brought this bauble as a reward. You may smile when I tell you the words with which it was presented:

"'You will some day meet with a lady you will wish to wed. You can only succeed by giving her this ring. When you have won her, touch the spring to the left of the hand, as the fingers point upward; the charm will then be ended, and forever after you will be happy.'"

"Yes, but you have not truly won me yet, Geoffry."

The hand he laid in mine was cold as death.

"God help me, Monica, if this be so."

He kissed me tenderly when we parted, and went down the walk.

It must have been the next day the truth forced itself upon me that I had been deceived. Geoffry, through some means, had discovered the secret of my love for the statue, and had removed and destroyed it, and stood in its place.

The fear came out boldly now, and no more skulked in my heart, dreading to be seen. Then the thought flew back to me that if the statue was harmed I would surely die. Even when the fear declared itself, I felt a sense of sickness in every vein—a feeling of inertness, crawling like an adder through my system.

The days were not many before I became pale and emaciated. My physician did not fully comprehend my malady. His medicines were experimental, and not direct remedies.

I grew to dislike Geoffry's presence, and begged him to leave me. I felt sure the statue had been concealed somewhere at his instigation, and I longed to see it once more. This alone could give me life.

I awoke from a deep slumber, but did not unclose my eyes. I heard Geoffry's voice.

"Is it possible, doctor, for any disappointment to produce illness like this? And does she not suffer more from mental than physical ailment?"

"I do not think the disease proceeds directly from her own mind. There seems to be an outward upas-like force that sears her life. I have read that some persons possess so much magnetic power over others that they can cause them to do whatever they wish. A case is cited in which a gentleman, strongly magnetic, willed an enemy to be sick, and he fell immediately ill. The lady can have no enemy, but her malady is similar, I think."

"How long can she live with the disease at its present stage?"

"Unless a relapse occurs, she will not live more than two days."

This was to have been my wedding day, and I spoke:

"Only two days, doctor? Geoffry, undeceive me, and tell me of the statue, and if it is not harmed I will not die."

Ronel entered and kissed my forehead, taking my hand in his. Geoffry stood at the foot of the couch.

"It is useless for me to say here, Monica," he began, "how much I loved you—how much I still love you. I discovered soon, however, that I was nothing in your eyes, and that some object stood between us. I determined to ferret out the secret, and succeeded. I found that you were passionately in love with the statue of St. John in the old cathedral. I found your love amounted to worship—the worship of a cold block of marble—a fancy carved in stone. This love was akin to idolatry, and was both wrong and unnatural. I thought then in some manner to erase it, and could devise no means save those I have ineffectually tried. To bribe the peasant to say I was drowned was easy. To remove the statue with the consent of Father Sarano was not difficult, and the rest you comprehend. Though the marble, as a work of art, was perfect, I hated it, and it is destroyed. Say, Monica, that you forgive me."

"I forgive you, Geoffry, and when we part we will still be friends."

I took his hand, and he wept.

When the evening came I was much better, and Ronel gathered more hope. I was stronger, for a new impulse nerved me. I knew the statue could not be wholly taken away, and that the fragments must be concealed somewhere about the church. I resolved to search for them.

The night had passed its noon. I was so much improved that the nurse, wearied with watching, had fallen asleep. I wrapped my shawl about me, and stole out into the hall, down the stairs, and out into the road. I was soon hurrying up the deserted streets of the city.

It so chanced that I was not met. I ascended the steps of the cathedral, and guided by intuition, passed round the edifice to a place where I found the soil had recently been disturbed. Here I knelt, and with my thin hands dug up the earth, until they were so lacerated that they bled. Then a flat stone served me, and at last I struck something solid and white.

I raised it up from its base interment, and well knew what treasure I had secured. It was the head of the statue, severed at the neck from the body, that in the same grave lay broken and despoiled.

With my garments I brushed away the rude dirt from the sweet lips, and kissed them again and again; then, carrying in my arms the dear head, and already feeling faint and weak, I began to retrace my steps. The way seemed interminably long.

Ever and anon, as I hurried through the dark streets, I pressed my kisses on the broad forehead and white cheeks. Their coolness made bearable the fever in my blood. Yet the languor that was like weariness blended with rest, crept on and on, gradually nearing my heart.

I think the statue's head lying on my breast, with the blank eyes upturned to mine, baffled the malady for a time; but it was insatiable, and as I entered the gates of the villa, I knew it had reached my life.

My heart was like a fair thing that floats down a tide, but at last is drawn into the depths by some monster that rises and strikes it to the death with its long claws.

I only staggered to the door and fell down before it. The strange rattle was in my throat, and great darkness followed. Then I knew that I was dead.

I floated up into the little room where the nurse still slept. I heard the clock ticking in the hall, and I hovered over Ronel, and blended with his dream. But as I felt supremely blessed and cheerful, his fancies took bright colors, and he dreamed me once again well and happy.

How far it was from his thoughts, that all he would see of me in life, lay out on the veranda, cold and still!

And there, when the dawn came, they found the body I had worn. The white arms and torn hands still clasped the undying marble. The poor eyes were asleep now for ever, and the black hair trailed down over the bare shoulders. They bore me in very gently, and in a few days buried me near the statue.

Then I floated up and away—away and away, drawn by the force of an all-pervading will.

TROUTING.

Fishing has its votaries among all ranks and classes, among all ages. Men of culture, men of fashion, with their reels and flies, disciples of Izaak Walton, full of the lore and learning of the art of angling, whip the streams in a scientific manner, and enter into the pursuit with all the zest of sportsmen; your steady man of less book and society training has his favorite hook and line, and sits cozily on some bridge or jutting rock, and soberly pulls in his prey, more enthusiastic over their size than over his own skill.

The boy with the rudest of tackle, wading into stream or pool, pulls in the fish often in a way that fairly startles all his elder rivals.

Girls and ladies now and then try their hand at fishing, but they seldom take to it for more than a brief period. The disease of angling, often incurable in men, is always of a mild type in women, and susceptible of remedy.

Of all fish, the trout in our streams is most appreciated. The genuine angler loves it as a gamy fish, which does not yield when hooked, as many of the watery dwellers do, but battles to escape, and tests the skill and dexterity of the angler to secure it. Then, too, it is capricious. At times it will bite at a worm; at others ingenuity must be exhausted in devising a fly that it will rise at.

Trout-streams are generally in a romantic part of the country, which offers charms of a varied character to the eye of one who appreciates such beauties of nature, and a day's trouting is thus filled with pleasurable sensations.

The exquisite delicacy of the fish is not the least of its recommendations to the favor of the angler.

Our picture does not, evidently, show a connoisseur; he apparently belongs to the steady second class, and we doubt whether he has a fishing library at all—perhaps not a single book devoted to the gentle art.

LITTLE HUSKIES.

THEIR HOMES AND WAYS.

By S. J. Douglass.

The Eskimo people are a singular race living in Greenland and along the frozen seas above North America. And it is a curious fact that by other nations they are very seldom called by their real name. The word Eskimo, or Esquimau, means "Eater-of-raw-flesh"; and such he is. But he never calls himself so, but always speaks of his people as *Inuit*, that is, men. So we see at once that he thinks something of himself, and is a sturdy, independent little fellow, although we are wont to regard him as a savage.

Whaling ships and sealers often visit the waters around which the Inuit dwell; and many sailors have formed the habit of calling them "Huskies." Sailors are famous for giving nicknames.

It is about the little Huskies—the Eskimo children—that I want to tell my readers.

When a baby comes to an Eskimo house it is a strange

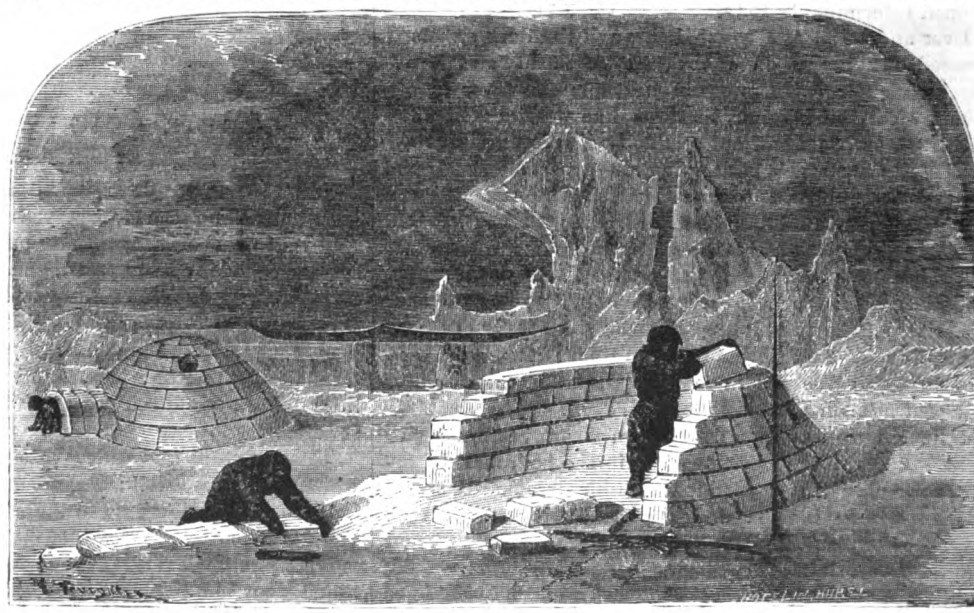
LITTLE HUSKIES.—SINGING AND DANCING.

home he finds. If it is Winter, the father, mother, and perhaps half-a-dozen relatives are crowded into a little hut made of stones and dirt, and partly buried under ground; or, it may be, the hut is made of snow, and sheltered by great rocks and drifts. If it is Summer, the family are living in a tent of seal or reindeer skins. In any case, it is a narrow, crowded, filthy place, such as none of us would think we could live in for a day. But baby is as well satisfied as if in a palace. His wants are as well attended to as possible, and he grows round-cheeked and chubby, and doubles up his fat fists, and coos, and opens his eyes wide, like any other baby.

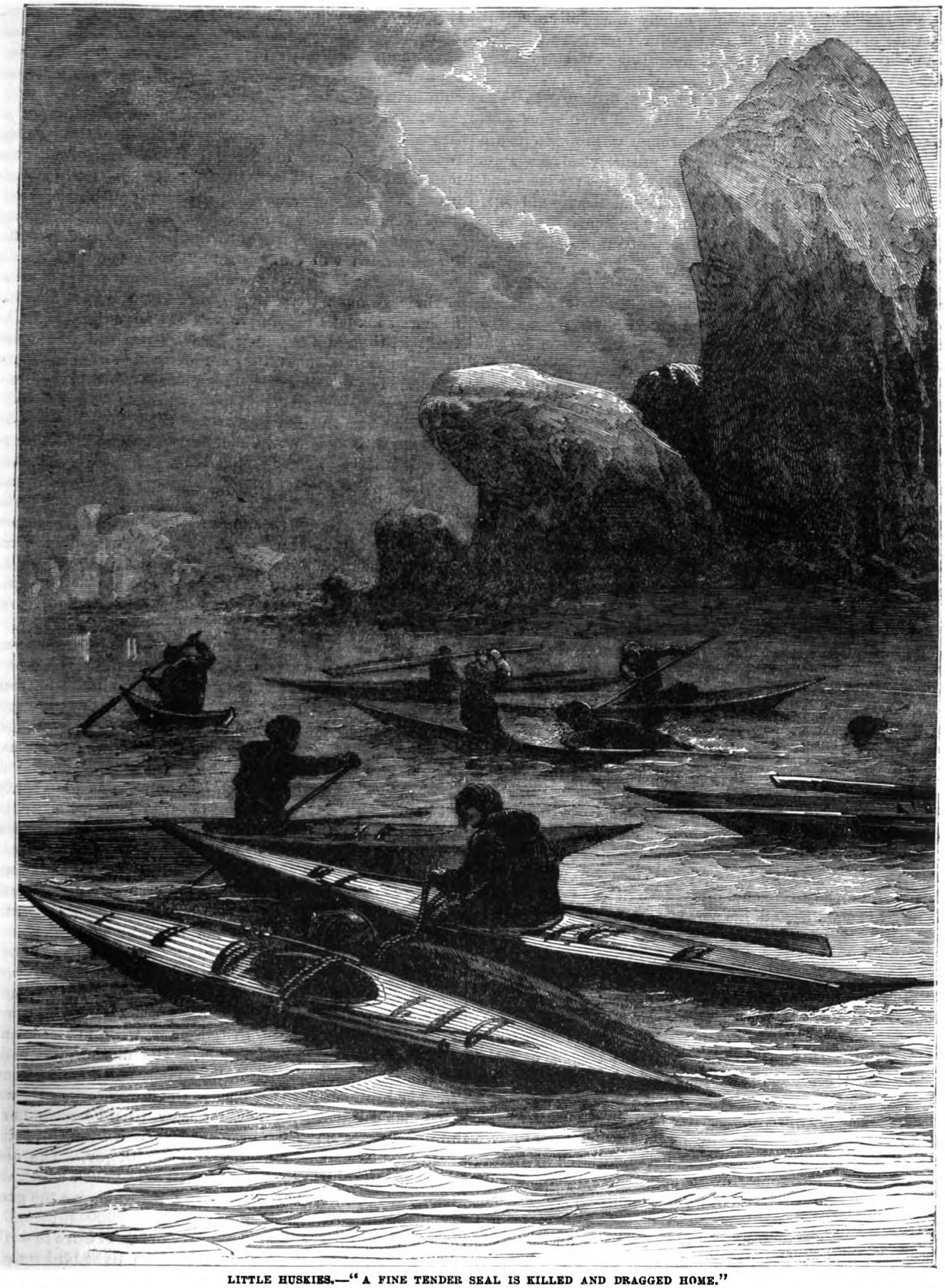
The father and mother are very poor, it is true, but they are extremely careful to observe all old sayings and customs in regard to the youngster's training. Thus, after the child is born, for two weeks the mother must not eat anything but fish, or, at least, the flesh of some animal her husband has killed. After that she may eat other flesh, but the bones cannot be carried out of the house. She herself cannot eat or drink in the open air; and no one must drink out of her water-bucket. For a few days no lamp can be lighted at their stall in the house, or victuals cooked there. For some weeks, also, the father must not go out sealing or hunting, nor must he make any trade with his neighbors. So, we see, baby's coming makes quite a sensation in the miserable hut, and the older folks have to put themselves quite out of the way on account of it.

Moreover, every father would wish his son to grow up a good hunter; so, when he is eating a meal, he pulls off one of his boots, and puts it under the dish he may be eating from. This is believed to have great power in bringing about his wish. And then the parents are very anxious that no harm shall befall the lad. If he should roll down the rocks into the sea, or if a bear should eat him up, or some fabulous monster carry him off, of course he would not grow up a fine kayaker or skillful provider. Therefore, many little charms of ivory, or bits of hair or bones, are sewed up in small pouches and hung on his neck, to keep away all evil spirits and every kind of danger.

And then the name—that is settled upon soon after the child's birth. As if he were not likely to have trouble enough in the world, he is always named after some dead relative, probably a grandfather. This name, however, is fortunately never used in speaking to the child—in fact, it must not be pronounced if the relative has recently died. It is given simply to calm and satisfy the departed



BUILDING A SNOW-HOUSE.



LITTLE HUSKIES.—"A FINE TENDER SEAL IS KILLED AND DRAGGED HOME."

spirit, and another name is kept for everyday use. Pet names are known there as elsewhere; and the little Husky is called "Pretty," even if its beauty is concealed from ordinary eyes by dirt. The shiftless Myowk and his wife, "of the ragged coat," named their unpromising offspring "*Dak-ta-gee*," in honor of Dr. Kane!

We have supposed the little Husky was a boy. If a girl, somewhat less trouble would be taken with her, as she would be considered of rather less account. Why this should be, when the women are compelled to do their full share of the work, is more than I can explain; but so it is. It is a sad fact that girl-babies are sometimes left

to perish—though this is done chiefly in seasons of great scarcity of food, and out of pity for their future lot of hardship, if they should grow up. Boy-babies are sometimes thus treated upon the death of the father.

When the child is a year old, it is believed to have reached an important period in life, and its mother considers it necessary to give it a thorough washing, to insure health and long life. She treats it precisely as Mrs. Puss treats her kitten—the first and last bath it ever has—and then it is considered good for a hale and hearty old age. As for a cradle, an Eskimo hut never had one. In-doors, the fat little babies roll and creep about on the broad bed-platform, or on the cold ground, with scarcely a speck of clothing on them. When they scream with fright and cold, as they chance to tumble into the tunnel-shaped passage-way that leads out-of-doors, which is generally half full of snow, the mothers calmly take them by the feet, and drag them into the house, to start on new exploring trips. At other times, and always out-of-doors, the little things are stowed into the loose fur "jumper," or jacket, the mothers wear, and are thus carried on the back. Though quite naked, they smuggle down between the warm jacket and the warm back, and take long journeys in the most bitter weather imaginable. After a tedious trip, when the parents are almost frozen, and their clothing is filled with ice and snow, turn back the *amowt*, or hood, and a round, oily face and small shining black eyes will appear. The youngster is warm enough in his soft nest, but is quite ready for dinner.

A year or two passes, and East-land and West-land babies will grow, the same as elsewhere. The father carves out of a walrus-tooth tiny images, like a seal, or a dog, or a child, and these are for playthings. Now, also, the young Husky begins to take lessons in eating "blubber." When a fine, tender seal is killed and dragged home, it is brought into the hut, and the carving and eating begin. Most of the neighbors are there at supper. Pieces of flesh are sliced off and thrown into the soapstone pot that hangs over the lamp to warm through. A soup is quickly made; and, raw and cooked, the seal soon occupies the fifteen or twenty capacious stomachs. Here baby learns how sweet and juicy seal-blubber is—a fact he never forgets. Is he hungry? Does he worry, and hinder mother? She cuts off a lump of the fat and puts it into his mouth, and his sorrows are over. He likes it far better than caramels or loaf-sugar, and in after life, nothing tastes so good to him. When a little larger, a small knife is put into his hands at the seal-feasts, a strip of blubber given him, and he soon sucks, and cuts, and eats with the greatest satisfaction.

Now, if on a journey, he is well wrapped in furs, and lashed firmly to the up-standers of the sledge, and the dogs whirl the whole load rapidly over the drifts and ice. These dogs are the horses of the family, and swift and hardy steeds they are. But they are always rather wild, being half-wolf by nature and half-starved by habit. So they are dangerous playfellows for the children at times; and when on the route, must be guided by unsparing lashings with the stout whip. Sometimes very small children have been killed by the famished brutes. But the Eskimo have one very touching custom: on the grave of a child they often place a dog's skull—for, they say, the sagacious brute can find its way anywhere, and is thus fitted to guide the soul of the little one to the land of spirits.

From Disco Island northward, dogs and sledges are absolutely necessary to the life of the native Greenlander. Thus the little folks get frequent rides—but in such fearful storms and cold, and over such dreadfully rough places, that we would shrink with terror from accompanying them. At some of their merry-makings, Dr. Hall tells us, the boys who live on the west side of Hudson Bay would hitch teams of puppies to small sledges, and give the youngest children splendid rides on the ice.

Dr. Rink speaks very well of the native children of Greenland. He says they are remarkable for their plump, round faces, healthy looks and good natures. And, what is still better, he praises them for being obedient and well-behaved. They are treated in the family with much kindness. There is no scolding, no whipping; but, if inclined to be naughty, the fractious ones are assured that the little mermen will carry them off under the sea. This is sufficient, for Eskimo boys and girls stand in great dread of these beings; when they grow older they sacrifice fox-flesh and fox-tails to these terrors of their childhood. The truth is, though the young Huskies are full of fun and merry enough at times, they are generally rather sober and sedate. The fearful cold, the want in which they live—sometimes nearly starving to death near the end of the Winter, when the sea is covered with thick ice and the seals have gone far away, and only now and then a fox or hare or bear can be got—make them less playful than they otherwise would be. But, with plenty of warmth and good dinners, no children on earth would be merrier than the round-faced, plump-bodied Huskies. The crew of the *Polaris* found in Evallu's children a continual source of amusement, and spent many pleasant hours playing with them. The little girl was a general pet, making many friends by her pretty face and affectionate disposition.

The youthful Inuit begin early to help father and mother, for there is work for every hand. The life of a hunter in those regions is the hardest possible. Without a morsel of food he may watch twenty-four or forty-eight hours beside a seal-hole, only protected by a few blocks of snow from the cutting blasts; or in his kayak he may dart among the tossing ice-floes, every moment in the utmost danger, and covered with ice from the dashing spray. At home is his spouse, feeding the dim lamp with the last pieces of blubber, making new boots and trousers for her husband, and hoping he may soon return with a fat seal. In such a home the children soon learn that if they would eat they must first work. The girls become handy sewers, using the bone needle and reindeer sinew for thread, and a piece of thick hide for a thimble, and make up mittens and the smaller articles of clothing very skillfully. When they can get steel needles from foreigners they are very happy. They also learn to dress seal-skins for boat and tent covers and for clothing. Sherard Osborn, who was afterward Admiral in the British navy, when in Greenland visited a poor Eskimo's family. The mother was sick, and the daughter, though quite young, was making boots for her brothers and caring for the housework. He was so much pleased with her industry that he gave her a pretty doll. She had never seen such a beautiful thing before, and her black eyes sparkled with joy. The next day she sent out to the ship a small skin pouch which she had neatly made for him, and her present gave the good sailor much pleasure.

The boys, says Dr. Rink, are very quick to learn to work. When small, the father makes for them light bird-spears, and bows and arrows. With these they kill small game, and every mouthful of food is a blessing to the poor family—it helps to keep them alive. An Eskimo, when hungry—and he is always hungry—will eat anything, unless it be the raven. This bird is very common in Greenland, and picks up refuse around the huts. Where dogs are kept the black-coated croakers must find poor picking,

for every Eskimo dog is always a great deal more hungry than his master.

Little bits of wood and iron are very precious to these poor people, and the handle of a small dart is often made of several pieces tightly lashed together by sealskin thongs. If no scrap of iron can be got, a sharp piece of flint is fastened to the end of the little spear or arrow, and the boy becomes very expert in hunting. He can easily kill a bird on the wing. The southern Eskimos have funny kinds of boats. One is called the *kayak;* it has a sharp point at each end, and is covered all over with sealskin, with only a little opening for one to sit in, and paddle with a double-bladed oar. Men alone use the kayak, and it takes a long time to become skillful at it. It is, of course, top-heavy, and the learner generally upsets many times, and would drown without help. To become a good kayaker one must begin when young. It was the old custom that a boy should have a boat made just large enough for him when he was ten years old.

The father would save every bit of drift-wood he could find, that was tough and elastic, and make a frame of light ribs. Over this he would stretch seal-skins cured like leather. Then he would make a paddle of the right size, and the little kayaker, with a water-proof suit on, would be put afloat. The father goes beside him, and shows him how to handle the paddle, and keeps him from upsetting; and so, after long practice, the lad might become very expert. If successful, he shoots rapidly through the water, shuns carefully the ice-cakes—the least touch of which would scuttle his frail boat—and spears sea-birds as they dart around him, and many small fish.

Before he is nineteen years old he is expected to have killed a seal with harpoon and float—no slight feat—and then he is considered a man. When he brings home his first bird, or fish, or hare, a feast is often held in his house; and a grand festival if it is his first seal. When word comes to the huts that a youth has actually got a fine prize of this kind there is the greatest confusion. His mother cannot restrain her joy, but runs from one dwelling to another to give the news. Next she hastens with all speed to meet the young victor, embraces him heartily, pats the dead animal in her overflowing delight, disengages the dogs, and herself takes the thong and drags the prey toward home. By this time the women of the village have arrived with their knives, and fall to cutting it in pieces, each eager to get the largest share. The head, fore-flippers, and some other parts are always left to adorn the home of the captor, who is now a hero in the eyes of all.

There is another kind of boat called the *umiak*, very large and flat-bottomed. Only the women row this boat; a man would be ashamed to paddle a craft that did not require great skill to handle. He, however, may take the steering-oar; for it is a great task to keep away from the rocks and ice, and so save large rents in the thin, translucent sides of the boat. As they row the girls sing prettily, in good time, their old traditionary songs.

The long, cold Winters are very hard for all. Eskimo children cannot enjoy themselves much then. But when the short Summer comes they move into tents covered with reindeer hides, and often spend several weeks up some pleasant, grassy bay, or beside the pretty lakes, and hunt deer and grow fat on the delicious meat, and on sweet, wild berries. Much of the deer-flesh is laid by for Winter, and the soft skins are carefully saved, of which to make their beds and clothes. The Eskimo boys and girls enjoy these camping-out times as much as we enjoy going into the country, if our homes are in the great cities. Then the little ones have some freedom, and, what is better, plenty of fresh air, and are as happy as Husky boys and girls can ever be.

Husky children and youth, like others, possess a little world to themselves in their own sports and fancies. They cannot have the same number or variety of amusements, it is true, but they make the most of what they have, and are quite cheerful and contented. The fashion is set them by their elders, who, at every opportunity of leisure and plenty, are ready to enjoy themselves. Thus, outside of Greenland, and probably there in old times, each large Inuit village has a house much more roomy than the ordinary huts, where the people gather for their religious rites, for singing and dancing, and playing on a species of drum. They also practice jumping, wrestling, hurling heavy stones, and playing foot-ball. The old stories as told by the Greenlanders, likewise, are full of these things. Pretty rude these sports have always been, for they think nothing of knocking each other down with their hard fists, just to show their strength; or of hurling one another to the ground with such force as sometimes to cause death. A stranger upon visiting a village must try his strength with the dwellers there; and if tough and brave and strong, would be treated handsomely as long as he wishes to stay. Their foot-balls were made of sealskin, sewed into bags and filled with sand. A native picture shows their rough scuffling at a game of this kind, where the players are getting hard knocks and many bruises. So much for the older people.

The youngsters watch these things with great delight. They are the only public shows they ever attend, and while the girls shrink somewhat from the sight of such sports, the boys look on with admiration, and fully resolve to run and jump and turn over rocks, and harden their muscles in every way, so as to be most expert at these games when they grow older. As a simple fact, the best hunter and wrestler can always marry the prettiest maiden of his acquaintance. This may have something to do with the rivalry that is seen.

The people who live on the shores of Behring Strait, on the Siberian side, are really Eskimo; and Lieutenant Hooper, who calls them Tuski, spent nearly a year with them, and makes us acquainted with a little maid, Kaoong-ah by name. Her mother was a model housekeeper, very tidy and thrifty—a strange thing among that people—and we have no doubt her little girl would imitate her. In face she was a very picture of her handsome mother. "She was lithe of limb," Lieutenant Hooper tells us, "prattling, rosy and merry as a bird, a most ingenious little seamstress, and delighted to make all sorts of queer little bags and gloves and dolls for me, whose especial favorite she was, and whom it was her delight to plague." As for dolls, "Tuski children have theirs; make and clothe them with the minutest attention to detail; every article of dress is provided, and everything puts on and off in the proper manner; the boys have miniature sledges, boats and bows and arrows, the girls their dolls, and also embroidery, which they early begin to practice as a pastime, and soon become expert in." They embroider with bits of reindeer hair and eider-duck feathers, and piece different kinds of furs together, and stain pretty colors, making very neat work.

The same writer describes a funny dance the little Tuski girls have. Three diminutive actresses, in full dresses, with toes turned in, and hands in opposite sleeves, come forward. Now they sway to and fro, and give a slight jump to either side, the outer ones facing or turning away from the centre child by turns. She smiles or frowns, and seems alternately to court or repel their advances, while all the time they chant the verse, "Cah-pó, moingén;

LITTLE HUSKIES.— COOKING THEIR DINNER.

melotáh moingén." At the end all suddenly jump quite around, and saying "Um ! um ! um !" with a sort of satisfied tone, make three of the most laughable gestures, that cause the audience to scream with delight and retire. Mr. Hooper could not quite make out the chant, but thought it meant "Ermine catch rabbit by tail ; ermine catch rabbit by tail," and that the little grunt and funny gestures at the end showed that poor rabbit was caught, and was struggling to get free.

Most of the natives of Greenland are now converts to the Lutheran or Moravian faith. So, on Christmas morning, the young people, headed by their teacher, go about the settlement and sing a psalm before each house. A christening or birthday is often celebrated by a coffee-party. Thus there, and also in Labrador, many new sources of pleasure are introduced to the little Huskies' homes by the good missionaries.

It is an old custom among the Eskimo to *rub noses* together when friends or strangers meet, and this is still kept up in petting the little ones. Indeed, their general word for "kiss" is "nose-rubbing." No scolding is allowed in their huts to young or old, for they are crowded

A GROUP OF YOUNG HUSKIES.

so thickly together for the sake of warmth and economy that high words might bring on at any time fatal quarrels.

On the death of the father the tent and kayak were left to the eldest son, and he was expected to care for the family. No pretty burial-grounds could be found in all Inuitland. The people are very superstitious, and in some places leave the dead in the poor hut where they died. At best, they only put the body away wrapped in furs in some cleft among the rocks, or make a very shallow grave and heap large stones over it. The ground, frozen like a stone, cannot be dug to form a proper grave. Near Point Barrow the dead are placed in rude timber chests, raised a little from the ground. In the case of a child, its favorite playthings are placed with its remains, that its spirit may still enjoy their use. Hannah, a fine Inuit woman, who lived some years among us, and lost her baby boy, was almost broken-hearted when she found that some one had removed a small toy-pail from his grave where she had placed it. Some amulets are so valued that they are not buried with the owner. Thus, Mr. Kumlien saw one worn by a young girl that had long been in the family. A bit of flint and iron were sewed up in a case, and the grandmother asserted that no one had died while wearing that charm. She said they first belonged to one of her ancestors, who had accidentally struck fire with them, and so held them invaluable.

LITTLE HUSKIES.— AN ESKIMO FAMILY.

And now, like many another tale, this part of our story must end with a wedding. We will suppose a young Inuit has killed a seal. It has been dragged home in triumph, and a jolly feast has been spread. His friends are all very proud of him, and he is extremely proud of himself, too. He is now a man, and may think of bringing home a bride—if he can find one. If he is a likely fellow—strong and daring, quick with paddle, harpoon, and fists—he will have but little trouble. If the reverse—well, he will have to wait probably much longer.

The marriage itself is very simple; arrangements are made with the bride's parents and brothers, and she is taken with some show of force to her new home. Thither she carries her clothing, a woman's knife, and a lamp, and sets up housekeeping in regular form. As long as she lives it will be her portion to use her knife in preparing hides and furs and making garments, and also to trim and watch the smoky lamp through the tedious Winter nights. Of course where missionaries are settled there is a formal wedding ceremony.

Such are some of the scenes and incidents in the lives

A LITTLE HUSKY EQUIPPED FOR OUTDOOR WORK.

A SEAL-HUNTER SURPRISED BY A BEAR.

of little Huskies from birth to manhood and womanhood.

We will now give a few of the many stories, such as they hear told over and over again in their close and crowded homes.

The Young Swimmer.

A poor woman, who lived far from neighbors, had only a fine family of children to comfort her. But she had many enemies, and these wicked men, fearing that, as the boys grew up, they themselves would be punished for their evil deeds, used to come in their kayaks and kill the children one by one. At last all were put to death except one infant son. The mother loved him very much, and wished to save his life. How to do this she did not know. Finally she thought she would teach him to swim. Now, the waters there are icy cold, and, as you may guess, Eskimo men or women never take a bath if they can help it. So this was a new idea. But the mother—who was something of a sorceress—had a plan in her head, and every day she had her boy wade out from the beach and try to swim. This was continued a long time, till he could live in the water almost like a seal. By this time the bad men thought it best to kill the lad before he grew larger. So, one day, they came in their boats, landed, and tried to seize him. The mother was in terror. However, the little swimmer plunged into the sea, and swam swiftly off, diving and rising like a duck. The powerful men gave chase, thinking to harpoon him from their boats. When he had got them far away from shore, his mother suddenly began uttering magic words, and lashing the sea with a string. This raised great waves; a terrible storm came on; the kayaks were dashed in pieces, and the wicked men drowned; but the seal-boy swam to land, and lived long and securely with his loving witch-mother.

A Sad Story.

When it is the season for catching seals through the ice, the men go out with their harpoons, and standing or sitting, watch beside a breathing-hole till the seal comes to the surface. Upon hearing the puffing noise the hunter quickly thrusts his harpoon down through the snow, and very likely it pierces the skull of the animal. It is necessary to keep perfectly still till the time to strike, or the prey would be lost.

Now, one day, as the tale runs—and the story is a very ancient one—an old man was watching an opening in the ice near the shore. He did not stir nor make the least noise. He was very hungry, and had been there a long time. At last he hears a seal. He scarcely dares to breathe. He raises the long, slender, sharp-pointed weapon, and is just about to thrust it down with all his strength, when a shout on shore frightens the seal, and in an instant it is gone.

The old man was very angry at losing his dinner. He looked up, and there, among the rocks on the beach, were some girls playing. They had come down to this sheltered place to have some nice games. Some of them were carrying their infant brothers and sisters at their backs, in the large hoods. They were ruddy-cheeked little nurses, and they were having a splendid time. In their glee—not noticing the fisherman near at hand—their merry laughter rang out loud and clear in the frosty air. At once they are hushed; for the old man, who is in a great passion, turns toward them and shouts out as loud as he can, "Close up, mountain-cleft!"

The children were all together in a sort of chasm between high cliffs. Instantly the great black rocks begin to close around them, and, before one can escape, they are prisoners. The rocks are ajar enough to let in the light, but not so that even the smallest of the little ones can squeeze through. The older ones are terrified, but keep up good heart. The babies soon begin to cry from hunger. The motherly sisters give them their fingers to hush them, saying:

"When mother has finished soling the boots she will come and give you food."

The mothers came at length, only to find their darlings in a rocky tomb. They tried to reach them, but in vain. The stony doors would not yield an inch. They poured water through the cleft, and, as it trickled down the sides, the little girls licked it off. Soon they all died of hunger. The old man's curse was good and powerful.

The Floating Island.

Pretty well up the coast of Greenland we see a large island. The story is that once—long, long ago—it lay much more to the south. The people there did not like it, because its lofty peak shut them off from the open sea. So two old men thought they would tow it away. This aroused the opposition of another fiery old fellow, and he said, "We will see if they can get the island away." So he chose his stoutest sealskin rope, and tied the rocky island tight to the mainland. However, the other men dealt in magic, and they cared very little for the excitable old gentleman. And one fine morning they got into their kayaks, and fastened a single hair from the head of a child to the peak, as if towing islands were the easiest thing in the world; and headed straight north, paddling leisurely, and singing with great glee a magic song, as if towing islands were also the pleasantest piece of work under the sun. Soon the tough skin-thong strains and snaps; the slender, shining hair holds like a cable, and the rock sails far north and is anchored—and is now known as Disco Island.

The Unmusical Bachelor.

Once there was an old bachelor who could not bear to hear people sing. It made him cross at once, and he went off out of the way as soon as possible. One day, when out hunting, he heard beautiful music; and, as he listened, he was charmed by it. As he looked about in wonder, there came floating by, part of the time in the water and part in the air, while the rowers rested upon their oars, a fairy boat; and sweeter and clearer rose the song:

"Aloft! aloft! Let us rise aloft!"

He greeted the happy crew, and begged to accompany them. They fastened his kayak to their boat, and all went sailing through the air over the highest peaks. By this time the unmusical old bachelor's soul was ravished with the harmony, and he also learned and joined the chorus. They reached their dwellings—houses filled with meat and delicacies—and the guest was feasted royally.

At last home-sickness came over him, and he longed to depart. His generous hosts loaded his boat with food; and, raising the familiar chant, he rose aloft. Unfortunately, when he had reached a steep and lofty peak, he wished to rest a while on its summit. It was very narrow and slippery; and, becoming alarmed, he began to fall. He tried to recall the magic words that would cause him to float in mid-air; but he was confused, and the wrong words would come. Down and down he plunged over the ragged rocks, and was just about to be dashed in pieces, when the old song came to mind, and he rose into the air and darted homeward. He did not stop till his kayak crashed against the side of the hut, and landed him safely on the sleeping-ledge, to the delight and wonder of his

housemates. From that time he had a better opinion of music.

The Poor Widow and her Foster-daughter.

A woman, who had no brother nor sister living, found a home for herself and little girl in the house of a skillful seal-catcher. This is often done in such cases; and usually the Eskimo are very kind to the helpless, and give them food while it lasts. But in time this hunter became tired of his charge, and planned a very cruel way of ridding himself of it. One morning he suddenly said to his family: "Pack up your things; we must be ready to start." The woman and her daughter worked very hard to get ready to change quarters. They soon made up their little bundles of clothing and put them into the boat, and the mother ran back to the hut to get the ledge-cover that formed her bed. Before she could return, the heartless hunter stepped aboard, pushed off, and left her and her daughter on the beach. Their house-fellows then taunted them with being drones—only fit for eating other people's food; and so left them utterly helpless.

The deserted ones at first cried as if their hearts would break. Soon, however, the mother said, cheerfully, but more to soothe her little girl:

"Never mind, my dear; we must just do without them."

So they fitted up one corner of a hut for a home, and began to look about for something to eat. For a few days they picked up scraps and refuse, and then despair took the place of hope. It seemed that they must starve. Just as the last bit was gone, the mother said:

"Child, thou art more strong and active than I: thou must go and dig a hole over yonder beneath the window-ledge."

The daughter wondered, but promptly obeyed. Then the mother said again:

"Thou art more brisk and active than I: run away and fill the hole with water."

So all day long water was brought from the sea till the hole was filled. Then they lay down to rest.

Early in the morning the widow said, "I may not succeed, but I will try." With this she recited her incantations over and over, and the girl listened, and wondered what would happen. The next instant a splash is heard, and she runs to the little pond to see. Sure enough, there is a frog-fish swimming about. It is a fine one. They kill and cook it, and have abundance on that day. The next morning there is another fish in the lake, ready to be killed and eaten. And so each day—now a seal, now a dolphin, an eider-duck, a white whale, or a narwhal—food more than they can eat. So they set to work and cut the flesh in strips, and dry it, against a time of need; and the rocks around are all red with the blood.

While living in this generous fashion, a distant relative, hearing of their desertion, comes to seek them, and is amazed at the wealth of food in which they revel. They fill his kayak with the choicest bits, and he goes home promising to come soon and take them away. From that moment not another bird or fish could be found in the lake. The good fairies, who had provided for the lone ones, were displeased that any other should taste their gifts, and so sent them no more. The mother and daughter spent the rest of their lives in the hut of the aged relative.

The Poor Widow and her Foster-son.

This story is well known in Greenland and Labrador, and is very popular. It runs thus: A miserable old woman, with her adopted son, lived on the bounty of some richer, but very cruel, families. They had a little shed to themselves that opened into the house-passage, but were never allowed to enter the main hut. The boy often slept among the dogs for the sake of warmth. Only the poorest scraps were thrown to this miserable pair, frozen meat being given them, with no knives to cut it, and they were told to use their teeth for knives. Now and then the wicked men pulled out a tooth belonging to the wretched boy, saying that he ate too much. Still, even in their misery, the mother loved her adopted child, and made him a pair of boots—women are the shoemakers and tailors among that people—and a small bird-spear, that he might play with the other children, and forget hunger and cold. But even here he had no peace. For his mates, instead of pitying him, tormented him; threw him down, rolled him in the snow, and the girls covered him with mud. Altogether, they treated him as did their elders, most shamefully.

So the lad, who was dwarfed and ugly in body, gave up playing with other children, and went off daily by himself among the lonely hills. He wanted, above all things, to grow large and very strong. Now his foster-mother had told him how to do this. Therefore, one day, as he was standing between the high mountains, he cried aloud:

"Lord of strength, come forth! Lord of strength, come to me!"

At once a huge animal, an Amarok, appeared and stood beside him. He was greatly frightened, and started to run. The beast was very swift, and catching him, twisted its tail about him and threw him to the ground. Then he heard a rattling, as of bones. Again and again he was thrown down. Each time small seal-bones seemed to fall from him. The Amarok said:

"These bones have stopped thy growth. If thou wishest to become strong, come here every day."

As the dwarf ran home he felt lighter in body than ever before. He met his mates, and, as usual, they pelted him with mud, and he went to sleep among the dogs. He said not a word of what had happened; bore kicks and blows patiently, but each day crept away to visit the friendly monster. And each day he felt new life. He ran, and hurled the rocks right and left, and rejoiced in coming strength. Finally the beast could not overpower him, and thereupon told him he was able to conquer any man living. He was very happy, but still kept the secret safe.

In the Autumn an enormous piece of drift-wood was towed in, and left on the beach. None could remove it. During the night the lad stole down and bore it on his shoulders to the village. In the morning all were amazed at the deed, but none could guess who did it. All this time the quiet boy endured every hardship from the people. When Winter set in none could go out hunting. By-and-by they were in danger of starving. One day word came that three bears were in sight on an iceberg. All wished the flesh, but none dared be the first in the attack. Then the ragged Kagsagsuk put on his mother's boots, ran through the crowd—his heels almost touching his neck—and climbed the iceberg easily. The bears raise their powerful paws, but he makes himself "hard" by magic, and one by one kills them and throws them among the astonished bystanders. The bear-skins he gave to his mother, and ordered the flesh to be cooked.

By this time all were extremely civil to the poor lad. The best of everything was offered him, while the men trembled before him. Each one had some present to make as a peace-offering. After supper he easily seized and crushed or tore in pieces all who had treated him badly, but saved those who had been kind to him. Afterward he sailed far up and down the coasts, and was the

LITTLE HUSKIES.—AN ESKIMO TEACHING HIS SON TO MANAGE A KAYAK.

most famous for strength and daring of any man that ever lived. His revenge was that of a savage; but the story just suits an Inuit's ear, who, above all, likes to see justice done. And we cannot wholly blame him.

What now do you think of the life of the little Huskies and their fairy world?

HEROISM OF ELIZABETH ZANE.

During the hottest part of the Revolutionary War, Fort Henry, situated near the site of the present city of Wheeling, was the stronghold of Northwestern Virginia. It was a simple stockade fort, and its garrison was exceedingly small. Yet it was twice defended against the furious assaults of large Indian armies, headed by bold and skillful white men. The incidents we are about to relate occurred during the second siege of Fort Henry.

On the night of the 26th of November, 1782, Captain Joseph Ogle, with a small scouting party, while on his return to the fort from an excursion up the Ohio, descried a faint but constant body of smoke rising in the air to the southward of Wheeling.

Impressed with the conviction that the smoke was caused by the burning of the block-house at Grave Creek, about twelve miles below, he hastened to the fort and mentioned the circumstance to Colonel Shepherd, the commandant, who lost no time in dispatching two men, in a canoe, down the river to ascertain the truth.

In the course of the night all the inhabitants of the village fled to the fort for shelter and safety, and several families residing in the neighborhood were sent for and brought in before the dawn of day.

The garrison numbered only forty-two fighting men. Some of these were far advanced in years, while others were mere boys. A portion of them were skilled in Indian warfare, and all were excellent marksmen. The storehouse was well supplied with small arms, particularly muskets, but was sadly deficient in ammunition.

A party under Mason, sent out to secure some stock, and another sent to its relief under Captain Ogle, were both cut off by the Indians, many falling, and the rest being unable to reach the fort.

At this moment the garrison of Fort Henry numbered no more than twelve men and boys. The fortunes of the day, so far, had been fearfully against them; two of their best officers and more than two-thirds of their original force were missing.

HEROISM OF ELIZABETH ZANE.

When the enemy's right flank came up, Girty, the notorious renegade, who commanded the Indians, changed his order of attack. Parties of Indians were placed in such of the houses as commanded a view of the block-house. A strong body occupied the yard of Ebenezer Zane, about fifty yards from the fort, using a paling fence as a cover, while the greater part were posted under cover in the edge of the cornfield, to act offensively or serve as a corps of reserve, as occasion might require.

These dispositions having been made, with a white flag in his hand, he appeared at the window of a cabin and demanded the surrender of the garrison in the name of His Britannic Majesty. He read the proclamation of

Governor Hamilton, and promised them protection if they would lay down their arms, and swear allegiance to the British Crown. He warned them to submit peaceably, and admitted his inability to restrain the passions of his warriors when they once became excited with the strife of battle.

Colonel Shepherd promptly told him in reply that the garrison would never surrender to *him*, and that he could only obtain possession of the fort when there remained no longer an American soldier to defend it.

Girty renewed his propositions, but before he finished his harangue, a thoughtless youth in one of the block-houses fired a gun at the speaker, and brought the conference to an abrupt termination. Girty disappeared, and in about fifteen minutes the Indians opened the siege by a general discharge of rifles.

It was yet quite early in the morning, the sun not having appeared above the summit of Wheeling Hill, and the day is represented to have been one of surpassing beauty. The Indians, not entirely concealed from the view of the garrison, kept up a brisk fire for six hours without intermission.

The little garrison was, with scarcely an exception, composed of sharpshooters. Several of them, whose experience in Indian warfare gave them a remarkable degree of coolness and self-possession in the face of danger, infused confidence into the young; and, as they never fired at random, their bullets, in most cases, took effect.

The Indians, on the contrary, flushed with their previous success, their tomahawks reeking with the blood of Mason's and Ogle's men, and all of them burning with impatience to rush into the fort and complete their work of butchery, discharged their guns against the pickets, the gate, the logs of the block-houses, and every other object that seemed to shelter a white man. Their fire was thus thrown away.

At length some of their most daring warriors rushed up close to the block-houses, and attempted to make more sure work by firing through the logs. But these reckless savages received from the well-directed rifles of the frontiersmen the fearful reward of their temerity.

About one o'clock the Indians discontinued their fire, and fell back against the base of the hill.

The stock of gunpowder in the fort having been nearly exhausted, it was determined to seize the favorable opportunity offered by the suspension of hostilities to send for a keg of powder which was known to be in the house of Ebenezer Zane, about sixty yards from the gate of the fort.

The person executing this service would necessarily expose himself to the danger of being shot down by the Indians, who were yet sufficiently near to observe everything that transpired about the works. The colonel inquired whether any man would volunteer for the service.

Three or four young men promptly stepped forward in obedience to the call. The colonel informed them that the weak state of the garrison would not justify the absence of more than one man, and that it was for themselves to decide who that person should be.

At this moment a young woman came forward as a volunteer upon the perilous service. Elizabeth Zane, the sister of Ebenezer and Silas Zane, a young woman of a calm, determined spirit of heroism, desired that she might be permitted to go for the ammunition.

The proposition seemed so extravagant that it was met with a peremptory refusal. But Elizabeth pleaded earnestly, and all the remonstrances and representations of the colonel and her relatives were of no avail. Her purpose was not to be shaken.

The colonel said that either of the young men, on account of his superior fleetness and familiarity with scenes of danger, would be more likely than herself to do the work successfully. She replied that the danger attending the errand was the identical reason that induced her to offer her services; for, as the garrison was very weak, no soldier's life should be placed in jeopardy needlessly, and if she fell her loss would not be felt.

Heroic, but mistaken woman! The world sustains its heaviest loss when such spirits fall!

At length the petition of Miss Zane was granted, her relatives preparing to see her sacrificed.

The gate was opened for her to pass out. The opening of the gate attracted the attention of some straggling Indians, and they stopped to gaze at the fearless girl, as she advanced toward the house of her brother.

Savages as they were, they stood spellbound by such a display of daring by a woman. They permitted her to enter the house, where she filled her apron with powder.

When she reappeared, the Indians, suspecting the character of her burden, and losing their admiration in the desire to cut off supplies from the garrison, fired a volley at her as she swiftly glided toward the gate. But the balls all flew wide of the mark, and the fearless girl entered the fort, amid the shouts of her friends and relatives.

Such an exhibition of courage and generous devotion was worthy of any heroine of history. Though Elizabeth Zane had no queen's title, she was one of the queens by divine right, to whom all may do homage. The highest effort of heroism is the offer of one's life to save others, and in this kind of nobility Miss Zane was prominent.

Ammunition being secured, the spirits of the garrison revived; and, reinforcements arriving soon after, the assailants were completely baffled and compelled to retreat, which they performed with precipitation.

Fort Henry and the frontiers were saved. All honor to the gallant garrison! All honor to the wives and daughters there collected! and, above all, a fadeless laurel to Elizabeth Zane!

HOW TO HUNT THE TIGER.

VARIOUS means are tried, but (says Gordon Cumming) I have found for tigers and panthers, that baiting the country brings more game to the bag than any other plan. This is done by the shikarees, or hunters, who, on arriving on fresh ground, proceed to hunt up the country far and wide for tracks, and by careful examination of the ground, and "pumping" the cowherds, a tolerably good idea of the kind of sport can generally be formed.

The presence of a tiger in the country having been ascertained, young buffaloes must be procured, and these can be bought at from three to six rupees each, according to their size. They are tied up in the afternoon at the meetings of paths and ravines, and near pools which the tigers frequent, being attracted both by the water and the herds of deer and pigs which come down to slake their thirst. They should be tied by a stout cord to some stump or root, so that, if possible, they may not get the rope around their legs. They should, moreover, be tied in an open space, so that they may be seen from a distance. Sometimes, on the approach of a tiger, they will lie down, and by keeping still escape observation.

The tiger will, however, generally kill the buffalo and devour half of him, always beginning at the point of the buttock or inside the thigh. If the rope is not very strong he will break it, and drag off the carcase to some covert; but in either case, if he is not disturbed, and eats well, he

will lie up in the nearest spot where he can get good shade, or shade and water combined.

By the first streak of dawn the shikarees will be out examining the country, and looking after the baits. All the buffaloes found alive should be taken to a cool spot for the day, and they should be well fed and watered. If one has been killed the shikarees will quietly approach the spot, and endeavor to find out where the footprints lead to. Especial care is required at this early hour, as in the cool of the morning the tiger, unless very lazy and much gorged, is apt to move if disturbed, and there may be great difficulty in again marking him down that day.

Toward seven or eight o'clock the sun will be powerful, and the shikarees may advance nearer. Should the tracks lead into a thick covert or mass of rocks, or other spot where the tiger may be supposed to have lain up, the shikarees will proceed to ring the game by carefully examining the ground for footprints, at some distance all round the covert. If no footprints are to be seen, and the place is, in their opinion, a good one, they will quietly mount trees commanding a good view of the ground.

The tiger will probably change his position, and, if there be a pool of water, will come out to drink and roll in it; or some inquisitive crow will perch over him, and drawing attention by cawing, will indicate his position to the shikarees, who, on being certain of his presence, will send off one of their number to camp to bring up the hunters.

The shikarees are sometimes assisted by the vultures, who, as shown in our illustration, are not slow to offer their unbidden presence at the banquet.

KARL.

Chapter I.

"By all that's glorious, what a beauty! Lord Byron should be sued for scandalizing the female sex when he says that woman's beauty vanishes when she is eating! Here, waiter!"

Karl St. Julian made a ball of a napkin, and throwing it at the head of a waiter, brought that dignitary in double-quick time to receive his order.

The place was a breakfast-room in one of Boston's largest hotels. It was seven o'clock in the morning, and the tables were totally neglected save two—the one at which St. Julian was sitting, and another in the diagonal corner appropriated to the use of a young lady.

She had entered while St. Julian was deep in the columns of the morning paper, and his eye happened to fall on her only when he lowered the paper. After one glance at the stranger, the paper slid unneeded from his fingers. He hastily gave his order for breakfast, and resumed his study of the lady's face. She was sitting near the wall, the dark-blue color of which was a fitting background for her rare and perfect beauty.

"I vow," continued the rapt spectator, "she is the most beautiful woman I ever saw! Raphael's pictures are daubs compared to the perfect outline and delicate coloring of yonder face. And how varying is each expression! She is absolutely incomparable, peerless, as she sits there, giving such envied attention to her breakfast! I declare that—pshaw! I guess that's some relation coming now! No, no! Joy! He is the clerk of the hotel!"

St. Julian's breakfast was set before him, but he paid no attention to it. He was watching the lady's face. She was engaged in a discussion with the porter, for such it was, and not the clerk, as St. Julian had supposed.

Some of her words caught his ear. She was in a difficulty. Perhaps he could aid her. He was not timid nor bashful, and always acted with promptness when he made a resolution. Crossing the room, he stood before his enchantress.

"Pray pardon this intrusion," he began, quickly, drawing from his pocket a card, "but, having overheard your conversation with the porter, I judge you are slightly embarrassed by some difficulty which I may obviate. Pray command my services."

She gave a hasty glance at the card, and a smile overspread her features. She looked up with frank cordiality into his face.

"Sir, you are most kind. The difficulty is slight to any save a woman. I wish to send a telegram, and can find no one to attend to it. Will you execute my commission?"

"With all imaginary agreeableness. Does it require immediate attention?"

"No; half an hour from now will do as well; and, besides, you have not finished breakfast."

"That does not matter. I am at your command."

He watched her face closely as she wrote. She finished, and handed him the message, with a slight inclination of her queenly head.

"Many thanks, Mr. St. Julian. I can only return your kind politeness by my card. Miss Lisle—Caroline Lisle," said she, passing him a snowy card, on which she had written her name.

"Is there nothing further, Miss Lisle? This, I presume, is not your stopping-place. Are you traveling alone?"

"No. I have a companion with me. She is sick, however, and I am totally ignorant of the business of traveling by my own efforts, which accounts for your present disturbance."

"I would that all my 'disturbances' were as light and pleasing," he said, wondering why all women were not so beautiful and honest as this one was. "You say you are going to New York. Let me hope, Miss Lisle, if I can be of any service to you, that you will not hesitate to let me know."

The lady smiled her thanks, and St. Julian went to attend to the telegram with a happier, lighter heart than he had known for months.

Chapter II.

Miss Lisle and her nurse, Mrs. Berton, are in a room in a New Haven hotel.

"Bertie, how fortunate for your dear rheumatism that we are detained here! But it promises to be gloomy if the road is not passable in four days. Auntie, too, will be disappointed, and our trip to Saratoga will be so delayed. Well, never mind, Bertie," she continued, still standing before the mirror, as she arranged her hair for tea. "Mr. St. Julian is very handsome; don't you think so? He is handsomer even than his picture."

"Yes, dear; but you must beware."

"Flirt with Mr. St. Julian!" the girl cried, in surprise. "Now, Bertie, how can you talk so unreasonably! You know I can't help it if men—a——"

"Fall in love with you. There, darling child, do not feel hurt. I shall not retire till you do, dear. It would be cruel to have you shut in your room, and it is not proper that you should be down-stairs alone. Now, there goes that wayward head. Don't shake it so coquettishly. Everybody is not so innocent as you, my dear. People have long tongues."

"My dear nurse, what difference would it make if Mr. St. Julian did happen to like me very much more than he would a sister? I like him extremely. From my earliest years he has been my ideal hero; and now, when he has returned as a German student—what perfection! He is fairly shrouded in chivalrous romance! Now, Bertie, I am going to tea. Make yourself comfortable, and I'll bring you a beautiful supper; and then you shall witness my exemplary conduct in the parlor. I am going now. If my hero should express a desire to sup with me, my consent will not be withheld."

"Yes. I can never forgive my sister for not mentioning her friend to me in her letters. How could she have done it? I am ashamed to confess, Miss Lisle, that I have never heard your name before," he said, lowering his eyes. "But I know no young ladies except Miss Algernon."

"What about her?"

"Nothing. I have never seen the lady but once, and then she was a mere child—a most beautiful child, too. I have been in Europe six years, and in personal appearance she has outgrown my memory of her. You know her, I presume; what is she like?"

HOW TO HUNT THE TIGER.—SEE PAGE 606.

As she expected, Mr. St. Julian met her on the stairs, and they went in to supper together.

"You have recently returned from abroad, have you not?" she asked, when they were seated at the table.

"Yes. I landed in New York only three weeks since. But, really, I am highly flattered at your knowledge of me."

"I recognized your face as soon as you looked up from your paper this morning," she said, looking frankly into his face.

"You mystify me!" he exclaimed. "Tell me when and where you ever heard of me?"

"Your sister, Annie, I count my most intimate friend. Is the mystery explained?"

"Yes, I know her well. You do not seem to have been favorably impressed with her?"

"Well, yes—no. Tell me what she is like. I have heard that she was very beautiful."

"Her style is very much like mine, and she was—I was I—— No, I mean, she was taken for me once."

"Is she tall?"

"Yes; my height exactly. Her hair is blue-black and her eyes are blue like mine, while her complexion is a trifle fairer than mine, since I am burned by traveling."

"Pardon me, you said your eyes were blue; I thought they were black."

KARL.—"I SHALL BE CHARMED TO HEAR A STORY ABOUT DEAR GERMANY, ESPECIALLY WHEN TOLD BY FAIRY LIPS.' SHE BLUSHED. 'MR. ST. JULIAN, HARRY DOESN'T UNDERSTAND FLATTERY, AND HE IS TOO YOUNG TO BE INITIATED INTO ITS SUBTLETIES.'"

"But they are not," she replied, giving him a glance from violet depths, which set his heart on fire.

"Well, we'll say that Miss Algernon is very beautiful. Is she a flirt?"

"Have you heard that she was?"

"Yes. Since my return I have heard her repeatedly called Scylla or Circe."

"I am surprised that such liberties are taken with her name."

"How you women fight for each other! It is not meant as a liberty, but only a tribute to her enchantments."

"I breathe more freely."

"I have heard from many sources that her voice and eyes are her chief weapons. They say no one can resist her tones, and gentlemen say that *no* from her lips is sweeter far than *yes* from other lips. For pity's sake, Miss Lisle, don't imagine that I have heard anything derogatory to Miss Algernon's character—quite the reverse. She is everywhere spoken of with highest respect, and her only imputed fault is her tendency to flirt. Never having seen her, I cannot judge; but from what I have heard, I have no desire to meet her. I dislike coquettes greatly. Speaking of the lady's voice, I remember that it was very musical. I never saw her but once, but I can never forget the accent of her voice when she called me 'Karl—pretty Karl.' Excuse me, Miss Lisle; I always get wrought up on this subject. I cannot imagine how so beautiful and pure a child could have so deteriorated. A flirt! What a——"

"She has been misrepresented," Miss Lisle said.

"I scarcely think so. Annie, who is devoted to her, says that she wore at one time six diamond solitaires, and each an engagement-ring. I could never forgive that!"

"And, pray, why is your forgiveness called into question—may I ask?"

"Ah! Miss Lisle, for the sake of the love you bear Annie, overlook this seemingly strange conduct in her brother, and advise him in his dilemma. I am without sympathy everywhere, and have only my stupid head to consult in the matter. Women are unrivaled in diplomacy; lend your aid to my cause, and try to forget that a stranger asks it. Without my consent a marriage has been arranged between Miss Algernon and me. In fact, my parents command it! My maiden aunt, too, has gone so far as to promise me one million dollars on my wedding-day!"

"Well, what of it?" she asked, with interest.

"How am I to deliver myself and Miss Algernon from the entanglement? How can I retreat with honor? Tell me! Women are more delicate in such matters!"

"Perhaps, Mr. St. Julian, you may like the lady when you see her. You judge by hearsay."

"My liking her is out of the question," he said, with decisive deliberation. "I could not tolerate a woman devoid of conscience!"

"Your way is clear, then. Say positively that you will not consent, and promote some chosen favorite to the rank of Mrs. St. Julian!" she said, with no attempt to disguise the sarcasm.

"Pray, forgive me; I did not mean to be rude. Your way is the right one. Thank you for your kindness, Miss Lisle!"

"But you'll lose the million!"

"Oh, the money to the dogs! When I marry I shall marry my wife—not a bank-account!"

"You are a model young man," she said, laughing. "But perhaps you are prejudiced in this sentiment by some flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked *fräulein*."

"You are mistaken. I have never seen the woman to whom I could truthfully say, '*I love thee*'; and I think it dishonest to say it in any other spirit."

"A pity it is that German delicacy of sentiment is not more common."

"Thank you. May I see you to the parlor?" he asked, as they rose from the table.

"I shall not be down for some time. Mrs. Berton is not well, and I shall attend to her tea. By-the-way, Mr. St. Julian, did you never see a picture of Miss Algernon?"

He flushed deeply, and said:

"Annie sent me quite a handsome case containing one of her pictures, but I have never opened it. Indeed, I have been so unhappy because of Miss Algernon, that I have never had the heart to look at it."

"It is fortunate that you are a man, or your tale would appear incredible!" she said, as they parted.

"Were there ever so many perfections concentrated in one creature?" he thought, as he watched with wistful gaze her receding figure.

She came down to the parlor in the course of an hour, accompanied by her nurse. Having seen that Mrs. Berton was comfortable, she became absorbed in amusing a little boy of five or six years, who had become hopelessly fascinated by the "bootiful lady."

"Harry, my dear," his mother said, "I am afraid you will tease the lady."

"No, no, mamma; I love her. She has lovely eyes," the little fellow said.

Miss Lisle took her youthful admirer to a divan, and began to tell him tales. She was occasionally interrupted by his peals of laughter and smothering caresses.

Mr. St. Julian and Mrs. Berton were watching the pair.

"That is her way," Mrs. Berton said. "She is so gay and beautiful—so like a butterfly. She flirts with everything that comes along. It is natural—she can't help it. Her innocent, unsuspecting disposition is a source of much unhappiness to her. She is cruelly misjudged."

"I wish that little fellow would get sleepy. I want Miss Lisle to talk to us."

"Ah, a vain wish, sir. She will keep the little fellow laughing for the next three hours."

"Don't you suppose she would let the little boy go to bed, and come and talk to me?"

"She is too devoted to children for that. I have seen her break an engagement with an English earl to play with a child."

"She is greatly admired in society, is she not?" he asked, with great interest.

"Yes; she has been the acknowledged belle for three years, ever since her *début*."

"I am going to talk to her, anyhow," he said, rising and going to where she was sitting. "Let me share Harry's monopoly?" he pleaded.

"Certainly, if you can content yourself with listening to a fairy tale—a fairy tale, Mr. St. Julian, about your dear Germany," she replied, with an artless smile.

"I shall be charmed to hear a story about 'dear Germany,' especially when told by fairy lips."

She blushed.

"Mr. St. Julian, Harry doesn't understand flattery, and he is too young to be initiated into its subtleness."

She continued the tale, and it would be hard to tell which of her listeners was most attentive. Perhaps Harry was, for he kept up with the thread of the story.

St. Julian heard the gentle, musical voice, and watched the moving of the perfect lips without heeding what they were saying. He was listening to the dictates of his heart, which whispered: "I love thee! I love thee!"

Chapter III.

Our travelers did not murmur at the long delay at New Haven. Indeed, St. Julian's joy knew no bounds. He was continually by the side of his enchantress, and drank each time deeper "draughts of love" from the glorious, haunting violet eyes.

Saturday evening, the next after their arrival, came. He had supper with her, as usual, and his usual after-conversation in her private parlor. But most that he enjoyed was the anticipation of being her escort to church on the morrow. Sunday came, and the two set out to church.

"You are an exemplary young gentleman to have had your own way so long—at college, I mean," she remarked.

"Oh, not at all," he replied. "I try never to forget my religious duty."

He must have laid aside his scruples, when, some minutes later, he found his eyes and thoughts centred on the face before him instead of on his God. He was so preoccupied that he heard not a word of the sermon.

The next afternoon, after much persuasive eloquence, Mrs. Berton was prevailed upon to give her consent for Miss Lisle to go boating with Mr. St. Julian. The air was calm and delightful, and the water was blue and motionless save the small rippling waves which caressed the sides of the boat. The *Nymph* glided gracefully through the waters. Few were the words of the occupants, and even the few took a poetic, delicate tinge, naturally prompted by the beauty of the scene.

They reached a place in the river where the banks grew steep, and hung over the water in great gray cliffs, with here and there a wild-flower growing.

"Oh, Mr. St. Julian! See those magnificent lilies! What a pity they are so inaccesible."

"Oh, there'll be no difficulty in getting them!" he exclaimed, transported with the thought of seeing one of the lilies, now waving so gloriously in the evening breeze, nestling in the depths of her beautiful hair.

"Please don't try it," said she. "The cliff is very dangerous to climb."

"I like the danger!"

He leaped ashore, secured the boat, and began the ascent. The stones were treacherous, and he slipped twice. The lilies waved defiantly as he approached, but he succeeded in capturing them. When he had them firmly in his hand, he walked to the edge of the cliff, and looked down into the blue water.

The little boat was gently rocking from side to side, while she for whom he had risked his safety was reclining idly, and looking indifferently in the opposite direction.

"Great God! She is as cold and as enchanting as the Loreley of the Rhine!" he thought to himself, as he stood for a moment watching her.

He reached the boat and pushed off.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, as she received the three lilies, "you are very kind. I shall press one in remembrance of my boat-ride."

"And not in remembrance of me?" he asked, raising his dark hazel eyes.

"Oh, you are included in remembrance of the ride," she answered, naïvely.

"Oh! It is a matter of indifference, Loreley," he said, with a curl of his lip.

"You call me Loreley—the name of the Sorceress of the Rhine, isn't it?" she asked.

"Yes; a woman who enchants, and leads her victims on to destruction."

"Am I leading you to destruction?" she asked, turning her violet eyes upon him.

He sank into silence, while she played with her lilies, and sang snatches of songs.

The sun was setting, and all nature seemed beautiful in repose. The bird-like voice of the girl was all that broke the stillness, save the plash of the oars which kept time to the song.

"Do you know any German songs?" he asked, finally.

"No. My knowledge is confined to only fragments of 'Freischutz'; and you could not wish to hear so beautiful an opera murdered."

"Did you ever study the German language?"

"Only slightly," she replied, looking up quickly.

"Wholly unaccountable, when German is so universally studied!" he exclaimed.

She flushed painfully, and seemed confused, as she replied:

"I took half-a-dozen lessons ten Winters ago, and got far enough into the mystery to have sore-throat from attempting to master the gutturals! I ceased the lessons because I thought I would wait——"

"Wait for what?" he asked, smiling.

"Until some one—a—undertook to teach me who wasn't a cross old German!" she replied, overcoming her painful confusion.

"I should like to hear you say, *Ich liebe dich!*"

"You wouldn't like to be called sentimental, would you?" she asked, coolly.

"What do you think of me, anyhow?" he asked, resting his oars and looking anxiously at her.

"I think you are peculiar—I mean, I have never seen any one like you before."

"Well, would you think anybody else was sentimental if they wished to hear a woman say, I love thee"? he asked, quietly.

"*Cela dépend,*" she replied, laughing, and shaking her head coquettishly.

"Is she a coquette?" he asked himself.

She took off her hat and put the lilies in her hair. St. Julian was surprised and charmed by the effective contract which the snowy lilies with yellow centres made with the blue-black hair.

"The lilies are more beautiful now than when they grew in their parent bed," he observed.

"Mr. St. Julian," she began, suddenly, "have you Miss Algernon's picture with you? If so, please let me have it a while."

"Yes; I always keep it in my pocket to remind me that I am mortal," he replied, sadly, producing a medallion-locket. "Please return it soon; I always wear it here," he said, pointing to his heart.

She received the picture, and, opening it, gazed earnestly at it. She broke one of the petals from a lily and put it in the case, and shut it.

"I'll give it to you to-night," she said, as she put the case in her pocket.

He wondered why her face became suddenly so grave and earnest in its expression.

Chapter IV.

When she entered her parlor after tea, she found St. Julian already there.

"Mrs. Berton has retired early, in order to be prepared for her journey to-morrow," she said.

"Oh, yes! I had forgotten that to-morrow we should part," Mr. St. Julian said, sorrowfully. "Miss Lisle, I have been counting the seconds since I last saw you."

"I feel highly flattered," she answered, smiling.

"I dislike very much to bother you, but—but—the

more I think of Miss Algernon, the more puzzled I become."

"Are you loath to give up the million ?"

"Why will you misinterpret me ?" he exclaimed. "I tell you again that, when I marry, my love and my wife's virtues are all that will be considered."

"But Miss Algernon's fortune is great !"

"I shall not weary you with reiteration. Tell me, please, how to proceed in releasing Miss Algernon from the entanglement. Don't think me presumptuous in asking this of you. But you have somehow made me feel that I might trust and confide in you."

"Mr. St. Julian, you are hasty. You know nothing of the lady—have never seen her picture. Wait a while."

"Wait a while ! You know not what you counsel. I see," he continued, in a lower tone, "that I must do without your assistance. I shall write to her father to-night and tell him all."

"Your conduct will be unparalleled if you tell her father calmly that the reason of your refusing his daughter's hand is prejudiced dislike. I believe that is your only reason."

"You are mistaken," he said, rising and standing before her. "Could I honorably continue in my present connection with the lady, when my whole being is swayed by my love for another ?"

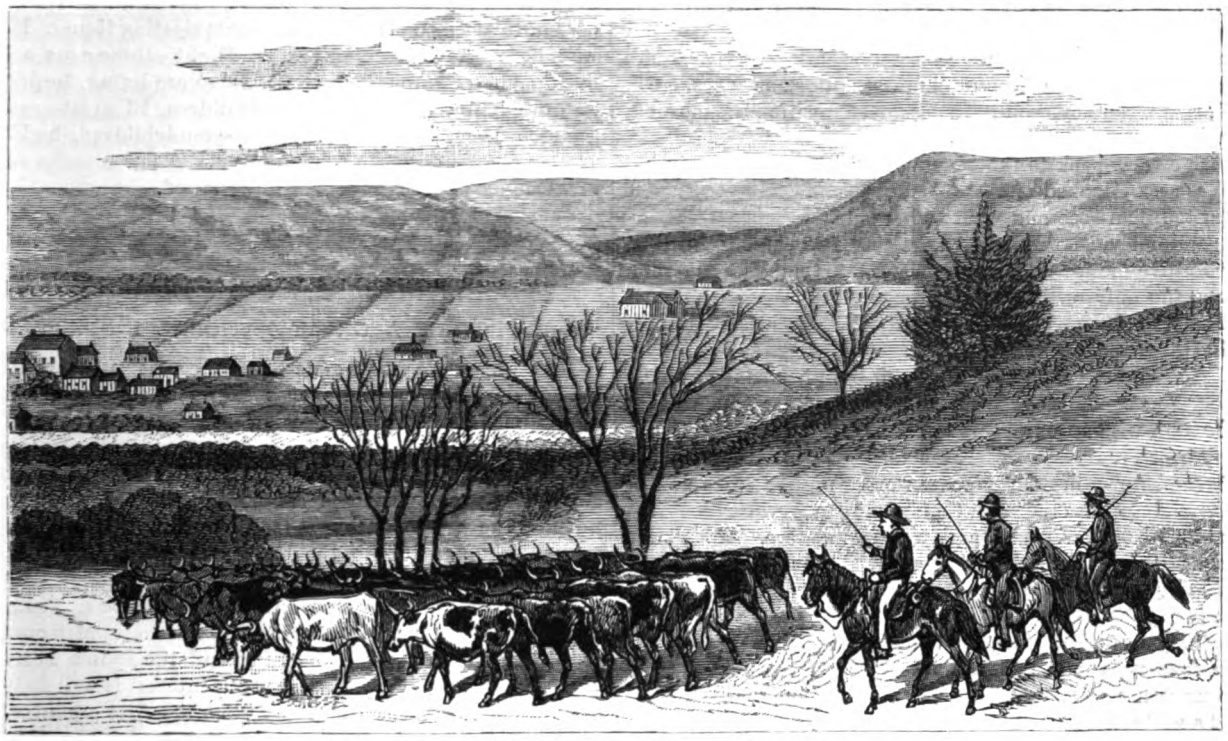
"You have deceived me, then. You told me that you had never seen the woman——"

AMERICAN BEEF.— COWBOYS CHECKING A STAMPEDE.— SEE PAGE 614.

"I have found her at last !" he cried, passionately. "Forgive my hastiness. Lady, in these four days I have given you the love of a lifetime ; and now I say with passionate truth, I love thee !—I love thee ! Here, at your feet, I cast the wealth of my heart. To your hand I commit the thread of my destiny."

The expression of his face pleaded more eloquently than could words.

"Mr. St. Julian——" she began, trying to release her hands from tender captivity.



AMERICAN BEEF.— DRIVING A NEW HERD FROM TEXAS NORTHWARD.

"No! Do not blight my life! Do not send me to another—that other! What is all the world without you? Give me only a hope to encourage me—to make me worthy of you!"

"My dear friend, do not ask me now. I have no right to answer you until you have seen Miss Algernon's picture. Look at it."

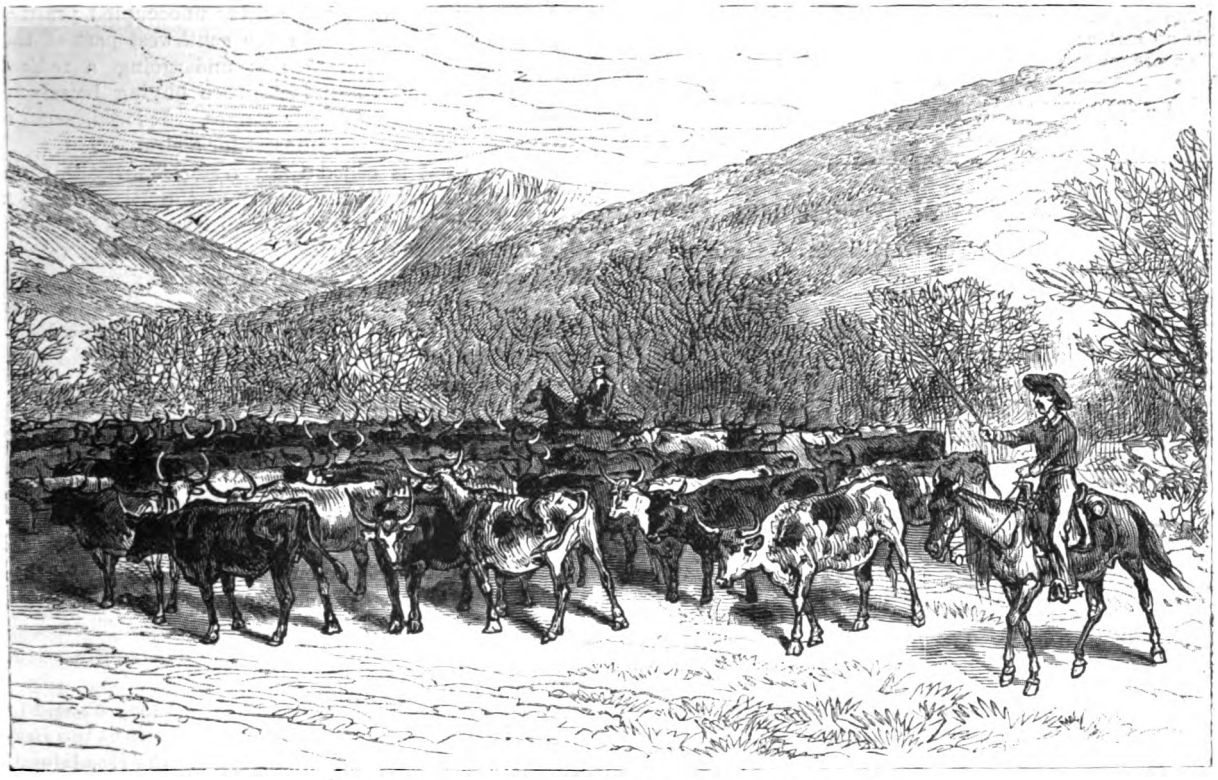
She gave him the locket and walked away to the window.

She turned her head as she heard a low cry from St. Julian's lips.

His head was bowed, while he clasped in his nerveless fingers the open locket.

She approached him, and put her hand on his shoulder. He started up.

"Miss Algernon! Don't crush me! I feel that I am going mad! Don't speak, or you'll kill me! How can



AMERICAN BEEF.— "ROUNDING UP" A DRIVE FOR THE NIGHT.

you—— How could you forgive the wretch who has judged you so cruelly? I cannot ask it. Give me your curse, and I shall feel more blessed than I deserve! Don't look at me with those haunting, glorious eyes. Oh, Loreley, Loreley, you have destroyed my life!" he moaned, hiding his face.

She went back to the window, and tears gathered in her eyes as she looked out.

St. Julian rose and went to her side.

"Loreley," he murmured, raising her hand to his lips, "forgive me for not having suspected that Miss Algernon was the only enchantress in the world. Forgive me that I was so benumbed by her spells that I did not suspect the great source."

She turned her head and placed both her hands in his.

"You acted too well for me to penetrate your mask," he said, with an enraptured smile.

"Karl, my pretty Karl! I love you all the more for having shown me that you are worthy of my hero-worship. I could not do otherwise than admire one who recognizes so well woman's worth and woman's sphere. Karl," she continued, "I had almost feared that you would yield to the desire of your parents without giving an opportunity of being tested."

"My beautiful, beautiful love! I am more desperately in love with you as Pauline Algernon, than I was with your personation of Miss Lisle! But come, sweetheart, let's write a letter to the homefolks. I am too happy to be selfish."

CHAPTER V.

AN hour later Pauline added the following postscript to her lover's letter:

"Karl says I may write a few words to confirm the truth of his statement that he is absolutely happy! No one is so happy as

"PAULINE."

Then she wrote to her aunt in New York:

"NEW HAVEN, *June 28th.*

"DEAR AUNT EMILY:—Excuse a short letter, for I am unable to write longer. I shall merely say that I hope my delay has made no serious disarrangement of your Summer plans. You will excuse my late appearance in New York, when I tell you that I have—— Never mind! I'll see you in two days' time, and shall then endeavor to tell you all that has transpired.

"Lovingly yours, PAULINE."

NINETY YEARS OF WEDDED LIFE.

IN Montreal, in January, 1789, Michael Gannue and Melisia Ganier were married. He was seventeen, she was fourteen. In 1801 they removed to Scottsburg, now Scottsville. There they lived together for 78 years. On the 5th of December, 1879, Mrs. Gannue died, at the age of 103 years, after a married life of 89 years. Her husband is still living, 108 years old. He is sound, mentally. With the exception of being a cripple from a fall he had 16 years ago, his physical condition is excellent. He became blind in his 90th year; he was blind six years, when his sight gradually returned. When his wife was dying he stood by her bedside. When she could no longer speak to him, he became so affected that his eyesight failed him again. On the day of her burial he was escorted to her coffin, to take a last look at his venerable consort. He could not see her face. He exclaimed bitterly: "It is hard, after living ninety years with her, that she must be taken away without my being able to see her again!"

He had never been known to weep before.

Mr. Gannue is a basket-maker. He has not worked at his trade since he became a cripple. He is an inveterate user of tobacco, but never drinks intoxicating liquor. His wife bore him sixteen children. Eight—three sons and five daughters—are still living. There are living, besides 38 grandchildren, 23 great-grandchildren, 13 great-great-grandchildren, 8 great-great-great-grandchildren, and 5 great-great-great-great-grandchildren. A few months ago Mr. Gannue's eyesight was again renewed.

AMERICAN BEEF

A REVIEW OF A GREAT NATIONAL INDUSTRY.

MEN are sufficiently generous to credit nature with having designed certain places expressly for their own development or profit. Resting at Kansas City, Mo., after a long and somewhat rugged journey, and counting up the number of beef cattle that pass through this mart alone every season, one is convinced that for whatever purpose the great Southwest may be utilized, it has been particularly adapted to the enormous cattle and sheep industries of the United States.

At this point, we have arrivals from Kansas, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Nebraska, Western Missouri, Southwestern Iowa, and Wyoming and the Indian Territories. The growth of this live stock interest is well indicated by the facts that, in 1868, when the first organized movement of cattle to this city was made, the total number sent from various ranches aggregated 4,200; four years later the receipts were 236,802; and in 1880 they were 244,709; while from January 1st of this year to August 11th, nearly 113,000 were counted.

The long journey which ended at Kansas City was begun, practically, at Galveston, the gateway to the great ranches of Texas. To the traveler, cattle-raising appears to be the main industry of the State. I was considerably surprised to learn that many large operators do not own an acre of land. They brand and otherwise mark their cattle, and turn them loose upon the unoccupied prairies to multiply and grow fat. In the southwest part of the State, however, the business is undergoing a radical change in this respect, and factors are buying largely of State lands and fencing their ranges. It is this section that possesses the greatest interest for a stranger.

All along what is called the "West Country"—from the Colorado River to the mouth of the Rio Grande, a distance of over 300 miles, and inland from 50 to 100 miles—the land is devoted almost exclusively to stock ranching. The ranges are generally inclosed by a post and rail and wire fence. They are in tracts that for size would appear almost incomprehensible to the New England and Northern farmer—for I noted that several pastures are larger than the entire State of Rhode Island. Some of these pastures are owned by companies, and others by individuals. The residences of the majority of these stockmen I found to be quite palatial in extent, ornamentation and creature comforts, resembling the country estates of some well-to-do or retired city merchants.

Cattle-raising is not the only marked industry in this section, for there are evidences on every hand that vast wealth is being acquired from wool-growing. These evidences are the most noticeable south and southeast of San Antonio, on the Rio Grande.

Practically speaking, the grazing region may be said to embrace the southern portion of the State west of the Brazos, and the whole western portion beyond the Guadalupe, except the extreme patch of the western section, which is

too arid to produce sufficient grass to suit an experienced ranchman. A better idea of the vastness of this grand pasture-land may be had when it is stated that the good grazing country, at present not used for agricultural purposes, is about as large as the entire State of New York; while there are countless thousands of acres that are being gradually adapted to the cattle business, as capitalists are attracted to the State.

There is one section called the "Pan-handle" of Texas, which, commonly speaking, is something like 130 miles deep by 160 miles wide. The Canadian River runs through it from west to east, and into the Canadian from either side run many lesser streams. A splendid quality of grass grows here, and, accordingly, the section is richly prized by cattle men. The number of cattle whose ranges front on the Canadian River often reaches, and sometimes exceeds, 200,000 head. In fact, I find that in the majority of cases the ranches in this section are quite huge affairs, averaging from 5,000 to 50,000 head, and possessing a goodly quantity of highly bred stock from the old country.

Men who profess a knowledge of beef-cattle invariably express surprise at the improvement that has been made in Texas of late in the character of this species of stock. The efforts of the leading stockmen to increase the commercial value of their cattle by a mixture with the large Durham stock, have resulted in considerable importations of fine young bulls from Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Illinois, beside Canada and England itself. In the neighborhood of Fort Worth, yearling bulls from well-known herds have been sold at from $50 to $150 per head; and the importation would be greater still, if the changes of climate did not prove so disastrous to "short-horns." From these bulls bred to the native cows a far superior class of stock is produced. The horns of the half-breeds I have examined are considerably shorter, but the animals are better shaped than the natives and carry more meat; so that, when taken to the great stockyards of St. Louis and Chicago, they bring higher prices.

On a high hill between the Santa Gertrudes and San Fernando Creeks, and from a tower on the roof of a large brick warehouse, I have scanned with absolute amazement the famous Santa Gertrudes ranch. It seems exceedingly risky for me to put down in cold ink the figures by which this vast tract is described, and I am sure imagination will be considerably stretched to regard with any degree of credence my totals. First, let me tell you, the tract, which was an old Spanish grant with a title from the Government running back ever so many years, contains 78,225 acres. An almost impenetrable belt of timber borders both sides of the Santa Gertrudes Creek within the pasture, extending for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles. Of this tract over four-fifths are under fence; a grazing land that is not equaled for fertility by any in the country. The fence, of wire and lumber, is forty miles in length. This immense pasture has six gates: one on the road leading to the city, one on that leading to Brownsville, one at the Esconidas, one at the Borregas, one at Las Conchas, and one at Los Indios. In addition to his landed interest embraced in the Santa Gertrudes Tract, Captain King has become possessed of other ranges, aggregating over 77,000 acres, besides a piece of 25 leagues, out of an original Spanish grant of 106 leagues, known as the San Juan de Carricitas.

The methods of buying, branding and driving cattle being almost identical on all the large ranges, I will leave the description of the processes until I have alluded to the principal cattle sections visited during my journey.

With the wonders of Captain King's great ranch in mind, and believing myself proof against further surprise in that direction, I visited the Iliff range in Colorado, which I was informed was the largest in the world. Mr. I. W. Iliff was an Ohio man, born in Zanesville, who began acquiring grazing land some twenty years ago. At the time of his death, four or five years ago, he was individual owner of a tract one hundred miles wide, extending from Greely to Julesburg, on the Union Pacific Railroad. The range was divided into thirteen ranches, and at each ranch were quarters for the men who looked after the stock, the corrals where the cattle were gathered to be branded, and the horses. At the time of his death Mr. Iliff had 40,000 head of choice cattle on the range. He had taken great pains to improve the breed of his stock, and his brand, which consisted of a monogram of his initials, was well-known in England, whither a large portion of his stock, mainly Herefords, Utahs, and Short-horns, were shipped.

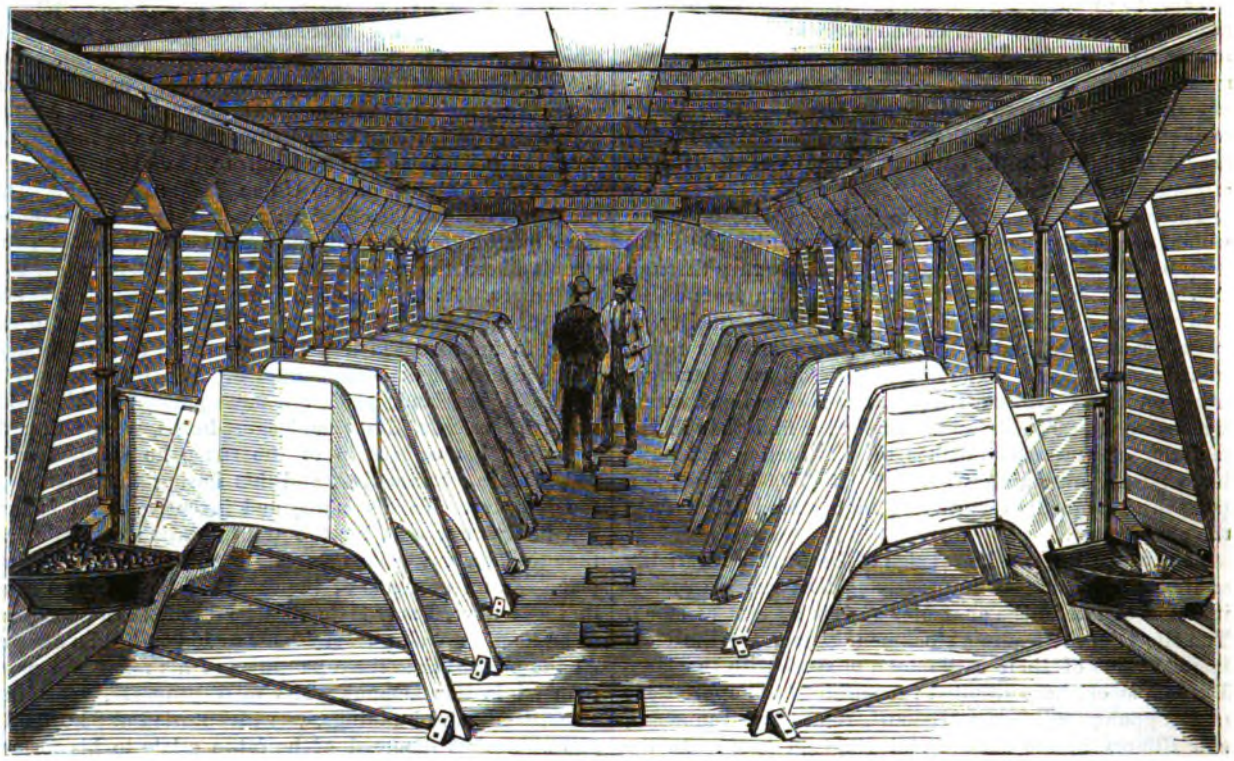
During his ownership of the range he shipped over 200,000 head to the East, and this during the infancy of the industry. To his energy and inventive mind is due the refrigerator cars for the transportation of cattle, although later inventions exhibit but little of his original plan. As an evidence of the extent of the business even in those days, I may state that he deemed it a poor year when he did not ship from 10,000 to 15,000 head a season. At the present time the capabilities of his range are more than triple this amount. His total property, including stock, lands and buildings, was inventoried at $3,000,000. His widow has disposed of half the estate to his former managers, and retains and works the remainder.

It is claimed for cattle raised in Colorado that they have a finer flavor than those that range further eastward. There are two varieties of grass grown in the State, called gamma and buffalo. These grasses are very sweet; they cure on the ground, and never rot. After lying out all Winter they are as fine as hay in the mow in the Spring. They are perfectly indigenous grasses, and in the quality of hardening and fattening are equal to oats.

A large part of the ranches in Colorado are on Government land. Anybody can graze his herds on the public domain, but by an old custom a man who has operated for years in a certain place is not allowed to be driven from it by new-comers. If one chooses, he can preempt 160 acres near a stream, build his house there, and permit his cattle to range around for forty or fifty miles. A favorite and exceedingly rich pasture land is the immense triangle bounded by the mountains, the North and South Platte, and the Arkansas. Very few cattle ever get over the mountains or across the rivers, therefore this range is practically closed by these natural boundaries.

In New Mexico, besides the newly developed gold and silver mines, and the rich coal and iron deposits that are beginning to attract attention, I find there is a very close rivalry between the cattle and wool industries, which are well established. The latter is a double business, one price being realized from the wool of the sheep, and another from the animal itself. In the northern portion, sheep and cattle ranches, owned both by Americans and Englishmen, are very plentiful. The larger ones appear to be hemmed in by the Raton range on the north and the Rocky Mountains on the west, and they have an elevation of about 6,000 feet above the sea level. In fact, the Pan-handle of Texas is almost similar in advantages with this vast basin, and might be called a continuation of it.

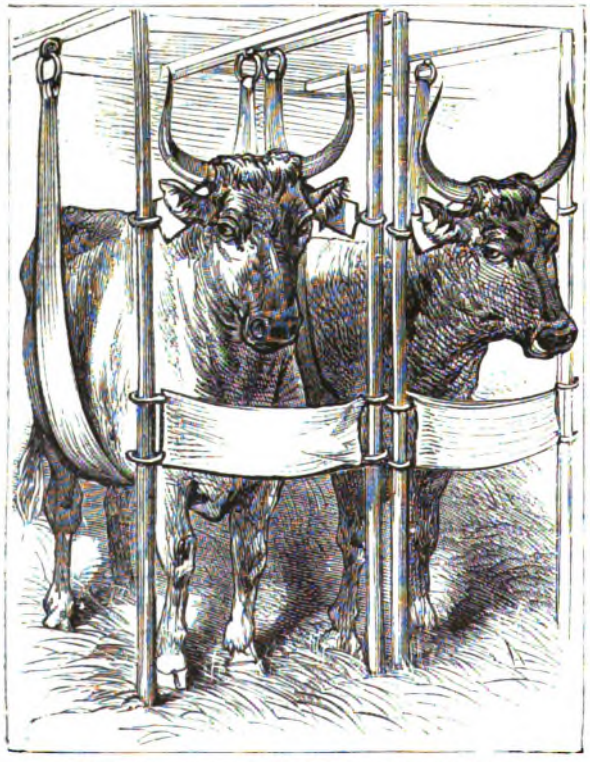
These sections are unusually attractive, and no one but an experienced ranchero would undertake to discriminate between them. There are herders, however, who give the preferences to New Mexico, principally on the ground



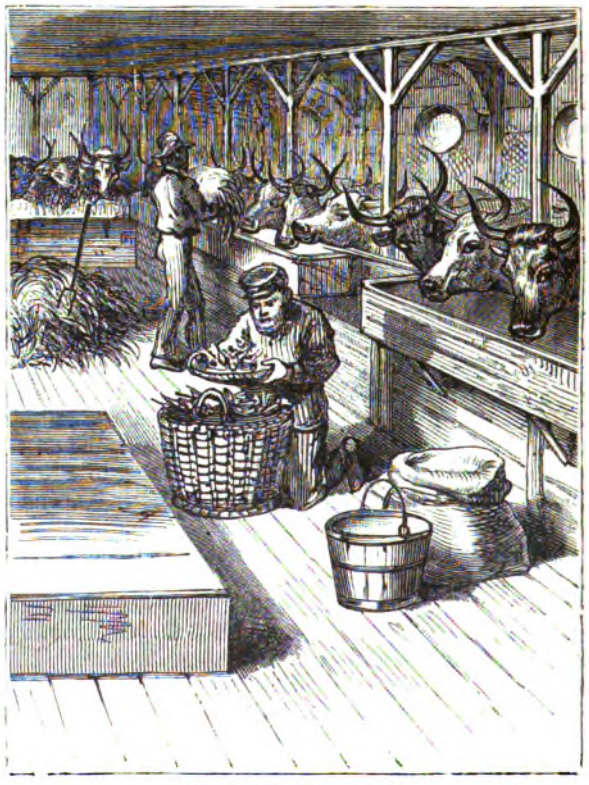
IMPROVED CAR FOR THE TRANSPORTATION OF LIVE CATTLE.

that the Winters are much milder, and the country is better watered. They say that the cow is not a tropical animal, and will not obtain perfection in a warm or oppressive climate. New Mexico, therefore, is held up as the happy mean between tropical Texas and frigid Colorado.

The same advantages pertain to sheep-culture. The remarkable dryness of the atmosphere prevents sheep-rot entirely, and the same material features of locality and climate combine in New Mexico to produce as fine wool as can be raised on the plateaux of Thibet or the hills of Andalusia. The most promising investment of capital can be made in grading up the native stock both of cattle and sheep, and the results so far must be eminently satis-



SAFETY BAND FOR SUPPORTING CATTLE IN ROUGH SEA WEATHER.



DINNER-TIME ON THE OCEAN.

factory, judging from the extent of the business and the rush of new-comers, hailing particularly from England.

New Mexico seems provided by nature with all the essentials of a self-supporting country. The mountainous and undulating land extends over two-thirds the entire Territory, forming large valleys of rich soil, and the remaining third is made up of tablelands, covered with nutritious grasses. When not watered by running streams, these pastural grounds are wet with rains which occur periodically, as in the Eastern States.

Kansas is better adapted to agricultural pursuits than to stock-raising. The growth of the State in the last ten years has been marvelous. There has been a vast increase in the number of acres cultivated, and in the quantity of corn and wheat raised. In the live-stock line more attention has been paid to sheep than to cattle, over 300,000 of the former having been driven from Colorado and New Mexico into the State to remain, during the present year. The old "Great American Desert" has not yet recuperated sufficiently to afford profitable grazing fields for large herds.

When we come to Montana we find that her meadow lands furnish the highest facilities for the growth of cattle, sheep and horses.

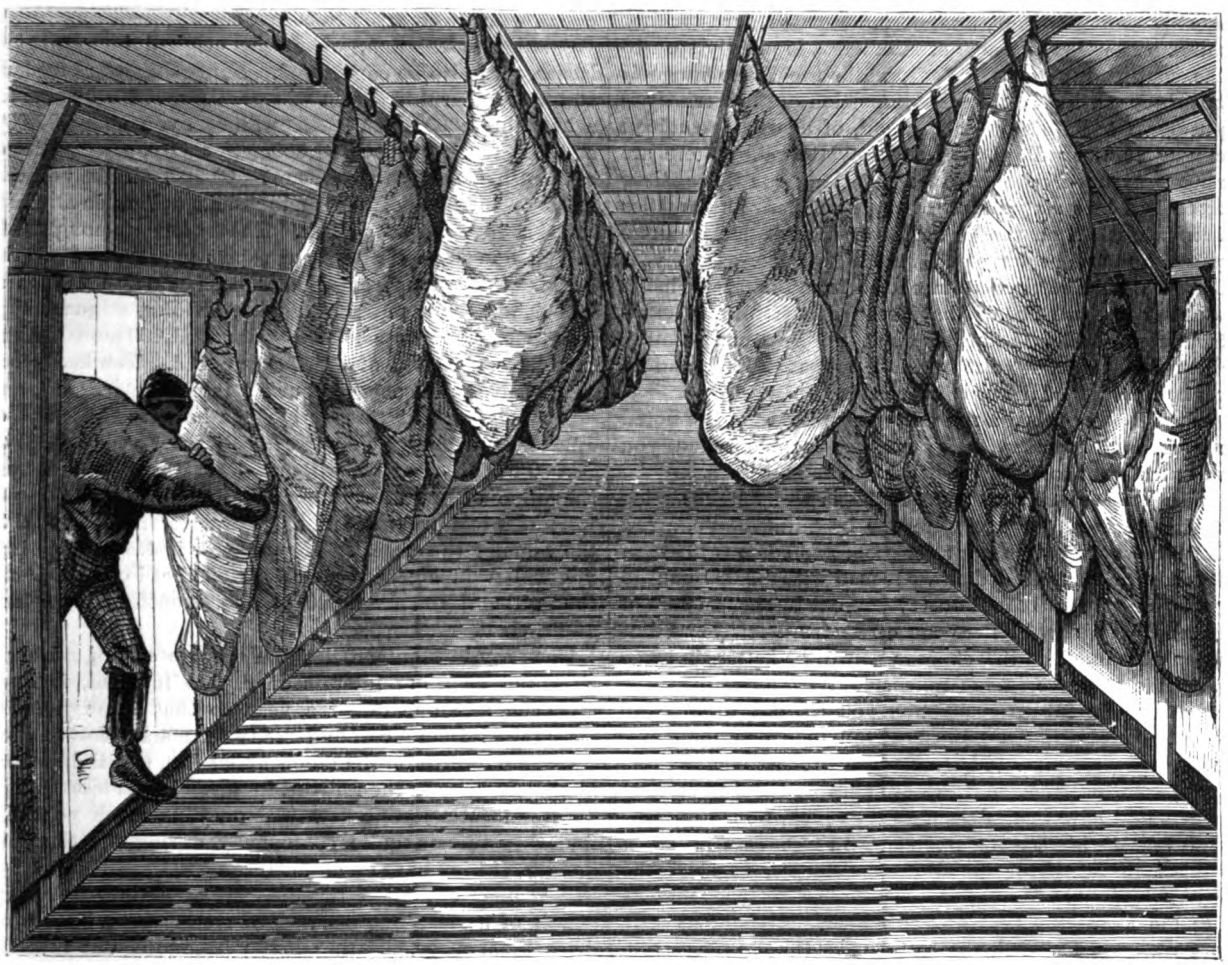
"Why, sir," said an experienced ranchman, in response to my query as to the possible profits of cattle-raising in the Territories, "you can borrow money at two per cent. a month; invest it in stock, except a small part you may need to live on; pay the principal and interest in four years, and be possessed of a competence in ten years."

On expressing a doubt as to the accuracy of his statement, he replied:

"Well, if you don't like it that way, just set down that a man who isn't lazy can make 33⅓ per cent. per annum on all the money he is willing to invest."

Montana is well supplied with natural watercourses, such as the Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Madison, the Jefferson, the Dearborn, the Missoula, and many others; while the plains have the additional advantage of receiving, in the Spring, all the melted snow from the mountain-tops, which in itself is sufficient to create numerous creeks, forming a natural method of irrigation. Then the Territory is well covered with the succulent "bunch" grass, on which cattle keep in good condition without other food. Growing in clusters, as its name indicates, it attains a height of about two feet, and can be seen protruding through the snow. Cattle readily brush the bunches clear, and so procure an abundance of food even in the depth of Winter. This grass does not really dry up, but gradually cures and retains a large amount of nutriment. In this respect, it is quite similar to the buffalo grass, of which there is also an immense store, and said to be fully as nutritious as the more famous blue-grass of Kentucky.

There is a vast range in the Yellowstone Valley belonging to an Anglo-American company, which was started by a drive of 5,000 head from Texas; but many of the large ranges are managed on the co-operative plan, by which men with money but no experience share equally the profits of the year's product under the management of



A STEAMSHIP REFRIGERATOR-BOX FOR DRESSED CATTLE.

men who understand the country and business, but are lacking in capital.

The entire valley of the Yellowstone, which from its mouth to the National Park is 650 miles long, and on an average ten miles wide, is admirably adapted to this industry, possessing the three great advantages—water, grass and timber. Flowing into the Yellowstone are the Powder, Tongue, Big Horn and other rivers, the valley of each of which is from thirty to one hundred miles long, and all afford the best pasturage. The grazing grounds alone of Montana are in extent nearly three times as large as the six New England States, or in round figures, over 40,000,000 acres.

Another capital section for the ranchman is the western counties of Idaho. From Boise City you may overlook a most productive valley, stretching away westward for fifty miles. The Owyhu range of mountains is plainly seen to the south, forty miles distant, while the Boise range is but three miles off. The arable portion of the territory is put down at 12,000,000 acres, and, of course, is confined chiefly to the valleys. In the Payette valley there are ranges seventy-five miles in length, along the Boise River there is a belt sixty miles long by from two to five miles in width, while on the Snake River there is one compact patch forty miles long and ten miles wide. Last year 30,000 head of cattle were marketed from Idaho, and herds said to aggregate 200,000 have been driven into the territory from California during the past Summer. Cattle, sheep and horses require but little prepared food, and no shelter, on any of these pasture-fields.

Now, having taken a run across some of the most noted ranges in the country, and possibly selected a ranch, you will next want to know how to begin the business.

The expense of starting a ranch is really light: a log cabin, a corral, or inclosure for branding cattle, a few hired cowboys with a pony for each, and some ready cash for buying your first stock. A man with $5,000 can go pretty deeply into the industry without buying an acre of ground. He should herd his cattle for a few years, but when able to afford the expense, it will be better, in some localities, to fence in his ranch. Having prepared your ranch for its future occupants, you set out to buy the stock. In starting a new herd you look out for cows, bulls and yearlings. Many persons prefer to make these purchases in Texas, as cattle are cheaper there than elsewhere, and have them driven to the ranch, no matter how far away it is. It is customary, in the case of stock bought in Texas for the Montana ranges, to start the drives as early as March, so that the herd reaches its destination about the first of September. Arriving at their new ranch in the Fall, the cattle have time to recuperate before Winter sets in.

The price of a new herd varies greatly. Thus, in some sections of Texas you may purchase a cow and calf for $12, a yearling for $4, and a bull for $100; while in other sections of the State, as well as in other cattle regions, you may pay more or less for the same animals. To give a clearer idea of the method and cost of starting a new herd, I will give you the following calculation, supposing you have but $3,500 in ready cash to begin business:

100 cows, at $25 each	$2,500
3 bulls, at $100 each	300
Cash for cabin and corral or fence	200
Cash for first year's provisions	500
Total	$3,500

The rate of increase under favorable conditions will be 90 per cent. of the cows. So at the end of the first year you will have 90 calves, at the second 180, and the third 270. But calves bear when two years old, and assuming that one-half the calves are heifers—the proportion is higher, in fact—forty calves should be added to this, making 310. These are now worth an average of $15 per head, or $4,650. As you will probably have to kill and sell steers to purchase supplies for your second and third years, at the rate of $500 per year, and will most likely put $150 into improvements, it follows that your increase in three years will about equal your original investment. In four years, if you have ordinary luck, you will have, say, 90 three-year-olds, 90 two-year-olds, 130 yearlings, and 170 calves. The three-year-olds could be sold for from $22 to $25 per head, and if you average the others at $15 each, you will have $7,830, from which it would be wise to deduct $1,800 for expenses after the first year. Thenceforward, your increase will run from 30 to 50 per cent.

Another calculation, where the original investment is larger, may also be considered. Supposing you buy land and fence your range, you will want about 3,000 acres for a herd of 1,000 head. This will cost you about $3,000, and the fencing about $1,500. You buy, say 800 cows, each with a calf, costing about $10,000. Then you will want to invest a couple of thousand dollars in Durham bulls, to improve your stock. The tendency among stock-raisers now is to strive for constant improvement in the breed. Your house, stable and pens you can reckon at $1,000, and your outfit of horses, saddles, wagons, supplies, etc., you can put down at about $1,000 more. Here you have a capital of $18,500 invested. You keep your heifer calves, sell some of your steers when a year old, and keep some, and in three years you have a mixed herd of 1,200 head, from which you can sell every year $6,000 or $8,000 worth of cattle, without diminishing in the least the value of your remaining investment. A yearling is worth $4, and every additional year adds from $1 to $2 to the value of the animal. If you herd, instead of fencing, you will need six herdsmen for 1,000 head of cattle, and they will cost you from $20 to $30 a month wages apiece and their board.

They say in Montana that the average cost of raising a steer, not counting interest on capital invested, is from sixty cents to one dollar a year, so that a four-year-old steer raised from a calf and ready for market costs about $4. He is worth on the ranch about $20, and if driven to Fort Benton or to the railroad in Wyoming at least $25.

After locating your new herd on your ranch you will find they remain quite contentedly during the Summer months, if they have an abundance of water. If not, they will wander off, often traveling fifty or sixty miles in search of a river or creek. The storms of Winter also drive them away. Spring herds from different ranches will have become very much mixed and scattered, and it is then that the process known as "rounding up" is attended to. This is simply a separation of Jones's cattle from that of Brown, Smith, and Ferguson. The means of identification consists of some device, figures, letters, or other marks, which are branded on the cattle when the herd is formed or increased. When a large herd is being driven from one point to another, the brand of the owner or owners must be registered in each county through which the drive passes. A new purchaser puts a new brand on the herd, and by the time some animals, particularly valuable bulls, have passed into the possession of several parties, their bodies will be marked as irregularly as a map of the United States.

With a driving herd a round-up is made every night, to keep them together; but the rounding-up to separate herds is generally done at a time designated by law or determined by commissioners chosen in each county for the

purpose. In Colorado the commissioners publish in the Spring the places for the round-ups for every day during a period of six weeks, usually beginning in the middle of May. The places are generally a distance of twenty miles from each other. Every ranch or neighborhood then fits out its squad of men to search and separate the cattle. At a given hour the wagons and outfits are seen starting from every ranch in the State or Territory toward a common rendezvous on the unfenced plain. The squads are divided up into various parties, each properly officered, and the exciting work begins. First the horsemen begin at the edges of the pastures, defined by the feet of mountains or banks of rivers, and sweeping around the boundary, startle the cattle toward the rendezvous. It often takes four, five, or six weeks to get the wanderers in. During that time, with driving the cattle by day, and night-herding or keeping them from scattering at night, no man gets over five hours' sleep out of the twenty-four.

After arriving at the rendezvous, the head rounder issues orders to his subordinates, and soon the vast number of cattle are seen moving into distinct bodies all over the plain. These bodies are again subdivided and sorted out, and in time each neighborhood gets its own cattle in one mass. Then each man in the neighborhood squad separates his brand from his fellows', so that by the time the home ranch is reached each man has his own brand under his eye and control, as well as the young calves, which run along with their branded mothers.

After you have secured a goodly number of cattle, your next necessity is that most remarkable product of the prairie — the cowboy. You will need to employ him to drive your herd, either from the purchase place to your ranch, or thence to the shipping point; or to look after your property, if it is large, on the ranch. The cowboy is a distinct genus. He is unlike any other being. He enters upon his business life when he is seven years old, and in nine cases out of ten he dies a cowboy, even should he reach the age of Methuselah. His pet is his horse; his toy a revolver; a source of intense pride, his hat—a broad-brimmed straw or wool affair. Leather leggings are worn over his pantaloons, and heavy top boots, with high heels and enormous spurs, protect his feet. His lariat is composed of eight pliable rawhide thongs, plaited into a rope forty feet long and half an inch thick. With this he can almost lasso a streak of lightning. Where there is no "chute," formed by running parallel lines of fencing, or a corral, where your cattle can be branded, the cowboy is brought into requisition to catch the animals for the branders. Slipping about eight feet of the end of his lariat through the iron ring at the end, and putting a loop at the other end over the pommel of his saddle, he gathers its coils in his bridle hand, holding the noose in his right, and gives his horse the spur. When the cowboy is near enough to the animal he desires, he dexterously throws the loop over the head or forefeet of the scampering cow. The trained horse is checked, and quickly turns to await the shock that comes the moment the cow has run the length of the lariat. In an instant the cow is brought to the ground, where the branders seize her by the head and tail, and press the branding-iron to her skin.

When on the trail, the cowboy is compelled to guard the herd during the night, the force being divided into several reliefs. In case of a stampede he must ride night and day, and "round-up" the fugitives. Stampedes occur frequently during a drive, especially during the first days, before the herd get accustomed to the slow, regular walk. A thunderstorm is sure to scatter a herd, but almost any unusual noise or movement will send them off.

Your next work is to dispose of your surplus stock. Of immense stockyards, the Western States are full, and you have at Jersey City a great establishment where not only cattle are received direct from the West in cars, but where they are fed up, slaughtered, and either sold to local butchers or prepared for shipment to Europe. Large purchasers are always to be found at these stockyards, and many speculators will come directly to your ranch to select their sales.

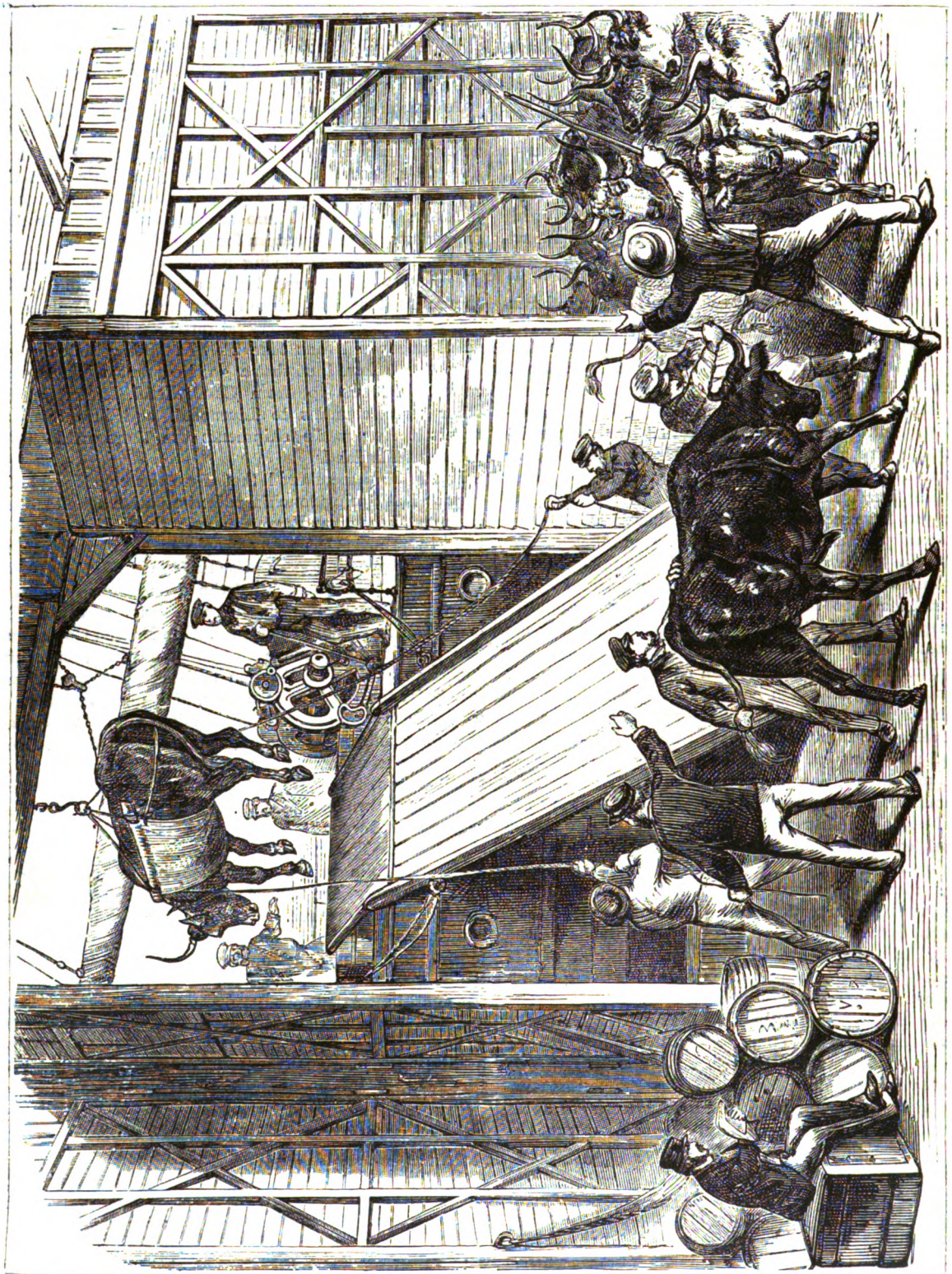
American cattle are shipped to Liverpool direct from New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, but the freight rates are much higher on live cattle than on beef. As our cattle, dressed in England, bring but little more than refrigerated beef, it is practically cheaper to cut up the meat on this side. There are over twenty vessels fitted expressly with refrigerators for the shipment of beef, some of the largest ones having a capacity of 2,000 quarters. Straw battens are used both on shipboard and on the the railroad cars to prevent bruising. In England the covered railroad vans carry 56 quarters, hanging, and the small uncovered vans take 24. In both vehicles plenty of room is allowed, so that a good current of air may circulate. Dealers go from Cumberland, Yorkshire, and other near counties to Liverpool, and buy from the agents there; while shipments are there made to all points of England.

It will be remembered that there was considerable discussion last Spring touching discrimination against American meat, in various European countries. It was precipitated by reports that many people in Germany had been poisoned by eating pork raised in the United States. It was proven subsequently that the sickness was induced by the victims partaking too freely of sausage made in Germany from German grown pigs. The French Government was the first to issue a decree of prohibition against American pork. This action enlisted Secretary Blaine's sympathy for the American hog, and most thorough investigations were ordered both by inspectors at home and our consuls abroad. The determined stand of the Secretary, supported by strong proof, led to two important results: first, the decree of the Government of Switzerland, which broke the European deadlock on the American hog; and second, the appointment of a Cattle Commission by the Treasury Department. The action of the Swiss Republic was prompt, friendly, and, better still, just. Directly the French prohibition appeared, the Swiss officially ordered a thorough inquiry into the facts concerning trichinosis and other diseases of American meats. Their investigation was conducted by the Federal Sanitary Commission, the local inspectors, and a number of scientists. After considering a large mass of statistics and testimony submitted by the American consuls, the Commission reported and the Government declared that no prohibition or compulsory inspection of American meat was justified, nor were either required in Switzerland.

The American experiment of shipping beef to England has been noted with much interest in various parts of the Old World. Steamers are now engaged in conveying beef and mutton from Australia, Canada, Spain, and Buenos Ayres to England, France, Germany, Scotland, and Belgium. A vast benefit is being conferred on the poor of Europe because enterprising Americans have made a practical application of the knowledge that in a dry atmosphere having a constant temperature of from thirty-six to thirty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, meat may be preserved fresh for a long time.

With reference to the Treasury Cattle Commission, it may be stated briefly that the object is to collect information as to the extent of the pleuro-pneumonia territory,

and the condition of our inter-State and international quarantine, and inform the world as to the wholesomeness of our food live stock. It is also expected that these experts will frame a code of regulations for the government of railroads engaged in the transportation of cattle from the West to the seaboard. The motive of the Secretary of the Treasury is to establish to the satisfaction of the world that pleuro-pneumonia does not exist in the West, nor in certain Eastern States; and that cattle can be transported by healthy routes to ports in the healthy Eastern States; and to secure by these facts from England a modification of her restrictions on the importation of American cattle. This Commission is now investigating the subject, and is not expected to complete their report before the opening of Congress.



SHIPMENT OF AMERICAN CATTLE AT NEW YORK FOR GREAT BRITAIN.

He who wants little has always enough.

AS BROAD AS IT IS LONG.

"WHY, I *can't* go, and that's all there is of it, Bessie; I've told you so all along, so where's the use of being in a fret about it?"

The Bessie thus to be silenced, as it were, sat by the window of her great square room, and at the moment of being adjured to be sensible, and not whine after her husband, was engaged in the nerve-wearing task of darning stockings.

"Can't go, indeed!" replied the little dame, throwing her work aside, with something that looked like "spirit." "Haddie Sheldon, you know better—you could go, if you wanted to. Let Springer and Lewis and Garry Phenix stay at the office, and you go. Oh, Haddie"—seeing a look on Haddie's face as if he might relent—"why don't you make an effort for my sake? I don't know why it is I hate so to go without you!"

"Pshaw! Bessie, you act like a baby! You will not be obliged to walk the piazzas all day, nor dance all night, unless you choose. Keep your room if you like, and go to ride all by yourself. Mrs. Le Baum will not mind it, I'm sure."

AS BROAD AS IT IS LONG.—"WITH HALF HIS FACE COVERED WITH LATHER AND HALF CLEANLY SHORN, THE YOUNG HUSBAND PUT ON AS SHOCKED A LOOK AS WAS POSSIBLE."

"Won't mind it? Of course she won't! Isn't Mrs. Le Baum herself, and nobody else, from head to foot; and has Leila an idea beyond 'figures' and her last new gown? Oh, Haddie"—her voice dropping, and her hands clasping over her head—"how is it that you don't seem to cling to me a bit? You're happy when I'm here, but you're just as happy when I'm gone. I wish to goodness I could worry you once, or give you a good big scare! You don't seem to understand that every woman needs one great love in her heart to make it worth her while; but that can't be a lap-sided affair—all give and no get!"

"Bes-sie Shel-don!" exclaimed the individual addressed as Haddie, parting his syllables tragically; and, turning suddenly around, with half his face covered with lather and half cleanly shorn, the young husband put on as shocked a look as was possible to a face so obstructed.

This disyllabic reproof, however, did not end the conversation.

"I don't take back one word, Mr. Harold Sheldon," said the young wife, most earnestly. "I know what the world says of a woman who is found in the ballrooms of watering-place hotels with that horrid offshoot of Parisian style—a *chaperone* — quite likely more indiscreet than herself. I haven't forgotten, either, what happened at Nahant, when pretty Mrs. Van Nott was ruined by the upturned noses of her sex; and I don't think you ought to insist on my going to Saratoga to run the same risk."

"There!" said Mr. Harold Sheldon, somewhat staggered by the plain statement of his wife; "that's quite enough before breakfast—I'll finish with some seltzer; meantime, fiercest of mountain-makers out of mole-hills, I must say you are going out of your way to distress yourself. If you behave at Saratoga as Mrs. Van Nott did at Nahant, you must take your chances of a scrimmage with me, and a public castigation besides. Here, little moral-reform, do you see what's the matter with this button-hole?"

Bessie takes her scissors—the button-hole is a little like herself, not equal to what is expected of it—she cuts it the tiniest bit, and writes on her memorandum-book, "Fix up Haddie before I go."

Meantime, before the conversation can be renewed, a servant at the door says "Breakfast!" and, as everybody knows, coffee and omelets always get the best of arguments

between husband and wife. After breakfast it is office-time, and Harold Sheldon, being a devotee to his profession, goes directly to Pine Street, where "Saratoga; propriety; study up Tomkin's case; *chaperones;* silly girl; grand jury, etc.," flit through the mind of the over-busy lawyer, till the light of a waning day sends him home again.

* * * * * * *

The couple at variance, so moderately, were in the third year of their married life, and were supposed to be beyond the full moon surf of their love experience.

Whoever supposed anything of this kind, however, would have been at fault, so far as Bessie Sheldon was concerned, for, at the end of three years of married life, she lived upon every word that proceeded out of the mouth of her husband, as she had not dreamed of doing when she first became Mrs. Sheldon.

Bessie was a round, blue-eyed woman, somewhat silent among strangers, but deep as a well that is hewn among rocks.

She was in no sense superficial; her great clear eyes looked around the angles and across the squares of whatever came before her, and she lived among motives, and learned the world of the people that were in it.

Such experimental life had written itself upon her piquant face, toned down and half shadowed with eager thinking.

Perhaps there was too little of the wildwood violet about such a woman to satisfy Harold Sheldon, who, a man among men, by no means "carried his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at."

Harold Sheldon was a man of extremest self-reliance. He had never, it is true, resolved matrimonial conditions down to the materialities of supply and demand; but if he could have read his own soul, he would have learned that in a wife he looked for the softness, pliability, and, if one may say it, the "kittenish" qualities that had no kind of parallel in himself.

Bessie was all piquancy and freshness, original, and entirely unlike most of the world's women. She absorbed little from other people, and only reflected her surroundings as they might be, lively or depressing.

She was a kind of woman that influenced others, magnetically, however, and one that, in the right groove, was made to kin thousands; and, on the contrary, if deluded, might mislead indefinitely.

The Sheldons are living in what foreigners call "quarters"—that is, they have rooms *en suite* in an elegant house in Fifty —th Street, New York, and surrounding them are all the accessories of wealth and good-breeding.

These things, however, are rather the chance provisions of a first-class private hotel, than selections of concerted and sympathetic ideas, for, though Harold's tastes are artistic and decidedly extravagant, who could be so mistaken in a face as to suppose that Bessie Sheldon would care for ormulu and gilt?

Give her books and her music, and let Haddie's love be deep and undisturbed, and a fig for everything else!

And how is it as to Harold?

He is twelve years the senior of his wife, and is already saying farewell to his thirty-fifth year. That he is of the legal guild, anybody might see by the papers that often disorder the rooms, and by the calf-bound literature that is to be picked up, here and there, about the apartments.

He is ambitious, too, and the world, he thinks, has never done him justice. After a ten years' struggle to come to the surface, put down every year by the big fish that eat the lesser, he has taken up a new *rôle*. He is working himself, he says, into a new place, and is concentrating all his forces and industries into this one groove. He will be the criminal lawyer of the age; but to do this "all must be fish that comes to his net." He will refuse no accused man such defense as he can make out, and with a well-studied profession, an extraordinary command of language, and his magnetic presence, Harold is sanguine of success.

A counsel for estates? Never!

Associate lawyer for big companies and co-partnerships? Never!

He will be the people's lawyer—a defender of the masses. The single-minded wife takes fright, and asks Haddie if in his chosen sphere he can always stand by truth and the right side. Haddie laughs when Bessie asks this, not so much with his mouth, from which protrudes a Partaga, as with his eyes, aided by a strange sniff, and a quick little toss of the head. The eyes say, "Simple little woman!" the sniff says, "What nonsense!" and the quick toss of the head says, "Truth must take its chances!" And, as motes in the air, and red light where all is clear and uncolored, warn one of coming blindness, so sniffs at truth may be taken as symptoms of wavering manhood.

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The coaxing process is finished, for these are useless appeals to Harold to accompany his wife to Saratoga instead of placing her under the care of Mrs. Le Baum and her daughter.

Imprimis, it is not to Saratoga that Bessie cares to go. She would choose a place among the "Blue-noses" of Nova Scotia, a fisherman's village near Montauk, or a smiling valley among Evangeline's people at Grand-Pré.

But Harold is deep in preparations for the Fall calendar, where, first upon the score, is the trial of a high-bred forger, who has shocked high society. On the result of this case Harold has placed his stake of fame, social standing, and money, and instead of a simple defense, founded on facts, what he will give to the jury, is the subtlest of irrelevant logic, the Fabian policy of delay, and a dramatic coloring wellnigh irresistible in these days of the sensationalist.

Bessie is a perpetual drawback to this kind of progress, for, as the husband toils at night over notes, points to be eliminated, etc., etc., the wife will intrude such unadulterated ideas of truth and justice that Harold is wearied to death of her pellucid notions.

Among the indefinite charms which certain women have for certain men, that of reasoning seems to count for least. Men enjoy arguing with men, they only tolerate it in women; so that with major and minor premises altogether in favor of the feminine side of a theory, a man gives a verdict against her proposition because—well, women never can argue.

Then there is the coaxer—has she any firmer hold? Perhaps while she is young and piquant, a little defiant, and more than half saucy, the coaxer is a success. But how is it in the gray vale that is sometimes picturesque, though oftener melancholy?

And so, looking over the calendar of woman's possibilities in the way of self-defense, one is compelled to believe that real earnestness, true womanliness, and the same self-respect that would protect a woman from being swindled at an auction, are sufficient for the day.

Now, Bessie Sheldon was no coaxer. She lived up to the "more-blessed-to-give-than-to-receive" theory in maintaining that the lover was forever happier than the beloved, and to this end she knew no greater happiness than to give happiness, nor dreamed of a certain basis of operations called "my rights."

The topic of "going to the Springs" was not resumed

again except incidentally; for, Bessie, finding her objections so utterly ineffectual, conceded the point, and made ready.

This was done, however, in a way so modest and unassuming, that Harold was nearer to being angry with his wife than ever he had been since their marriage.

"Nothing but three-cornered bibs and plaid aprons for Saratoga?" he asked, derisively, time and again, as he observed the moderately dressy costumes, and the simply graceful adornings that his wife provided for her visit.

It happened that Mr. Sheldon was one of those exceptional men who had an intuitive intelligence as to dry-goods in general. Without being in the slightest degree educated as to gros-grains and velvets, his taste was instinctive, and his eye thoroughly correct.

He never failed to recognize a well-dressed woman, and nothing in his wife dissatisfied him so much as her indifference to elaborate toilets, and her lack of social ambition. And now, when he was concentrating every energy upon his struggle for fame and position, it almost galled him to have Bessie so engrossed in books and music, and so oblivious to the share he would fain have her bear in his efforts for worldly *éclat*.

* * * * * * *

At last the day arrived for the Le Baum party to start for Saratoga. They met at the depot, not particularly a conspicuous group, except, perhaps, to thoughtful people, who find in everyday situations a way to unravel the social perplexities of the day.

To the cynic, perhaps, or the *blasé* man of the world, there would have been something noticeable in the Le Baums, *mère et fille*. The former was one of those women that the world calls "well-preserved and *distinguée*," though why the world should expect a healthful woman of forty-five to be a wreck of the past, or a model of reconstructive ingenuity, is not easy to discover. Be that as it may, Mrs. Le Baum had been so profusely complimented upon her eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and "skin like a baby's," that she had at last persuaded herself that it was not easy to tell mother from daughter.

To the cynic, however, the couple might have suggested a frizzy, fuzzy poodle with a solemn-eyed retriever, lean, lank, and in fine condition for the game season; for Madame Le Baum was full of nervous little motions, graceful attitudes, and the thousand little mannerisms never forgotten by the true coquette if she lives for ever; while Leila, cold and passionless, affected spirituality of character, being, in fact, interested by nothing but a *furore* for statuesque figures and classic draperies.

Bessie Sheldon, straightforward, clear-souled, and earnest, seemed entirely out of place with the Le Baums, and was, undeniably, quite as much off orbit as she looked to be.

There is never anything cheerful in partings; though it be but for a day, something reminds one that incident and not accident is sometimes fatal to lovers, while time, change, and a thousand vicissitudes of life cut new channels, wherein we glide whether we will or no.

Forebodings, then, are a certain element of the "farewell," which to Bessie Sheldon had an added grief, in the fact that she was to be plunged into gayety against her will, and in the company of people utterly unsympathetic.

The Le Baums were ladies of position as well as wealth; they were also cultivated, as the society world interprets that very amiable word, so that Bessie, in a worldly sense, risked nothing by being under such chaperonage.

Progress, however, and study, were at a stand-still with the Le Baums; they kept pace with such publications as made a stir in the world, they were well "up" as to pictures, subscribed to galleries and indigent art unions, and were forearmed as to classical music and the newest operas. Here, however, cultivation ceased, for a superficial *aplomb* was acquired without a store of life-long knowledge.

The routine at Saratoga was fully as stupid to Bessie as she had anticipated. The saunter to the springs, the piazza loiterings, the conventional round, became from the first inexpressibly wearisome.

How to fritter the hours away in a society that frittered to such advantage habitually was a perplexing question, decided, as one more accustomed to fashionable life might have foreseen, by meeting old acquaintances and forming new ones, enlarging their circle and varying their pleasures.

A letter written to Harold just at the beginning of Bessie's visit, was a delicate bit of deceitfulness, intended to tell just enough of the truth, and no more:

"I nearly proved myself the baby you accuse me of being, dearest Haddie, before I had fairly lost sight of your big hat last Monday! Two great tears were just ready to fall, and if Mrs. Le Baum had not engrossed the attention of the whole car as she did, by arranging her parcels, flowers, fan, umbrella, poodle and herself, I should have dropped my head and given way, I'm sure. However, here we are. My room, thanks to your thoughtfulness, is very comfortable and passably convenient. Cool I can't say it is, for the heat is intolerable; and this morning, as I sat at my window and heard the clock strike two, I thought of our great, square room in Fifty —th Street, and pondered on the manifold blessings of first-class plumbing. A little bath would so soon have quieted me, and brought back the truant slumbers.

"Of course you know the routine here as well as I do. 'We eat and drink, for to-morrow we'—do it again. I should be disagreeably homesick but for the fact that the Fraziers of Virginia are here. You recollect the judge? His wife I never knew, but he, you know —— Ah, Haddie, I neither wanted the money nor the man! I never wanted anybody but you, and I'm sorry I've ever teased you. Let's kiss and make up. * * *

"Mrs. F. is a confirmed invalid, and I imagine her elegant husband has a heavy time of it. He is very attentive, however, and has already introduced me to the sufferer, I am sorry to say, not particularly interesting at first sight. But maybe in the midst of all this Punch-and-Judy round of fashion, I may find my happiness in making the days less dreary to another. Who knows? But I must go now. The Le Baums are just starting for 'Moon's,' to eat crisp potatoes, and I am going to read 'Gates Ajar' to Mrs. Frazier. Time's up. So goodby, and don't forget for one moment your foolish baby, BESSIE."

Passing this letter on its way to her husband, there came a few lines from Mr. Sheldon to Bessie, saying his interests in a certain case required his immediate presence at Louisville. He had only time to say a few words. He had learned from Pierre Le Baum that the Fraziers of Virginia were at Saratoga, and he wrote especially to say that Judge F. had it in his power to be of the greatest service to him (Harold), and he did hope Bessie would not be indifferent to their favor. Nobody at Saratoga could possibly know that the judge had ever been a suitor for her hand, and ——

The rest of her husband's letter was entirely lost sight of in Bessie's surprise and perplexity. That her husband should express a direct wish that she should "cultivate" the Fraziers for a purpose, was not in the least pleasing to the wife. Such a thing as making an advantageous friendship in cold blood was utterly repugnant. Sensitive, however, as to her duty to Harold, and always ready to blame herself and justify him, Bessie determined to do for this once what her husband had often and often expressed a wish to have her do—viz., obey him blindly, and trust him for the rest.

Well-balanced women may never be inclined to provoke the criticisms of society, but they are often in a measure indifferent, and still more frequently may be willing, in

the prominent purposes of life, to let lesser matters take their chances.

In this case Bessie scarcely reflected or weighed her position after her first surprise had abated. She took Harold, as he had so often wished she would, by the hand of confidence, and thus buried her intuitions out of sight.

Upon further acquaintance with Mrs. Frazier, Bessie wondered how she ever could have thought so strong and natural a character unattractive. The poor woman was weary of a life that she knew was an obstacle to her husband's advancement, jealous of honors that she never could share, and worn out with a disease that was utterly incurable.

Strongly sympathetic, and glad to be in the cheery, roomy apartments so unlike the regulation parlors of a watering-place hotel, Bessie soon came to pass most of her time with the Fraziers. When the wife could ride, Bessie accompanied her, and when the invalid was housed, Bessie rode with the judge, until gradually she became as one of their party, and then, explaining affairs to the Le Baums, Bessie accepted the cordial urging of Mrs. Frazier to locate herself in their corridor, and take her meals in their private *salon*.

HAVING A SOFT THING OF IT.

MRS. MULCAHEY—"*Will ye look at Mick, takin' it as aisy as you plaze, wid his arms folded, an' his boss dhrivin' him 'round the park.*"

Only a very brief time elapsed before visitors at the hotel associated Mrs. Sheldon's name with that of Judge Frazier, and even Mrs. Le Baum jested among her clique concerning her recreant *protégée*.

Ill-feeling grows apace, and that of the Le Baum coterie was fed by the fact that the Fraziers were the *crême de la crême*, and "dreadfully" exclusive.

Bessie fulfilled the requirements of politeness, and presented her chaperone and daughter to the Fraziers; but the invalid was in no situation to offer civilities to any one, and Bessie did not feel at liberty to demand Judge Frazier's courtesies when he did not seem to think they should be expected.

And so a coolness grew up between the chaperone and the chaperoned, of which Bessie did not write Harold, for the thoroughly honest reason that she did not wish to ver him, and was so well provided for, that the indifference of Mrs. Le Baum was not of the slightest consequence.

It takes but a dust-bearing zephyr anywhere to sully the fairest lily, and the exclusive attentions paid to the lovely and brilliant Mrs. Sheldon by a man so elegant, so courtly, and so situated as Judge Frazier was, proved sufficient for the great babble of tongues that can kill both soul and body.

Bessie, entirely innocent and unconscious of the wretched *on dits* that are more cruel than pestilence, famine, or the naked sword, was happy with friends who appreciated her devotion, while she, lingering by the side of one who was soon to pass "within the vale," received every day spiritual influences never to be forgotten.

Not a word of "sentiment" ever passed Judge Frazier's lips to the woman he had once loved, and still admired and respected.

He read Bessie's soul too intelligently to be mistaken, and knew that to his unswerving attitude of deference he owed all he had of Bessie Sheldon's friendship.

One word of a passion, that might have overwhelmed him at the first lapse of self-control, would have sent Bessie to her husband, not so much outraged as crushed and wounded.

There is nothing, perhaps, so difficult for a pure-hearted, self-reliant woman to admit, as the fact that she has been misunderstood, and it could only be by grievously misapprehending such a woman as Bessie that a man might venture upon unpardonable and illegitimate love-making.

The philosophy of likes and dislikes, and the theories of sympathetic tastes, Bessie had studied many a time and oft.

She now held her head like the lily of the Annunciation, pure and self-respecting, for sacred to her was the double friendship nurtured in the atmosphere of death and immortality.

Meantime, the thousand tongues of venom were busy.

Judge Frazier knew that that conglomerate body called "society" was assailing the fairest name that ever was called. To tell his wife was impossible; her sufferings

TERRIBLE SUBMARINE FIGHT WITH A MONSTER LIZARD, THE IGUANA.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

had long secured her against a thousand sorrows that "take no shape, and have no name." To look Bessie Sheldon in her great clear eyes, and tell her what they said, to whom temptation was the gauge of virtue, was equally impossible. He could neither hurt nor outrage.

The situation was full of perplexities; for the time was coming when accident might expose the state of affairs to Bessie, or Harold might hear some distorted gossip, and then who could count on the entanglements if he should be a fiery, unreasoning creature, or a man to whom the cruel handling of his wife's honor was maddening?

The traditionary skeleton, ghost or family trouble, is never hidden from servants. They come upon the unguarded word, the ill-concealed tear, the hours of wrestling with fire, and happy for the sufferer if, under the crust which a life of servitude forms, there lies the fruit of sorrow—pure sympathy.

The Fraziers had a Scotch servant, an elderly woman, as tall as Absalom, and as grim as a spectre. If her sympathies had been like her backbone, she would not have mellowed in a century; and if her heart had been as leathery as her epidermis, no sorrows could have ever pierced its well-tanned integuments.

Kibby McLaren despised the weak ones of the human family; but she bore in her bosom the stricken lambs of adversity and injustice.

Fortunately the grim and indestructible old lady had a memory, for somebody dear to her had gone to her grave crushed by the "blunt monster with uncounted heads."

A discussion from that pawnshop of secrets, the servants' table, reached her ears one day, at the Fraziers' hotel, and proved to be the key to a realm of mysteries.

Without an hour's delay, Kibby McLaren sought her master, and, making no apologies for what, in her honest soul, she believed to be her duty, she gave the advice that spared more hearts than one.

Judge Frazier went at once in search of Bessie's husband—found him far from home, overwhelmed with work, and distracted with professional disappointments.

Not an hour passed before all was known to the husband of a woman whose name, delicacy and pride must now be shielded at all costs.

Well might the husband recall his share in the unhappy matter, his influence in creating the intimacy so harshly censured by gossiping tongues, and his unpardonable absorption in business to the injury of a beautiful and brilliant wife.

Harold Sheldon returned with Judge Frazier to the Springs, and the length of the journey gave him opportunity to clear his head of several fallacies and negative assumptions that were unworthy of a husband. His first experiment resulted in the decision that, having promised to cherish and protect his wife, the contract did not express a limitation as to whether wild asses, tigers, anacondas, or gossips, were the assailing creatures.

"And what," said the catechist, "do you understand by 'cherish'?"

The catechumen got the dictionary.

"To hold as dear; to foster and encourage; protection and attendance."

"And what," said the catechist, "does the Bible say of cherishing?"

The catechumen got the Bible, and in a fragmentary bit of St. Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonians, he found: "And we were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children."

"I am a fool!" exclaimed Harold, with great enthusiasm. "Wouldn't I make a fine 'cherisher' of a handsome wife among the free-lovers of modern society?"

"I hope ye see yersel' as others see ye!" said scraggy Kibby McLaren, when Harold undertook to thank her for her good works—"for, to my mind, ministers that marry pulpits, and lawyers that marry convicts, have nae business to be tying up."

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Years have passed since Bessie Sheldon went to Saratoga under the Le Baum chaperonage, and what was everybody's business on that miserable Summer she has never heard.

She often laughs, however, when the idling time of year comes round, because Harold always goes where she goes, and frequently the handsome blue-eyed matron is heard telling about the lesson her husband learned when he sent her to Saratoga, and so nearly died of his dreariness that he could never be induced to repeat the experiment.

As for Harold, when he took Bessie from the Hotel de Babel, at Saratoga, and with a day's notice sailed for Europe—"to get acquainted with his wife," as he said—he had time to study the great mystery of his marriage; and he came to the conclusion that when a woman gives a man all she has, is, or ever will be, he may as well offer her a receipt *pro rata*.

TERRIBLE SUBMARINE FIGHT WITH A MONSTER LIZARD, THE IGUANA.

THE great country lying south of Mexico is rich in tropical verdure and animals. Winter is never known except in the shape of cold winds called northers, that, during the so-called Winter, come rushing down from the North, as if to tell the natives that it is not continual Summer everywhere.

The land flows with milk and honey, indeed; palms and other tropical trees grow in rich confusion; bunches of bananas and cocoanuts await the hand to pick them; a thick underbrush of tangled vines, wound around each other in the growth of ages, forms a jungle that few care to penetrate. For miles the land is covered with this carpet of vegetation, and the swamps and rivers are inhabited only by strange reptiles, birds and insects who prey upon one another in their struggle for existence.

The birds are the most beautiful in the world, and many of the insects have curious lights upon their backs that shine like gas-burners in the night. History tells us that when the Spaniards first saw them they became alarmed, and thought they were the lights of a moving army. Poisonous snakes lurk under the broad leaves, and huge lizards creep upon the overhanging boughs of trees. One of these lizards—the iguana, as it is called—is the subject of our sketch.

They are a hideous-looking object at best; the largest attain a length of ten or twelve feet; the skin is very tight, and covered with knobs or scales; under the mouth hangs a large pouch, over which the green, diamond-like eyes appear, shaded by a ridge of bone. Along the back, from the tip end of the nose to the tail, is a continuous line of spurs or sharp spines; these, with a powerful mouth, five sharp teeth, long, cat-like claws and enormous strength to use them, constitutes the make-up of this giant among lizards. Disgusting as they are, the natives use them for food.

Near the head of the River Chagres is a favorite place for them; very few white people ever venture there, and the first who did was witness to a terrible fight between a native and a lizard.

The man had been engaged as a guide, and, after a successful day's hunt, they were returning to their camp near

the river, when the black man stopped suddenly and pointed to a fallen tree. His companion looked, and soon saw an iguana's head peeping over the edge of a log that led into the river. His body was concealed, and he was evidently taking a *siesta* over the cool water.

The guide laid down his gun, and, taking a club, crept cautiously to him, and, aiming a blow, brought the club down on the—lizard? No, indeed; the creature was too quick for him; but in its fright it missed its footing and fell into the water.

Without thinking, Quito—for such was the Indian's name—sprang after it, and the two together sank out of sight, and for a moment the splashing and spray hid them from view. A moment more and Quito's head came to the surface, and the tail of the iguana, thrashing the water in a fierce way, and now they were out of sight again.

It was evident Quito had no idea the lizard was so large, for when they came up again he was engaged in a fierce struggle, the water being dyed with blood, from which of them the white man, who was watching for a chance to shoot, could not tell. At last, creeping out on the log and looking down into the water, he beheld a fearful sight. The lizard, a perfect monster of about twelve feet in length, had fastened its claws into poor Quito, and was writhing and tearing him in a terrible manner.

The plucky negro had caught him by the tail and throat, and was trying to hold him off. It seemed only a matter of time who should drown first, when Quito struck bottom, and, giving himself a push, he rose to the surface again, still holding the lizard at arm's length.

As it came to the surface it buried its five knife-like claws in the man's face, slitting it in a terrible manner; but even then he held on with the tenacity of a bulldog. The observer on the bank crept out now as far as he could on the log, and called to Quito to catch the stick he held out, and he would pull him in.

After several trials he managed to reach it, and, still holding the struggling monster, was hauled, bleeding and cut, ashore, where, with a terrible blow from the gun, the reptile was killed. Quito was so weak from his exertions and loss of blood that he could not move. The creature had bitten him several times, and scarcely a spot on his body but had received a cut like that of a knife, telling the power of the terrible claws.

The monster was dragged to the camp, its skin taken off, and after Quito's recovery, and they had gone down to the coast, it was stuffed, and now adorns the collection of a well-known scientific institution.

ANCIENT PERFUMERY.

Jules Simon traces back the origin of perfumes to the early times of the Chinese Empire, and mentions a curious fact which prevailed among the fine ladies of the Celestial Empire of rubbing in their hands a round ball made of a mixture of amber, musk, and sweet-scented flowers. The Jews, who were also devoted to sweet scents, used them in their sacrifices, and also to anoint themselves before their repasts. The Scythian women went a step further, and, after pounding on a stone cedar, cypress, and incense, made up the ingredients thus obtained into a thick paste, with which they smeared their faces and their limbs. The composition emitted for a time a pleasant odor, and on the following day gave to the skin a soft and shining appearance.

The Greeks carried sachets of scent in their dresses, and filled their dining-rooms with fumes of incense. Even their wines were often impregnated with decoctions of flowers, or with sweet-scented flowers themselves, such as roses and violets. There were also appropriate scents for each limb and each feature; and the elegants of Athens resorted to such effeminate refinements of luxury, anointing pigeons with a liquid perfume, and causing them to fly loose about a room, scattering the drops from their feathers over the heads and garments of those who were feasting beneath.

THE LILY.

By W. C. Bennett.

Oh, lustrous virgin, flower of light,
Chaste maiden, cold and pure as snows,
How your white beauty glads my sight,
And ranks you with the queenly rose.

It seems as if the dewy morn
Cold splendor threw, and you had birth;
Of night's white lustres were you born,
To dazzle with calm light the earth?

To see you 'neath the golden moon
Across the green of Summer lawns,
Gives dreams of ancient haunts of June,
Tall Artemis amongst her fawns.

Innumerous beauty Nature gives;
Yet, stately one, you gleam to view
With loveliness that only lives
In the grand glory that is you.

MADGE.

"I WISH I could! Oh, Jack, for your sake *I wish* I could!"

"And *why* can't you, Madge?"

"Because fate wills otherwise, my friend, I suppose," was the answer, spoken with just a shade of weariness, as though the answer were only a repetition of many to the same question.

"I am sure, Madge, everything a man *could* do for the woman he loves, *I* would do for your happiness; don't you know that?"

Madge Eliot looked down at the handsome face raised to hers (she was on the upper step of the broad piazza, and he a little below), and patted her small foot rather impatiently upon the boards.

"I do believe you *would* to make me happy, Jack, were I to do as you ask; but, don't you see, you foolish boy, I do not love you enough to marry you? and without that our marriage would never be a happy one."

"But I love you enough to wait a while for your love to grow," persisted Jack, with a scowl which, despite her annoyance, caused Madge to laugh.

"You would wait a long while, then," she carelessly replied, fastening a stray vine in its place, and quite indifferent to the fact that her companion was growing very much out of sorts at last. "Yes, sir," she continued, "a very long while, for I don't ever expect to love you as you desire. Now listen, Jack," turning from the vine and laying her hand upon Jack's broad shoulder; "you and I have known each other ever since we first stepped out of childhood. As Bob's friend, of course you became mine, and you always have been contented enough with the sisterly affection I have given you. Why in the world must you take it into your head of late to rob me of my dear second brother, and offer me instead a lover whom, *as* a lover, I don't want?"

SAPPHO.— FROM THE PAINTING BY W. AMBERG.

"Jack's brows lifted a little.

"You've known me so long, I should think you would know whether or not I should make you a trustworthy husband, Madge Eliot. It isn't likely my character will change. I shall still be Jack Howland."

Madge shrugged, just the least little bit in the world, her pretty shoulders as she answered:

"H'm! that's just the trouble, my dear Jack. I have known you long enough to be very sure, as you say, that you will always remain the same Jack Howland. A handsome fellow enough. Oh, I don't mean a mere compliment, Jack: you needn't begin to feel flattered. You are good-looking enough, and are possessed of many talents which, more shame to you, are lying idle. You seem to think all a woman desires of your sex is devotion, an abundant supply of small-talk, empty compliments, your escorts for walks or drives, and—nothing more sensible or valuable. Wait; I'm not quite through with my lecture—listen, please! I've never known you to be particularly brave or heroic, or particularly noble. Oh, Jack, Jack, what a lot of rusty talents you will have rolled up in a napkin to answer for some day!"

MADGE.—"'NOW, DON'T BE FOOLISH ANY LONGER, AND, ABOVE ALL, PLEASE DON'T BE CROSS, JACK; YOU LOOK LIKE A TIGER AT PRESENT. SHAKE HANDS AND BE FRIENDS.'"

"And pray, Miss Eliot, if I may be pardoned the question, what have *you* done during your life to be particularly worthy of notice?"

"Tit for tat; eh, Jack? I am ashamed to say that I am merely an insignificant individual, so unworthy of anybody's liking that I am really quite surprised at your taking a fancy to me. Still, although *I* am of no account, I yet aspire to win the love and respect of those who are. And, Jack, listen! In the first place, I don't think I shall ever fall in love, but if I do, the man of my choice must be as different as possible from my lazy, listless, yet, I acknowledge, very *lovable* old Jack. Now don't be foolish any longer, and, above all, please don't be cross, Jack; you look quite like a tiger at present. Shake hands and be friends," holding toward him the softest, whitest little hand a man might ask to press. "You won't?" she added, with a little gleam of amusement, as Jack, choosing to be "cross," pulled his hat over his eyes and turned to go down the steps. "Oh, by-the-by," called Madge, as he opened the gate, "what about the drive this afternoon? Shall we go?"

"Oh, I don't care *what* we do," came the ungallant reply. "I wonder you dare trust yourself with so great a mistake in life as I am—such a nonentity, you know."

"You are rude, Mr. Howland. In your present state of mind, I most assuredly should *not* be willing to trust myself with you. Good-morning"—with a sudden, forgiving smile—"brother Jack."

Out through the gate strode the discarded Jack, slamming it after him in his rage, and nowise comforted by the merry laugh Madge was quite unable to restrain ere he was gone beyond hearing.

"Poor old Jack! Dear, silly fellow," she thought. "He makes the best and most lovable brother in the world; but *marry* him? Never—never!"

She might have pitied herself more sincerely, for between her brother Robert's espousal of his friend's cause, and the entreaties of that friend himself, the poor girl was driven frantic. As for Auntie Eliot—fat, good-natured, and sole guardian to the early orphaned brother and sister—she could only feel sorry for poor Jack, and wonder "who Madge got her obstinate nature from."

So Jack, fairly angry, at last disappeared from his native town, and Madge missed him, of course. It was very

quiet for her at home now. Robert was studying abroad, and Jack didn't even condescend to write to her. There were wooers, of course—plenty of them—for Madge was pretty, bright, and well off in this world's goods, beside. But she—

"Turned from them all with a smiling 'nay,'
And hurried them speedily out of her way."

In vain Auntie Eliot remonstrated, until one day she retired from the field, defeated for ever.

"You will surely be an old maid, child alive," she had exclaimed, as the last unsuccessful wooer left the house. "A disagreeable, sour old maid! there now, that's what you will be!" and Madge had demurely replied:

"Not necessarily sour and disagreeable, auntie. It is just possible that I may be as nice and clever a little maiden lady as yourself, you know."

Miss Eliot, senior, who, strange to say, had in her wrath quite forgotten her own spinsterhood, could not conceal, by any show of indignation, the smile her saucy niece brought about, and peace was straightway declared between them.

Auntie Eliot didn't know everything, however. She didn't know that the reason that Madge turned so indifferently from the hearts lately offered her was because her own little heart was busily engaged with a business affair of its own.

In the spirit of fun, Robert had introduced, by the inclosure of a tiny note in one of his early letters, a friend of his to Madge, who, with her own appreciation of fun and frolic, and caring little whether it were prudent or not, immediately responded with some bright, saucy lines, that, so Rob afterward wrote—enchanted his friend, John Landhowe, beyond measure, and the gentleman begged permission to write again.

"He's a talented young fellow," added Robert; "an author, who will one day make his mark in the world. If you should see him, and hear him talk, Madge, you wouldn't feel like reading *him* the lecture upon idleness and wasted talents which poor old Jack suffered at your hands. Tell you what, sis, mind, this dignified John would never stand being 'Jacked.' You'll have to mind your p's and q's when you meet."

"Poor old Jack!" Madge couldn't help a tear or two as she remembered him, with his coaxing blue eyes, and his fair, curly hair *never* in order, but always in the state of confusion his own fingers carelessly running through were apt to leave it.

When Madge last heard of Jack, and quite accidentally, too, he was flirting with a party of young folks in the mountains. She had laughed to think how easily he had overcome his grief at her plain speaking that last morning, and then, beyond mere friendly thoughts of him occasionally, let him pass. But now that nearly three years had gone by, Madge was so happy with the new feeling which had long been silently growing in her heart, the key to which her brother's friend held in his own hands, she really longed to find Jack and be friends with him again. Her happiness made her long to make poor Jack happy with at least kinder words than those last spoken to him.

The correspondence between her brother's friend and herself, began in fun only, had somehow—Madge couldn't possibly explain how—increased and taken, after a season, so intimate a tone, that the friends were suddenly changed into lovers, and Madge was at last safely caught in love's net.

The one question had been asked and answered across the wide Atlantic, and then only did Auntie Eliot learn the whys and wherefores of Madge's cruel and numerous rejections.

"How do you know you'll like him?" questioned the lady, not quite sure whether she ought not to forbid the engagement under the peculiar circumstances.

But second thoughts reminded her of the fact that her niece was of age, and that settled her doubts.

"Oh, auntie, dear, such letters as he has written could only be born of noble, true thoughts, and John's heart is, Robert says, the noblest ever could be!" Then, with a glad light all over her pretty face, she added, "At any rate, we do love each other, and if he is the plainest-featured man on earth, I shall love him just the same. And oh, auntie, just think, I shall, after all, avoid being—*you* know what, auntie!"

"My child," is the reply, "old maidism is no disgrace to our sex. Pray, don't think I never had plenty of chances to marry. H'm! I *needn't* have been a maiden lady, I can tell you!"

Madge wrote to Robert:

"Bring John right to our house when you arrive, dear Rob. And, oh! *do* find old Jack somewhere, if you can. If he's in Europe anywhere, advertise for him—for he must come home to us, Robert, dear. I want my adopted brother more than I can tell. You say you'll leave in the next steamer. Good, good, good! Three years since we were together! And you scolded me dreadfully just before you left home for hurting Jack's feelings—do you remember? Aunt'o and I are going with friends to the Lakes for a few days; will be back before you get here, and ready to receive you both, dear ones."

The close of the letter made it belong quite as much to John as to Robert, it would seem; and, as Rob handed it to his friend, he said, with a laugh:

"Wants Jack, does she? Well, old boy, I'll find him, no doubt, if you'll assist me in the search for your rival!"

And John promised.

* * * * * * *

"An accident, due to the carelessness of the engineer," said the papers, the morning after Madge and her aunt had left home in full health and happiness. "No great damage except to the boiler, but a tremendous scare!"

So quoted one paper from another, while the boat, which had scarcely left the wharf before being towed, in a disabled condition, back again, was awaiting repairs.

Well, the papers were right. There had been no great damage done, except to the boiler, that *they* knew of; but Madge Eliot was lying, white and suffering, on her bed, with bandaged eyes.

"It was the steam," said her weeping aunt. "She was close beside the boiler, and—and—oh! don't talk of it any longer! I don't know *how* it happened! I only know that the doctors say it will be months before she can use her poor eyes again. Thank God! her sight is not gone for ever. But she will be blind until those swollen lids are lifted. Oh, dear! poor, poor Madge!"

"You will see him now, Madge?"

Madge clasps her brother's hand closely. She is very weak yet, and the bandaged eyes are yet in darkness; but the brave, strong little heart must throb and flutter when it knows that somebody who has fairly won it is waiting to claim his property.

No longer miles of ocean between them, but only a door or two at last. And at one word of hers he will stand beside the Madge who has been for days preparing the little sentence which will release her lover from the encumbrance of a blind wife.

Madge has learned to believe with calmness that she will never see again. She has looked her past years over carefully, and has decided, sadly enough, that this is punishment deserved.

Dear, sweet Madge! Her brother has heard from her pale lips all her resolves, and, although the tears gather in his own eyes, yet he knows—for the surgeon told him only a little while ago—that Madge will one day see again, only it will require patient waiting for the sufferer.

Robert has gently combatted her decision concerning his friend, and, but John will plead his own case better, this brother would plead longer for him. As it is, he simply says:

"You will see him, Madge?"

And she whispers, "Yes."

Presently there is a quick yet gentle tread at the door. Some one comes quickly to Madge, and, without one word, has put his arms around her and kissed the trembling lips, which have no chance to speak.

"John, is it you, dear?" she asks.

Madge is bolder in her blindness than she would be were her eyes wide open, and this is why it is "John," rather than "Mr. Landhowe."

In low, suppressed tones, John answers:

"It is I, my darling Madge!"

She passed her hand over his brow, as though to see what style of face he had. But Madge had not yet learned the art which belongs to a blind person, and she said, wearily:

"Oh, I wish I could see you! I *wish* I could only see you once!"

"Oh, Madge, Madge!" came the quick answer, and Madge started at the changed voice. "You *have* seen me! I am Jack—only Jack!"

* * * * * * *

"Didn't mean to cheat you at first, Madge," explains Rob; "but Jack was so determined to be a changed man, and win your love by hook or by crook, that, when he came to me and pleaded for secrecy, how the deuce could I help it, particularly when I knew he had the *making* of a splendid fellow in him? Why, I tell you I was amazed when he showed himself really a fine writer!"

And Jack Howland (or John Landhowe—whichever you please, meekly added, as he kissed Madge's face into smiles:

"No more 'lazy and listless Jack,' but a strong, and, I hope, sensible fellow, thanks to your lecture, my Madge; and the happiest fellow alive, because Madge Eliot has chosen *me* for her husband!"

BARTHOLOMEW DE LAS CASAS.

There are few more attractive figures in the early annals of America than that of Bartholomew de las Casas, friend and companion of Columbus, the life-long advocate and defender of the Indians against the oppression of his own countrymen. Zeal, enthusiasm, indignation, gave his eloquence a tongue of fire, and Spain, for centuries, winced under the charges of Las Casas, which her enemies never failed to revive and heighten.

He was born at Seville, in 1474, and his father accompanied Columbus on his first voyage, in 1492. Bartholomew had the same good fortune on the second, having left his studies at Salamanca to brave the perils of ocean. After making two more voyages with the great discoverer he resolved to enter the Order of St. Dominic, and devote himself to the conversion of the Indians.

He was sent to Santo Domingo in 1502, and was the first Catholic priest ordained in the New World. The cruelty with which the Indians were treated roused his indignation. He went to Spain to lay the matter before the Court. Intrigues thwarted his beneficent exertions, and though he was appointed "Universal Protector of the Indies," he failed to save the natives of the Antilles from almost total destruction. He labored personally, not only in Santo Domingo and Cuba, but also in Nicaragua, Guatemala, Mexico and Peru. His writings were widely copied and translated into various languages, till they made Spanish synonymous with cruel. They produced some effect even in America, and from his impulse the whole Dominican Order arrayed itself on the side of human freedom, slavery being denounced from their pulpits with a freedom and energy that would suit our modern reformers.

Las Casas refused rich preferments in the Church, but finally accepted the see of Chiapas, in Mexico. There he endeavored to carry on his great work, but in 1551, finding his efforts fruitless, resigned, and returned to Spain.

His "General History of the Indies," one of the earliest and most authentic works on American history, remained unprinted until within a few years, when the Royal Society of History in Spain gave it to the world. This good and noble man died at Madrid in July, 1566.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAIN.

"BY JOVE! I beg pardon, I didn't expect to find any one in here."

Hal Hamilton stands open-mouthed and rather fierce-looking in the door of his dressing-room at the Varieties Theatre. An unaccustomed sight meets his wide-staring eyes. Before the ten-by-twelve mirror a girl is standing, clad in the proverbial costume of a stage-fairy, but, contrary to the proverbial custom of those beings, this one is rather more than pretty. Her eyes are wondrously soft and black, her parted lips—scarlet and full—match the color of her round cheeks, and the glorious black hair is hanging in two half-loosened braids to her knees.

"Oh, beg pardon, Hamilton," she says, with deepening color. "I—I—the green-room glass always has twenty people in front of it, and I thought you would not mind if I just came in here a minute or two to do up my hair."

"Certainly not, that's all right," returns the leading man of the Varieties, with a sufficiently ill-pleased expression on his thoroughbred and flushed face. "I'll just step out in the lobby, and when you've finished you can let me know."

"No, no, Hamilton. I'm all through. I'm going."

"Oh, very well, then."

Mr. Hamilton advances within the apartment—a sorry enough little den. The walls are hung with a variety of garments pertaining to all nations, climes and countries. There are suits of plate-armor and ring-mail, helmets and plumed hats. The laced frills of the courtier and the shield of Macduff are in close proximity on the table.

"I say, Hamilton," the girl says, taking a very pretty *pose* and looking, not straight ahead of her, as she would have done had the footlights been there, but gazing with shy eyes at the dirty carpet, and fingering one of her dusky-looking braids.

"Well?" replies that gentleman, making another backward movement toward the door. "I thought you said you had completed your toilet and were going?"

"Am I so hateful to you," she cries, bitterly, "that you can't bear the sight of me for five minutes? Hal, you've never said a kind word to me in your life."

A woman's tears were one among a number of things

that Hal Hamilton could not stand, and with a most piteous expression he darted over to the little *coryphée*.

"Nina, Nina, for God's sake! What is the matter, what have I done?"

"Done! You've done nothing, that's just it. I—oh, I'm a fool, and, worse than that, I'm only Nina Varêt, a *coryphée* on eight dollars a week, in the theatre where Mr. Hal Hamilton"—through all her broken English the sorrowful sneer sounds out—"is leading man. I have eyes, though," she says, flashing their dark splendor up into his, "and I can see. You think I do not know, perhaps. I do. I know who has golden hair and cold blue eyes. I know where the forget-me-nots come from that she wears on her bosom each night that she *condescends* to occupy the box he sent to her. I know more, Hal," she cries, seizing his arm in her nervous little fingers. "Do not trust in her! Do you suppose she is going to stoop to——"

"Hush!" he cries. "Not another word. Are you mad? Never let that name pass your lips again, or by —— I'll——"

"Name," repeats the girl, scornfully. "I don't know her name; but whatever it is, she'll never exchange it for yours."

BARTHOLOMEW DE LAS CASAS, DEFENDER OF THE INDIANS. FROM THE STATUE BY ANTONIO MOLTO Y SUCH.—SEE PAGE 631.

"I tell you to hush," he says, sternly; "and when you are ready to leave this room, have the kindness to let me know it."

"Hal, Hal, have you no pity on me? Are you made of stone?" she says, throwing herself on her knees before his path, and catching hold of one of his hands.

"My God! Nina, no! Of the most earthly clay. What is the matter with you, child?" this man asks, wonderingly, unconscious as a baby, of the thing that is staring him in the face.

"The matter with me! Oh, nothing, nothing, nothing—only—Hal," coming close to him and whispering, "Hal, I love you ten thousand times better than *she* ever could."

"My God! My poor child, I—Nina, this is absurd."

Mr. Hamilton is one of those men who possess none of that theoretical knowledge of women induced by a life-long study of the sex. Each individual woman is a species of automatic conundrum to him, to which he finally confesses he cannot give the key. He is a soft-hearted, tender fellow, to whom the sight of a woman's tears, as I said before, was unbearable, and to whom the glimpse of a woman's heart, bared for him, was incomprehensible. He smooths the dark hair softly, and brushes the tears from her eyes, while a wistful, pitying look creeps into his blue eyes.

"Absurd! Is that all you have to say to me? I suppose it is absurd, and—and wrong, and all that, but I cannot help it. I can't help it," she cries, wildly. "Speak to me, say something, anything, only speak! Don't you see you're freezing my heart inside of me with your dumb eyes? Pity me, Hal, but don't tell me it is absurd."

She stands before him, beautiful, transcendently beautiful, in her desperation and her love. Most men would have sweeter looks and words for her than Hal Hamilton. He had now nothing but an unutterable sorrow, and a strange shame was written upon his face.

"Nina, you must not talk so. Next week you'll forget all about me. This is—is only a foolish fancy. You're only a baby—only seventeen or eighteen at most—and, my child, you know nothing of love. Wait a few years; it will come to you then, and this will—why, you will

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAIN.—"AN UNACCUSTOMED SIGHT MET HIS WIDE-STARING EYES. BEFORE THE MIRROR A GIRL IS STANDING, CLAD IN THE PROVERBIAL COSTUME OF A STAGE FAIRY."—SEE PAGE 631.

have forgotten my very existence. There, the curtain-bell will ring in a minute. You go and powder your face and——"

Mr. Hamilton is destined never to complete that sentence.

"Forget!" she echoes. "I not know how to love! I, who come in here every night and leave my kisses and my scalding tears on the hilt of the sword you carry! I, who live in the smile of your lips, even when they smile on another! I, who hunger for a glance from your eyes! Hal Hamilton, you are crushing my heart in your hand. Not love!" she says, bitterly. "I wonder if *her* love will seem to you any more real?"

Nina Varêt rushes from the room, leaving Mr. Hamilton in a very perplexed state of mind. He worries over the little *coryphée* all the time he is dressing, bestows an incredulous smile upon his jeweled sword-hilt as he buckles it on, and then, *sic transit.* Nina Varêt is forgotten by the leading man of the Varieties as he fastens a bunch of forget-me-nots in his breast, and flushes, boy fashion, as he remembers the golden-haired proud face that he knows awaits his coming in the right-hand proscenium.

Maud Richmond has the forget-me-nots among the curls of her bright hair. There is a quick smile and a faint—very faint—pink tinge on her face, as the hero of "Danger" takes the stage. She lies back, half hidden by the satin curtain, as the ballet interlude comes on. Two are watching her: Hal Hamilton, with a hard look out of his blue eyes, and a fierce compression of his aggressively scarlet mouth, as he notes her, listening to the whispered talk of a rather small-looking old gentleman beside her; and Nina Varêt, who stares with wide-circled eyes at this blonde fair woman, this darling of another world, this darling of Hal Hamilton's heart.

"Danger" has grown innocuous. It has been withdrawn from the boards of the Varieties for several weeks. The company have been rehearsing the new "sensation," which, it is confidently expected, will take the town by storm. It is the regular "sensation" drama, not a whit more intelligible than that article is apt to be, no less ballet, no more brain. Little Nina Varêt, who has long had aspirations—poor child, there was more vague idea that, perhaps, Mr. Hamilton would take more notice of her if she rose, than any very definite notion of histrionic excellence—was given a speaking part; to be sure, the part consisted of but nine words:

"There, take my life—you have taken my heart!" This to be declaimed in a loud voice as she should hand a pistol to Mr. Hamilton, who personated, *pro tem.*, a robber chieftain of captivating qualities among the fair sex. The rest of Miss Varêt's *rôle* was pantomime, in which she was extremely good. The rehearsals progressed finely. Stage-manager Sedley averred that "Nina was a surprise to him—quite deucedly good—spoke her words with a meaning, and looked deucedly pretty."

Mr. Hamilton did not praise her—in fact, he never looked at her when he could help it, and when they were rehearsing the last act, she, in a dingy waterproof, with her great eyes staring haggardly out of her pale, small, wistful face; he, in a semi-shabby tweed suit, brandishing

the pistol which she had just given him—the leading man always appeared anxious to get through with the performance as fast as possible, and of late he seemed to walk through his work in an abstracted fashion that was queer—there was a new, faintly happy, strongly hoping look in his blue eyes. He always had forget-me-nots in his buttonhole nowadays, and Maud Richmond never refused to use the stage-box when a pass was sent her for it. Hal Hamilton was as near to happiness as he ever came in this world, but Nina Varêt thought he was yet to come down closer to the lips that should hold dominion over his soul.

"The Bandit of Naples" was announced to open on Monday evening. The last rehearsal took place on the morning of that day, and Mr. Hamilton, after his two o'clock dinner, in a new gray tweed suit, with a flushed, handsome face, and forget-me-nots in his buttonhole and grasped in his lavender-kid hands, awaited Miss Maud Richmond's appearance in her papa's parlor.

"Charmed to see you, Mr. Hamilton," in a silvery voice, with a little start of surprise as the great cluster of flowers is placed in her hands. "For me? Oh, how kind you are. Thank you, very, very much."

"Pshaw! You have nothing to thank me for."

He gazes down into the beautiful patrician face before him, and as he gazes, all Hal Hamilton's soul flashes into his blue eyes—all the passion and the sweetness, all the want and craving, all the hunger and starvation that were so near—so near to being satisfied at the gate of that rosy, smiling mouth of Maud Richmond.

"Everybody is so good to me."

"What wonder?"

"I wonder," innocently.

"You shouldn't. How can any one help being good to you and giving you the best he has? Maud, you know your own power too well to wonder at anything—to wonder at a man, even if he should lay his soul at your beautiful little feet," taking her small jeweled fingers between his strong white palms.

"Don't touch my hand. You mustn't," she says.

"Why not?" fiercely holding it the closer. "Is there any right stronger on earth than mine, my love?"

"Hush! Look here. Do you see that, Mr. Hamilton?" holding up the small left hand. On its forefinger flashes a superb diamond.

"I see it. What of it?" harshly.

"Mr. Leigh put it there, that is all. Let me go, Mr. Hamilton!" as he crushes her to his maddened heart and presses relentless kisses on her lips.

"And *you* are a devil, after all. Like all the rest—all the rest!" he says, in a bitter, broken voice. "I believed in you—you are the first I ever did believe in—and it has come to this. Maud, Maud, women like you have tried me before to-day. Women's beauty has been sweet to me, my darling, before I ever set eyes on you. I'll not deceive you, but none of them ever yet broke my heart. I never thought you would have done that for me, but you have. There, there, no tears; save them. They mock an anguish like mine. I ask your pity when I am out of sight"—(why does Nina's face rise between him and Maud Richmond as he speaks?)—"and when—when your kisses are on that other man's lips, remember, Maud, they will sting him as mine sting you to-day. There."

He flings her from him and rushes from the house. Maud Richmond sees him once more that fourth of March.

It is ten o'clock. The first four acts of the "Bandit of Naples" are finished. The orchestra is playing the overture to "Zampa" in the *entr'acte*, the ballet are rushing wildly about among the "supes," who are occupied in balancing their weapons in a playful style—the same which shall figure in act fifth in the hands of the followers of *Ponti*, the robber chieftain. Meantime, *Ponti* is in his dressing-room, standing beneath the single gas-burner, staring at a picture that he has taken from his breast—at a picture and a few little withered forget-me-nots that were blossoming this afternoon in his button-hole.

"What use?" he whispers. "None to you, Hal, my boy. Don't forget it."

He holds the tiny little cluster of flowers up in the blaze of the gas. They fret a moment and are gone. He pushes the picture through the thin frame, and then, with a sorry, triumphant smile, he snatches it back again to his breast.

"You were not made for such as I, my darling, but the picture of your face will sleep soundly on my heart. It will not, I dare say, as much as cry out in a dream, and I—oh! I can——"

"*Ponti* is called!" screams a shrill voice in the doorway, and Mr. Hamilton looks about for his pistols. They are not to be found.

"Where the devil——"

"I found your pistols, Hamilton, out on the stage just now. You must have dropped them as you went off," Nina speaks.

Nina, in a bewitching gypsy dress, with all her black hair unbound, and her wild eyes shining with unearthly splendor over the round, rouged, babyish cheeks.

"Oh, thank you. Yes, I suppose I did. Come on," he says, carelessly holding the door open for her to pass out. "We're called."

"Hal," touching his shoulder, as they grope through the narrow, winding passage.

"Well?" shortly, shaking his shoulders free of her weight.

"You are—are awfully happy to-night, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, superbly happy," with an irony the little *coryphée* fails to notice.

"I thought so. *She* is out there in the box."

"She is? My God! To-night!"

"Hal, now that you are so happy, you won't mind—will you kiss me, just once?"

She stops in the darkness and hears his answer.

"Kiss you? Kiss you, did you say? Why, to be sure. Why not? What does it matter if I kiss every woman I meet, so long as *she*—there, there, Nina, I—I'm a little wrong to-night. I guess I've been drinking—yes, ha! ha!—drinking too much—and——"

"Stage waits for *Ponti*," interrupts Mr. Hamilton's speech.

In five minutes more he is standing on a rocky eminence, amid a cohort of bandits, surveying the Bay of Naples, as depicted on the flat before him, and listening to the rush of martial music as it swells up from the orchestra, and across the Bay of Naples, far on the uttermost heights; he sees a haughty face, with such innocent eyes, and the golden hair that might have been the aureole of an angel, but was only a woman's crown.

The act is drawing to a close. Nina's test is close at hand. Her pantomime has been wonderfully good, and as she at last hands the pistol to Mr. Hamilton, she speaks her first speech right well.

"There! Take my life—you *have* taken my heart."

The young, fresh voice has an awful throb in it that thrills through every heart in the house. The gypsy girl stands before the bandit with her face toward the house—toward him. There is a piteous, imploring look in her great eyes that is an excellent augury for future success, and *Ponti* fires with an unerring aim at the beautiful,

bright little figure. It falls to the ground with a dull thud. One broken, quivering, sobbing cry, and the blood flows out of her young heart on the dirty stage of the Varieties.

"Quite a success," murmurs Miss Richmond, gathering her opera-cloak around her pearly shoulders. "Harassing, though. I wish they would not make stage blood look so very real."

"Very harassing," asserts Mr. Leigh, as he escorts his betrothed to her carriage.

"My God! Have mercy upon me!"

Hal Hamilton is kneeling, bent over the girl's figure that is lying half within his arms.

"Nina, Nina, wake up and speak to me, Nina! Forgive me! Only say you forgive me! I never knew my pistol was loaded. I never had a loaded pistol in this house."

Almost wild with grief and despair, he gathers the slender little figure closer to him.

She opens her eyes in a moment. The surgeon's remedies have given her a bit of fictitious strength.

"I put it in myself. Tell them that I ch—changed the pistols. I—don't you remember you couldn't find them when you were called for the last act, and I told you I found them on the stage? I did it, Hal. I wanted you to kill me as long as you couldn't love me; and, Hal, I was almost—almost as happy as you are to-night, when I saw you lift the revolver and send the ball straight to my heart."

"My darling, my darling, as happy as I am! Nina, she did not love me." He whispers it lowly to her, and a great joy creeps over the pallid face—pallid through all its liquid rouge, with the pallor that never changes to brightness, save in the Kingdom of Our Father.

"I told you she never could love you as I did. I knew it. Women with such cold eyes never can. Take me closer, Hal. She can never care now." And Nina Varêt nestles nearer the arms that forever after shall be empty.

"Hush, hush!" he whispers. "Oh, my God, spare me the one being that loves me! Nina, my little one, tell me again that you care for my kisses. Nobody else does in the world."

"I care," she says. "Take me closer, closer."

A little wearily her head is turned aside upon his breast. Nina can never come any closer in earthly arms than she is—gathered in Hal Hamilton's arms. No kisses can ever smite her mouth warmer than those pressed there on their cold beauty by the passionate, beautiful lips of the man who bends above her—bends above her with the wistful, craving look in his blue eyes that only the sleep of death can crush, and that no woman ever again will call up by her beauty or her smiles.

Boys' Inscriptions in Books.—Formerly boys used to write queer, doggerel lines in their books, like this:

"Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows may be your end."

French boys, mixing French and Latin, wrote, under a figure of a boy hanging on a gallows:

"Aspice *Pierrot pendu*,
Qui hunc librum n'a pas rendu;
Si hunc librum redidisset,
Pierrot pendu non fuisset."

The passion of acquiring riches in order to support a vain expense corrupts the purest souls.

It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

THE PHOTOPHONE.

By William Ackroyd, F.I.C.

The last decade (1870–80) has been a pre-eminently lucky one, so far as scientific revelations are concerned, and to the long list of valuable discoveries made in it we have now to add the new order of facts which has been disclosed to us by means of the photophone, an instrument which enables one to transmit speech by means of sunbeams. The evolution of the instrument has been singularly rapid, as the primary fact which led to its invention was discovered only a few years ago at Valentia Bay.

It happened in this wise: The well-known electrician, Willoughby Smith, required some substance which offered a high resistance to the flow of electricity for use in testing at the shore-end of submarine cables, and for this purpose he employed sticks of the metal selenium

FIG. 1.—THE SENSITIVE STICK OF SELENIUM.

in glass cases. The resistance of the material was found, however, to be very variable, from some, up to then, unknown cause, as at one time one of these sticks would be a very bad conductor, and then unaccountably become a comparatively good conductor. Thus if *Se* (Fig. 1) represent the stick of selenium in its glass case, with platinum wires inserted at each end, it presented the remarkable phenomenon of allowing electricity to pass through it with varying amounts of facility. It was now found by Mr. May, Mr. Smith's assistant, that the light falling on the bar of selenium was the cause of this extraordinary variability; a stick which offered a certain resistance to the flow of the current in the dark only offering one-half the resistance in daylight.

When this unique fact was made known, it became the subject of investigation by very many physicists. It occurred to Graham Bell, the famous Scoto-American investigator, that one might possibly use the telephone instead of the galvanometer in showing the action of light on selenium; but it was very apparent that before this could be managed some means would have to be devised for rapidly varying the quantity of light falling on the sensitive substance. The reason is plain. A telephone only emits sound when a rapidly variable current of electricity

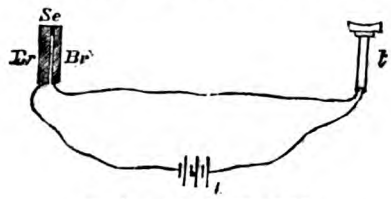


FIG. 2.—A SELENIUM CELL.

is passing through it, and consequently no sound would be given out so long as the regular current from a battery (Fig. 2, *b*) passed through the telephone in unvarying strength continuously and steadily. Therefore to make a telephone (*t*) give out sound owing to the action of light on selenium at *Se*, it was plainly necessary to rapidly vary the quantity of light falling on *Se*, so as to produce a rapidly variable current passing through the telephone (*t*). Now this conception seemed to open out extraordinary possibilities. Thus it was apparent that the necessary variation in the quantity of light falling on the selenium

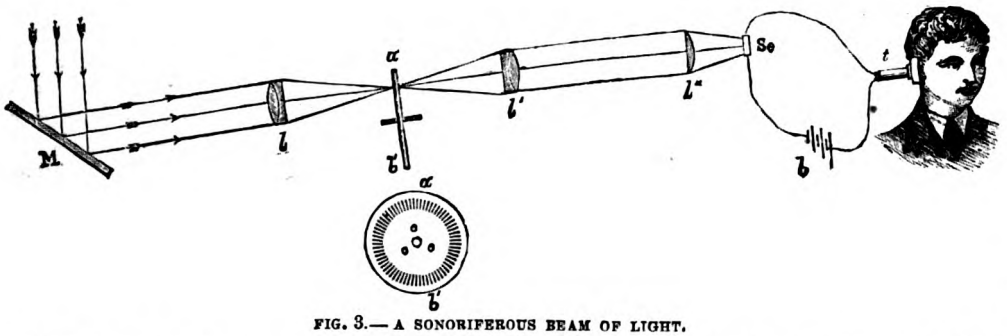


FIG. 3.— A SONORIFEROUS BEAM OF LIGHT.

might be produced a very great distance away; that, in short, various sounds might be impressed on sunbeams traveling with marvelous rapidity, to be re-converted into sound by the selenium receiver, or "cell," a long way off. An arrangement for this purpose, which was successfully worked by Bell and his friend, Sumner-Tainter, is shown

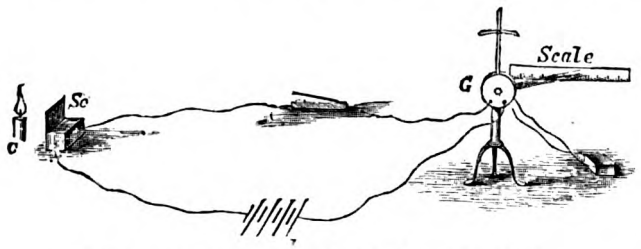


FIG. 4.— THE SENSITIVENESS OF SELENIUM TO LIGHT.

in Fig. 3. Sunlight was reflected in the proper direction by a mirror (M), and then converged to a focus by means of an achromatic lens (*l*). At the focus there was placed a revolving disk (*a b'*), perforated with about forty holes, so that when the disk was whirling round there was alternate light and darkness beyond the focus. The rays were now parallelized by means of a second achromatic lens (*l'*), and finally focused by means of a third (*l''*) on to the selenium cell (*Se*). The conductivity of the selenium was thus rapidly varied, there was a regular change from light to darkness on its sensitive surface, and a change produced in it corresponding in frequency to musical vibrations, and a musical note was emitted by the telephone (*t*). There was thus devised a remarkable sound-producer, partaking of the nature of the Siren in its revolving perforated disk, and of the Savart's wheel in the periodic rapping of ether waves against the selenium cell, but differing most markedly from both in that the active agent was a sunbeam, and the sound-effect depended upon the rapid variation of an electrical current.

Simple as all this may seem, certain practical discoveries were required to be made before such experiments could be satisfactorily performed. Any one who has worked electrically with selenium is aware of the enormous resistance it offers to the flow of an electric current; he has a vivid recollection of the hours he has spent over the hot-air bath while "cooking" his selenium, to make it crystalline and better conducting, and probably after all, when the selenium has been placed in a dark box (*Se*, Fig. 4.) and joined up to the battery (*b*) and galvanometer (*G*), the beam of light reflected from within the galvanometer on to the scale has been scarcely moved when the light from a candle (*c*) has been allowed to fall on the selenium by lifting up the lid of the dark box. It was necessary, therefore, to have a handier way of cooking the selenium; it was necessary, moreover, to devise more sensitive or better conducting cells than had hitherto been used. Messrs. Bell and Tainter overcame these difficulties, for they managed to prepare their selenium in a few minutes, and by employing brass instead of iron and platinum in making selenium cells, as had been done by previous investigators, they reduced their resistance enormously. We shall not describe these cells minutely here, as it will suffice for our purpose to point out that they consist essentially of arms of brass (*Br*, *Br*, Fig. 2) so arranged that a current of electricity can only flow from one arm to the other through a thin film of intervening selenium (*Se*). Their very sensitive selenium cells were now placed in the focus of a lens or paraboloidal reflector, with such results as we shall presently describe.

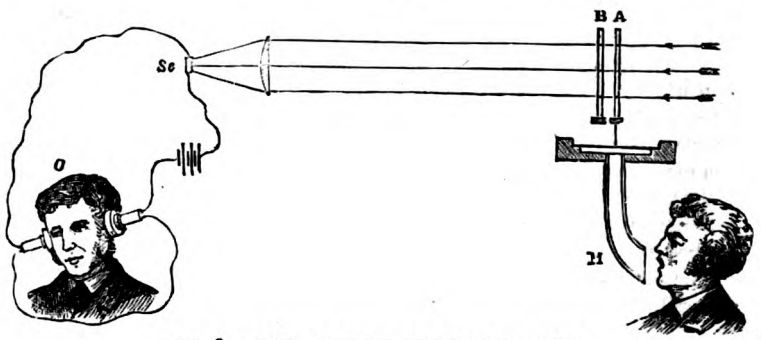


FIG. 6.— SENDING SPEECH BY MEANS OF LIGHT.

We have seen how a musical note could be produced by rapidly intermitting the light falling on the selenium, and Bell now felt convinced that speech also could be conveyed by means of light, for it seemed to him not at all improbable that light might be made to influence or vary the current of electricity passing through the selenium, just as sound-waves are made to influence or vary the current of electricity passing through the carbons in a microphone, and consequently, that just as the telephone reproduces speech in the latter case, so also it might be made to do it in the former. Divination here preceded experiment. The thing required in the first place was a photophone, or instrument which, so speak, could impress

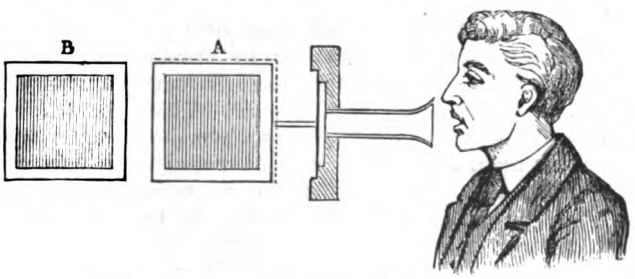


FIG. 5.— ONE FORM OF PHOTOPHONIC TRANSMITTER.

upon a sunbeam the manifold peculiarities of uttered speech, so that the selenium receiving the altered beam would in like manner, by its variation in conductivity, impress the current passing through it in such a way as to cause the telephone in circuit to give out similar sounds to those spoken into the photophone. Messrs. Bell and Tainter devised about fifty different forms of apparatus for this purpose, and they were able by means of them to control or modify a sunbeam at any accessible point of its path. One of these forms of apparatus will be readily understood on reference to Fig. 5. A thin metal grating of fine parallel slits (A) was attached to a diaphragm, which could be set vibrating by speaking into the tube, and it will be understood that this vibration gives the grating a to-and-fro, or backward-and-forward, motion, precisely similar to the motion given to the style attached to the diaphragm of a phonograph. A second grating of parallel slits (B) was now placed behind the first in the position of the dotted lines. When the grating A is at rest, an unvarying amount of light passes through the two from a lamp in front of them; but when A is vibrating,

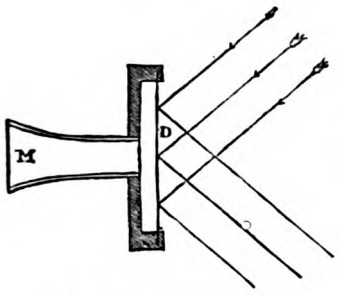


FIG. 7.—A TRANSMITTER.

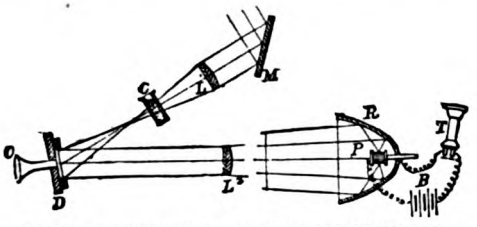


FIG. 8.—PHOTOPHONIC TRANSMISSION OF SPEECH.

and its bars are made partly to obstruct the slits in B, it is plain that, under such circumstances, the amount of light passing through the two would vary with the tone and loudness of the voice—that, in short, nearly every peculiarity of voice would be impressed on the beam passing through the slits. If, therefore, a parallel beam were passed through the slits, as in Fig. 6, and such a beam were conveyed on to the selenium cell (*Se*), the quantity of light falling on *Se* would be ever varying while a speaker was uttering sounds at M, and this variation would be a definite one. Bell and Tainter found that the observer at O, in another room, and out of ear-shot, could make out what was spoken at M. Gibberish it certainly was in many instances, for this form of photophone seems to have failed in transmitting consonant sounds; thus Sumner-Tainter, at M, crying out the most unlikely thing he could think of, said, "Put me to bed," and Bell, at O, made it out to be "Good piece of bread."

The form of photophone (Fig. 7) which appears to give the most satisfaction, is of the simplest nature, since one may speak of it as a thin piece of looking-glass (D) placed at the end of a tube (M). The mirror may be silvered mica, or thin silvered glass, placed at the end of a speaking-tube, so that it may be set vibrating by means of the voice. Such a flexible mirror acts as a very efficient transmitting instrument, for when a parallel beam falls on it and is reflected, the quantity of light which reaches the distant selenium receiver evidently depends upon the state of the mirror's surface at that moment, whether, for example, it be convex or concave, or a combination of the two.

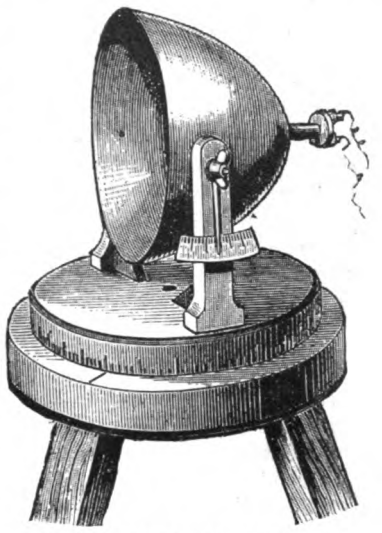


FIG. 10.—PARABOLOIDAL RECEIVER.

For reproducing speech at a distance by means of the sonoriferous beam, Messrs. Bell and Tainter have chiefly experimented with sunlight. For this purpose a large beam (Fig. 8) is reflected by the mirror M in the required direction, and then concentrated by the lens L on to the transmitter or diaphragm mirror D. At L a second achromatic lens is placed for making the rays parallel or divergent, just as may be required, and projecting them on to the selenium receiver a distance away. A section of the receiver is seen at R, which is a parabolic reflector with a selenium cell in its focus connected by wires to the telephone (T) and the battery (B). A glass trough is placed at C, containing a solution of alum, for the purpose of sifting heat-rays from the beam, so as to prevent any disturbance which would arise from heating the diaphragm-mirror D. With such an arrangement of apparatus speech has been conveyed beyond ordinary speaking distances; and Bell explained to the members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Boston how Tainter and he had made a successful experiment over a distance of about 700 feet. It was in Washington, and Mr. Tainter worked the transmitting instrument on the top of the Franklin Schoolhouse, while Bell was at his laboratory in 1325 L Street, with the sensitive receiver arranged in one of the windows. While his friend was at work at the distant schoolhouse, Bell

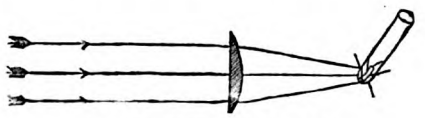


FIG. 11.—A SOUNDING CHIP.

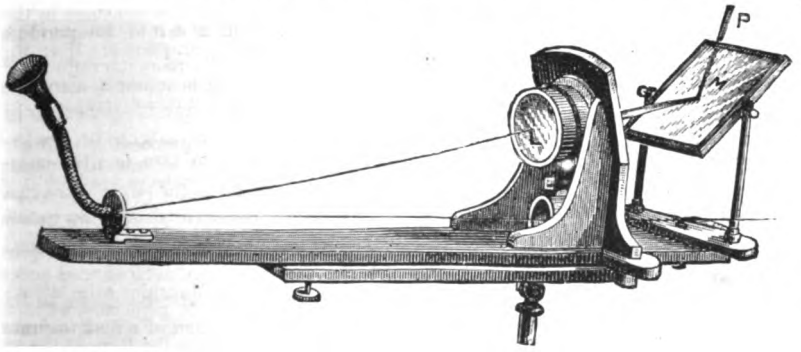


FIG. 9.—PHOTOPHONIC TRANSMITTER.

applied the telephone to his ear, and heard distinctly from the illuminated receiver the words: "Mr. Bell, if you hear what I say, come to the window and wave your hat." In relating this incident subsequently, Professor Bell remarked that he need scarcely say with what gusto he rushed to the window and made the required signal.

The transmitting instrument is shown in Fig. 9, and the paraboloidal receiver in Fig. 10. The preceding paragraph is sufficiently explanatory of the former; and, respecting the latter, it will be understood that there is a sensitive selenium cell in its focus, and from this wires proceed to the outside, and are joined up to the battery and telephone.

In the course of this investigation Messrs. Bell and Tainter discovered another remarkable fact. They found that a sonoriferous beam possesses the power of causing most substances to emit sound when they are placed in its path, so that the selenium receiver, battery and telephone could be dispensed with in such photophonic experiments. Thus, when a sheet of hard rubber, or ebonite, was placed in the position of *Se* (Fig. 3), it emitted a distinct note. In earlier experiments of this sort the sonoriferous beam was converged on to diaphragms of the substance placed at the end of the tube, the other end being applied to the ear, and it was not long before it was discovered that the substance of the tube alone would emit a sound when the sonoriferous beam was converged into one end of it. From this it was a natural step to converge the sonoriferous beam into that crooked tube, the ear passage, and upon making the experiment a sound was heard.

Perhaps this is the most simple of all photophonic experiments that have been made, the receiver being the ear alone. When new ground is opened out discoveries come thick and fast, and Messrs. Bell and Tainter's investigation has again exemplified the fact, for, in addition to the foregoing discoveries, it has been experimentally shown that solids, liquids and gases placed in test-tubes are efficient sound-producers when a sonoriferous beam is converged on to them (Fig. 11). Chips of wood in this way gave clear audible sounds, and even the smoke from a cigar was an efficient source of sound.

Practical men are now asking—"What is the use of these discoveries?" And, after the manner of Franklin, one might reply by putting another question, "What is the use of an infant?" We only know, so far, that we have been presented with a new instrument which may yet be utilized for all purposes where sunlight is employed in signalling with the heliograph, and if nothing more than this is done, a vast amount of labor will be saved in the future, because in photophonic, as in telephonic communications, it is not necessary to learn any code of signals. To the less utilitarian it is already a source of pleasure, in that it has opened out a new line of research of great possibilities. We have learnt that matter in general is susceptible of a change when under the influence of a sonoriferous beam of light; and who shall say that some one of these newly-disclosed facts may not yet form the cornerstone of a vast superstructure of useful knowledge?

It has been proposed to investigate the "voice of the stars" with the photophone, and if we should ever be so far successful as to be able to study the superficial tremors of heavenly bodies by means of the light they send earthward, we shall, indeed, have learnt to interpret the *vox stellarum* in a way no astrologer ever before dreamed of attempting.

A RICH vein of anthracite coal has been discovered within five miles of the City of Victoria in British Columbia.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

PETROLEUM AS A MOTOR.—One of the most ingenious contrivances for utilizing petroleum as a motive power has recently been brought forward in the shape of a gas cylinder and air-pump, placed longitudinally side by side, and connected to the same crank shaft. The power is originated by the combustion of petroleum oil in the gas cylinder, which is supplied from a receiver, in which it is kept at the desired pressure through the agency of the air-pump, the speed of the engine being increased or diminished by graduating the quantity of air introduced into the gas cylinder from the air tank. The engine makes about three hundred revolutions a minute, and the main or gas cylinder is kept cool by water which circulates up through one piston rod and piston head, passing out through the other piston rod The mode of connecting with the propeller shaft in the marine application of the motor, is a unique feature. The engine always moves in the same direction, whether the boat is going ahead or b cking, the motion of the screw being governed by two cog-wheels, one of which it drives forward, and the other backward - these being controlled by friction clutches, which are operated by air pressure from the tank.

AN ELECTRIC TRICYCLE.—M. Trouvé has made experiments with an English-made tricycle, weighing about fifty-five kilogs. He fixed two of his electric motors, supplied with electricity by three secondary cells, such as he uses for his polyscopes, to each side of the machine, the motors being connected one to each crank. A friend rode the machine, which traversed the Rue de Valois, an asphalted street, at the speed of an ordinary cab. The experiment was continued for an hour. The total weight of the tricycle with M. Trouvé's friend on it was 160 kilogs., and the effective force produced by the two motors, 7 kilogrammètres. M. Trouvé is at work on a motor the effective force of which he puts at 0 kilogrammètres, and with which he hopes to attain a speed of from 20 to 30 kilomètres an hour.

QUITE a notable engineering undertaking has just been completed in Russia, in the shape of a long bridge over the Volga, on the Syoran and Orenburg Railway, connecting the cities of Syoran, in the Government of Simbirsk, with that of Samara. The width of the river is nearly a mile, and, as it is liable to the occurrence of heavy Spring floods, the piers—of which there are fourteen altogether—had to be built 100 feet above the mean water-level, the depth of the water being more than fifty feet. The great girders, 364 feet long and 20 feet wide, were all riveted and put together on the right bank of the river, and then floated to their position. The whole cost of the structure, which is regarded as a model of its kind, was 7,000,000 silver roubles.

AN earthquake shock was felt in Eastern France on the night of July 21-22 at Aix-les-Bains, Lyons, Grenoble, Chalons, and other places. The time of the phenomenon was 2h. 38. A.M. at Lyons and Chalons, and the direction from north to south. No accident is reported in either of these places. The shock was also felt in Switzerland in a large number of places, at Geneva, Morges, Lausanne at about 2h. 45m. A.M., local time; indeed, it is stated to have been the sharpest felt in the district since 18 4. Nowhere has any accident been recorded. A terrible storm was raging in these regions on the 21st, a few hours before the earthquake took place. Spontaneous currents have interrupted also the telegraphic communications.

IT has no doubt been a mystery to many how the iron ball inside sleigh-bells got there, and it is said to have taken considerable thought on the part of the discoverer before the idea struck him. In making sleigh-bells the iron ball is put inside a sand core, just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mold is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This sand core, with the jinglet inside, is placed in the mold of the outside, and the melted metal poured in, which fills up the space between the core and mold. The hot metal burns the core so that it can all be shaken out, leaving the ball within the shell. Ball valves, swivel joints, and many other articles are cast in the same manner.

The method described by Herren Kirchoff and Hahnemann last year for determining the heat-conductivity of metals, has been applied by them (*Wied. Ann.*, No. 7) to three varieties of iron, and to lead, tin, zinc, and copper; and the electric conductivity of these metals has also been measured. The conclusion is that the ratio of these conductivities is in general constant in these different metals, with exception of iron, and it is thought the exception may be connected with magnetic properties. Herr H. F. Weber's result disagrees with this, for he finds the ratio to be a linear function of the product of specific heat and density. The authors are unable to discover the cause of this discrepancy.

THE boring of the Arlberg tunnel is proceeding with great rapidity. The length finished since June, 1880, is 1,720 metres, and an average yearly advance of 2,160 metres is confidently expected after a while The average of Mont Cenis and the St. Gothard was only 1,112 and 1,670 respectively. The St. Gothard tunnel was expected to be completed by the end of September, but the lines of approach are not likely to be ready before next Spring.

IN a note to the Vienna Academy, Dr. Margules calls attention to the beautiful figures that are produced in glycerine, when the liquid is moved in a regular way, by rotation of a disk in contact with it. These fissures afford an insight into the form of the surfaces and paths of the currents. They are due to the water contained in the glycerine.

At a granite quarry in Westerly, Rhode Island, there was recently detached a monolith 150 feet long, 10 feet wide, and 8 feet thick, weighing over 1,000 tons. These dimensions greatly exceed those of the Obelisk of Semiramis, the largest of the Egyptian monoliths. The Westerly stone was loosened by one oblong blast-hole, in such a simple and perfect manner that the theories and conjectures advanced by many as to the methods of the Egyptians appear absurd. It contains over 12,000 cubic feet of granite, and when cut into smaller blocks will bring about $30,000. It is believed it could be transported to New York, finished as an obelisk and erected for about $150,000.

It seems that the attempt to naturalize camels in Texas and New Mexico was not, after all, an utter failure. The camels used for carrying freight across the California Desert did not, for some reason, prove profitable, and they were turned loose on the Gila and Salt River bottoms. There they lived and bred, until now, it is said, they roam the lower Gila plains in large numbers, giving *The Louisiana Citizen* ground for the belief that they "will continue to increase in numbers, until a drove of wild camels will become as common on the western plains of Arizona as buffalo now are on the plains east of the Rocky Mountains."

There is nothing new under the sun. Luminous paint, which produces beautiful effects in the dark, is being introduced as a novelty, when in fact the Emperor of China, in the year of grace 976, possessed a painting, the subject of which every morning left its frame to go and take a walk, and was only on view at night. The Emperor naturally thought there was something peculiar about the artist, but it turned out that he made his paints of a luminous substance extracted from the oyster. To-day, a thousand years later, oyster-shells and sulphur are astonishing our grown-up minds.

Disk Scissors.—A novel pair of scissors has been devised by Herr Sievert, of Dresden. The blades are represented by two circular steel knives, which slightly overlap the edges, and are pressed together by two spiral springs. The knives are fastened to a pair of wooden rollers with india rubber rims, which grasp and guide the cloth or paper as it passes between the knives, so that the latter may cut straight. These cutters are carried by two handles or levers, which are held in the hand, and the cutting is effected by pushing the scissors forward, so as to cause the rollers to revolve.

The presence of one-twentieth of 1 per cent. of lead or certain other metals in standard gold will render a bar an inch thick so brittle, that it may readily be broken by a slight rap with a hammer. Less than one-half of 1 per cent of iron in metallic copper will reduce the electric conductivity by about sixty per cent., while a far smaller quantity will render it quite unfit for manufacture into telegraph cables or for other electrical purposes.

Several important discoveries of petroleum have been made in Hanover. A bore of 200 feet at the village of Oelheim yields from a single source in twenty-four hours 20 000 gallons, of which one-third can be used for illuminating purposes. This has given rise to speculative fever, which is running very high, and ground in the neighborhood is selling at $750 to $1,000 per acre.

By means of the "detective camera"—a new feat in photography—photographs may be taken in the street, or in any other place, without the knowledge of the individuals being photographed. The apparatus appears externally like a book or small box.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Fine Animals.—Ground mice.

A burnt mustache dreads a short cigar.

Grave Subjects.—Those in a dissecting-room.

Always Goes Round with a Long Face.—An alligator.

The man who knows the most is not always an owing man.

When actors get angry with one another, they generally make up before the next performance.

Precocious boy (munching the fruit of a date-tree): "Mamma, if I eat dates enough, will I grow up to be an almanac?"

Some men, when they go to church, never think of studying the frescoing on the ceiling of the edifice until the collection plate is being passed around.

Frank.—"This letter I am writing to my dear, noble, handsome Frank, might truly be called Frank-incense," said a young lady, who was very far gone indeed!

BABY'S PETITION.

Life is restless, days are fleeting,
Children bloom, but die in teething;
Warning take all friends and mothers,
Watch the precious girls and brothers;
Read the home life of Victoria,
Children nine, all had Castoria;
No sleepless nights, by baby squalling,
Like larks they rise in early morning.

The Latest Fashion Report.—The banker's wife should wear cashmere; the organist's, organ-die; the carpenter's, plane goods; the chairmaker's, satin.

In some churches, the seats on the right are devoted exclusively to ladies, and those on the left to gentlemen. The latter is called the "aisle of man."

Mrs. Brownstone says that if she has a dog she wants one of those great Sarah Bernhardt dogs that dig those dear old monks out of the snow in Switzerland.

A horse-shoer.—"Ez a general thing," said Uncle Jacob Read, the other evening, "I am down on puns. But I've allus considered a blacksmith a hoss, sure."

What is the difference between the preacher, the builder, and the architect of a church? One is the rector, the other is the erector, and the other the director.

They say Beaconsfield never wore anything but patent-leather shoes. A man with nothing on but patent leather shoes could not fail to make a sensation in Parliament.

"I don't like a fellow who is inclined to fancy everything he sees," said Tom. "I dislike still more the fellow who is inclined to seize everything he fancies," said John.

The *Lancet* came out recently with an article headed, "How to Tell a Mad Dog." We have nothing to tell a mad dog that we cannot communicate by telephone or post-card.

Man's inhumanity to man was first discovered in the deacon who mistook a good ripe umbrella for the old rustic, unplunged one of his own, which he had thoughtfully left at home.

A legal Conundrum—If distance lends enchantment to the view, and the view refuses to return it, what remedy has distance? The court takes the papers, and reserves its decision.

A parrot speaks two hundred and fifty words. There being less than that number of profane expressions in the English language, it is presumable that the bird is something of a polyglot.

An inveterate wag, seeing a heavy door nearly off its hinges, in which condition of neglect it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.

Brownson: "Well, I always make it a rule to tell my wife everything that happens." *Smithkins:* "Oh, my dear fellow, that's nothing. I tell my wife lots of things that never happened at all."

"This house for sail," was the way the landlord spelled the announcement. A smart fellow came along and asked: "When will the house sail?" "As soon as some one comes along who can raise the wind," was the cool answer.

A pretty girl out West told her beau that she was a mind-reader. "You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Yes," said she; "you have it in mind to ask me to be your wife, but you are just a little scared at the idea." Their wedding-cards are out.

In a railroad collision the other day, a young lady's old-style bonnet was crushed and dented in seventeen different places. She took it home, put a flower and two yards of ribbon on it and now has a bonnet of the latest style, worth eleven dollars and a half.

Remarks on Dress.—"Papa, is it nice to make remarks about people's dress?" "Why, certainly not, darling; what did you ask that for?" "Nothing, papa, only mamma said my dress was awfully shabby, and wondered why papa hadn't noticed it long ago."

"This isn't a menagerie," sharply observed an irascible woman to a man who was trying to force his way through the crowd at the door of a concert-room. "No, I suppose not," returned the man, "or they wouldn't leave any of the animals to block up the entrance."

Parson Cantable is one of the most absent-minded men we know. At a funeral the other day, after going through the usual exercises for such cases made and provided, and while the bereaved circle was sighing and weeping, and the head mourners were completely overcome by his harrowing eloquence, he sank gracefully into his chair, with the announcement: "The usual collection will now be taken." Even the head of the head mourners smiled.

Better far than arts æsthetic
Crewel-work and peacock fans,
Are these studies dietetic,
Carried on 'mid pots and pans.
This is woman's true position,
In the kitchen's inmost nook—
And a lady's noblest mission
Is to cook.

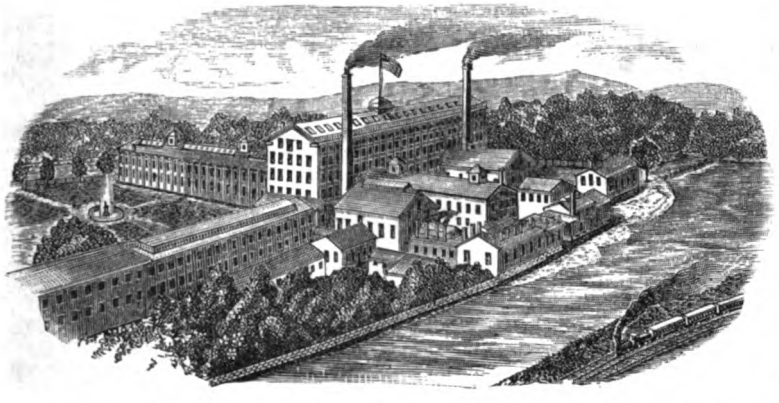
Candid.—A party of tourists came upon a man in the back yard of a wayside inn, who was calmly engaged in the occupation of skinning cats. One of them approached him, and, after some general conversation, ventured to inquire as to the object of the business in which he was immediately employed. Grasping a fresh grimalkin and plying his knife with the dexterity of a professional operator, he replied, without looking up: "Folks hereabouts never eats no game arter the first of April, but for strangers and sich we allers keeps the rabbit season goin' until June."

FOREVER.

BICYCLE-MAKING.

WHERE AND HOW BICYCLES ARE MADE.

A WALK of ten minutes from the railway station in Hartford, Conn., through a beautiful park, and by that most elegant of State Capitols, which will keep the name of Upjohn famous as an architect for a century at least, brings one to the front entrance of one of the busiest and most interesting factories in America. The small engraving herewith shows a view of it as seen from the opposite river bank.



It had been for many years known as the Weed Sewing Machine Company's factory, and had acquired a reputation for excellent machine work and good mechanical skill. Sewing machines are still made there in a part of the works, and the wonderfully ingenious metallic screw machinery is busier than ever. But the buildings have been enlarged until they cover five acres of floorage, and the numbers of mechanics and of machines have been trebled, and a threefold interest has been centred here within the last four years. Colonel Pope, of whom more on another page, held the wand which has worked this transformation. Under its sway this has become the largest bicycle factory in the world. In England this manufacture has a history of twelve years or more, and here it has but four; and yet this one large American factory is larger than any three across the Atlantic, and the Columbia bicycles, turned out at the rate of fifty a day already, are running in every part of this country, and are exported to half-a-dozen other countries.

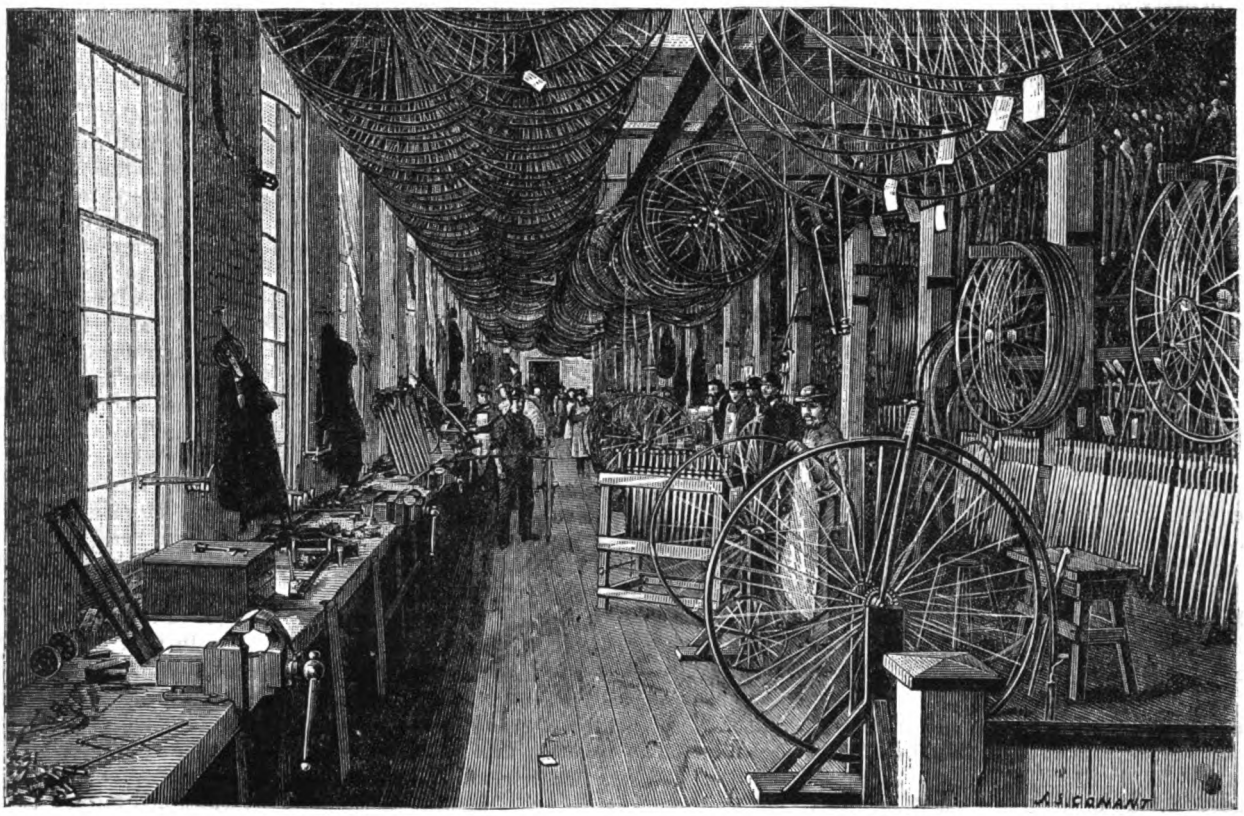
The cuts which illustrate these pages, which are made from photographs taken on the premises, and the following cursory description, will give the thousands of readers of the POPULAR MONTHLY who cannot visit the works some idea of the extent, as well as the methods, of this young manufacture. The buildings shown in a group in the first illustration are now all occupied by the bicycle works; the buildings occupied by the screw machinery and others above referred to, being on the other side of these. On entering from the street the visitor will find first, of course, the offices; then the designing and draughting and model rooms, where the best of skill and experience is focused, and the work mapped out, so to speak. From these, passing by a winding way and leaving other rooms until our return, we come to the forge shop. Arranged on either side are a dozen large drop forges with their accompanying contrivances, while in the corners are pony hammers and power hammers of different sizes. Just off from the main room is a cabinet for the dies, the various sets being kept in their appropriate places when not in use. Many of them are so large and heavy as to require the strength of two men to handle them. These dies are made in another part of the works, by expensive machinery and most skilled labor, some of them requiring weeks to cut and finish. In forging the "open head," for instance, there are five or six sets of dies used, one set of which costs more than five hundred dollars to cut and finish in the hard steel blocks. Some of the dies are the largest used in the country, and the drop forges in which they are used are believed to be amongst the largest in the world. Not all the forging, however, is done in the "forge shop"; there is another place where the rims are forged with rollers, and then they are welded and shaped with dies. There is the "perch shop," where the tubular backbones are drawn, and have the proper proportions and curvature given to them.

In another room the front forks are welded to the arms extending downward from the head, and the rear forks to the arms that take the back wheels. In the lathe room the cutting, milling, and turning of the cylindrical parts is done; in another the hubs are turned, and formed to receive the spokes and to be fixed on the axle; in still another the busy emery wheels make the fine metallic finish. In the wheel room the wheels are set up and trued; in the tiring room the rubber tires, now made in molds, are stretched upon the rims, cemented and baked; in the assembling room the wheels, forks, and backbones are put together, and every part duly marked and tagged.

One of the most important is the inspection room, where all the parts of the different bicycles made are brought and tested with as much care as watch machinery or firearms are tested; every part and every workman's work is brought to this room for judgment, and all imperfect parts are rejected. Then there is the paint shop, where those parts not intended to be all-bright or nickel-plated, and some whole machines, are painted with their several coats and stripes; and adjoining is the large drying room. In the nickeling room, especially fitted for the purpose, all the parts are separately coated with heavy plate, including the largest rims. In the storeroom for small parts is kept the surplus collection of all the lesser pieces which enter into the making of a bicycle.

The number of different parts to a "Standard Columbia" is about seventy-seven, not including those parts of which several are used in the same bicycle, as, for instance, spokes, nuts, etc.; the parts of the "Special Columbia" number about sixty-six, not including the like bolts, nipples, etc.; while the actual number of pieces in either bicycle is over three hundred. The "Mustang," or youth's bicycle, contains a few less. This does not include the accessories, such as wrenches, bells, lamps, bags, oil-cans, etc. This storeroom might aptly be called a new curiosity shop.

Again, there is the storeroom for bicycles, where completed machines are held at the factory to be drawn from by orders from the salesrooms at Boston and elsewhere, and from which, when orders are received, the bicycles are passed on to the crating, boxing, and marking rooms



SECTION OF ASSEMBLING-ROOM.

for delivery. Besides the many rooms mentioned, there are those in which the nuts and screws and bolts are made, and several others. The making of the fine, anti-friction ball-bearings, invented and constructed expressly for the Columbia bicycles, is almost an industry by itself; the perfectly hard, smooth, equal spherical balls, and the accurately constructed box in which they are held, requiring considerable machinery and ingenious processes for their rapid and exact construction.

Few who look at an elegant bicycle, as it sensitively obeys the will and responds to every motion of the rider, reflect how many things are involved in its building. To this factory are brought steel and iron in the bars of commerce, handles of the best horn (of which a thousand pairs will scarcely furnish fifty pairs of accepted handles); the purest Para rubber; the anodes of nickel, and other requisites which may be had in the market, and which have already undergone many processes by men and machinery. But they must be subjected in this factory to how many more? In the making of them, 158 different machines perform their automatic labor, many of them complicated and peculiar to this art; whilst in the same machines many different tools are often used, and they are supplemented by the use of scores of hand and bench tools, and appliances known to well-equipped machine shops. Some of these machines and processes are patented, and most of the principal parts of the bicycle are the subjects of American and foreign patents.

The way into this industry was beset with obstructions and difficulties on account of so many existing patents, and the enterprising and persistent founder was obliged to turn these same patents, as well as others since granted, into a hedge and protection for it during its adolescence.

The supplement to this extensive manufacture may be briefly referred to. At Boston the warerooms and principal offices of the Pope Manufacturing Company (for this is the maker whose works have been described) occupy the principal part of a large and elegant stone-front building on Washington Street, in the centre of the city. The main offices are approached by broad flights of marble stairs in front, or by an elevator in the rear, and much resemble those of any large and busy corporation. But adjoining and above them are a large and well-lighted show-room, with its rows of bicycles and tricycles, a wareroom, a riding-floor of sufficient size for trying bicycles and tricycles and for taking the first lessons in their use, a well-appointed repair and fitting-shop, a painting-room, a store of accessories and outfits, and room for storing and crating. There is a "law department" connected, where the attorney for the corporation may be found when not elsewhere engaged; and last, but not least, is the cheery "president's room," which, however, does not long at a time detain the active "Colonel," who flits about like the spinning wheels themselves on favorite roads. At these head-quarters the greater part of the mercantile business of the company is performed, and here the retail orders for machines are received and filled, the larger orders being sent to the factory for direct shipment. The company has also its agencies in more than two hundred cities and towns of this country, which are, many of them at least, sub-centres of activity and enterprise.

The originator of this new industry and the president of the Pope Manufacturing Company, Colonel Albert A. Pope, is a comparatively young man, of fine personal presence and of genial manners. He had added to a long and honorable record in the army an equally successful one as a merchant whose means, business integrity and resources were of his own developing and accumulation. He was one of the first few to ride the bicycle in this country, and is himself an active and enthusiastic wheelman, was the first President of the Massachusetts Bicycle Club, is honorary member of several others, and has been foremost

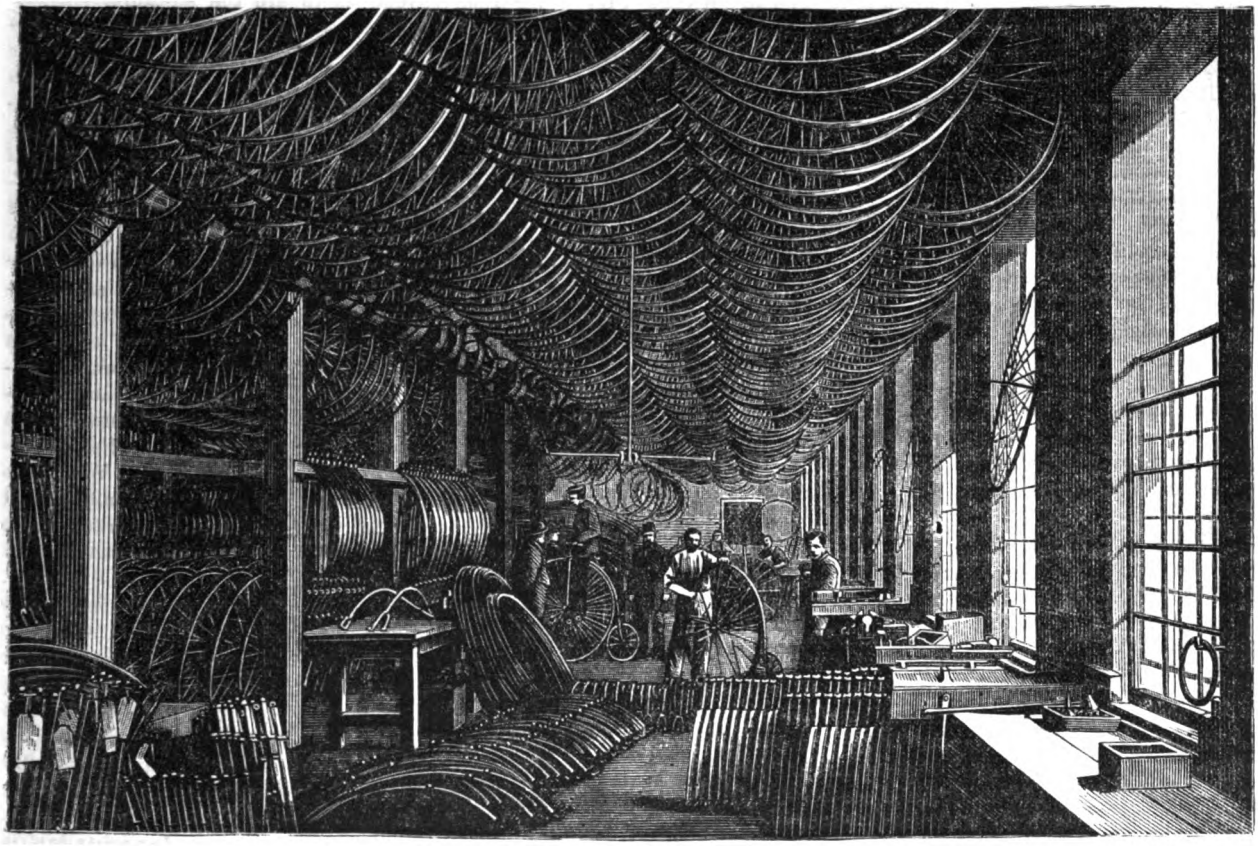
in every way to promote the interests and enjoyments of American wheelmen. When there was no one else ready to stake five thousand dollars on the success of the wheel in America, he came forward with many times that amount personally, and by his confidence inspired others.

The velocipede was the subject of a furore in this country in 1869, and many makers competed in its construction; but they failed to make it a success as a practical road-vehicle. It met with a sudden failure. American inventors did much to suggest improvements, some of which, like those in the suspension-wheel, tubular metallic construction, and the application of the rubber tire, were availed of abroad, where the use of the velocipede was continued and its perfection received great attention. Here and there in this country there had been a rider who had brought home a better bicycle from abroad; and at the Centennial Exhibition there were several styles shown. But there was no revival of velocipedestrianism, and there was no demand here for bicycles. In the Summer of 1877 Colonel Pope learned the art of an English visitor at his house in Newton, Mass., and immediately arranged for his company to import them. His foresight and sagacity led him to see in the near future an opportunity to create a wide market for these vehicles and to build up an American manufacture of them. He visited England, and learned at Coventry and at London what he could about the industry, and reassured himself of its possibilities for his own country. In the Spring of 1878, under his lead, the Pope Manufacturing Company entered upon the manufacture which has resulted in its present proportions. Where there were a dozen bicycles then there are nearly as many thousands now. They have become the popular vehicles, and the popular means of athletic recreation and contest. Not only are hundreds thriving by this industry as a means of livelihood, but it has also opened a market for English makers by stimulating importations by those who always want a foreign thing in preference to one made at home; and it has given an impetus to the trade in children's velocipedes, and developed a new departure of great extent in boys' bicycles of cheap construction. Many are now reaping in the field which Colonel Pope has sown with unsparing hand.

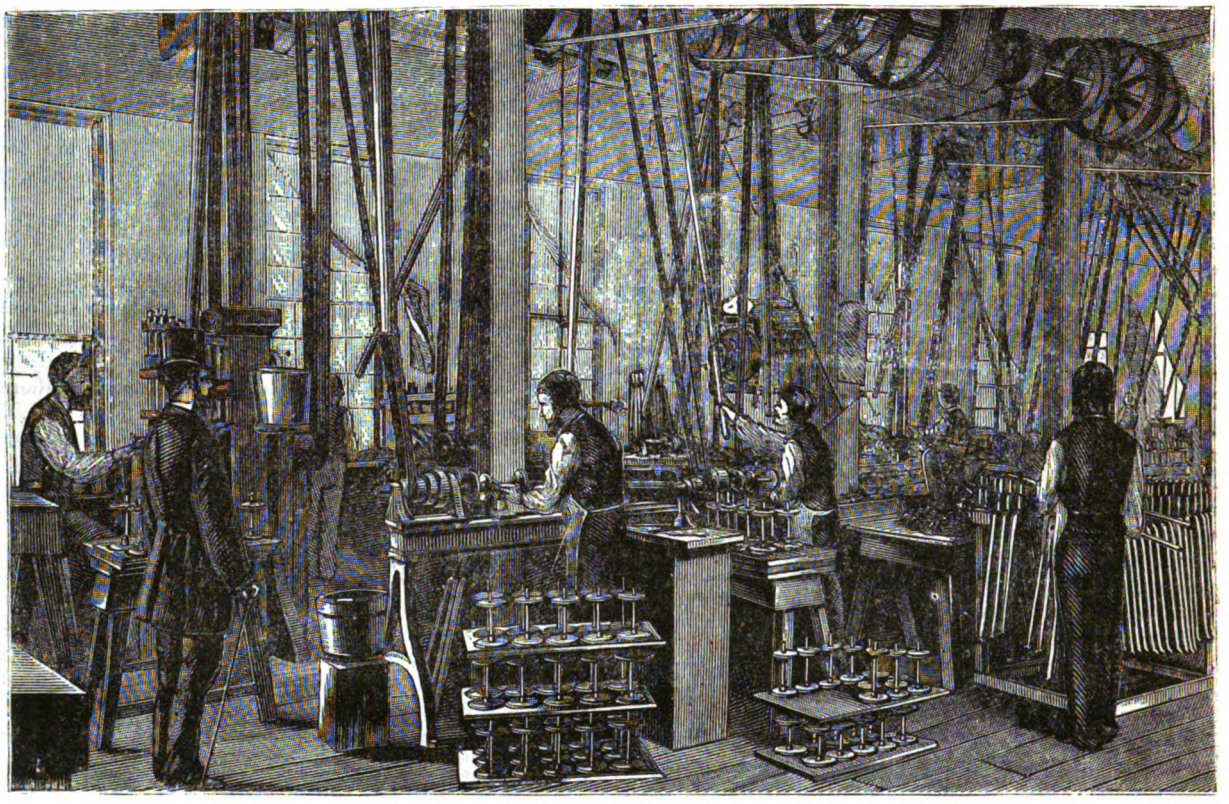
The literature of bicycling in this country, springing from a book entitled "The American Bicycler," by Charles E. Pratt, a Boston lawyer, first published in the Spring of 1879, and which has passed through two large editions, has become copious. Books, magazine articles, bicycling papers, the daily and weekly press, have made the history and the uses of this modern carriage familiar everywhere; whilst "the wheel" itself, in club runs and national L. A. W. meets, in races and on long excursions, has noiselessly and gracefully gained the favor of the American public. Clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers, schoolmasters, messengers, clerks, farmers, students—in fact, people in every profession and walk in life, have given it their approval and the sanction of their own example.

The "Columbia Bicycle" helps to spread the gospel of Christian civilization, and aids in the physical salvation of the race. It is an economizer of time and strength and expense. Wherever one would care to drive with a horse and buggy, he can go as fast and as far and as pleasantly with a bicycle, and be twice as independent. For the Summer stroll or Autumn ramble, for the social call and the week's excursion, it is the readiest and most enjoyable conveyance.

Bicycling is a manly art. It strengthens and develops the faculties of mind and body; quickness of judgment,



SECTION OF ASSEMBLING ROOM.



SECTION OF MILLING-ROOM.

alertness and grace of motion, pluck, endurance, independence and self-reliance, may be set down as the qualities to be found in a good bicycler. It was a frequent remark at the hotels, on the occasion of the last May "meet" of the League of American Wheelmen, "Why, the bicyclers are all gentlemen!"

It is a healthful exercise, as the writer of this article knows by experience: it exercises the lungs, the arms, the back and the chest as well as the legs; it braces the nerves and promotes a good circulation of the blood; it sharpens the appetite, and insures sound sleep. Amongst all the recreations which the writer has tried, this is easily chief; and he will be glad if the reading of this article may encourage many who have not yet tried it to partake of its benefits and enjoyments.

There is still some notion abroad that this is a difficult art to learn. It may be acquired by any one in five half-hours. Boys step to the bicycle from their velocipedes without hesitation. The young man learns more quickly; but none of active life or free use of limbs are too old to take it up and make it convenient and enjoyable. For those who are too timid for the bicycle, there are the so-called "safety bicycles" and the tricycle, which in their measure approach the first; but the bicycle is, and is likely to remain, the prince of velocipedes.

AN IMPROVED BICYCLE.

The reader will pardon this digression upon the uses of the machine, the manufacture of which was to be described. They illustrate the probable, nay, almost certain, permanence and increase of this new industry. What one establishment is, and has done in four years or less, has been briefly sketched. What it will become in the next four years is matter for conjecture; but the success of the American Columbia Bicycle is assured, and its permanence as an instrument of pleasure and a factor in industrial pursuits is established.

The Major & Knapp Engraving Co. 56 & 58 Park Place N.Y.

"A Distracting Model."
From the Painting by Hans Dahl.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN, THE SURRENDER, AND ITS CENTENNIAL.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, LL.D.

THE American, in the customary tour abroad sojourning for a while in London, as he visits St. Paul's Cathedral will find himself when under its spacious dome in close proximity with the illustrious dead who have been distinguished in the naval and military service of their country. He sees Nelson and his favorite, Collingwood; Wellington and Ponsonby and Picton, with a large number of famous, if lesser, lights who have in the past helped England to

THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.— THE DEATH OF MAJOR SCAMMEL.

dominate wherever she has attempted to plant her standard. But no name will so specially attract our countryman as that of Earl Charles Cornwallis, Lieutenant-General in the British Army, and Governor-General of India. For it was this distinguished personage who, in 1781, while second in command of the King's forces in America, found himself shut up and besieged at Yorktown, Virginia, and whose surrender virtually brought the war to a close, and secured the "Independence" of the thirteen Colonies.

It is the momentous result which lends importance to the event. Else, there could be no great cause for exultation that a force of seven or eight thousand men surrendered to an army more than double its number, having the co-operation, besides, of an effective fleet. But as the finishing-stroke of a war for freedom, which had been maintained with obstinacy on both sides for six years, the event deserves to be celebrated with an enthusiasm only second to that which marks the date of our Declaration of Independence.

England never seemed to comprehend by what principle of cohesion the colonies were held together as one solid nation. They could not understand why the difficulties which culminated at Lexington and Bunker Hill should rouse the sympathies and provoke the hostility of the inhabitants in the far-off Carolinas. They had forgotten under what circumstances America had been colonized. These English-speaking people had come to a wild shore, where their first work had been to protect themselves against the aborigines, and the common tie of a desperate and ever-present danger bound them closely together. Having also in common a strong loyalty to the mother country and to the throne, they were ready to make England's quarrels their own on all occasions. From the settlement at Jamestown in 1607 to the period of the outbreak at Boston in 1773, England had been engaged in the turbulent wars upon the continent about two-thirds of the time. In these contests the Colonies uniformly took part. These included controversies with the Dutch, the War of the Spanish Succession, known in America as Queen Anne's War, the War of the Austrian Succession, and the succeeding bloody contests with France, known as the Old French War.

Indeed, whenever the colonists were about to enjoy some rest from the inroads of the Indians, they were called to aid the mother country in fighting the Spaniards, in attacking the French, in worrying the Dutch. We remember how Putnam figured in the West Indies, and Washington in Braddock's campaign. We are familiar with the capture of Quebec by Wolfe, and what part the colonists together took in all these struggles. Unwittingly England was constantly bringing the different sections of America into a closer sympathy, where the ties of perils and hardships and calamities shared in common became indissoluble. Something else came of all these wars and battling with savages. The colonists might be said to be born soldiers; if not born soldiers, certainly born fighters, whom it did not take long to train into disciplined ranks. They were not afraid of the "redcoats." They knew by fighting along with them just what they could do and what they could not do. These hardships, these wars, these terrible privations, had not only made a race of fearless men, but also a race of men who would not submit to imposition, were it ever so trifling. Therefore when, after a series of contests in Parliament, *all* the duties of which the Americans complained had been abolished, except only a duty of three pence per pound on tea, insisted on by the King to sustain the principle of the right of taxation by the Crown, the colonists went to war because they would not admit the principle.

This war, with its full tide of preparation, opened in 1776. The British plan of operations was to crush the head and front of the rebellion by vigorous and well-directed attacks on the North, which should fill the inhabitants with dismay and give courage to the loyal friends of the Crown. The plan had at first a large measure of success. Washington was defeated on Long Island, New York and Philadelphia were captured, and Burgoyne was pursuing what appeared to be a victorious course toward Albany. His capture completely upset the plan proposed to finish the rebellion. It was found best to abandon Philadelphia, and while holding New York and its environs, England had control of no other territory from the Penobscot to the Potomac. The plan had proved a failure. Meantime France, satisfied that the Americans were capable of a persistent resistance, made their cause her own, only too glad in this way to inflict a fatal stab on her hated rival.

Completely baffled at the North, the British leaders determined on the only alternative—that of attacking the less populous South. And here we are approaching the pith of our subject, and shall endeavor to trace the movements of both sides, which, after three years of perpetual skirmishing and fighting, culminated in the siege and surrender of Yorktown.

This plan of attacking the South, thus cutting the rebellion in two, so as to weaken and ultimately destroy its power, was the favorite policy of the Home Cabinet. Lord Germaine, the King's War Minister, wrote to Clinton, March 8th, 1778: "The reduction of the Southern provinces must give the death-wound to the rebellion, notwithstanding any assistance the French may be able to give it, and if that were the case a general peace would soon follow, and this country be delivered from the most burdensome and extensive war it ever was engaged in."

The first step of this scheme was to make a permament conquest of Florida and Georgia, and then of the Carolinas, operations to begin in the Fall of 1778. It was believed that large numbers of the inhabitants would flock to the standard of the King. Further, by proper diversions in Virginia and Maryland, it was expected that all America to the south of the Susquehanna would return to its allegiance. The idea that the colonists would be ready to do this on the approach of a British army was an illusion constantly cherished by the leaders, and which seems never to have been dispelled. But the fact really is, tho British had always to march through an enemy's country, and the few loyalists who joined them were often a source of more embarrassment than aid.

The plan for reducing the South was now vigorously entered upon. Savannah was captured by the enemy on the 29th of December, 1778, and Augusta in the January following. Major-General Lincoln, of Massachusetts, was sent by General Washington to defend Charleston. This called out an expedition to South Carolina, under Sir Henry Clinton, the British Commander-in-Chief at New York, in person. He besieged Lincoln, and compelled him to surrender with about four thousand troops, half of whom were militia. This occurred on the 12th of May, 1780, and from this period to the 19th of October, 1781, events were not permitted to languish on either side. Clinton, after the surrender of Charleston, returned to New York.

From this date the conspicuous figure on the British side in the Southern operations is Lord Cornwallis, then Lieutenant-General in the British army, and, as before stated, second in command of the King's forces in America, where he came at the commencement of the war. His first active service in the field was at the battle of Long Island, in 1776. At that time he was thirty-eight years

old. He had already displayed superior military capacity and resources, and had the confidence of the army and the Home Government, which had led to his rapid promotions. He was, besides, a great favorite with the King. He had been in Parliament, where he voted against the taxation of the Colonies. His instructions from Clinton were of a general character. He was authorized to make such changes in the position of the troops as he should consider judicious, always with reference, however, to the security of Charleston. There appeared to be a general understanding between the two as to the policy to be pursued. The details were left to Cornwallis. It is well to bear this in mind, for in subsequent years a bitter controversy sprang up between these two generals, in relation to the campaign in the South.

In order to make the possession of Charleston more secure, Cornwallis proposed to invade North Carolina, while Clinton sent an expedition into the Chesapeake, to engage the attention of Virginia, and prevent aid from that quarter. "It may be doubted by some," writes Cornwallis to Clinton, "whether the invasion of North Carolina may be a prudent measure, but I am convinced if we do not attack that province we must give up both South Carolina and Georgia, and retire within the walls of Charleston."

Washington had, meantime, dispatched General Gates, now hailed as the hero of Saratoga, to Virginia, to the defense of the State. On the 15th of August Cornwallis met him at Camden, and inflicted upon him the most complete defeat the Americans had suffered on the open field. Unfortunate as was this result, it served at once and for ever to dispose of Gates, a fussy and wretchedly overrated man, who had become a thorn in the side of the Commander-in-Chief.

Cornwallis now decided to push on to Hillsborough, N. C., still deluded with the idea that large numbers of the inhabitants would join his standard. Clinton lent his co-operation by sending a force of over two thousand men to the Chesapeake, who were to make a diversion in favor of Cornwallis, by going toward Richmond.

Meanwhile Cornwallis, whose defeat of Gates had suddenly increased his already high reputation, and caused him to be regarded as the prospective master of the South, found himself confronted in the field by a new antagonist. It was Nathaniel Greene who now appeared to dispute his progress. Nathaniel Greene, the chosen and tried friend of Washington, and unquestionably the ablest of all his generals. After the ignominious defeat of Gates, Greene was detailed by his chief to cope with Cornwallis, flushed as he was with victory, and in the possession of a veteran army upon which he could depend.

We have not space for the details. The story of Greene's campaign and his successful efforts in thwarting the designs of the enemy are too familiar to require repetition. The first shock which Cornwallis received was in the defeat of Major Ferguson, one of his best partisan officers, whose command was completely destroyed or captured by "back woodsmen" under Williams, Shelby, Campbell and other militia colonels. This blow was so discouraging that Cornwallis quitted the State and fell back again to South Carolina. He was here reinforced by Clinton, who sent General Leslie with his troops from the Chesapeake to his assistance. To replace his force in the Chesapeake, Clinton sent Arnold with another expedition to Portsmouth, to co-operate with the army under Cornwallis. Thus far we see Clinton in full accord with his second in command.

This brings us to the month of January, 1781, when, joined by Leslie, Cornwallis once more set out for North Carolina. His force numbered about 3,400 men, rank and file. Greene, who was closely watching the enemy, could scarcely muster 1,500 Continentals and 600 militia. Cornwallis proposed to strike him and win another Camden. To his surprise he found he had to deal with a man actually his superior in strategy and in open war. While he was preparing for a further advance into the heart of the country, whither Greene was leading him, another disaster, every way unexpected, befell him. Lieutenant-colonel Tarleton had got to be the terror of the surrounding country. He was Cornwallis's favorite, and was the most brilliant cavalry raider in the British army. Greene dispatched that famous partisan leader, Morgan, to try conclusions with the British. They met at a spot now historic—the "Cowpens"—and Tarleton was defeated with the loss of nearly 800 men killed, wounded and prisoners. This was a severe blow to Cornwallis, but what could he do? Under the circumstances, he could not afford to retreat. He could not remain where he was, and consequently he determined to advance. In the last days of January he put all his troops in light marching order, burnt his baggage, and pushed forward through drenching rains to overtake both Greene and Morgan and occupy North Carolina.

Here may be said to commence the Yorktown campaign. Greene, too weak to meet the enemy in open battle, continued his retreat, followed closely by Cornwallis, until Greene crossed the River Dan into Virginia, thus putting himself absolutely out of harm's way. Cornwallis had, it would seem, accomplished his object. He had driven Greene out of North Carolina, and he really believed the time had come when the State was to be restored to the King's authority. But Greene was in no way disposed to stay on the Virginia side of the Dan. Having received some reinforcements, he suddenly recrossed the river, and instead of manœuvring, boldly offered the enemy battle at Guilford Court House. It was an obstinate contest, resulting in the retreat (not defeat) of the American troops. The British loss was so great that they were unable to pursue. In fact, their victory amounted in effect to a defeat, and Greene's retreat to a victory. For Cornwallis shortly after was obliged to retreat from the interior of the State to the seacoast, in order to recruit and refit his exhausted and diminished force, leaving Greene practically master of the situation.

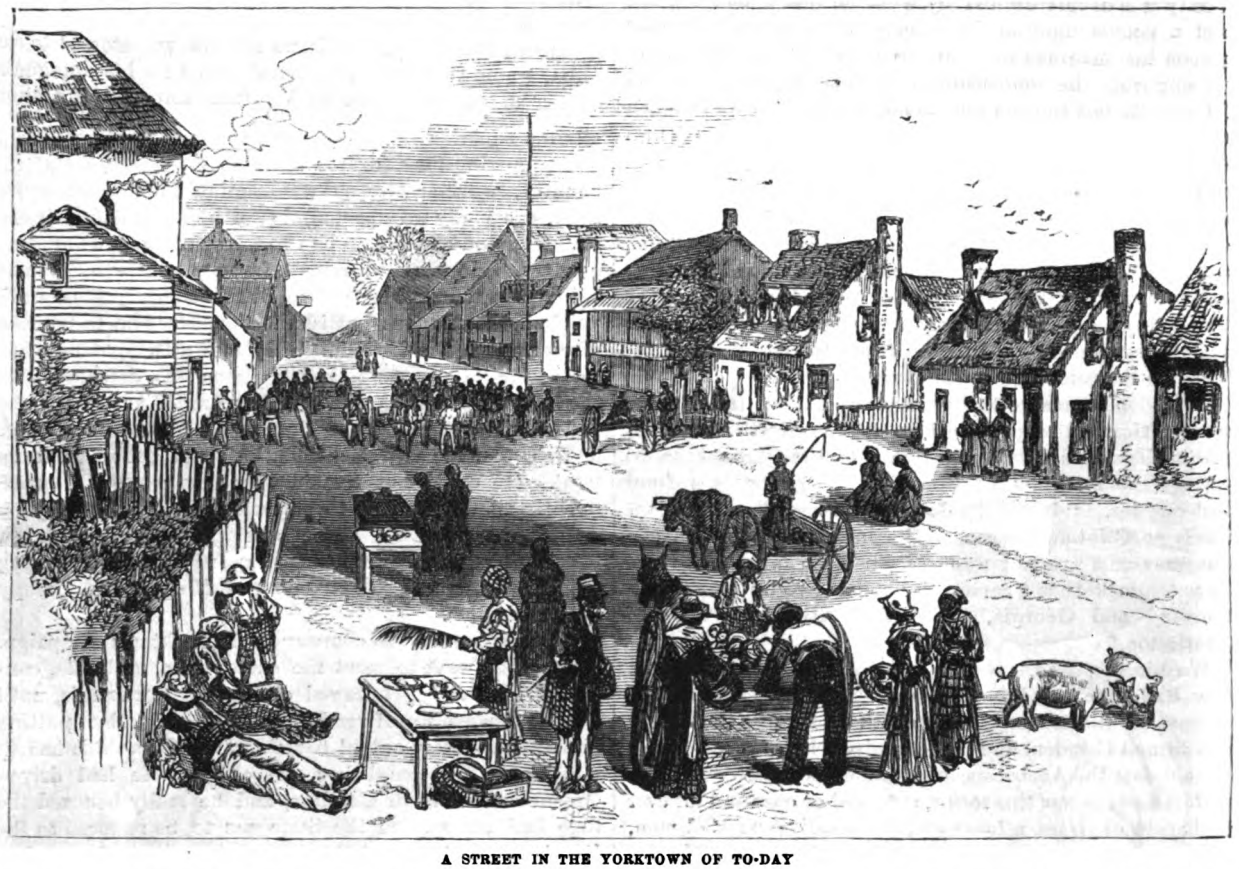
Thus ended Cornwallis's Southern campaign, and the attempt to hold Georgia and the Carolinas.

Cornwallis now changed his plans, and decided to move directly into Virginia, unite with the King's forces there, and renew operations with the Chesapeake as his base. Clinton never approved this move. "Had you intimated the probability of your intention," he wrote to Cornwallis, "I should certainly have endeavored to stop you, as I did then as well as now consider such a move likely to be dangerous to our interest in the Southern Colonies."

The controversy was continued with acrimony, but Cornwallis was the favorite at the Court, and had the moral support of the Home Government.

* * * * * * *

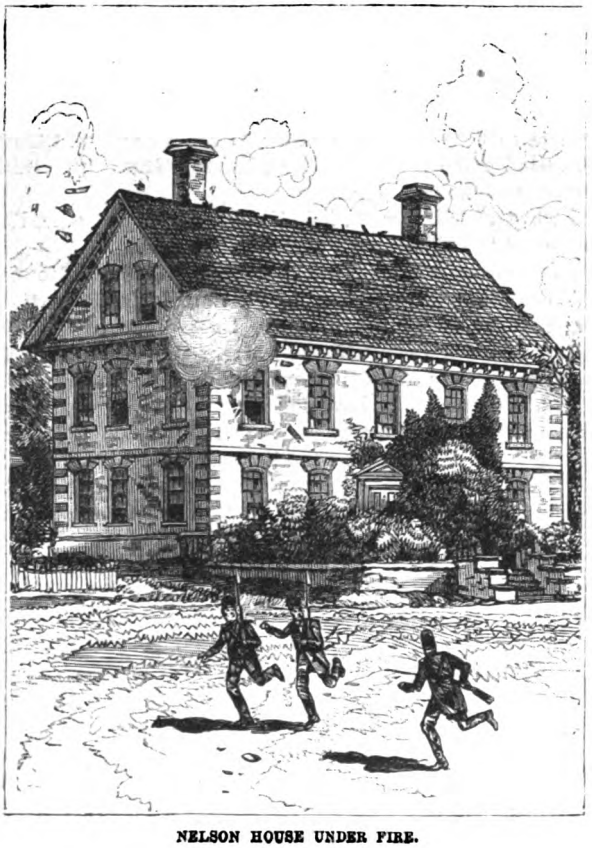
In the year 1776 there was stationed on duty at Metz as an officer in the French army, a youth of noble birth and large fortune, and allied to one of the first families of the Court. He was nineteen years of age. It happened just then, for a marvel, that there was no war in actual progress between France and England. In fact, the Duke of Gloucester, brother of King George III., was on a visit to Metz, and a dinner had been given to him by the commandant of that fortress. Many officers were present, and among them the youth just named. Dispatches had just



A STREET IN THE YORKTOWN OF TO-DAY

been received by the Duke from England which became the subject of conversation, for they related to American affairs, the recent declaration of independence, the resistance of the colonists, and the strong measures adopted by the Ministry to crush the rebellion.

The youth listened with interest to the conversation, and



NELSON HOUSE UNDER FIRE.

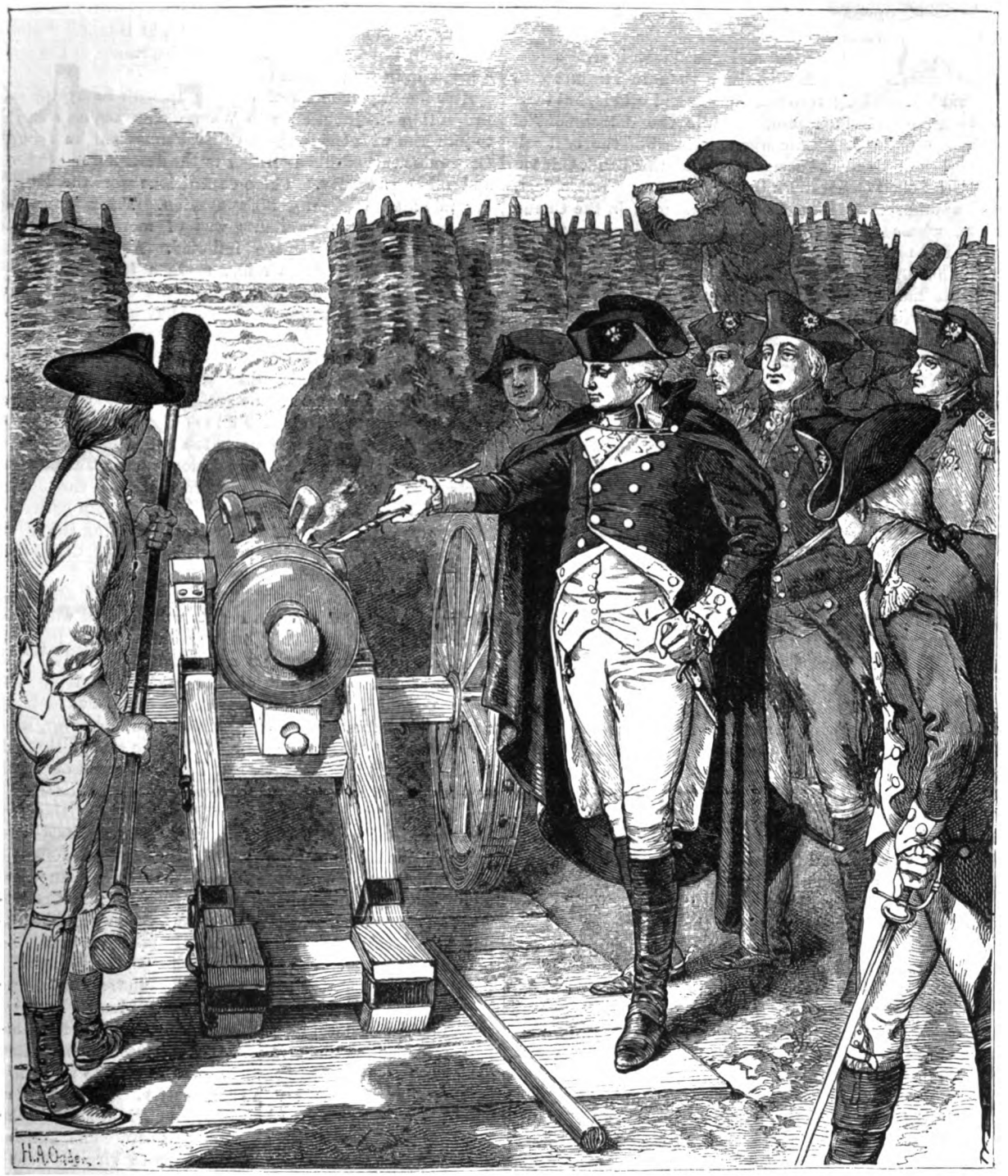
PORCH OF THE MOORE HOUSE.

prolonged it by asking questions of the Duke. His curiosity was deeply excited by what he heard, and the idea of a people fighting for liberty had a strong influence upon his imagination. The cause seemed to him just and noble from the representations of the Duke himself, and before he left the table the thought came into his head that he would go to America and offer his services to a people who were struggling for freedom and independence.

This youth was the Marquis de Lafayette.

How the French Government prohibited his departure, how he escaped in disguise and sailed for America, how he tendered his services to Congress as a volunteer without pay, and received a commission as major-general in the army of the United States, is a story familiar to every American.

It was this "boy," as Cornwallis was accustomed to call him, whom that famous general found for his antagonist when he commenced on his Virginia campaign, and whom he proposed to deal with in a summary manner. The "boy" was then four-and-twenty, and might already be termed a veteran soldier. He was wounded at Brandywine in 1777; he was with the army in that terrible Winter at Valley Forge; he participated in the fierce fight at Monmouth, and did effective service in Rhode



GENERAL WASHINGTON FIRING THE FIRST GUN AT THE BRITISH WORKS, OCT. 9TH, 1781.

Island. He returned to France in 1777 (France now became our ally), and obtained the first French reinforcements for America under Rochambeau.

In 1780 he was placed at the head of Washington's select body of troops, known as the corps of light infantry, and in 1781 he was given an independent command in Virginia, under the general orders of Greene, with Cornwallis for his opponent. This command he held till the investment of Yorktown.

To return to Cornwallis and his Virginia campaign, Major-General Baron Steuben was then in Virginia with General Muhlenberg Weeden, Nelson and others, but their forces were untrained militia, while the detachment of 1,200 men under Lafayette was composed of the best soldiers of the continental army. On the other hand, Clinton had dispatched General Phillips, a most excellent officer, with another expedition to take command in the Chesapeake, whose force, combined with Arnold's, numbered over 3,000 men.

While in Baltimore Lafayette had borrowed £2,000 from the merchants, with which to buy linen, shoes and hats for his soldiers, who had marched from the North in Winter clothing. The ladies of the city gave a ball in honor of the young French general, and offered to make up the shirts and blouses for his soldiers. His famous corps was composed of three veteran light infantry battalions, under Colonel Vose, of Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Colonel Gimat, a French officer, and Lieutenant-Colonel Barber, of New Jersey. Its conduct during the campaign fully sustained its high reputation. By forced marches Lafayette reached Richmond, Virginia, a few hours in advance of Phillips, who was pushing for the same spot. The latter was obliged to retreat and form a junction with Cornwallis at Petersburg on the 20th of May. At this juncture Lafayette received orders from General Greene to halt and take the command of Virginia, and to embody in his army the Pennsylvania troops and all the Virginia drafts. Major-General Steuben in the meantime was doing his best to organize regiments for the Virginia line from recruits enlisted for eighteen months, while General Wayne was daily expected with the Pennsylvanians, now put by Greene under Lafayette's orders. But all these troops united would still have been unable to resist the progress of the enemy, and Lafayette applied in every direction for more men and supplies. He wrote to Jefferson, the retiring Governor, and to Nelson, the new Governor, to Morgan, at Winchester, and to Weedon, at Fredericksburg, and to others to exert themselves in this emergency.

"Our regular force," he wrote, "is near 1,500; our militia are not very strong upon the returns, and much weaker in the field. With such an unpromising outlook nothing but a weak defensive could be attempted."

Lafayette's first impulse was to risk something, but he reflected in time.

"Were I to fight a battle," he wrote to Washington, May 24th, "I should be cut to pieces, the militia dispersed, and the arms lost. Were I to decline fighting, the country would think itself given up. I am, therefore, determined to skirmish, but not to engage too far."

This plan he followed to the end, and by it saved himself, his army and the State. The progress of Cornwallis had now become alarming. He moved from Petersburg in pursuit of Lafayette, on the 24th of May. "The 'boy' cannot escape me," he exclaimed on one occasion. He crossed the James from Meads to Westover, twenty-five miles below Richmond, occupying three days in the movement. On the 27th he was at White Oak swamp; on the 28th he was at Batton's Bridge, on the Chickahominy. The night before Lafayette had encamped on the same stream at Winstone's Bridge, twenty miles west. On the 29th Cornwallis had reached Newcastle, on the Pamunky, and on the 30th Hanover Court House.

Large quantities of tobacco were destroyed on the march. Cornwallis encamped on the 1st of June at Hanover Junction, and threw forward Tarleton and Simcoe to ascertain Lafayette's position. But Lafayette was not to be overtaken. Once Tarleton came up with him at the Mattapony and made the famous Light Infantry "stand to arms"; but he was twenty miles in advance of the main army, and in no position to fight.

Abandoning the idea of coming up with Lafayette and preventing his junction with Wayne, who was on his way to join him with the long-expected Pennsylvanian troops, Cornwallis turned his attention to the destruction of stores and other property. These expeditions were the damaging incidents of Cornwallis's invasion. Their depressing influence on the inhabitants was of more consequence than the material damage inflicted. About this time Tarleton, in one of his raids, made a forced march to Charlottesvile, and nearly surprised the entire assembly, seizing some of its members, and all but capturing Jefferson himself.

At last, on the 10th of June, Lafayette effected a junction with Wayne's forces, which gave him a reinforcement of 1,000 good soldiers under a gallant leader, and he proceeded at once to march with all speed toward the enemy. This reinforcement came none too soon, for Cornwallis had already organized an expedition under Tarleton to destroy all the stores and tobacco between the James River and the Dan, including provisions or corn collected in any quantity at private houses. Receiving the information of Lafayette's reinforcement by Wayne, Cornwallis countermanded his orders.

During this first three weeks of the Virginia campaign the immediate and obvious results were almost wholly in favor of the enemy. They had gone where they pleased, and destroyed much public and private property. The names of Cornwallis and of his raiders, Tarleton and Simcoe, were a terror throughout the State, but nobody thought of submission. Her public men, however, were now aroused. They could see little hope except through the interposition of Congress and the presence of Washington himself in Virginia. Strong letters of appeal were written to carry out this plan. "Let General Washington be immediately sent to Virginia with 2,000 or 3,000 good troops," was the demand of Richard Henry Lee. Jefferson urged the same plan of action. So did every Virginian whose name was supposed to be of consequence. John Cadwalader, of Maryland, was very pressing in endeavoring to persuade Washington to immediately take the command in Virginia in person.

What course did Washington take under the strong pressure brought to bear on him? Did he fall back on the doctrine of local allegiance and hasten to defend his native Virginia without regard to the cause of the united colonists? Quite the contrary. He replied to these impassioned appeals calmly in the negative. He could not alter his then plan of operations, and Virginia must be content. But Greene—might not that astute and skillful general quit South Carolina and hasten to Virginia's aid? That, also, was impracticable. In the warmth of his feelings Greene wrote touchingly to Jefferson. "I feel for the sufferings of Virginia," he said, "and though I have not had it in my power to join the army, I hope your Legislature are convinced that I have left nothing unattempted in my power to afford you all possible protection."

"The darkest hour is just before the day." At the

time when Virginia was trembling with apprehension of the further raids and ravages by Cornwallis, that general, on the 15th of June, broke camp, and commenced a retrograde march to Richmond. What a favorable turn for affairs in Virginia! As this course was taken by Cornwallis neither through fear nor compulsion, as by the superiority of his forces he still could be said to command the situation, why did he now retire to the Chesapeake? There were many reasons for his action. Lafayette's force was a continually increasing one, and raids by detachments from the main body of the army of Cornwallis were no longer safe. He had destroyed all the stores and magazines and provisions he could, but not as much as he had counted on. He had spread a terror through the country, but to what effect? He was bitterly disappointed in finding no loyal element ready to support the King's authority when established. He concluded, therefore, during the intense heat of Summer, to march to the coast, await instructions, and arrange plans with the Commander-in-Chief at New York.

When Cornwallis commenced his retrograde movement Lafayette also turned and followed; we cannot say pursued, for he could not afford to come up with him. But he could watch and skirmish, keeping about twenty miles in the enemy's rear. The moral effect of these operations on the country was as if Cornwallis was actually retreating, and the joy of the people was great. Once Cornwallis halted, and was about to make a sudden countermarch on Lafayette, who had ventured nearer to him than usual. The alarm was given, and the troops stood to their arms for several hours, but Cornwallis changed his mind and pursued his course.

We have alluded to the difference of opinion between Cornwallis and his chief, Sir Henry Clinton, touching the former's operations in Virginia. Cornwallis now expected reinforcements from New York, but Clinton was threatened by Washington, and felt obliged to send for a portion of the troops previously sent to the Chesapeake. Cornwallis promptly obeyed the order, and to embark the troops he retired to Portsmouth by crossing the James River. This movement was the occasion of an attempt on the part of Cornwallis to bring on an attack by Lafayette, in which all the former's forces should be employed. He practiced the ruse of appearing to have already crossed the James with his main body, leaving the impression that only the rear guard of the British remained. The plan was partially successful. Lafayette for the time was misled. A general action was nearly precipitated, but Lafayette, having certain suspicions, undertook a personal observation at the river's bank, and discovered the truth. A retreat was ordered and effected with considerable loss. The troops, however, behaved admirably. This is called the battle of Spring Mill.

There was now a pause in the Virginia campaign. Lafayette had encamped on Malvern Hill, considered one of the healthiest and best-watered spots in the State. The State north of the James was at rest, for Tarleton had been driven back by Wayne and Morgan from an attempted raid in a crippled condition. Suddenly comes a change over the situation! Instead of any part of Cornwallis's forces being sent to New York, Clinton decided to yield to the arguments of his second in command, and allow the troops to remain in Virginia. He had about seven thousand men, rank and file. With these Clinton directed him to fortify Old Point Comfort, where Fortress Monroe now stands, and in addition, if it appeared necessary for the better security of the Point, he was to occupy Yorktown also. A survey of the Point was ordered, and it was found wholly unfit and inadequate for a naval station. This was represented to Clinton. Then, following what he considered the spirit of his instructions, and not waiting to hear from Clinton, Cornwallis moved up to Yorktown and began to fortify it in connection with Gloucester. Clinton made at the time no objections, and there Cornwallis remained. But Clinton, in the subsequent controversy, insisted that Cornwallis violated his orders in going to Yorktown, claiming that he was to occupy it only on condition he held Old Point Comfort also, in which case he could have escaped on the arrival of the French fleet by crossing to Portsmouth.

No particular significance was attached to the movement more than to any previous one of the enemy. It had been taken simply for convenience, and in the interest of the navy and the health of the command.

The whole situation can be briefly stated. Washington, with his French allies under Rochambeau, making together an efficient service, ready to attack Clinton in New York; Lafayette in front of Cornwallis at Yorktown, but with an inferior force; and Greene manœuvring against Lord Rawdon in the South, determined to protect Georgia and the Carolinas. The French had eight ships of the line to protect Newport, their headquarters, and the English also eight ships to cover New York. Let us see how, out of these positions, came the conclusion to make Yorktown the scene of definite operations.

To do this we must go back a little in the history of events.

* * * * * * *

Late in the month of May, 1781, while Cornwallis was attempting to lay hold of the "smooth-faced" Lafayette, there was a company of boys playing ball in the little village of Windham, near Wethersfield, in the State of Connecticut. One of these boys was the father of the writer of this article.* He was at that time nearly thirteen years old. Suddenly one of the group exclaimed, "Look there! look there!" All looked, and saw in the distance a small cavalcade approaching. Almost at the same instant another boy shouted, "Look there!" pointing in the opposite direction, where was seen still another cavalcade in motion toward the same point. These two approached within a few hundred feet of each other and halted. An officer from one side galloped forward, exchanged salutes with the other company, then, after a moment's conference, they proceeded to join the party which had remained meantime stationary. The chief of this party was Washington, and this the meeting of Washington and Rochambeau, who were to hold a previously arranged conference at Wethersfield. Rochambeau had come from Newport, Rhode Island, and Washington from New Windsor, on the Hudson, above West Point.

The company thus united passed slowly through the place, Washington, with head uncovered, bowing to the inhabitants, who were quickly collecting, for the news spread like wildfire that the Commander-in-Chief was there in person. All eyes were strained to be certain which was he. "Which is Washington?—which is Washington?" exclaimed an old woman in the hearing of the boy we have named. "That one," answered her neighbor, pointing him out; "the one who has got some manners!"

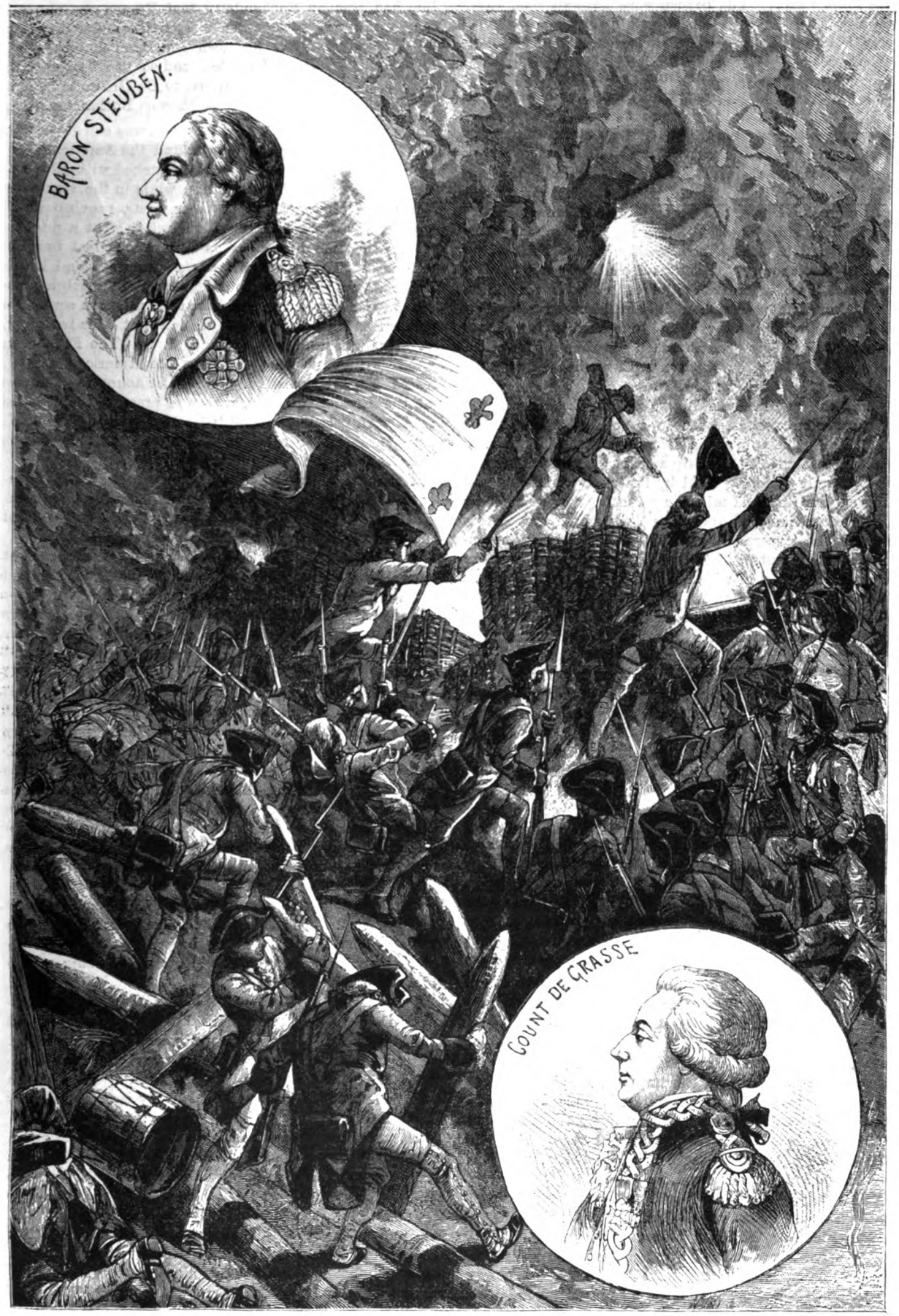
Washington and Rochambeau had their conference at Wethersfield. On this occasion they agreed upon a plan which had to be dependent on circumstances. The object was, of course, to strike the enemy at the weakest point; but what was that point? Washington was anxious to make a combined attack on New York in conjunction with

* Captain Richard Kimball, a nephew of Gov. Sam. Huntington, President of the Continental Congress.

the French army. The British were certainly then weaker at New York than at any time during the war. This would relieve the pressure on Greene and Lafayette. There entered into the discussion the possibility of a French naval superiority on the American coast which might lead to a general movement southward. Whatever the contingencies might prove to be, it was decided that the French troops should join the Americans on the Hudson as soon as practicable, and be ready to move on New York whenever circumstances favored such action. This junction was effected only in the first week of July. "Man proposes and God disposes." Intelligence before this had reached Rochambeau that France was about to send a powerful fleet to the West Indies under the Count de Grasse, to protect her own and Spanish interests in those islands. He had written, and so had Luzerne, the French Minister at Philadelphia, to De Grasse to come to New York in aid of operations there. Rochambeau suggested that De Grasse should "enter the Chesapeake on his way, as there might be an opportunity of striking an important stroke there, and then proceed immediately to New York and be ready to co-operate with the allied armies in an attack on that city."

DESTRUCTION OF THE BRITISH FRIGATE "SHARON," OF FORTY-FOUR GUNS, IN YORK RIVER, BY THE FIRE FROM THE AMERICAN BATTERIES.

During the month of July, and into August, Washington,



THE FRENCH COLUMN, UNDER THE BARON DE VIOMENIL, STORMING THE BRITISH REDOUBT ON THE NIGHT OF OCT. 14TH, 1781.

jointly with the French forces, was preparing, indeed commencing, active movements against New York, which thoroughly alarmed Clinton, when on the 14th of August word came to Rochambeau from De Grasse that he was about to sail for the Chesapeake direct, with a view of undertaking or facilitating operations in that quarter rather than at New York, and that he hoped the troops would be ready on his arrival for immediate activity, as he must return to the West Indies by the middle of October. There has been a good deal of speculation on this decision of De Grasse, but he certainly explains it clearly enough in a subsequent letter to Rochambeau, where he states he had to decide for himself what point to sail to, and that the tenor of the letters from Rochambeau, Luzerne and Washington inclined him to head for Virginia. Had he found no enemy there he could have gone to New York. Cornwallis, however, had remained in the Chesapeake, and De Grasse came exactly in time. The allied forces around New York had now to push for the same point with all possible expedition.

While the march from New York to Virginia was the only proper movement, both in a political and military point of view, there were judicious men who looked on it with foreboding. To give up a cherished plan of a campaign, to quit a vicinity held by the enemy in force, and to march four hundred miles on a contingency of meeting at just such a time a co-operating fleet, whose movements must also be governed by contingencies, required an exercise of judgment, and a firmness of purpose, and an energy of execution of which Washington was capable.

The march decided upon, the enemy must be misled with reference to its object as long as possible. The movement began on the 19th of August, and was conducted under the disguise of an attempt on New York from the Jersey side. The direction of the march appeared like an attempt on Staten Island. Everything practicable was done to mislead Clinton as to the real destination of the army, which now appeared to be the lower end of that island, the possession of which Clinton understood would facilitate Washington in co-operating with the expected French fleet. Washington broke camp at Dobb's Ferry on the morning of the 19th of August, and the allied army prepared to cross the Hudson at King's Ferry, above that point. Washington and his Continentals taking the river road, and the French the route further to the right, by way of Northcastle, Pine's Bridge and Crompond. The former crossed on the 20th and 21st, but the latter were not all over until the 26th. The united forces consisted of 6,000 men, of which 4,000 were French and 2,000 Americans. The remainder of the army, about 4,000 all told, were left under General Heath to guard West Point and the Highlands. Troops were also stationed at Saratoga and on the Mohawk, to protect the northern frontier against possible incursions from Canada.

The allied forces proceeded to Princeton by three different routes, so as to mislead Clinton, who still believed the objective point to be Sandy Hook. The true destination had been kept a profound secret even from the officers of the army, who could only conjecture that some extraordinary movement was on foot. Arrived at Princeton, there was no longer any reason for concealment, and the troops, in excellent spirits, marched rapidly forward. Washington and Rochambeau hastened to Philadelphia in advance of the army, leaving Lincoln and Viomenil in command of the respective wings. They were received "with the universal acclamations of the citizens." Robert Morris, the great Finance Minister, to whom the country was indebted for the means of transportation and supplies, and, indeed, for every sort of material aid, on this occasion was among the first to welcome the Commander-in-Chief. On that day Morris entertained Washington, Rochambeau, Chastellux, Knox, Moultin, and others at dinner. Toasts were drank to the United States, to the Kings of France and Spain, and to the speedy arrival of De Grasse. There was a general illumination in the evening. The reception to the troops, who passed through afterward, was equally hearty. The French army came a day behind the Americans. It is recorded that the Continentals marched with slow and solemn step to the drum and fife, while in the rear came a long line of wagons, with their tents, provisions and baggage. It was a matter of marvel to what a pitch of severe discipline hardships and privations had brought these men. They knew nothing of the ways and habits of cities. To them the inhabitants of Philadelphia appeared to be gay and prosperous, and without a care. No wonder that they grumbled at times about their back pay, but there was no flinching from duty. The French, in marching through what was then the American capital, created a great sensation. In special honor to Congress and the French Minister, who was present, they passed in review in parade dress, with Rochambeau at their head. It was a grand, gala time. That finished, the troops pushed on to join the American wing.

At the end of fifteen days they approached the Chesapeake. Would there be good news? Had De Grasse arrived? At Philadelphia no tidings of him had reached Washington, though he confidently expected them.

Now, in connection with the mention of the French fleet comes the question to every mind, What was England doing, who already claimed supremacy on the sea? How happened it that De Grasse was permitted to come quietly to the Chesapeake? It is true England just then had her hands full to look out for the French and Spaniards, and also the Dutch, and sustain the "American War." But Rodney and Hood were in the West Indies with a fleet equal, perhaps, to that of De Grasse, with whom they had already skirmished. A chapter of accidents, we may say blunders, gave to the French Admiral this position. Rodney had warned the English admiral at New York of the expected descent of De Grasse on the coast, promising in such event to send every assistance in his power. Graves, who was then in command, instead of waiting at New York and keeping vessels on the lookout, sailed off on a cruise to the eastward. A second dispatch, containing exact intelligence of De Grasse, was sent by Rodney to Graves. The ship, a sloop-of-war, reached New York, and finding that Graves was away, the commander sailed in search of him. On the cruise he was pursued by three American privateers, compelled to run his ship ashore and sink his dispatches.

Meantime Rodney had sent Hood with a fleet in pursuit of De Grasse. On the 25th of August, Hood reached the Chesapeake. There were no signs of the enemy there. Neither was there any word from Graves. So Hood proceeded on to New York, where he found Graves, just in from his cruise, and who was profoundly ignorant of what was going on.

Just at that crisis news came that De Barras had sailed from Newport with the French fleet. Every effort was made to prevent his junction with De Grasse. It was too late. De Grasse had entered the Chesapeake five days after Hood left, and had already landed three thousand men, under General Saint-Simon, to join Lafayette. But the English admiral gallantly determined to attack him. De Grasse slipped his cables and stood out to sea for more room. He had 24 ships of the line, carrying 1,700 guns and 19,000 seamen. Against these Graves could only bring 19 ships of the line, with 1,400 guns and 13,000 sea-

men. The action, which lasted over two hours, was not decisive, but it resulted in the English admiral returning to New York with several of his ships badly damaged.

On the 5th of September Washington received the intelligence that De Grasse was in the Chesapeake. It is agreed on all sides that on this occasion his usual calmness of demeanor forsook him. One of the French officers stated that his face entirely changed from its ordinary aspect, generally so grave and cold, and expressed the lively emotion of a vivacious child whose every wish had been fulfilled. It was now that, with a mind relieved, Washington, while *en route*, paid a visit to his home at Mount Vernon, where he had not permitted himself to go since the commencement of the war, a period of six years. Here he entertained his companions, and received Rochambeau and his officers. He remained three days at Mount Vernon, and on the 14th of September reached Lafayette's headquarters, at Williamsburg, in advance of the army. General Saint-Simon gave a sumptuous entertainment in the evening, mutual congratulations were exchanged, and joy reigned throughout the camps. On the 27th orders were given to march on the following day. Everybody well understood that the final struggle was at hand.

Here we stop for a moment, although the troops are hurrying forward, to survey the situation. It has its romantic side, and that is the side from which we may regard it.

In a small fenced corner in the New World were exploding the fierce passions and resentments of centuries of the past. In all these centuries there had been no sincere peace between England and France. We read of the "thirty years' peace" reaching from 1733. But really it was a state of suppressed war, which is often less tolerable than war itself. During all these years England's King had written himself "King of Great Britain, France and Ireland." An innocuous declaration, doubtless, but nevertheless a standing insult and menace to the Frenchman. England had but lately wrested Canada from the French, and there were those present in the trenches before Yorktown who had taken a part in the fight on both sides, and who now were fighting together.

This is one side of the romance. The other presents a brave and determined people struggling literally for liberty, who for six years, without assistance, had maintained the contest against the strongest nation of the world.

The enmity of the French to England proved to be America's opportunity. We do not intimate that our allies were not inspired by a genuine sympathy for our cause—at least after they had landed in the country; but Governments are not expected to sympathize. France made a fearful reprisal, and settled many a long score with her old enemy when she was able to permanently wrest from England her most valuable possession.

Thus were gathered before Yorktown for defense and attack English and Germans, Americans and French. The allied army was composed of the Continentals, the militia, and the French auxiliaries. The Americans constituted the right wing, with Lincoln in command, and Lafayette and Steuben as division commanders. The French made up the left wing. Lafayette's command included the select troops of the army—the famous corps of Light Infantry. Muhlenberg commanded the first brigade and Hogan the second. The three battalions of the first were commanded by Colonel Vose, of Massachusetts, Lieutenant-Colonel Gimat, Lafayette's aides, and Lieutenant-Colonel Barber, of New Jersey. Those of the second, by Lieutenant-Colonel Huntington, of Connecticut; Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Hamilton, of New York; and Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens, Washington's aide, of South Carolina. In this brigade was Hogan's old Canadian regiment, two hundred and fifty strong. Steuben's division included the brigades under Generals Wayne and Giot, in which Colonels Butler and Stewart had commands, together with Lieutenant-Colonel Gaskins, Colonel Adams, and Major Roxburgh. In Lincoln's old division we have the first and second New York regiments, under Colonels Vanschaick and Vancortland, commanded by General James Clinton, with Colonel Olney's Rhode Island regiment, and two New Jersey regiments, under Colonels Dayton and Ogden. The artillery brigade was under General Knox. It included Lamb's second artillery and some companies from Proctor's fourth regiment, with sappers and miners and artificers. There were also two companies of Delaware recruits, and about 100 dragoons, under Colonel Moylan. All told, the Continentals mustered 5,500 men, and a finer body of soldiers and a nobler set of officers were never assembled.

The militia all came from Virginia, and numbered over 3,000. They were commanded by General Nelson, the Governor of the State, and Generals Weedon, Lawson and Stevens. Colonel Lewis brought in a fine corps of riflemen, and Lieutenant-Colonel Debney commanded the Virginia State regiment.

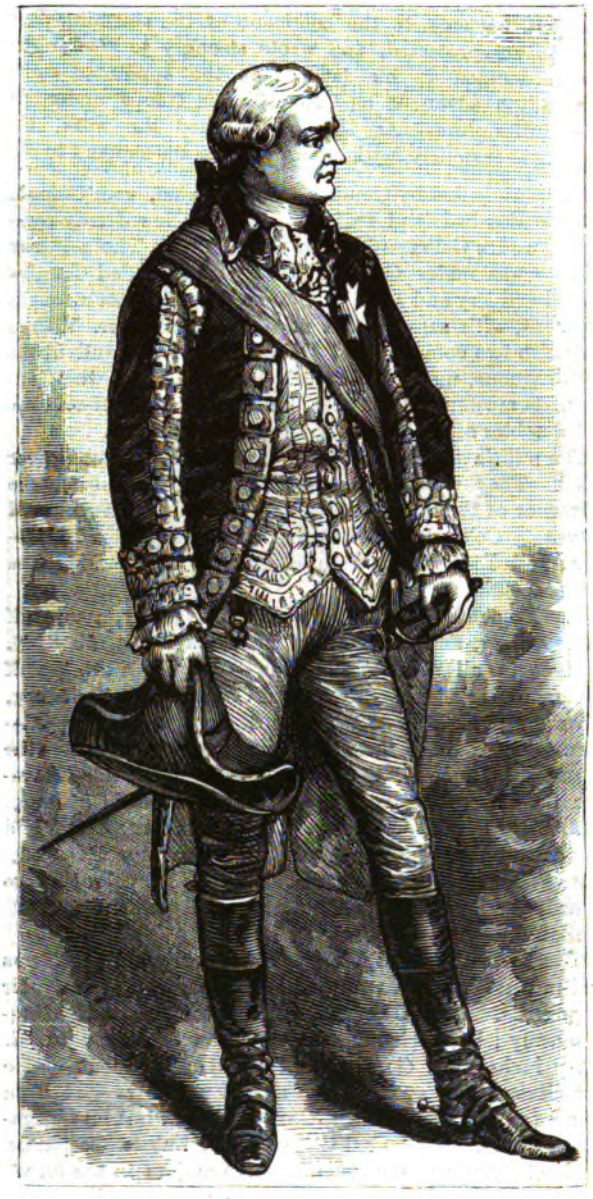
The French had seven regiments of infantry, a corps of 600 artillery, and a legion of horse and foot, also 600, making in all about 7,500 men—a splendid body of troops, under Lieutenant-General Count de Rochambeau, a brave and skillful commander of large military reputation. There were besides four major-generals—the Baron de Viomenil, the Count de Viomenil, the Chevalier de Chastellux, and the Marquis de Saint-Simon, with Brigadier M. de Choisy. The several regiments had names in honor of some special service or special event, after the custom of the French army. Their colonels were already distinguished in the service. A brilliant staff attended the general officers.

The British force at Yorktown was composed of officers and men no less distinguished in military fame than their opponents. It had been taken from the *élite* of the English army; but their numbers were now terribly reduced. They included a German and Hessian regiment and a detachment of yagers. The superior officers had been fearfully thinned. In fact, Cornwallis had but one brigadier remaining—General O'Hara—and but two colonels, twelve lieutenant-colonels and twelve majors in the force!

Here were cooped in behind the works at Yorktown about 7,500 men to resist the attack of the besiegers, numbering over 16,000. There were several hundred marines on both sides, which we do not take into account.

On the 29th of September the investment of the place was completed. This was accomplished by the Americans crossing the "marshes," leaving its left on their borders, and its right on the York River. By four o'clock in the afternoon this desirable movement was completed. The next morning it was discovered that Cornwallis had abandoned his outer position during the night, and had returned with his guns to the immediate defenses of Yorktown. The movement has always been pronounced unmilitary, but Cornwallis was the best judge of his own situation. Besides, he had been assured by Clinton of the sailing, "in a few days," of a large fleet with 5,000 men, and he confidently relied on relief from that quarter.

An unhappy circumstance occurred in this connection. The brave Lieutenant-Colonel Scammell, of New Hampshire, with two or three attendants, rode leisurely toward the abandoned positions, when he was surrounded and captured by some of Tarleton's men, and after he surrendered, was shot by one of them in the back. He was sent into the American lines, at Washington's request, and



ROCHAMBEAU.

survived but a few days. This event increased the feeling against Tarleton to such a degree, that when Yorktown surrendered he asked for a special guard for his protection. No notice was taken of the request.

The first week in October was devoted to siege preparations. The siege-pieces were at the James River, and their transportation and putting in place was a slow and tedious process. Washington displayed a ceaseless activity. At times he was in the saddle the entire night. Meanwhile the besieged were preparing to take advantage of the delay by making a "grand forage." It was to be their last excursion, and it was made in force. Simcoe's "rangers" and Tarleton's "legion" acted as the covering body.

It was on this occasion that the Duke de Louzun met a woman in the doorway of her house, who told him that Tarleton had just left, and was eager to shake hands with him. "I have come," said Louzun, "on purpose to gratify him." A charge was made, and a hand-to-hand contest followed. Tarleton and his horse were thrown to the ground by the plunge of a wounded steed, and he narrowly escaped capture.

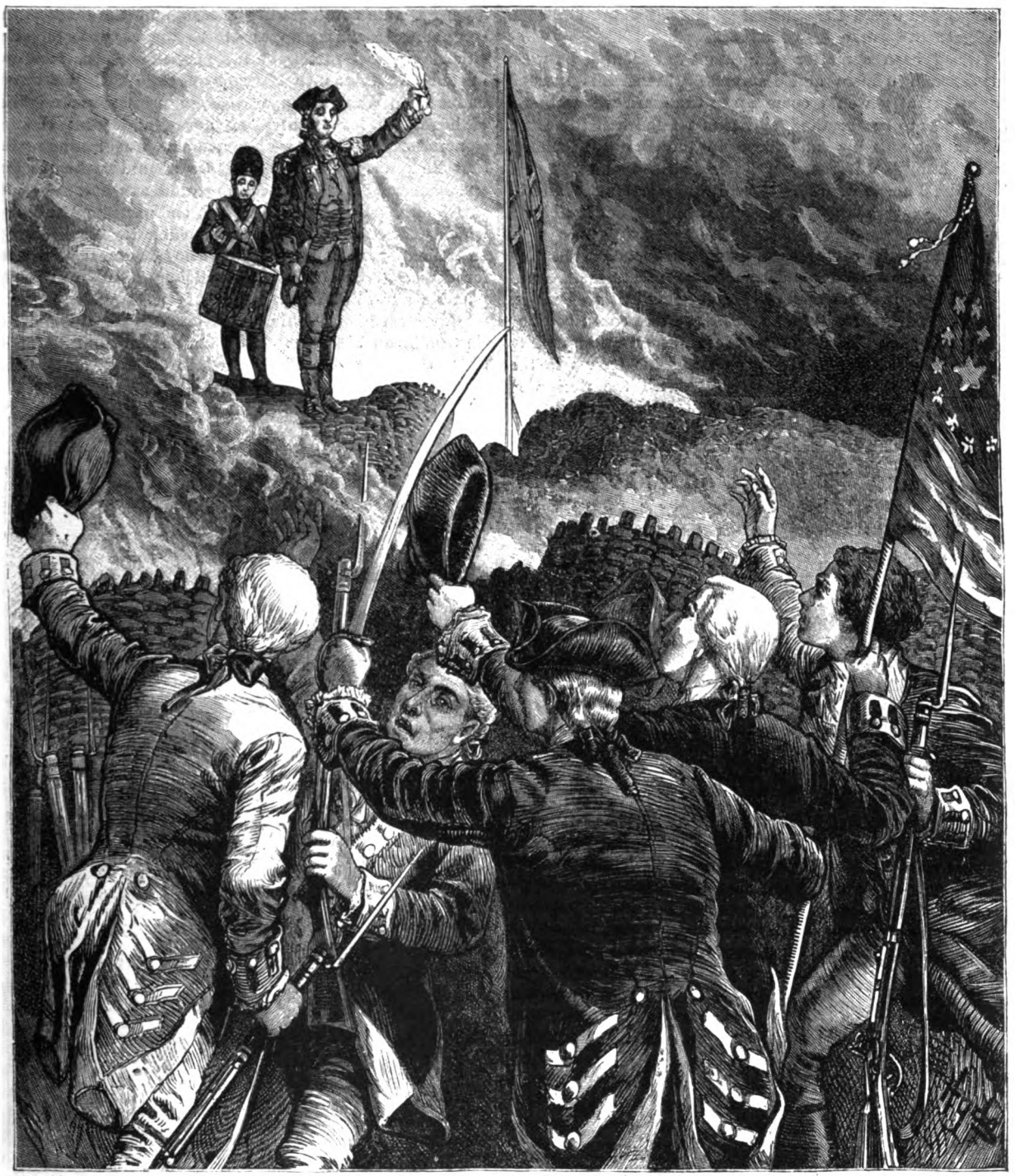
That first week of October was a memorable one. Everywhere were visible the signs of preparation. These were pushed with alacrity, and on the evening of October 6th everything was ready, and the work began. Four thousand three hundred men, French and Americans, marched that night to the ground designated. Fifteen hundred were to do the digging, and twenty-eight hundred to stand ready to repel an attack. The enemy, it seems, were entirely ignorant of what was going on till the morning's light displayed the first parallel nearly completed. The first troops to occupy the trenches on the forenoon of the 7th were Lafayette's Light Infantry. By the afternoon of the 9th a sufficient number of batteries had been erected to open the bombardment of Yorktown. The first fire was from the French, at three o'clock, followed by the Americans at five o'clock. It is well authenticated that the first shot was by Washington himself. On the 10th two new batteries opened, which had a destructive effect on the enemy's shipping in the river. By the 11th fifty-two pieces were playing from the allied batteries, and the enemy's fire, at no time very strong, was nearly silenced

CORNWALLIS.

On the night of the 11th the second parallel was opened, which, when completed, would bring the allies *within storming distance of the enemy.*

The work went on for two days with but small loss, when it was found necessary to extend it to the river's bank. Here was a serious obstacle, for two strong outer redoubts, Nos. 9 and 10, had first to be taken. An assault was at once determined on. It was the turning-point—in fact, the end of the contest, and virtually of the war!

The night of the 14th of October was selected for the attack. The French were to take redoubt No. 9 and the Americans the redoubt No. 10. Hamilton was field-officer of the day; but Lafayette had assigned Gimat, his aide, to the command of the storming-party. Hamilton protested, and wrote strongly to Washington, who decided in his favor. At the appointed signal, Hamilton advanced on "No. 10," his troops under perfect discipline. As they approached the work, they charged furiously, without waiting for the sappers to clear the abattis. The forlorn hope of twenty men was led by John Mansfield, of the Fourth Connecticut. He received a bayonet-wound. Captain Stephen Olney, of Rhode Island, who was among the first in attack, was seriously wounded. Hamilton himself was conspicuous at the front. The American loss was but nine killed and twenty-five wounded. The forbearance of the Americans should never



THE BRITISH DRUMMER BEATING A PARLEY FOR THE SUSPENSION OF HOSTILITIES, ON THE MORNING OF OCT. 17TH, 1781.

be forgotten. Arnold's brutal conduct at New London and Scammell's fate were fresh in every mind.

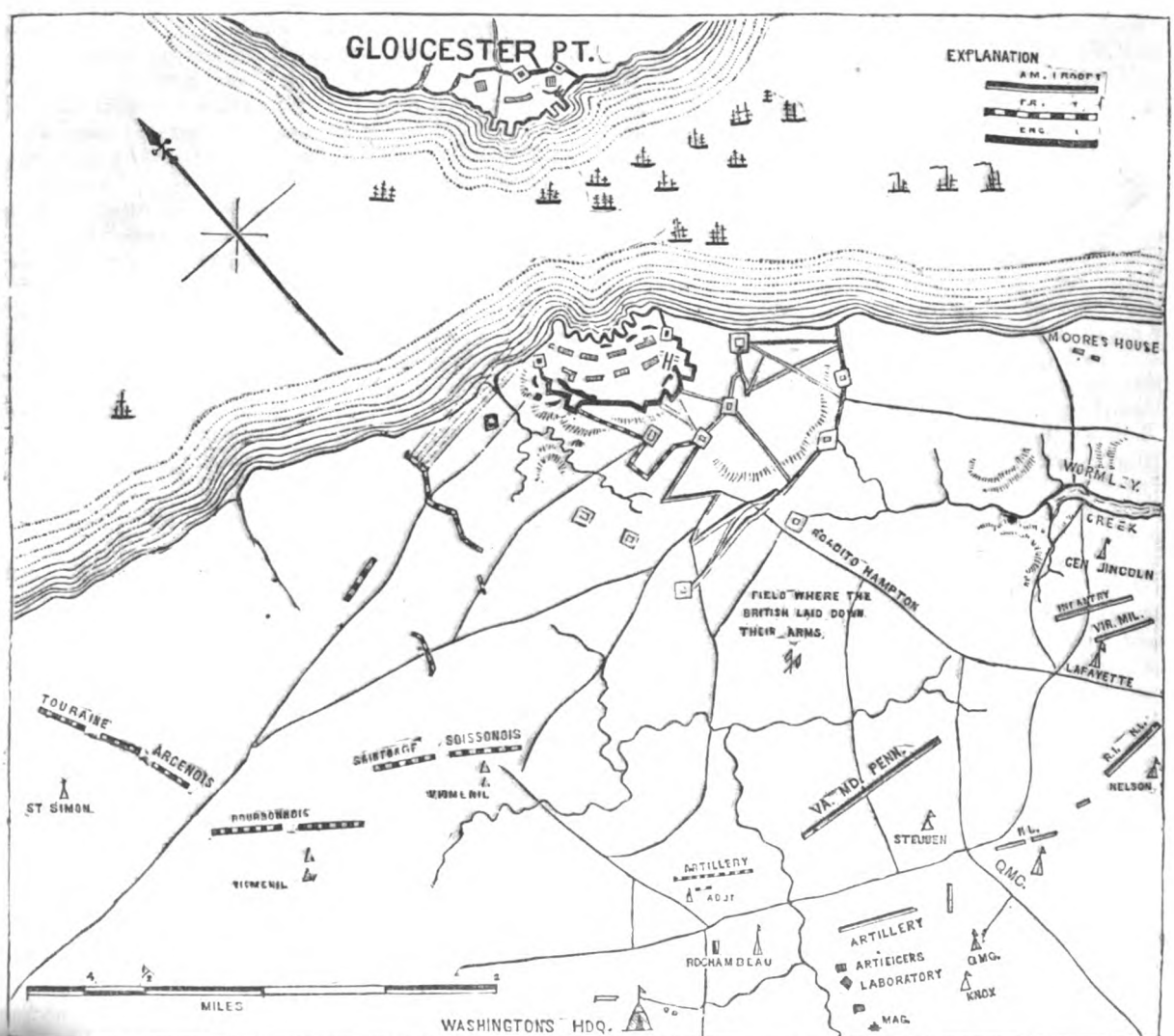
The French were equally fortunate in the capture of redoubt No. 9, but it occupied a longer time and involved a greater loss of men. Unlike the Americans, they waited for the pioneers to cut a passage through the abattis, and lost several men meanwhile; but the obstruction cleared away, they rushed gallantly forward and soon captured the work.

It had been a matter of pleasant questioning between the French officers and Lafayette whether his boasted Light Infantry would come up to the mark when the redoubt was to be assaulted, and it is related that the latter sent a message by an officer to the Baron Viomenil. "Ask him," so it ran, "if he is in need of assistance. Tell him I am in my redoubt, and find out if he is in his." The good-natured reply came, "Not in yet, but shall be in five minutes."

On the night of the 15th, Cornwallis made a dashing sortie at the second parallel. No practical result could come from it, and none did come; and it was made, doubtless, to prove that all was done that could be done by the English leader. The next night he attempted to escape with his army, by transferring his troops to the opposite side at Gloucester Point, with the design of breaking through the besiegers and pushing rapidly to New York. It was really a hopeless effort, which the elements prevented being put into execution. A storm arose at midnight and stopped his operations. "We at that time could not fire a single gun," reports Cornwallis. "I therefore proposed to capitulate."

At ten o'clock next morning, October 17th, a drummer in red mounted the enemy's left parapet and began to beat a parley. He could readily be seen, and the cannonading stopped. An officer appeared waving a white handkerchief. He was met by an American officer, and conducted blindfolded to the rear of our lines. Cornwallis had sent to Washington a message proposing a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, and joint commissioners to arrange terms of surrender. Washington replied that he preferred that Cornwallis should make his proposals in writing, for which he would suspend action for two hours. Cornwallis assented, and sent in conditions which were entirely inadmissible. The flag returned with an ultimatum from Washington, who had the same reasons for dispatch that Cornwallis had for delay—to wit, the possible arrival at any moment of an English fleet with reinforcements. Washington demanded the surrender of Cornwallis on the basis of the Charleston capitulation in 1780, when Lincoln surrendered to Clinton, and to this Cornwallis yielded.

This brings us to the night of the 17th. On the 18th



PLAN OF THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

the commissioners met and settled the details. There were many anecdotes current, authentic and semi-authentic, connected with their conference. "Withdraw your Continentals," Ross is reported to have said, "and we will hold the place if it rains Frenchmen a year." This piece of pleasantry yielded to something more serious when Ross reached the article that the English were to march out with colors cased, and playing either an English or a German tune.

"This is a harsh article," said Ross to Laurens.

"Which article?" answered the latter.

"The troops shall march out with colors cased, and beating a British or German march."

"Yes, sir," said Laurens, with a touch of *sang froid*, "it is a harsh article."

"Then," said Ross, "if that is your opinion, why is it here?"

Whereupon Laurens, who had been made prisoner at Charleston with Lincoln's army, proceeded to remind Ross that the Americans on that occasion had made a brave defense, but were ungallantly refused any honors of surrender other than to march out with colors cased and drums *not* beating a British or a German march.

"But," rejoined Ross, "my Lord Cornwallis did not command at Charleston."

"There, sir," said Laurens, "you extort another observation; it is not the individual that is here considered, it is the nation. This remains an article, or I cease to be a commissioner."

And it did remain.

About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 19th of October, 1781, the articles were signed "in the trenches." At noon our troops occupied Yorktown. At two o'clock the army of Cornwallis marched out, grounded their arms, and marched back. The British were in new uniforms, and made an imposing appearance. They marched to the tune, "The World Turned Upside Down." The French and American armies were drawn up in fine array. The French, in brilliant uniforms, made a splendid spectacle. All eyes were turned on the Continentals, their dilapidated uniforms displaying to advantage the soldierly bearing and look of severe practiced discipline which every man exhibited.

Cornwallis did not appear. He pleaded indisposition, and detailed General O'Hara to surrender his sword. Washington referred him to General Lincoln, who immediately returned it with words of compliment, and this completed the capitulation.

The joy throughout the country it is impossible to describe. It was for a time delirious. Congress got the news in Philadelphia early on the morning of the 24th. Lieutenant-Colonel Tilghman, one of Washington's aides, had ridden express to carry it. He reached Philadelphia in the night, galloped madly up to the house of Thomas McKean, then President of Congress, and began knocking and kicking against the door with all his might, shouting out the news at the top of his voice. "What is the matter with you, my friend?" demanded McKean, thrusting his head out of the window. Tilghman was too much exhausted to reply, but a watchman near by now took up the refrain. "Past three o'clock," he shouted, "AND CORNWALLIS IS TAKEN!"

THE Russian method of serving tea is a pleasant variation from the usual way. A slice of lemon and about a teaspoonful of lemon juice is added to each cup; no milk is used, but sugar to suit the taste. By many the lemon is considered a great addition, giving a delightful flavor.

THE CORSICAN WAKE.

AMONG the old Corsican customs which are fast dying out, but which still linger in the remote valleys of Niolo and Vico, is the *vócero*, or funeral chant, improvised by women at funerals over the bodies of the dead. Nothing illustrates the ferocious temper and savage passions of the race better than these *vóceri*, many of which have been written down and preserved. Most of them are songs of vengeance and imprecation, mingled with hyperbolical laments and utterances of extravagant grief, poured forth by wives and sisters by the side of murdered husbands and brothers. The women who sing them seem to have lost all milk of human kindness, and to have exchanged the virtues of their sex for Spartan fortitude and the rage of furies.

While we read their turbid lines we are carried in imagination to one of the cheerless houses of Bastelica or Bocognano, overshadowed by its mournful chestnut-tree, on which the blood of the murdered man is yet red. The *gridata*, or wake, is assembled in a dark room. On the wooden board, called *tola*, the corpse lies stretched; and round it are women vailed in the blue-black mantle of Corsican costume, moaning and rocking themselves upon their chairs. The *pasto* or *conforto*, food supplied for mourners, stands upon a side-table, and round the room are men with savage eyes and bristling beards, armed to the teeth, keen for vengeance. The dead man's musket and pocket-pistol lie beside him, and his bloody shirt is hung up at his head. Suddenly the silence, hitherto only disturbed by suppressed groans and muttered curses, is broken by a sharp cry. A woman rises; it is the sister of the dead man; she seizes his shirt, and holding it aloft with Mænad gestures and frantic screams, gives rhythmic utterance to her grief and rage.

"I was spinning, when I heard a great rage; it was a gunshot, which went into my heart, and seemed a voice that cried, 'Run, thy brother is dying.' I ran into the room above; I took the blow into my breast; I said, 'Now he is dead, there is nothing to give me comfort.' Who will undertake thy vengeance? When I show thy shirt, who will vow to let his beard grow till the murderer is slain? Who is there left to do it? A mother near her death? A sister? Of all our race there is only left a woman, without kin, poor, orphan, and a girl. Yet, oh, my brother! never fear! for thy vengeance thy sister is enough!

"'Ma per fà la to bindetta,
Sta siguru, basta anch ella!'"

Give me the pistol; I will shoulder the gun; I will away to the hills. My brother, heart of thy sister, thou shalt be avenged!"

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.—The distinction is very simple. In a tragedy the plot turns on a murder; in a comedy it turns on a marriage. The question in a comedy is whether the marriage will take place or not, and in a tragedy whether the murder will be accomplished or not. There will be a marriage, there will be a murder; this is the first act. There will be no marriage or murder; this is the second act. A new incident happens, a new manner of killing or marrying; that is the third act. An obstacle arises which prevents the killing or marrying; this is the fourth act. This must finish, and so in the fifth act the murder or marriage is arranged or accomplished, because everything must have an end.

PROSPERITY seems to be scarcely safe unless it is mixed with a little adversity.

THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.— THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.— SEE FRONT PAGE.

HER GRANDMOTHER'S BROCADE.—"HE DREW FORTH FROM ITS CONCEALED POSITION BENEATH THE LINING A LONG, THICK, TIME-YELLOWED PAPER."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

WILLIE AWA'.

THE night is adrear, and my fireside lone:
Why comes not my Willie! oh, where is he gone?
The shadows are deep'ning anent the gray wall,
And big tears, like raindrops, are 'ginning to fall.

Sad, sad was the morning that gied my young love
This shadow, this longing that time can't remove;
It taketh the music frae out the bird's song,
Till the hours of day grow twice the day long.

His fond words of passion a soul might ensnare,
As Spring's bonnie blossoms he twined in my hair;
I dreamed nae of change, oh! why should we part?
His rose in my bosom—the thorns in my heart!

HER GRANDMOTHER'S BROCADE.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

CHAPTER I.

"OH, MAMMA!" The words were commonplace enough, but not the tone of voice—the manner of delivery. The scene was a small and rather shabbily furnished room, made still more dismal and forlorn by the cold, gray light stintily furnished to it through narrow windows from a sullen sky.

The listener, a woman a little past middle life, was dressed in widow's weeds that, also a little rusty, matched appropriately the sad worn face, the wistful, dreary eyes.

She was sitting with her hands clasped over the work, which had fallen away from her listless needle, staring off hopelessly toward the frowning sky.

The opening door and "Oh, mamma!" wrought a transformation almost as magical as the fairy surprises of the stage. It was like pouring into the previous silence the delicious melody of wildwood songsters, such as sing their mad joy to the flowers and the sun from very exuberance of bliss. It was like sweeping off the dismal clouds of that gray March sky and letting down the golden glow and blue glory of a smiling June upon the shivering earth.

So fresh and glad and full of cheery hope and youthful energy was the musical voice—so sunny and brightening was the gay smile, the kindling glance of the blue eyes—the shabby, forlorn room really seemed to brighten as she stepped into it.

Mrs. Orton smiled before she sighed—an unusual circumstance in her case.

"Why, Florry, what is it?" she said. "You bring a whiff of fresh air as invigorating as a sea-breeze in August. What have you seen, or heard, or imagined? If it is anything cheery, I was never more in need of it than now."

The girl had been quickly but noiselessly removing her out-of-door wraps, hanging them away in the little wardrobe that stood in one corner of the room. She came now and sank down softly upon the ottoman before her mother, and crossed her arms upon the latter's lap.

"You have been growing dismal, darling mamma, while I have been away. That is very wrong of you. I have disposed of the work, and I am promised some more. That is something, isn't it? And I'm glad to have it—for I am a little ashamed of my enthusiasm about the other. Mamma, I met Mrs. Yerrington at the store, and she was very kind. And—she gave me an invitation to a party at her house—an invitation for Ross and myself."

"A party! Oh, Florence, what will you wear? My poor darling, I am afraid it is impossible," sighed the mother.

"Oh, but that is the best of it. To think I can have the treat once more with no cruel debt to poison all its sweet. Don't look so grieved, darlingest mother. It's all beautiful—the whole of it—trust me it is. I am well enough to dance before you this minute."

"I think you must be a little wild, child. Will you wear that threadbare serge? No, no. I can't consent to that—you who ought to shine in silk and satin. It will be wiser for you to stay at home."

The girl caught up the thin, trembling hands and kissed them fondly.

"Oh, unbeliever, didn't I say it was all right? It is to be an old folks' party. The antique costumes are the only admissible ones. And now isn't the old attic-trunk going to be fairy godmother to this Cinderella? Don't you know grandmother's famous brocade? Shan't I be *au fait* in those dear little quaint sleeves, and that elegantly wrought bodice? I'll warrant there won't be its equal there. And Ross can wear grandfather's faded velvet ruffles, knee-buckles and all. If the occasion were fitted especially to our needs it couldn't be more feasible."

The mother drew a long, slow sigh of relief.

"I really believe it will be practicable."

The daughter kissed her again and again, and then went whirling lightly around the room.

"It will be a grand affair. There is no question of that. The Yerringtons make success assured always. Oh, how refreshing it will be to enjoy a party once more!"

"Now you betray how much you have felt the deprivation, Florence," said the mother, watching her with wistful eyes, into which the tears would brim despite her best efforts. "Darling, I am afraid you have hidden away a good many sorrows from your mother."

"What a fertile imagination somebody always has!" chided the daughter. "But you may make sure that I shall have a treat of unalloyed pleasure now. So, no dismal forebodings, please. I am like a silly child having its holiday."

Mrs. Orton looked at her through brimming tears; but she suddenly smiled with a look of new bravery, and catching up a letter which all the while had lain in her lap, hidden by the neglected work, she slipped it into her pocket, murmuring, under her breath:

"No; she shall have nothing to alloy her pleasure. I can hide it a little longer that Ross has lost his situation."

"And now may I take the key and bring forth the hidden treasures?" asked Florence. "You know I have always been so proud of these sole relics of the ancient grandeur of our house. You used to tell the story over my pillow, and talk me into strange visions of courtly scenes. How thankful I am we resisted the old dealer's paltry offer for the 'old duds,' as he chose to call them. They were worn at the famous Lafayette ball. Dear, dear! if they could only talk, what stories they could tell! Ah, here is Ross. Oh, Ross, such fine doings as are before us!"

And she ran gayly toward the slender youth of eighteen years, who came slowly and dejectedly into the apartment at that moment.

"Fine doings, Florry? I can't call them so," began he, in answer.

But his mother suddenly swooped forward and seized his hat.

"Let me take your hat, Ross. The band wants stitching." And she gave him a swift look of warning and laid her finger on her lip before she said, carelessly: "Florry is planning a famous treat, and we are politely requested

not to mar her enjoyment by any idle forebodings or dismal stories. Don't you see? Now, tell him all about it, Florry."

The fair young girl was nothing loath, and presently the contents of the dusty attic chest were transferred to the family room, and the brother and sister were laughing over the quaint old garments, and admiring their richness with all the light-heartedness of buoyant youth.

The mother sat quietly watching them, with a far-off, dreamy look in her eyes.

"How many times I have heard my grandmother tell the story!" she said, slowly. "It was a memorable occasion, and the Dillinghams were among the first of the gentry in the country to be called upon in getting up the ball. But it was the beginning, also of their sorrows. I can see her now shaking her head drearily while she said it. From that hour their fortunes were on the decline. It was at this ball, in that very dress, Florry, that she gave my grandfather her betrothal vow."

"Ah!" said the girl, holding out the still lovely and dainty blue-and-silver brocade, "do you suppose the consciousness will thrill through me when I wear it? Somebody ought to propose to me. Who knows, Ross, but somebody *will?* Mamma, what shall I answer?"

But her mother's eyes were riveted upon the garments, and she went on, dreamily:

"How choicely they were kept. Grandmother would touch them as softly as if they were living things. It does almost seem as if the senseless cloth must creep and quiver with the knowledge that those self-same garments are to go together to another ball."

"Of course they will. To be sure they do!" laughed Florry. "Dear me, Ross, I believe they already bewitch me. I seem to be effervescing over with some secret cause of glee. If they began the misfortune of our race, who knows but now they will change the spell, and herald the dawn of better things? It's a long lane that has no turning; and ours has been rather long now, hasn't it? Do I look anything like grandmother, I wonder? This ought to be rather becoming to me."

"She was a famous belle, and in those days that meant something more dangerous than the present article. There was a bitter feud came out of that night between the Dillinghams and another aristocratic family—what was the name?—oh, I remember. It was a Captain Percival, who persecuted her with mad attentions, and she gave him his refusal there that night, and fairly maddened him with the show of her preference for your grandfather. The hot young men came to blows. There was a challenge, too, but it was some way prevented from execution. Percival swore a bitter revenge, and grandmother sometimes thought he was the indirect cause of the gathering misfortunes that overtook my grandfather. But that could scarcely be, for the sorest of all was his uncle's death, which came that next day."

"Oh, yes," said Ross, "I remember that. It is told over so piteously in the old diary. His uncle brought him up as an adopted son, and always promised the great fortune to him. But he died, and it was all swallowed up in gifts to a distant relative by the old will—the only one to be found."

"The property is almost all intact now. It is worth several millions," said Mrs. Orton, dismally. "I never told you who possessed it, because I feared it might awaken bitter and envious thoughts in you."

"I think I have guessed, mamma," observed Florence, calmly. "I saw you looking at young Mr. Fitzgerald when he rode by the other day. But surely he is not to blame. It is unkind to feel any resentment. But what weird thoughts all this strange talk has conjured up! I am not sure but I shall feel like grandmother's ghost when I take this old brocade to another party."

"Young Fitzgerald is going, I'd wager a farm if I had one!" cried Ross, suddenly. "I heard him talking with Alfred Thorne about some famous old costume, which Thorne was warning him against wearing."

"Let him go," said Florence, a roseate flush stealing into her cheeks. "I shall be there in grandmother's brocade, as well dressed as himself, and you as fine a cavalier in grandfather's costume—the one that won grandmother's favor. Let him come!"

Chapter II.

The Yerringtons presented to their guests a welcome variation of the usual party view. There were wreathing flowers and brilliant lights and fair women, but it was something novel to exchange the stereotyped black-coated gentlemen for the stately cavaliers who were filling the rooms, and adding new grace to the picturesque scene.

From her station at the head of the long drawing-room, the stately hostess smiled in gracious satisfaction upon each newcomer.

Two young men, one of them attired in an unmistakably genuine costume of "ye olden time," lingered a moment after the formal greeting.

"My dear Mrs. Yerrington, you have made a decided hit. See what scarcely repressed glee is shining on every face," said this latter gentleman. "As for myself, I am quite carried out of my studied nonchalance. Do you perceive the air 'to the manor born' of this suit of mine? My good aunt is horrified at me for dragging it forth from the cobwebs. But do you know that this dress danced at Lafayette's ball?"

"What! Captain Percival's suit! Didn't I hear——"

"Oh, yes; of course you did. And so has everybody else. A sort of curse has mysteriously hung over the garments, and nobody has ever dared to disturb them till my unsparing hand dragged them forth. Are they not fresh and handsome? And just think of the consciousness that goes with them! Could any hired costume take their place? Don't be surprised if you hear me talking treasonably, for these fine garments have Tory proclivities."

"That Captain Percival had a wild reputation. He was an unquiet, restless fellow. He left some fierce anathema against whoever touched that suit."

"I dare say. Ah——"

The youth paused abruptly, and, while the gay carelessness dropped away from his voice, asked, eagerly:

"Pray, can you tell me who are those two just crossing the archway? The lady's dress is very quaint and rich. I verily believe it belongs to the genuine past, like my own. And what a sweet face she has!"

Mrs. Yerrington gave one swift look, and a glance of sudden earnestness swept across her face.

"Wait here," said she, "till they come up to speak with me, and I will introduce you. It is odd enough."

"What is odd?" he asked. "What a sphinx look you have put on. Who are they?"

"I dare say you have never heard of them; but it is rather singular, certainly. My dear Dick, your dress proposed to that very dress the young lady wears on the night of the famous Lafayette ball. It was her grandmother's, and—but here they come. Ah, Florry dear, I am right glad to see you. How famously you two become the old costumes! Here has Mr. Fitzgerald been boasting of his as a genuine article. You must allow me to present him to you, and take down his conceit as soon as you please

by proving that yours also danced at the Lafayette ball. Mr. Fitzgerald—Miss Orton; Mr. Ross Orton."

Mr. Fitzgerald asked himself the next moment if his imagination was at fault, or if there really was one single defiant glance shot toward him from under those long brown eyelashes.

Nevertheless, the next moment he had offered her his arm.

"Pray, Miss Orton, don't be cruel enough to refuse the dress the honor, even if the wearer has no claim. Let me take you to the promenade."

She stood a moment hesitating about her reply, as it was evident to him. Once she lifted the shyly drooping eyelid and searched his face over, with a cold, proud light in the soft dark eye. Then she smiled and blushed charmingly, and stammered:

"I beg your pardon for keeping you waiting. I think the dress bewitches me. I forgot myself and you, and was thinking—— Certainly I will walk with you. Ross, dear, May Somers is over by the window. Bring her, and follow us."

"Have you heard anything about our dresses?" he asked, eagerly.

"I know about mine, of course. It was my great-grandmother's, and was at the ball, as Mrs. Yerrington said."

"But—well, it was odd enough. She told me just now that, at the famous ball, this dress of mine proposed to—why, of course, then—to your great-grandmother."

He expected to see a show of girlish coquetry possibly, but certainly a merry smile of amusement instead. The light touch of the little hand on his arm fell suddenly away. The soft, deep eyes dilated half with horror, the rosy mouth quivered into a ring of tremulous astonishment.

"It is the dress of—Captain Percival!"

She spoke slowly, in tones of awe.

"Why, yes. I took a fancy to it. My friend Hal told me about it; that my aunt—his mother—wouldn't let him touch it, for fear of some malediction that had been handed down from generation to generation. The story piqued my desire, and I insisted on wearing it. And as the penalty falls only upon the sacrilegious wearer, she could not prevent me from trying it. I hope—I sincerely hope, it is not going to prejudice you against me."

"It certainly ought not," returned Florence, slowly; "but—but it is very strange and uncanny."

And a light shiver ran through the slender frame.

"Tell me the whole story—for, of course, there is a story," he said, eagerly.

"I don't know the whole—only that you—no, I don't mean you—I beg your pardon; I believe I am half bewitched by wearing this costume of grandmother's; but your—dress—was refused that night by my dress."

She paused, but not to laugh, as he expected, so he checked his merry smile and said, gravely:

"Go on, please—there is more than that, of course, for that alone might be a very common circumstance then—and now."

WILLIE AWA'.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 658.

"And you—the dress—Captain Percival, I mean—swore a dreadful oath of vengeance."

"What a bad man! His reputation is none of the best, and I don't wonder. But it did no harm, I trust," he said, eagerly, "to you—I mean to your grandmother. See, I am mixed up, too, and a bit bewitched ——"

Her smile was very faint.

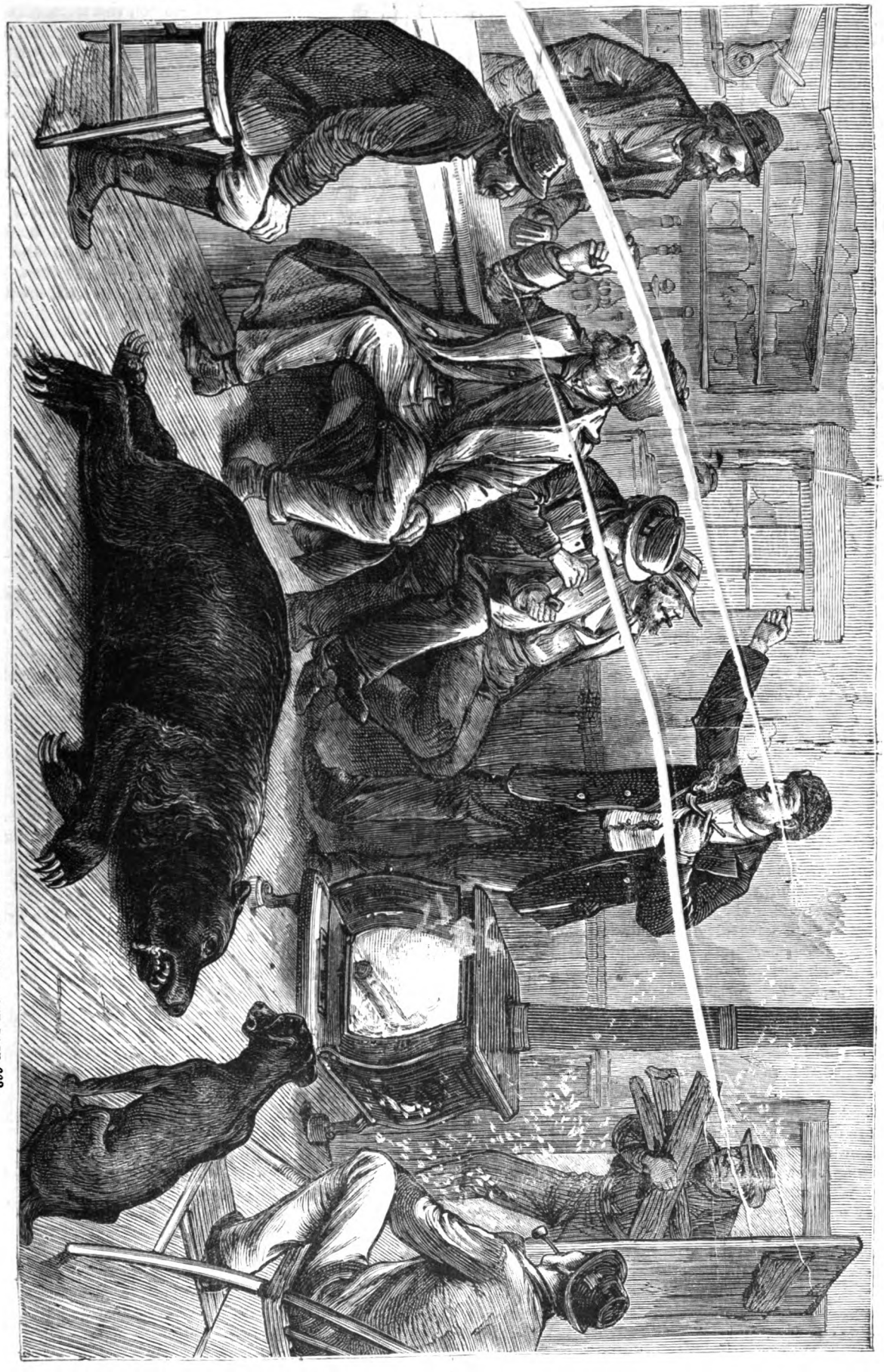
"I hope it was not his fault. But it has been the family superstition that misfortune came from that hour. She married my grandfather, but their fortunes declined steadily, and those who were once honored and prosperous died in obscurity and deprivation."

Her voice faltered in accent, and was very low, but its tones were sweetly melodious to the listening ear.

"I have half a mind to slip away and find another dress," he said, eagerly; "and I certainly shall, unless you promise not to identify it with the wearer. I am sure *I* am not your enemy."

Upon this Florence looked up with her own sunny smile, and answered:

"I am sure also that you never meant to be."



BEAR-HUNTING.—SCENE IN THE BACKWOODS TAVERN.—"QUICK" ENTERTAINING HIS HUNTING COMPANIONS.—SEE PAGE 663.

There was a hidden meaning of emphasis that puzzled him; but he let it pass.

"What strange happenings there are in this life of ours! What do you imagine they would have said or thought, could they have been told that these two dresses would meet again so many years after?"

"The *three* dresses," said Florence. "Ross is wearing grandfather's—the one that *also* proposed, and was *not* rejected."

And this time she smiled archly, looking so charmingly ingenuous that young Fitzgerald cried out, eagerly:

"I wonder will your brother change with me? I am sure I should be more comfortable in that one. I am decidedly out of conceit with this."

As he spoke he thrust his hand carelessly into an inner pocket, as was a habit of his when annoyed or embarrassed. A sharp crackle followed the movement.

"Why," said he, quickly, "there is a paper here. Do you think it can be the writter declaration? Come with me into this alcove, and we will see. You have the right, if anyone has, to investigate."

In another moment they were safe from the observation of the careless crowd.

And then, not without considerable difficulty, he drew forth, from its concealed position beneath the lining of the pocket, a long, thick, time-yellowed paper, with a red seal on the outside, still unbroken.

"Why," said young Fitzgerald, his eyes sparkling with interest, "this is getting romantic. It is evidently a solemn document. Are there any missing wills in your family?" And he turned his smiling glance toward her, to find a pale, wrapt face confronting the paper fiercely.

A few lines were scrawled across the back. He bent down hastily to read them, and started back.

"Why, the villain, indeed! Hear what is written:

"'John Dillingham has asked me to take this document to his lawyer. He gave it to me to-night when I went into his room to vent my rage at his nephew. He was afraid of his valet's carelessness, and he knew that I lodged in the next suite to the lawyer. (Later.) Fate has played a strong card into my hand. Dillingham is found dead in his bed the next morning. The will gives the property to Paul, no doubt. Let him get it if he can. Ah, ha! my revenge comes sooner than I thought.'

Miss Orton, what do you make of that?"

She was flushing rosy-red now. How her eyes shone!

"I comprehend it all," she said, proudly. "It was the will that should have given my grandfather his rightful fortune. Two generations, and wellnigh a third, have died in trouble and sorrow for lack of it. He had, indeed, a terrible revenge."

"Dillingham—John Dillingham," spoke Fitzgerald, slowly. "Why, it was he who left the large estate to *my* grandmother!"

"Yes; what a way we have wandered back among grandmothers and grandfathers!" she returned, with an odd laugh. "Pray, let us come down to realities. I think they are dancing without!"

"Your name is Orton?" repeated he, most discourteously ignoring her intimation of a wish to return to the throng without.

"My mother was the only child of Ross Dillingham. Pray, what will my brother Ross think has become of me?" she answered, hastily.

It was his turn to flush and stammer.

"Wait, please. Let me understand a little more clearly. This is a very important paper, and must be cared for. There was a fate, indeed, that ordered these costumes forth from their hiding-places. Tell me, is it I who am now keeping your family out of their rightful fortune? Heaven hear me swear to you that all this is a new revelation—I never knew of your existence. But I think I was drawn toward you the first moment my eyes fell upon your face, and that was not to-night. I saw you, a week ago, down by the river, and I fished out your parasol for you. I dare say you have forgotten it, but I have dreamed about you ever since."

She stood with downcast eyes, blushing and trembling.

"You were too kind and gallant to be so easily forgotten. I—I recognized you to-night."

"Believe me, the will shall be righted as far as such things may be," he said, earnestly. "What a fortunate thing that I should be the one to find it—I who have usurped your rights in such utter ignorance! It was the hand of a kind Providence that led me to resist my aunt's entreaties so perversely; to insist upon wearing this odious suit to-night. Miss Florence, there must be some distant relationship, and I am a lonely fellow without father or mother, sister or brother. Do you think your mother could be prevailed upon to have pity upon me and to take me in?"

Florence stood there blushing and smiling, not at all ungraciously. Suddenly she looked up with a dazzling smile.

"Oh, that delicious music! and it is so long since I have waltzed. Mightn't we put all this away and enjoy the ball while it lasts?"

"To be sure we may, and will. And in spite of—the clothes—may I have the honor?"

And the next minute they were whirling gracefully into the circling waltzers.

Mrs. Yerrington watched them a moment, and smiled and thought: "What a blessed solution of a cruel fate if it should happen as I dared to hope! And it really looks as if it might."

Later, young Fitzgerald brought a staid old judge to introduce to Miss Orton.

"He was my guardian, and is still my judge, you know," he explained. "I have been telling him of our discovery. We shall come to see your mother to-morrow. It may be a perplexing business, but it must be settled satisfactorily somehow. That is certainly a charming costume, Miss Florence; you are positively dazzling in it. Is it rude of me to beg for another waltz while the judge talks to your brother?"

"It does not strike me that way," replied she, gayly. "I am very happy to-night—that ought to help me to be bright as well as the costume."

"You must dislike to cast a look upon mine," he said, ruefully.

"On the contrary, I think it both handsome and becoming."

"Ah, Miss Florence, the judge and I have talked ourselves into a perfect snarl. I am half impelled to a bold move. Would you be very angry with me if I spoke out something that has dawned upon me as the most charming method of cutting the Gordian knot?"

"Not if you meant kindly, surely."

"If it were not for this odious dress," he murmured.

"But the poor dress is not to blame. The wicked wearer was the enemy, and he has moldered away into dust. Believe me, I am too happy to-night to hold even an angry thought of him."

"Then, Miss Florence, might we not halve the property? I suppose justly my claim would count for half, since my father doubled it. Might not your mother and Ross take one half, and the other be left for you and—me?"

He could see only the tip of a rosy ear; a confused, undistinguishable murmur was all he could hear.

"I know it is very sudden—but the circumstances are peculiar, and I should not be more certain if I had known you a dozen years, if only you will try to—to—don't think me ridiculous—but——"

A little silvery ripple of laughter stole over the snowy handkerchief that was held closely to her lips.

"It *is* a little ridiculous—and I'm thinking about the dress again. I said I ought to have a proposal, but——"

"This is one, certainly; but the poor costume has been refused before. After all, I pity the costume, Miss Florence; it wasn't to blame for his shabby behavior."

"If it was, the present wearer has more than atoned," she said, eagerly, and then stopped abruptly, and was rosier than ever.

"You mean——"

"I don't know what I mean. But I don't wish to be unkind."

"And you will let me propose this happy solution to-morrow to your mother? Just think, then, all this wrong-doing will be of no account to those who are left. What is past is past, and cannot be undone. Besides, it was none of our doing. But, besides making me the happiest of men, this will settle everything so beautifully—if only you can——"

There was no chance for anything more, for Mrs. Yerrington came sweeping up.

"My dear young people, have the old costumes wrought any spell? You certainly look bewitched."

"A very potent one, my dear Mrs. Yerrington," returned the young man, eagerly. "Heaven bless you for ever for giving us this old-costume ball. I have discovered for the first time what a usurper of others' rights I have unconsciously been. Moreover, I have——"

"Discovered the rights themselves," echoed Florence. "Believe me, it is a silken peace I have made with mine enemy, Mrs. Yerrington."

"Drawn through a—ring?" she retorted, archly, expecting a merry repartee.

Instead, two meekly conscious faces confronted her. Then hers changed to earnestness.

"Give me credit for good wishes. It would be the most delightful consummation possible. I know you both, and can pronounce you worthy of each other. But it is the swiftest result one could ever dream of seeing. Truly, I think there is some enchantment abroad to-night."

"It is her grandmother's brocade," laughed Fitzgerald. "Heaven bless it, and keep it another hundred years."

BEAR-HUNTING.

An Adventure in the High Knob Bear Region.

The region thus designated is among the mountains of Northeastern Pennsylvania, and although but little more than half a day's ride from New York, is almost as much of a wilderness as it was when, a century ago, the red man and the wild beast contested titles to its forests, jungles, and mountain fastnesses.

The Erie Railway touches the borders of the section, and sets the visitor down at a picturesque station twelve miles from the heart of the wild domain. From thence a wagon-road leads up into the mountains—a road whose physical structure is such that when we were on the way out the artist was led to remark that if the observant poet who, once upon a time, had sung of Jordan's being a hard road to travel, had ever struck this corner of the footstool his muse would have waked to living song in an entirely different strain. We found a guide, philosopher and friend in the genial host of the large, but cozy, hotel at the station, and he drove us to the hills, and plied his whip lustily, despite the steep "pitches," deep ruts and branches of trees that projected over the road, threatening to impale us at every turn, or slapped our faces and emptied their burdens of snow into our laps.

Of all our experiences among the hunters of this region, the most exciting was the trapping for and final thrilling capture of a huge bear that had long defied the skill of Quick, the most famous of all the trappers—one who had lived in the woods for over fifty years, and boasts of killing his hundreds of bear. A group of well-known hunters was collected in the barroom of the backwoods tavern, which had stood in the shadow of the great High Knob Mountain and sheltered sportsmen for time out of mind, and the contumacy of this "cute" bear was under discussion. The hunters had been listening to the story of one of their number, who, with a companion, had tracked a bear ten miles that day, and had finally brought it down. The carcass of the animal was stretched on the barroom floor, and after all interest in it and the story of its capture had ceased, the backwoodsmen took up the subject of the bear that was giving Quick so much trouble.

"There don't seem to be no use o' tryin' to git that ole varmint," said Quick, a tall, straight, gaunt, but wiry man of sixty, clad in well-worn corduroy, with a round hunting-cap resting above his small, half-shut eyes. His nose was sharp and straight, and of a hue that envious woodsmen declared was due to the fact that a certain strict statute, familiar to the State of Maine was unknown in the country. "F'r three mornin's I've foun' the bait all eat off 'n my traps, an' this mornin' I follered th' b'ar clean to the top o' th' Knob, but never got a chance to p'int my gun. I'm tellin' y', boys, su'thin's got t' be did, 'r th' first thing *we* know th' black cuss 'll be a-trappin' f'r us, he will. He's a big un, an' a smart un, he is, but I'll fix a trap 't 'll git him t'night, 'r I'll quit these woods an' go over in Jersey an' starve, I will. W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s!"

"That b'ar 's sassy's th' one 't father tells 'bout 't played it on to Jake Benson down nigh Hemlock Swamp, in Rocky Hill country, a good w'le ago," said a pale-faced, wild-eyed young hunter, called Jonas, who belongs to a family of bear-slayers. "Jake h'd trapped f'r the b'ar a week, an' he couldn't ketch 't—no more 'n a hen k'd ketch a weasel. One day he made up his mind 't h'd fasten a gun t' th' trap some way, so 's 't 'd go off when th' trap were teched, and sock a ball some'r in th' b'ar. My dad says he hopes he'll faint on a run'way when he sees the buck a-comin' if that ole b'ar didn't come a tearin' out 'n the swamp jes' 's Jake were a fixin' th' gun t' th' trap, an' makes Jacob shin up a little chestnut saplin' 't were nigh. Night were comin' on, and cold were no name f'r 't. Th' b'ar kep' Benson in that tree 'bout three hours, 'n every little w'ile he'd shake the saplin' so 's Jake had t' dig his toe-nails in t' keep from fallin' out. Th' b'ar eat up all th' bait 't Jake 'd fetched out, an' at las' went off inter th' swamps jes' in time f'r Benson t' get down 'n save hisself from freezin'. I s'pose he were th' maddest b'ar trapper 't ever loafed 'roun' Rocky Hill, 'n nex' day he took five dogs 'n' started out arter that b'ar. He follered him clean back o' th' Pocono, more 'n forty miles, and got up to him jes' in time t' see a couple o' bushw'ackers from th' Lehigh a-peelin' off his hide. They wouldn't give Jake a smell o' th' carcass, an' he came home a durn sight madder 'n he were w'n he went out. So, Quick, 'f y'r goin' t' try 'n come 't over your b'ar any ways like Jake did over his'n, mebbe y' hadn't better."

Quick did not join in the laugh that greeted Jonas's application of his father's story.

"W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s, Jonas," he drawled, "mebbe I'd

better not, 'n then ag'in mebbe I'd better. Jake Benson 'n me ain't sim'ler, we ain't, neither be we i-dentick'l'. Him a-comin' 't over a b'ar, 'n me a-comin' 't over a b'ar, ain't six o' one 'n half a dozent o' t'other, 't ain't. W'en I go out to come 't over a b'ar, I come 't over him, I do; 'n 'f any darned hunters wants t' git that b'ar 'way from me, they mus' lick me 'n my dogs, they mus'. An' they won't find me a b'ar a-foolin' with 'em. An' they know 't they do, don't they? W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s!"

BEAR-HUNTING.—THE DRIVE FROM THE STATION UP THE MOUNTAIN.

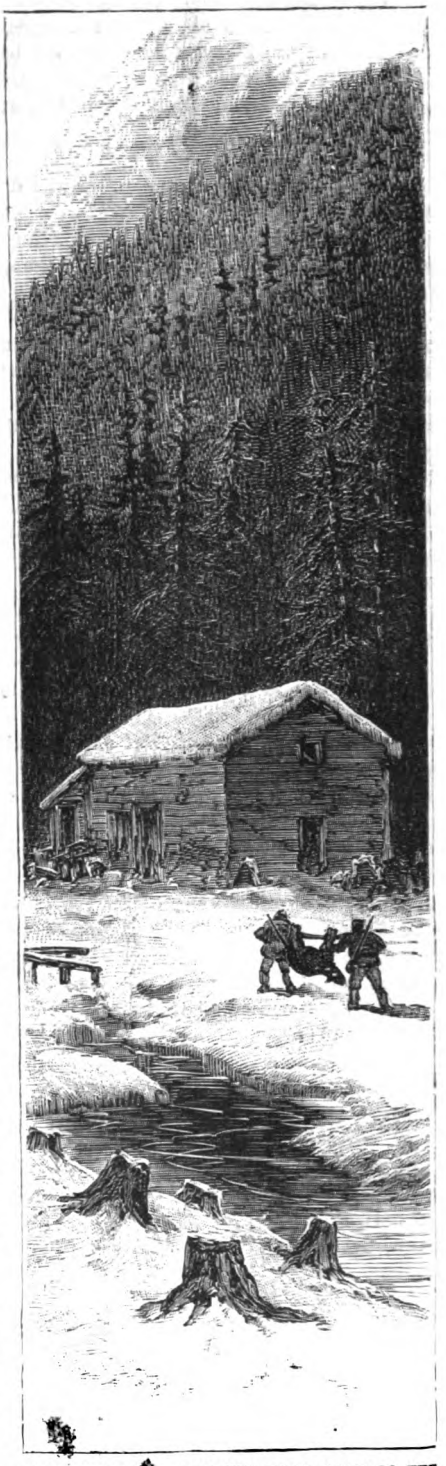
If there had been any possibility for a little unpleasantness between the two hunters it was quickly forgotten in the more important business of responding to an inquiry as to what the party "would have," and the subsequent having of it. After which the artist put a conundrum that set another discussion going.

"See here, Jonas," said he; "suppose that bear had shaken Jake Benson out of the tree, would he have eaten him?"

"W-a-a-l, I d' no," said Jonas, cautiously. "He'd 'a clawed him up all he know'd how, certain. They's consid'able differ'nce of opinion 'bout b'ars eatin' human men."

"A b'ar won't eat a man no more 'n I will," put in a burly hunter, who sat off in one corner of the room.

"They won't, hay?" a gray-headed hunter shouted, in a squeaky voice. "Wall, I know they will, now. Did any o' you fellows ever know Sam Mack, which usety hunt an trap on the headwaters o' the Big Bushkill? You as did know him knows likewise th't he turned up missin' one Winter, an' some folks said as how he'd runned away with some money th't b'longed to a pard o' his'n. Twa'n't so. A b'ar got outside o' Sam, jest as true as I'm h'yer. I tell you how I knows it. Sam usety wear a buckskin suit, th't had two big brass buttons on it, nigh the throat—round, flat ones, as big as half a dollar. The Winter th't he quit camp I were huntin' down nigh where he usety lay. 'Twa'n't but three or four days a'ter he were missed. One day I had a tussle with a big she b'ar close to where Sam's camp were, an' I tumbled her bad. When I were cleanin' th't b'ar I seed sump'n bright layin' in her abdomyen, an' I hope to split if 'twa'n't them two brass buttons th't Sam weared in his shirt. The b'ar' d been hungry, ye see, an' tackl'd Sam when he were 'sleep, an' got the bes' of him 'fore he k'd git his bear-in's, an' gobbled him, rags, buttons an' all. Th' buttons wouldn't digest, an' there they was."



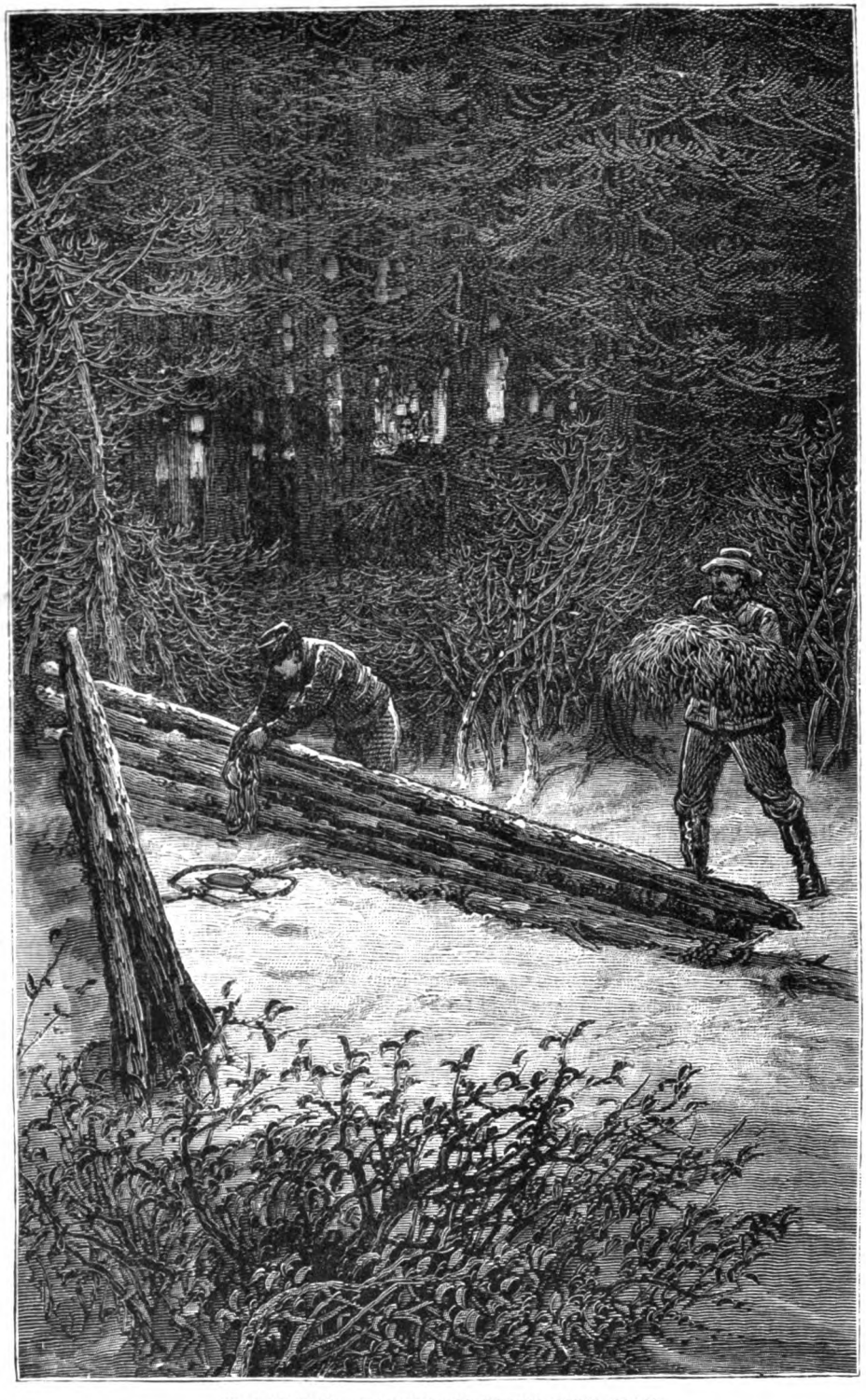
BEAR-HUNTING.—CARRYING DEAD GAME TO THE CABIN IN THE WOODS.

And so for an hour or two these hunters recounted the adventures of themselves and others in the woods with bears, deer, catamounts, etc., pausing only long enough to respond to invitations to sample the contents of the backwoods bar—invitations so frequent that if the Governors of the two Carolinas had been there, neither of them

would have had occasion to complain to the other of the unusual lapse of time between refreshments. From behind the bar the landlord, himself a hunter, added his experiences among the swamps and on the "barrens." When the hunters had dropped out one by one to go their several ways, the artist expressed his decided belief that there had been more bear and the like killed and wounded in that barroom, in an hour or two, than had ever peopled the region from the beginning.

Three-quarters of a mile from the tavern, at the foot of a lofty hemlock-covered mountain, from which a sombre shadow was already creeping over the surroundings, deepening the solitude, is Quick's cabin. We there met him for the purpose of accompanying him to where he was to set his traps. In a bare room, which was evidently the trapper's parlor, kitchen and dining-room combined, we found him standing over a huge cooking-stove, stirring a "pork-stew" in an iron kettle. A chair or two, a table and a bench, made up the furniture of the room, and firewood was scattered about the floor. Guns and hunting accoutrements occupied prominent positions. On the bench, in front of the stove, was the young hunter, Jonas, who had joined the veteran trapper.

"Thought I'd take a bite o' su'thin' 'fore I started," said Quick. "Y' didn't think t' put a drop o' snake pizen from th' tavern in y'r pocket, y' didn't, did y'?"



BEAR-HUNTING.—THE HUNTERS SETTING THEIR TRAPS.

Fortunately that important part of a bear-hunter's outfit had not been forgotten. The hunters tested it, and shortly afterward we were on the way.

The tramp of six miles was through long stretches of woods; up and down high ridges, thick with "scrub-oak"; now and then across the corner of a tangled thicket of laurel, with bottom of treacherous bog and quagmire; and along the very base of rocky ledges. At every turn the hunters pointed out a locality or landmark that reminded them of adventures past. To our right, most of the way out, a great dome of hill loomed up against the sky, like a barrier to all communication with the country beyond. This was the High Knob, the highest elevation in Northeastern Pennsylvania. On the southern base of this great hill the hunters stopped, and announced that there the trap was to be set. It was at the outskirts of one of those expansive jungles of hemlock and laurel for which the region is noted.

With their hunting-axes the hunters proceeded to fell a number of saplings. These were trimmed closely of branches and cut in lengths of about ten feet. By laying these "sticks" one upon another at one end, and leaving the outer end six feet or so apart, a triangular "pen" was

formed, about three feet high, resembling a section of rail-fence. Then a larger tree—eight inches in diameter—was cut down; its branches were lopped off to within a few inches of the trunk. From a hollow tree the old hunter brought forth a heavy steel trap, with a strong chain, six feet in length, attached to it. One end of this chain was fastened to the small end of the tree last felled, which was laid flat on the ground at the entrance of the pen. The trap was placed in the inclosure, near the closed end. To press down the stiff spring which held the ponderous jaws of the trap together, so that they could be laid open and secured in that position by the "catch," required all the strength of the trapper. When set, the jaws of the trap lay flat on the ground, one on one side and one on the other, between them being the paw, a touch upon which is sufficient to disturb the spring and send the jaws together like a vise. These preparations required an hour or more; then Quick took the large piece of meat he had carried to be used for bait, and said:

"I've bin trappin' round here f'r this ole b'ar with a unkiver'd trap till I'm gettin' mad, I be. He's a smart critter, but I'll try him with a trap he can't see, 'n let him take th' chances on 't. 'F he gits 'way with this trap 'n that log, then I'll quit, I will."

Jonas had collected from some place near by an armful of dead leaves and moss. These were covered carefully over the trap, and the meat was placed on the snow just beyond it, so that if any animal entered the inclosure it would be obliged to step in the trap before it could reach the meat. This done, all was declared in readiness, and we returned to the tavern to await the issue of the last effort to "claw the b'ar."

By sunrise next morning we were on our way with the old trapper to the "kivered trap." When we neared the spot where it was set, Quick's experienced eye saw that something had been going on about it.

"Ketched, b' Jove!" he exclaimed, and hurried on to the trap.

We could see nothing that indicated that the bear was caught; and when we came up and noticed that trap, log, chain and all were missing, the artist said:

"*I* should say that the bear had walked away with your whole business."

"W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s," said our companion. "But he ain't walked fur, he ain't. We'll fin' him fas' down here a piece, an' I'll tumble him. H'lo, Jonas! he's ketch'd, the foxy critter is!"

"Bully for the foxy critter!" shouted Jonas, who had come over to see the result.

The snow was tramped down about the pen, and a broad trail led off down toward the swamp. Blood was freely mingled with the snow along the trail. We followed it for a quarter of a mile, and instead of entering the swamp it skirted the edge of it. A hundred yards further on Quick stopped and exclaimed:

"Is thar anybody here 't 'il put a ball through me? That b'ar's busted the chain, 'n walked off with my trap, 's sartin 's lead, he has!"

True enough, there lay the jagged tree-trunk, with three feet of the chain still attached to it. The log was held by one of the projections fast to the curled root of a laurel. An examination revealed the fact that there had been a fracture in one of the links of the chain, which had parted at the strain upon it when the log was caught in the root. The bear had escaped, bearing on one fore-paw the heavy iron trap.

"I'll foller that b'ar, I will, 'f he takes me clean t' Texas!" and Quick started off with rapid strides in the direction the bear had gone.

It had followed the swamp but a short distance, and then struck off into the woods, gradually working toward the Knob, and then led up the mountain by a zigzag course. When the bear reached the summit of the Knob it had taken an eastward direction, and emerged in sight of the low country, crossing our trail of the night before. Then it took a course to the left, and half a mile further on entered the swamp.

We followed the hunters into the jungle. With their experience in their favor, they made good progress through the tangled depths. We floundered and fought our way behind them. Suddenly, when we had penetrated the swamp a long distance, a sound resembling a snort, an angry growl and a subdued roar combined, broke on our ears from somewhere not far ahead. Immediately the voice of the old trapper was heard, raised to its loudest pitch.

"Ketched at last, you cunnin' cuss!"

Peering through the laurels, we saw an open space in the swamp, not more than fifty feet in advance of us. A larger growth of timber surrounded it than characterized the general configuration of the swamp. The space was thirty or forty feet wide, and about the same in length. On the further edge of it an immense bear stood erect on his haunches in the snow. Both massive paws were raised aloft, and on one the heavy trap was fastened by its vise-like grip. It looked like a weapon held in readiness to be hurled at an advancing foe. The bear's great jaws were wide open, and from their flaming depths masses of foam fell in large flecks upon the beast's shaggy breast. His eyes glared fiercely, and every motion warned his pursuers that he was wrought to the very height of fury. Quick and Jonas stood on the side nearest us, like gladiators ready for the fray. The situation did not remain long unchanged. The old hunter's rifle came mechanically to his shoulder. For an instant the polished barrel flashed back the rays of the sun. Then a sharp report rang out upon the Winter air, and leaped from hill to hill. The bear dropped with a dull thud to the ground.

"Plum through the beater!" exclaimed Quick, as he sprang into the opening, knife in hand, to cut the throat of the prostrate bear. As he stooped down, the tenacious brute sprang to his feet, and rushed upon the hunter. Instantly both men were upon the bear. We crouched spellbound where we had stopped. Knives glittered in the sunlight. We saw the bear, with the blood streaming from the quickly inflicted wounds and dyeing his black coat with crimson streaks, rise up three times against his foes, and rush upon them in a savage frenzy that it seemed must carry them down before it. Once he hurled Jonas to the snow, and we held our breath as his enormous paw was raised to deal the blow that nothing could have withstood; but the ax of the other hunter fell with irresistible force on the mad brute's skull, and the bear tottered and went down beneath it.

Jonas was on his feet in a second, and both his and Quick's long-bladed hunting-knives were buried almost simultaneously in the animal's heart. The men stepped aside. The bear once more arose upright, made two faltering steps toward them, struggled for a moment to maintain his poise, and then fell heavily to the ground, and was dead.

"Y'orter comed in an' had a piece o' this," said the old trapper, wiping his face, as we crept out into the opening. The clothing of both men was riddled and torn, and blood flowed from various wounds in their flesh. "'F I'd 'a' put th' ball half a inch lower, Jonas, I'd a sp'ilt all the fun. Gi' me a h'ist o' that apple-juice." And Quick sat down on the carcass of the bear, and took a long pull at the flask.

"'Twere a good rassel w'ile 't lasted," said Jonas. "That's the last trap he'll ever steal."

The bear was the largest one that had been killed in the region in many a year. Its size did not prevent the hunters suspending it by its feet from a strong pole, however, and "toting" it into the tavern. The success of the trapper in capturing the bear that had defied him so long was celebrated late into the night, and under the influence of the rather ardent backwoods tipple, many a fight with bears and catamounts and wounded deer was fought over again.

This was our last day in the woods, and the next evening we dined in New York on steaks cut from the bear that was "ketched 't last," and told the story of its capture to a group of wondering friends.

OSMAN PASHA, OF PLEVNA.

By Oscanyan.

Perhaps no one has achieved in modern times such a renown for himself, or taken the whole civilized world by surprise, as has Osman Pasha, of Plevna fame.

His military career has been designated as something wonderful, and his deeds of valor have been extolled to the skies by correspondents and the journals of the day. Indeed, his acts were of such a marvelous nature as to create the suspicion that their author could not be an Oriental, and at one time was reported to be no less a personage than an ex-Confederate officer in the Turkish service.

Even those against whom he was fighting acknowledged him to be a hero of extraordinary ability; and General Skobeloff himself admitted that Osman Pasha, whom he had vanquished, was the greatest general living, though such an enthusiastic admiration might be likened to the bragging of the youth who declared that his daddy could lick the whole creation, and he himself could lick his daddy!

We are also told that the Emperor himself evinced unbounded admiration for Osman Pasha. After his surrender, His Majesty sent his own carriage to convey him to his presence, for he was wounded; when they met, His Majesty shook hands with him cordially, and informed him that, in consideration of his admirable defense and brave conduct at Plevna, he had ordered his sword to be returned to him, with the right to wear the same.

His Majesty's staff and general officers hurrahed and lionized him, and we dare say, had Osman lived in Homeric times, he would ere this have undoubtedly been apotheosized.

Whether these extraordinary attentions and adulations are merited, or only the spontaneous effusions of a momentary enthusiasm, a brief sketch of the hero must, nevertheless, be a matter of general interest.

Osman Pasha, Ghazzy, the most distinguished for ability and efficiency of the Turkish generals, the most invincible defender of Plevna, is not an American, nor even a European, as has been at one time reported, but a thoroughbred Turk, the son of a backwoodsman, if you please, being born at Amassia, a country town in Asia Minor.

Amassia is situated on the river Iris, now called Yeshil-Yrmak, some fifty miles south of Samsoun, on the Black Sea. It is renowned for having been the birthplace of Mithridates the Great, and Strabo the geographer. Its classic reputation has been revived in modern times for having, in 1832, again given birth to a fresh hero.

If my memory serves me right, I think it was in the Summer of '49 that Réouf Bey, the son of Rifaat Pasha, the late President of the Council of State, and the writer had returned from the Porte to the house on the Bosphorus. We there found, as usual, quite a number of visitors awaiting the Bey's arrival.

It is a custom in Turkey, sanctioned by usage, that persons desiring to have a private interview with a functionary to repair to his private residence. Accordingly, more business is transacted at home than at the Porte.

Among the guests who had assembled in the sitting-room of Réouf Bey there was an elderly personage, quite patriarchal in appearance, habited in long robes—no longer in vogue—and displaying a flowing beard indicative of bygone days. He proved to be the father of our hero, Osman Bey. He said:

"My son," pointing to a spruce-looking and quite an intelligent youth of about seventeen or eighteen years old, "having finished his studies at the *Mekteb-Idadiyeh* (Normal School), is now desirous of entering the Military School in Pera. But as it requires distinguished influence to secure the admission of a candidate, I came here all the way from Amassia to solicit favor of Pasha Effendi, your father, and, I trust, the son will not withhold a kind word in behalf of the young man."

Of course, he was assured that his wishes, which were laudable in purpose, would be gratified, etc.; and after the exchange of the usual civilities, Réuof Bey and most of the company repaired to the sideboard.

The sideboard is quite an institution in Constantinople. They labor under the impression that the use of spirituous liquors serves to create an appetite. Accordingly, they resort to them some time before dinner. It is customary, therefore, to place the necessary *racky*, or Turkish brandy, on the side-table, ready for use, with various small plates of condiments, or what the Germans term *delicatessen*, of which the company partake.

Some indulge in this hygienic luxury with logical purpose, arguing that, if one glass of *racky* is capable of creating an appetite, two or three will surely be more efficacious; and others carry this argumentation to such an extent that, by the time the dinner is served, they are no longer in a condition to appreciate its benefits.

Our friend from Amassia seeing the joviality of his surroundings, and apprehensive lest his abstinence should be misconstrued into austerity, volunteered to join the crowd. So, approaching the table, he affably inquired into the nature of the beverage they were indulging in. One of the company facetiously remarked that it was an item of civilization of which rural gentlemen knew nothing. This innuendo piqued the pride of our guest, and thereupon he promptly retorted by saying:

"You are mistaken, my friend. We country fellows are as prone to civilization as any of you gentlemen. I will convince you of it instantly:

So saying, he seized a goblet, and filling it half full with racky, as white as water, was about to drink it, when his interlocutor interrupted him by saying:

"You had better be careful, my friend, what you are about, for though the liquid has an innocent appearance, yet it is capable of producing such mischief as you never dreamed of; and on rural gentlemen it is specially effective. So I advise you to dilute it with water."

This bravado sealed the old gentleman's fate at once, for, without stopping even to reply, he carried the goblet to his mouth with an air of defiance, and gulped its contents entire, much to the surprise and amazement of all.

In an instant, however, the predicted effect was realized; for we saw the participant instantly clasp his left hand to his mouth, while his right hand, in which was the empty goblet, was extended in search of something, which we

THE STROLL ACROSS THE FIELDS.

guessed to be water, while his eyes were closed and streaming with tears.

The water was at once served, and when his agonies were somewhat allayed, our facetious friend began to chaff him by remarking:

"You country fellows are not apt to get civilized so easily as you imagine."

The old gentleman, after due deliberation, while yet his eyes were glistening with moisture, sobbed out:

"Gentlemen, do you drink this stuff of your own free will, or are you obliged to undergo this torture as a prescribed item of civilization? If the latter, I am compelled to give in, and avow that I shall never be able to become civilized."

In the course of the evening Osman Bey's father was ushered into the presence of His Excellency Rifaat Pasha, and the necessary recommendations were obtained for the young applicant's admission to the *Mektebi-Harbiyeh*, or military school, where our hero pursued his studies assiduously, and graduated honorably in 1853, with the rank of lieutenant.

During that year, the Crimean war having commenced, Osman Bey took the field, and served with such zeal and ability as to procure him the rank of *youz-bashi*, or captain.

OSMAN PASHA, OF PLEVNA.—"HIS LEFT HAND, IN WHICH WAS THE EMPTY GOBLET, WAS EXTENDED IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING, WHICH WE GUESSED TO BE WATER."

At the termination of that war, he got transferred into the *Askeri-Hassa*, or Sultan's body-guard—a corps enjoying a high reputation like the Gardes Imperiales of Russia, or the Guards of England, or the gallant Seventh of New York. It consists of 12,000 picked men, well drilled and well disciplined, having at that time Youssouf Izztdin Effendi, the oldest son of the late Sultan, at their head. They are generally kept in the metropolis to guard the Sultan, and are always those that are brought out to parade before distinguished strangers, as was the case during General Sherman's visit to Constantinople, to produce a favorable impression of the Turkish army.

Our hero soon ingratiated himself with His Royal Highness, the commander, and got promoted to the rank of *Bin-Bashi*, or commander of a battalion. In 1868 he was sent to Crete to suppress the insurrection, whence he returned to the metropolis with the rank of *Mir-Alai*, or colonel, as a reward for gallant conduct. He was then placed on the staff of the Fifth Army Corps, with the rank of *Liva*, or brigadier-general, which gave him the title of Pasha; and during the Servian war he was promoted to the rank of *Ferik*, or major-general.

His military knowledge, coupled with varied experience in former campaigns, as well as his marked ability in the field, having brought him into prominence, he was raised to the rank of *Mushir* or field-marshal, and sent, at the commencement of the late war, to Widin to replace Seri Pasha.

But what gave Osman Pasha a world-wide reputation is his creation and noble defense of a place known as Plevna, for which he was dubbed Ghazzy, or victorious—an honor equivalent to that of the "Garter" of England. Plevna, situated near the River Vid, in Bulgaria, and about twenty miles directly south of Nicopolis, was a place of no consequence before the war. It became prominent in the hands of this extraordinary Turkish warrior. The news of the contemplated passage of the Russians across the Danube from Sistova to Nicopolis having reached the ears of Osman Pasha, he hastened to prevent it. Accordingly, he started from Widin with twenty thousand men, but when he got near Nicopolis, finding that the passage had already been accomplished, he next turned his attention to protect the

road to Sophia, which place is one of the strategetic points leading to Roumelia, south of the Balkans.

His military genius at once inspired him with the idea of the advantageous position of Plevna. Situated as it was at the crossing of the two main thoroughfares, one from Shumla to Widin, the other from Nicopolis to Sophia, he at once availed himself of an advantage which the enemy had neglected to secure, either because they had not realized the position, or remained passive, satisfied with what was already accomplished.

Osman Pasha began without loss of time to fortify the place in a manner that defied the attacks of the combined forces of Russia and Roumania for five months, and finally when he surrendered it was through privation, *force-majeure* and casualty, for he got wounded, and not through lack of energy or military skill.

Osman Pasha is of a medium height, and rather strongly built. His features are regular, and adorned with a full beard and mustache, trimmed close, according to the present fashion. His brilliant black eyes sparkle with intelligence, and his countenance has a calm and self-confident expression. His general disposition is kind and affable, a trait doubtless inherited from the father.

He is most assiduous in his avocation, attending to everything himself personally, and never trusting anybody for the execution of the minutest details, not even Tefik Bey himself, his chief of staff. During the last engagement he was in the heat of the battle, and did not leave the field, but was carried away helpless by his men, who adored him.

THE SECRET CIPHER.

A Detective Story.

"*Oziib :—Nvvg nv hzgfiwzb mrtsg zg* 127 *Uriv hgivvg. Mvw.*"

There it was, in italics, half way down the "personal" column of the *Herald*, conspicuous only for its singular and most aggravating combination of letters and figures, the sole clew to the whereabouts of the game I had been after for over a week, scarcely resting, eating, or sleeping in my anxiety to secure the reward offered in a heavy burglary case—and something else.

That "something else." Ah! my heart sank within me as I flung aside the enigmatical puzzle before me, and, leaning back in my chair, gave myself up to the gloomy reveries of the past. Edna Dayton—how I loved her! How fair and beautiful as a Summer's idyl had been the week in which I had met her, had loved her, and had been told that my affection was returned! How well I remember the bitter parting—a hopeless one, it seemed to me—when I learned my fate from her father's lips, and passed down the brown-stone steps of the Dayton mansion, wondering if the inclination of moneyed men toward stone residences was not caused by the existence of a similar hard material in that part of the human anatomy known as the heart.

I was a poor man, he said, and the profession of a detective was a precarious one. His daughter loved me—he could not deny that—but she was his only child, and her wealth and position demanded a match with some social equal. He would not break her heart by absolutely refusing to sanction our engagement; but if within a year I should secure a fortune of twenty-five thousand dollars and a lucrative business, and Edna was still of the same mind—well, he would consider it.

Twenty-five thousand dollars! I grew sick at heart at the thought of the conditions imposed upon which I was to purchase my future happiness. Friendless, the recipient of a meagre salary, and utterly unknown, where was I ever to raise this amount, and what business capacity had I, the son of parents who had given me every luxury, and neglected a practical education, until a crash came that left us homeless and in penury?

Day and night for over a month I brooded over my sorrows, and then one day I was aroused into renewed life by the reception of a formal but courteous note from Mr. Dayton, requesting my immediate presence at the mansion.

My feet seemed winged as I hastened to the house of my beloved Edna. What did it mean? Had he relented? Was Edna sick, or did business await me at the pleasure of my hard-hearted censor? I was ushered into the library, where I found the old gentleman in an intense state of excitement pacing the floor, the window broken in, papers and boxes scattered about the apartment, and a safe in the corner broken open.

I stared at him in amazement.

"You seem agitated, Mr. Dayton," I ventured to suggest.

"Agitated!—agitated, sir! I am wild! Late last night or early this morning burglars entered this apartment by means of yonder window, and broke open the safe. When I came down this morning I found affairs as they now are, and nearly one hundred thousand dollars in money, bonds and jewels gone!"

I stared mutely. The immensity of the robbery petrified me.

"You have informed the police?" I asked, when I could find my voice.

"No!" he thundered, coming to a full stop. "I have no confidence in a police force which fails to protect a house from such an audacious burglary and expects one half the booty for its return. Here is the room, and yonder is a list of the stolen property. I believe you are honest, and I leave the entire affair in your hands. Call upon me for whatever money you require in an attempt to recover the property or to detect the thieves. If you succeed within a month I will give you thirty thousand dollars. If you fail I will pay your expenses for the month, and place the case in other hands. Are you satisfied?"

I gasped spasmodically. Thirty thousand dollars! A fortune—more than the price of my happiness! And then the pride of my profession came to my aid, and I told him that I should succeed!

I examined the apartment. The burglary had been effected very simply, apparently. Edward, the footman, a tall, lank specimen of humanity, had heard a noise in the night in the library, but had paid no attention to it, as Mr. Dayton was in the habit of writing very late, and he thought it was his employer.

What puzzled me most was the means of entrance and egress adopted by the burglar, or burglars. The library was fully fifteen feet from the ground, had a bay window, and, except the broken glass, there was not the slightest sign to show how the window had been gained. A ladder would have done it, but no marks of a ladder, no signs of footsteps exhibited themselves in the damp ground, wet from recent rains.

I was sorely puzzled. I examined the servants one by one, but could find no clew to justify the remotest suspicion of complicity in the affair on their part. The work had evidently been done by scientific burglars, and they had worked at their leisure.

I inquired into the antecedents of Edward, the footman; but Mr. Dayton averred that he would allow no suspicion to rest on so faithful a servant of the family. I resolved to inquire more in regard to him, however; but I found

nothing against the man, and temporarily dismissed him from my mind as having any connection with the case.

"You heard no noise on the night of the robbery?" I inquired of Mr. Dayton.

"None. I slept unusually heavy last night."

I went away thoughtfully, for I had found in the library an empty bottle, which, from the scent, I knew to have contained chloroform, and I had noticed the marks of muddy boots leading from the apartment, while around the window none were to be seen. The glass, too, had been broken by a quick blow, not cut out. Altogether it was a most mysterious piece of business.

I watched all drives frequented by the cracksmen of the city, and worked like a beaver. I could not obtain a clew to the perpetrators of the daring burglary, and after three days of unremitting toil, I was considering if it would not be as well to call in professional assistance, when the advertisement in the *Herald*, at the head of this story, attracted my attention. Instinctively I divined some connection with "crooked" business, and, whether it referred to my case or not, I resolved to ascertain its meaning.

I went down to the *Herald* office that morning, and introducing myself, attempted to obtain some description of the person who had handed in the advertisement. The clerk stated that it had been received by mail, in a letter inclosing the amount requisite for its insertion in the paper. Could I see the original copy? He would see; and a message was sent to the composing-room. Luckily, the copy had been preserved. It was written in a disguised hand, on a little scrap of paper. I asked leave to retain it, and, the permission granted me, I returned to my room at once.

I poured over the cipher for a long time, and discouraged at my inability to make out one word of it, was finally about to abandon it, when I chanced to look at the reverse side of the paper. There were figures and words on it, and I read "U. S. Bonds $-0,000," and other memoranda, indicating that it had been a loose wrapper for valuable papers.

Then I knew that the advertisement bore an important relation to the robbery.

And so, until the day upon which the story opens, I was unable to make head or tail of the secret enigma.

So wearied was I that I fell asleep with my head upon my desk, and did not awake until noontime. It is wonderful how a brief repose will clear the mind. I took up the paper with renewed energy, and a bright idea flashed over me.

Simple as it was, I had not thought of it before. *The entire message was written on the system of a substitution of letters, based on the reversal of the alphabet.* Thus, instead of writing *a*, the first letter of the alphabet, *z*, the last one, was substituted; instead of *b*, *y* was used—the alphabet reversed was the key to the solution of the puzzle.

I gave utterance to a shout of joy, for, following out the theory, it read:

"LARRY: Meet me Saturday night at 127 Fire Street. NED."

And "Ned," or Edward was the name of Mr. Dayton's footman. I began "to see a very large mice." But Fire Street—there was no such thoroughfare in the city, and I was "floored" again.

Gradually, however, the thought occurred to me, on the basis of reversal and opposites adopted by the sender of the message, why should not "fire," mean "water," its direct reverse?

I dashed down the stairs, and hailing a cab (for I did not forget that it was Saturday, and that that evening was the appointed time for the meeting of the two burglars, if such they were), I soon had reached Water Street. Vacant! No. 127 was an empty lot!

I paused, disappointed, and dismissed the vehicle, again having recourse to the puzzling enigma. So near the solution, and yet doomed to be balked at the last, and——

A sudden inspiration of renewed energy, and I had forged the last link in the chain of evidence! There had been a reversal in the order of numbers, from 1 to 10, as in the letters of the alphabet, and 127 meant 1094.

I looked at my watch; three o'clock. I went to the nearest local telegraph office, and sent the following dispatch to the chief of police:

"Send to this office three efficient men in citizen's clothes."

I signed my name, lit a cigar, and awaited the arrival of evening and my companion officers.

It was dark when we reached the place for the meeting appointed by the two men. It was a vile groggery kept by a woman, and a resort for the very lowest class of ruffians. I had put on a felt hat and a pair of false whiskers, and I entered the bar-room, having first placed my men in advantageous positions on the outside.

Within half an hour there entered an old woman, vailed, bearing some bulky object under her cloak. She made a sign to the woman behind the bar, and went into the next room. I caught sight of her feet as she passed through the door; they were incased, not in shoes, but in man's boots. I went quietly to the bar, and made a sign to the woman.

"Is Larry in there?" I inquired, in a loud voice, pointing to the other apartment.

She looked at me sharply, and then replied in the affirmative.

"Keep anybody that comes out," I said, significantly. "We're going to divide the swag."

And I opened the door.

There was no one in the first room, but in the second, by a table, on which lay a large tin box, was my game—Larry, the burglar, and a tall, spare form in female attire, with vail thrown back, and terrified face—the footman, Edward.

"You can drop on my little dodge, gentlemen," I said, quietly whipping out a brace of revolvers. "The house is surrounded, and any resistance will only make it worse for you. Larry, open that door."

He unbolted the rear door under the silent, persuasive eloquence of my revolver, and the three officers entered.

Need I tell you the rest? Edward, the footman, had admitted his accomplice into the house, and had chloroformed his employer. He had kept the booty hidden in his room, not daring to go out to communicate with his pal, except as has been seen, for fear he was watched.

The property had not been disturbed; but justice was cheated, for both the men escaped before conviction, and were never heard of again. As for me, I quietly handed five thousand dollars to the department, resigned, engaged in business, and married Edna.

SOME CURIOUS "DECOYS."

IN the time of Columbus, the inhabitants of the coast of the island of Cuba employed in the capture of turtle the remora, which attaches itself to the turtle by suction through the interstices of the indented and movable cartilaginous plates which cover the head of the latter, and "would rather," says Columbus, "allow itself to be cut in pieces than loose its hold." The natives, therefore, attached a line formed of palm-trees to the tail of the

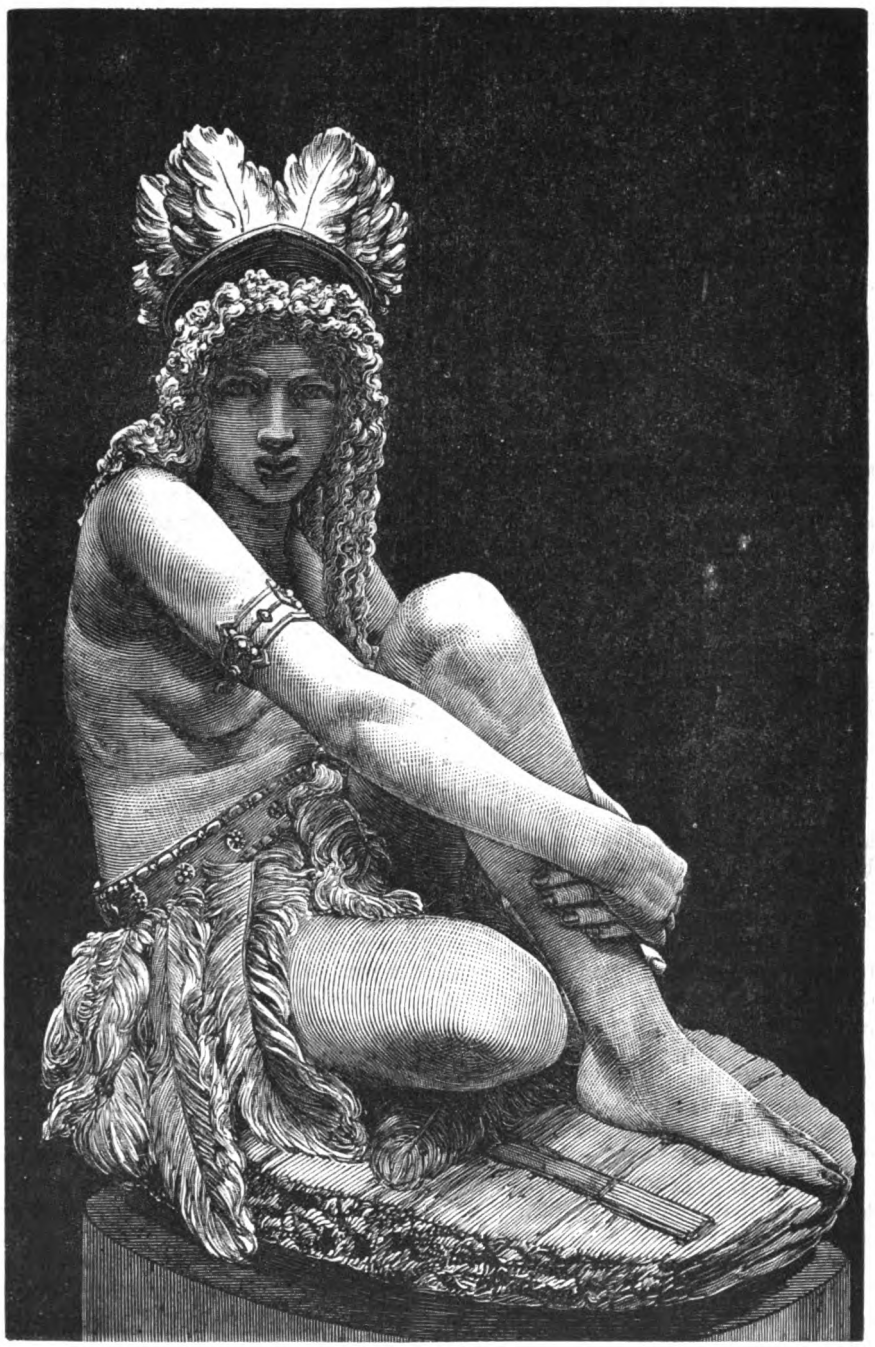
cuttle-fish, and after it had fastened itself to the turtle, drew both out of the water together.

This piscatorial artifice, according to Dampier and Commerson, of employing the sucking-fish to catch other inhabitants of the water was much practiced on the east coast of Africa, at Cape Natal, and on the Mozambique Channel, and also in the Island of Madagascar. In the same manner Fernando Columbus himself affirms he saw a shark caught on the coast of Veragua.

Pliny tells us how the male *mugil*, or gray mullet, was caught, as faunists are in the habit of catching male moths, by using the female as a decoy. The practice was to hook her through the lip and allow a sufficiency of line to communicate with the male fish. After telling her story she was drawn back again, and all the males followed, a shoal of admirers, we are assured, who, pressing close round her person, as a swarm round the queen-bee, were secured without difficulty.

Jacanas, of a genus of birds of the order *Grallæ*, natives of the warm parts of Asia and the Asiatic Islands, Africa and South America, are trained as a guard to poultry, preserving them in the fields from birds of prey, and escorting them home safely at night.

Roger of Wendover states that "a young man taught a hawk specially to hunt teals, and once, at the sound of an instrument called a tabor by those who dwelt on the river's bank, a teal flew suddenly away, but the hawk, baffled of his booty, intercepted a pike swimming in the water, seized him, and carried him apparently forty feet on dry land."



L'AFRICAINE.

Wild turkeys which abound in the region between the Tigris and the Persian hills are often hunted with hawks. The turkey always shows fight, and if the hawk does not mind what it is about, it gets the worst of the encounter, and is killed. Once the turkey gets above the hawk, the fate of the latter is sealed. The mere blow of the turkey's wing is sufficient to dispose of its assailant as effectually as would be the kick of a horse.

PEARS.

Over eighteen hundred years ago Pliny wrote: "All pears whatsoever are but heavy meat unless boiled or baked," and it is probable that the varieties cultivated at that early date could scarcely have been anything but small in size and bitter in taste. But when Pliny recorded this famous opinion he wrote for his time, and the idea is as little worthy of consideration today as the philosopher's real knowledge of the fruit at the present day must have been limited. Pears are regarded at the present time as among the most wholesome and nutritious fruits. Baking or boiling may improve them for weak digestive organs, but eaten raw and freely at all times they are productive of a fine blood and healthy skin. The amount of real nutriment they contain is scarcely equal to that of apples, but the fine and delicate juices are rarely excelled by any other fruit. Pears are now regarded as one of the staple fruit crops, and great attention is being paid to their culture.

Virtue and happiness are mother and child.

WEIR LENOX'S OATH.—"'WEIR!' CALLS A TENDER VOICE IN AN AGONIZED WHISPER, AS THE JEUNE PREMIER KNEELS AT HER FEET AND CATCHES AT THE HEM OF HER GARMENT. 'YES,' SHE ANSWERS, COLDLY AND SOFTLY."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA.

THE ruddy streaks of the rising sun
Have flushed the dull gray sky,
And slowly o'er the blue sea's edge
The sun has mounted high;
And all the broad expanse above
Has shone with a golden blaze,
And each billow's crest is lulled to rest
Beneath the sun's fierce rays.

Passing away with a roseate glow
To his home in the distant west—
Enwrapped as a king in robes of state,
The sun has sunk to rest;
And the sky has been shot with streaks of gold,
And threads of amber light,
And the white sea-foam has found a home
Far up in the clouds of night.

WEIR LENOX'S OATH.

BY MARGUERITE F. AYMAR.

A CHARMING day; the air fresh and cool and bracing, breaking the usually placid bosom of the deep blue lake into glad little ripples; the September flowers, gaudy dahlias and yellow marigolds, many-hued portulacas and the radiant begonias, made the green softness of the well-kept lawns all the more vivid, and the tall white urns of heliotropes and geraniums perfumed the place deliciously. A bird twittered from the bough of a beech-tree, and the bees hummed in the sunshine; other than these, not a sound was to be heard, and on the upper balcony of the great hotel a young woman stood leaning over the balustrade, quite motionless.

She was slender, tall, perfectly well-dressed in a traveling-costume of light gray that showed her figure to admirable advantage; a wide, gray straw hat, with a long plume, was tied lightly down on her head with a gray vail, and she held a gray parasol trimmed with rich lace over her shoulder, protecting her from the still ardent rays of the noontide sun. Her face was inexpressive enough—fair, with large dark eyes, colorless save a red and somewhat large mouth, disclosing beautiful white teeth; brown hair that was arranged in a very *chic* manner high on her head, and in tiny rings on her smooth, low brow.

"I am perfectly worn out!" she exclaims, presently. "Lady Hardinge is a ridiculous old idiot, Flora is a fool, Juliet a gossip, the Prince a fraud, and Geisbaden the most abominable of all Continental watering-places!"

Weir Lenox takes a turn up the balcony and surveys the deserted *garten* below with no very admiring eyes.

"To be sure, though, I have brought it all on myself—the stupidity, the deadly *ennui* of being companion to the honorable Misses Hardinge—a great pity that I could not have achieved a taste of fashionable high life without paying such a fearful price for the inestimable privilege! But, after all, we have not been on the Continent two months, and already a *bona fide* prince is—well, I may as well say it (to myself)—*à mes pieds;* not so bad for a—needless to descend to particulars, Weir, my dear—dark!"

The parasol trimmed with its rich lace is quickly closed at the sound of approaching footsteps, and Miss Lenox assumes a very demure aspect, and gazes with intense interest at the sports of a pair of birds in a wicker cage.

"My young ladies!" she exclaims to herself, in a mocking voice as the steps draw nearer. "Now for a season of song, or a drag through Molière, I suppose."

"Mademoiselle!"

A soft and beautiful voice—a man's voice, with that accent which the French so aptly and deliciously term *caressante.*

Weir's parasol—or, rather, Miss Juliet's—goes hastily up again, and the girl turns her fascinating flushed face carelessly back to greet the lion of the German spa that season—the Prince Vladimir Kovalski.

"Am I so fortunate as to find you alone?" he inquires, bearing his brilliant Northern blue eyes upon her.

"Apparently," she answers, coolly, returning to her examination of the habits of caged birds.

"Not one word for me?"

"As many as you choose. What would you like me to say?"

"What would I like you to say?" he exclaims, impetuously. "I would like——"

"No, you would not," Weir Lenox interrupts, fiercely. "Bah! What do you suppose the heart of such a man as you is worth to such a woman as I? You talk to me of love, Prince Kovalski! Why, you love your title, your castle, your prestige, far more than you love *me.* You gratify your inclinations and tastes by stolen chance meetings with Weir Lenox, dependent, and you will make—*sans doute*—an excellent husband for the Honorable Flora Hardinge."

Prince Kovalski starts forward, bites his full underlip, and a slight frown contracts his beautiful white forehead.

"Weir," he cries, in a low, impassioned tone, "I love you. No other woman ever enchained my regard even for an hour. I must be civil to these people; do you not recognize that the moment they fail to find me agreeable, I am banished from your side? In self-defense, my darling, I must be courteous to Lady Hardinge and her atrocious daughters."

He has taken the girl's hand in his, and is gazing with a rare, sweet smile into her face. It is a face that any man, be he poet or peasant, or merely prince, might care to look into, so radiant, so glorified, so humble, and so triumphant at once.

"Is it so?" she whispers, while her dark eyes melt into tenderness, drinking in all the perfect beauty of the Russian's face.

"Is it so?" he cries, with a sigh of relief. "What else did you suppose it to be? Weir, Weir, will you just for a moment rest your hand upon my head and whisper to me that you love me?"

She does as she is asked, and just for a little while Vladimir Kovalski forgets aught else on the earth save the soft, firm touch of those little fingers—forgets ambition, the world, and all its wicked ways—remembers only that this slender woman is to him the magnet toward which his whole being turns.

Just for a little while. And the fountain flashes in the marble basin below them, and the caged birds sing for gladness at the sunshine, and the scent of the *garten* flowers is sweet and heavy on the air.

"And our future?" murmurs the girl, at last, drawing her breath in a rapturous sigh.

Recollect that life had been a hard thing for her—that toil and misery, change and deceit, she was weary of—and do not blame Weir Lenox, with her past, if she was eager for a happier future.

"The present," answers the prince, drawing one of the long brown braids across his lips; "let us be oblivious to the future," he cries, with a shudder. "Is not it enough, sufficient for you, my darling, that my arms are about you, my eyes upon you, my lips' kisses ready for your sweet red mouth?" She smiles a little sadly.

"I am happy, dear; but my past—perhaps when you hear about it—never mind! I will tell it you, and then, if Prince Kovalski is not nobleman enough to forgive——"

"To forgive!" he echoes, dreamily, looking at her with sweet, vague eyes. "Great God! I can have nothing to 'forgive' *you*."

"But yes," Weir cries—and it is the one honest, wholesome impulse of a life whose influences have been anything but elevating—have rather tended to debase and drag down the tender nature of the woman to their own sad level—"I must tell you, and then, poor and meek and unworthy as I am, you will, my Prince, only love Weir Lenox the more. I know it. I——"

"Miss Lenox, I wish you would contrive to be about when I require you! Ah, Prince Kovalski?" Flora Hardinge's voice in tones of sweet and yet contemptuous amazement.

Weir's last chance—her only chance for happiness, honor, peace, and all those things dear to a woman's soul—is snatched rudely out of her grasp that Summer day by Flora's clear, high voice.

"Good-morning, Mademoiselle Flora," the Prince says, with easy nonchalance, as he picks up the parasol with its rich lace trimmings. "This is yours, I believe? Allow me to open it and shade your eyes from this blinding sun!"

He holds the parasol over her blonde head, and murmurs some extravagant compliment or other, and neither of them pays the slightest attention to Weir Lenox.

She turns quietly away and enters the hotel by one of the large glass doors, and all she thinks is that he was clever and thoughtful and kind in relieving her of the odium of having borrowed Miss Hardinge's parasol; a great anthem of joy is sounding through the girl's heart; she is promising herself so many things—that she will be guilty of no more such little meannesses; that she will be pure and honest and clean, and worthy of *him*; be done with all those old subterfuges, and quibbles, and shams that her old life was so full of, and that her soul had always loathed.

She went up into her ladyship's parlor, which was deserted, and sat down to the piano and poured forth her gladness in that effervescence of passionate gayety, "*Das lieben ist so schön.*" Weir's rich soprano voice was clear and soft and full as velvet; delicious, suggestive, tender, and *plein d'abandon*. The Prince below, with Miss Flora, on the balcony, uttering a rhapsody on the calm beauty of the lake, heard it, and was startled by its exquisite melodiousness.

"What a *Leonora!*" he cries, abruptly.

"Why, Prince, absurd! that is only Miss Lenox, our companion; her voice is so loud."

"Loud!" exclaims Vladimir; "it is like——"

"Well, what?" inquires Miss Hardinge, rather crossly.

"Like something most unearthly; as you suggest, mademoiselle, it is very loud."

"Ah, prince, you are so clever," returned the young lady, restored to good-humor by one glance from those cold blue Northern eyes of Vladimir Kovalski's.

* * * * * * *

The Summer days went by at Geisbaden; there were water-parties on the lake, drives and picnics to the Castle of Dilbürgen, and in all of these Prince Kovalski was the *preux chevalier* of Lady Hardinge's party; if the women envied her ladyship the attentions of the handsome Russian, and looked with critical eyes upon Miss Flora as a probable princess, the men were no less jealous of the success of this Northern nobleman, who had arisen before the fashionable world of the German watering-place like a meteor, with the fair English girl. Miss Hardinge was an heiress—an enormous fortune was already her own—and, combined with her lineage and her tolerable looks, this fact was not deemed an unpalatable one by the young men who flocked about her.

For Weir, meantime, there were chance meetings, a pressure of a strong hand as he assisted her into boat or landau, a glance that traveled like a flash of lightning across a room, a touch, fleeting and soft as the south winds, on her lips as they found themselves, once in a while, alone together.

She believed—she trusted; she knew that this man loved her with all the ardor, the passion and honesty, the soul and heart, of which he was capable. Like a little child, she had lovingly, faithfully laid her life in his hands, and patiently she bided her time. Never a murmur, a protest, a complaint, a query, passed her lips as she watched him with Flora Hardinge, as she listened to his soft, matchless voice murmuring she knew not what soft nothings into the heiress's willing ear, or as she heard here and there that "Prince Kovalski was certainly going to marry Miss Hardinge." Even when her ladyship as good as announced that fact to her, and when Juliet bowed with mock ceremony before her sister, calling her "Madame la Princesse!" Weir only smiled softly to herself, and remembered the pressure of his mouth on hers last night in the dimly-lighted corridor, and the tender tone of his sweet, caressing love-words.

A ball was to come off at the English consul's that Wednesday night. My young ladies were viewing themselves before the mirrors with intense satisfaction, while Lady Hardinge tapped the gilded table impatiently with her fan, and wondered where the dear Prince could be.

The gentleman who thus was guilty of keeping her ladyship waiting stood at that moment on the gallery in the moonlight, with his arms around Weir Lenox—her face, glorified by its joy, lay at rest upon his breast, and her little hands held one of his clasped closely to her heart.

"Vladimir," whispered the girl, brokenly, "I would to God I were worthier of you! Are you sure—quite sure—that you are not ashamed of me?"

"Hush! hush! Ashamed of you! Rather of myself!"

A dark flush passes over his face, and he looks over his shoulder as a man might who feared to find an enemy lurking in the dark behind him.

"My little child," he whispers, gathering her closer to him, "it is I who am unworthy of you; it is I who—is there not," he cries, with an impetuous shudder and sigh, "some liquid that we can drink and forget all, every consideration, save the potent bliss of such moments as these?"

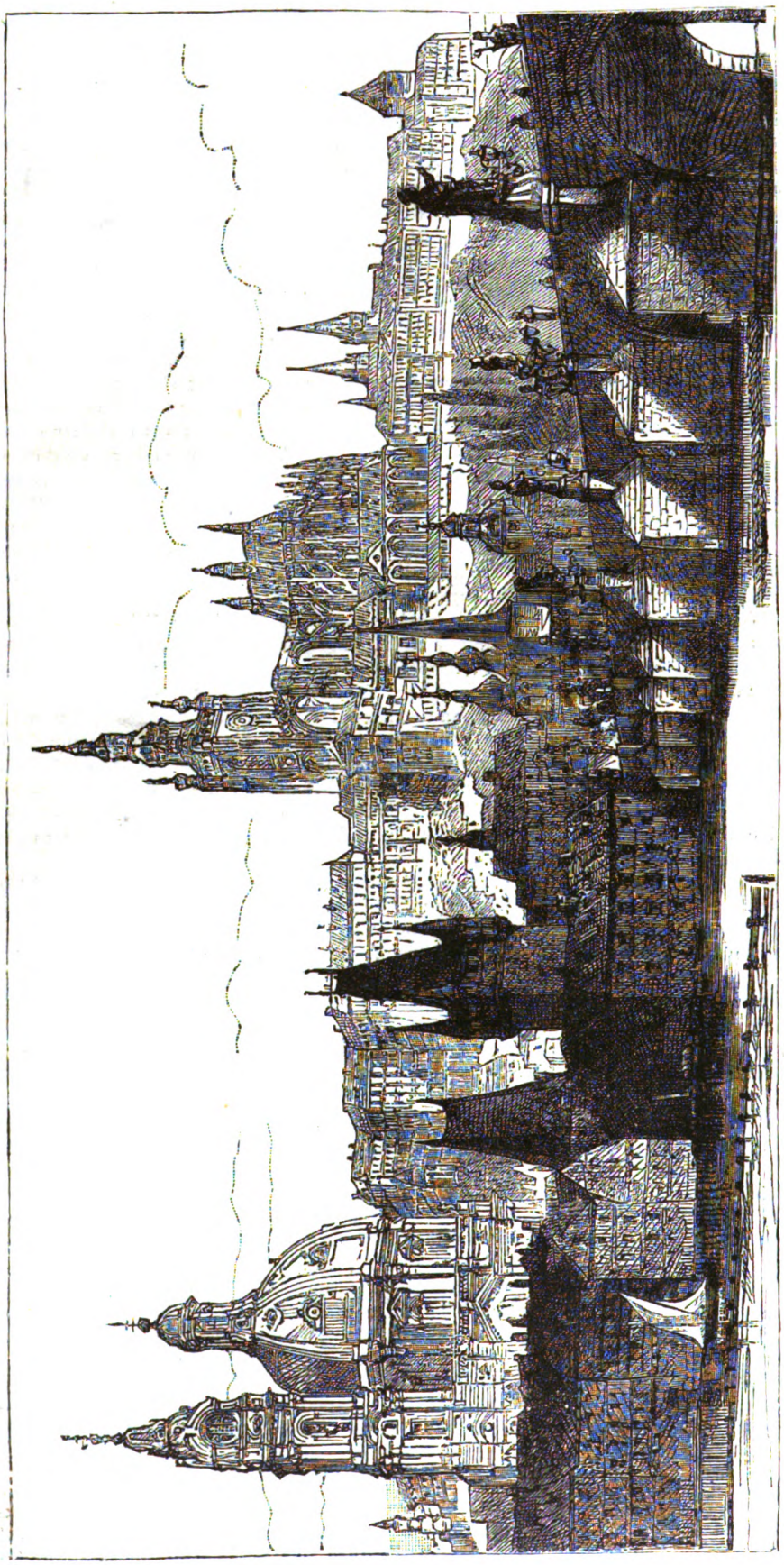
His kisses fall fast and warm upon her neck and face and hair.

"Weir, Weir, whatever comes, remember that you are the one woman in the world to me; whether you one day despise me or—I know not what I am saying!" the Prince cries, stroking back the girl's hair with nervous, quick fingers. "I am a man who is torn by demons. God knows which of them will get possession of me. Love and ambition never yet went hand-in-hand. My little one, kiss me."

A hurried, scanty touch, for her ladyship, thoroughly exhausted by this time, appeared on the gallery, a servant fortunately preceding her, candle in hand.

* * * * * * *

It is late, or, more correctly speaking, it is early in the morning, when Lady Hardinge and her daughters and Prince Kovalski return to the Hotel Mirabeau from that brilliant ball at the villa of the English consul. Miss Lenox has sat up for them, according to custom, and



MY PEREGRINATIONS IN PRAGUE.—THE PALACE OF THE HRADSCHIN, KLEINSEITE, AND BRIDGE.—SEE PAGE 673.

rises from her sofa and stands by the piano as the quartet enter the dimly lighted apartment.

"Well, Miss Lenox!" Her ladyship's tone is severe, and bodes a rising storm; mesdemoiselles flaunt contemptuously past the *dame de compagnie*, and seat themselves at the extreme end of the *salon*.

The Russian stops in amazement at the door, and makes a movement as though he were at once about to take his leave, having fulfilled his duties as escort to the letter.

"No, my dear Prince; one moment, if you please!" her ladyship exclaims, detaining him with a charming smile. "As you have lived with us almost *en famille*, have eaten at the same board, and been so kind in many little ways to this—this young person who has acted in the capacity of companion to my daughters, I desire to expose her wretched trickery before you as well as before them."

Lady Hardinge pauses for lack of breath, and Weir's large eyes seek the face of Prince Kovalski. It is immovable and pallid as the countenance of a statue, but his white hand grasps the door-handle with a grip of steel.

"Miss *Weir Lenox*—an *alias*, of course—is the daughter of Bernard, the great gambler, the man who traveled over Europe, literally robbing young men of their fortunes, living himself sometimes like a sovereign, sometimes like a beggar, as his depredations had been successful or the reverse. This woman was his accomplice, the object that made herself agreeable to young noblemen with large fortunes. And I have heard that she has not overcome that habit even yet."

Her ladyship smiles with an air of superior virtue, and glances at Prince Kovalski.

He is still motionless.

"Miss Lenox, will you have the kindness to pack your boxes, accept the balance that is due you, and leave my roof at your earliest convenience?"

Weir bows. Her dark eyes are fixed upon Vladimir Kovalski's face, as the eyes of the homesick, tempest-tossed,

wrecked one might be fixed upon the glimmer of a light that shone afar off from him.

"Has the Prince nothing to say?" she asks, in a low, strained voice, while her red lips quiver and her little hands catch at the instrument behind her for support.

"The Prince?" screams her ladyship.

"The Prince anything to say?" echo the young ladies, at last startled into speech.

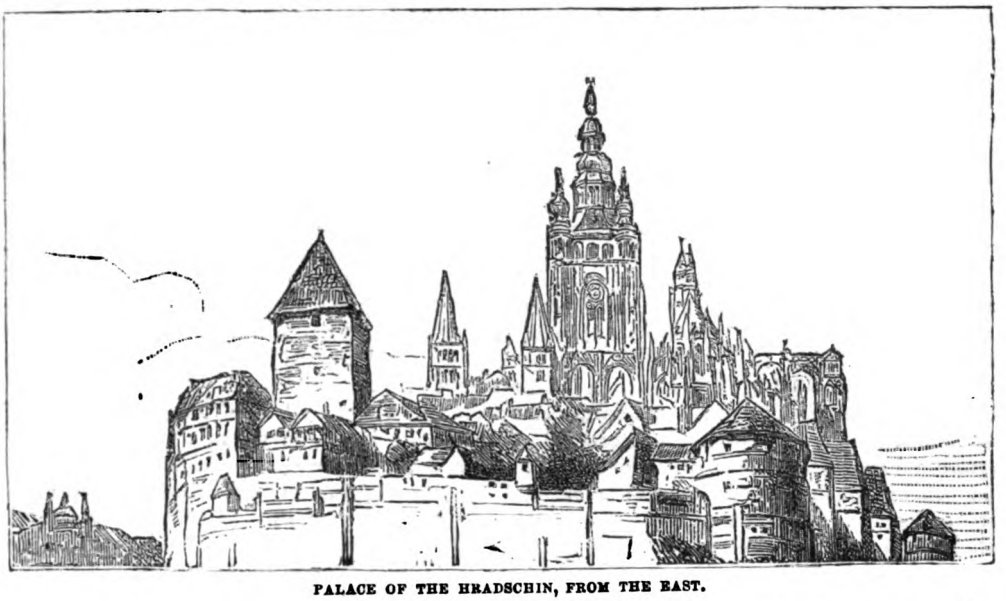
"What could *he* have to say to *you?*" inquires Lady Hardinge, in a piercing tone.

Still Weir's great eyes are fastened hungrily upon his face—a face whereon is written in lines of torture, the history of a terrible struggle—but his highness is silent.

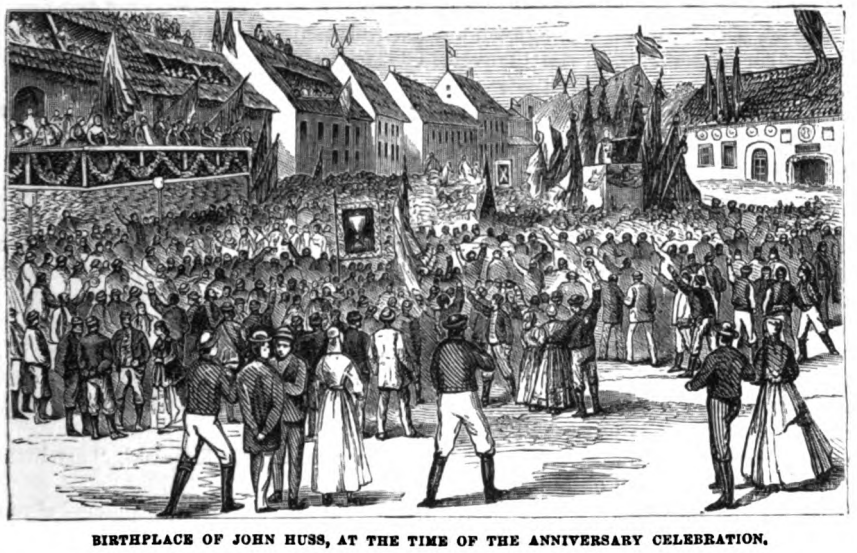
In one moment more Weir Lenox sweeps past her ladyship, past *him*—who stands aside and holds the door, with bowed head, open to let her pass.

* * * *

Teatro La Scala is crowded from pit to dome; the immense building is a sea of faces, upon each of which is visible a measure of expectation and, as the moments lengthen, of impatience; it is but natural; two such *débuts* seldom take place upon the same night.



PALACE OF THE HRADSCHIN, FROM THE EAST.

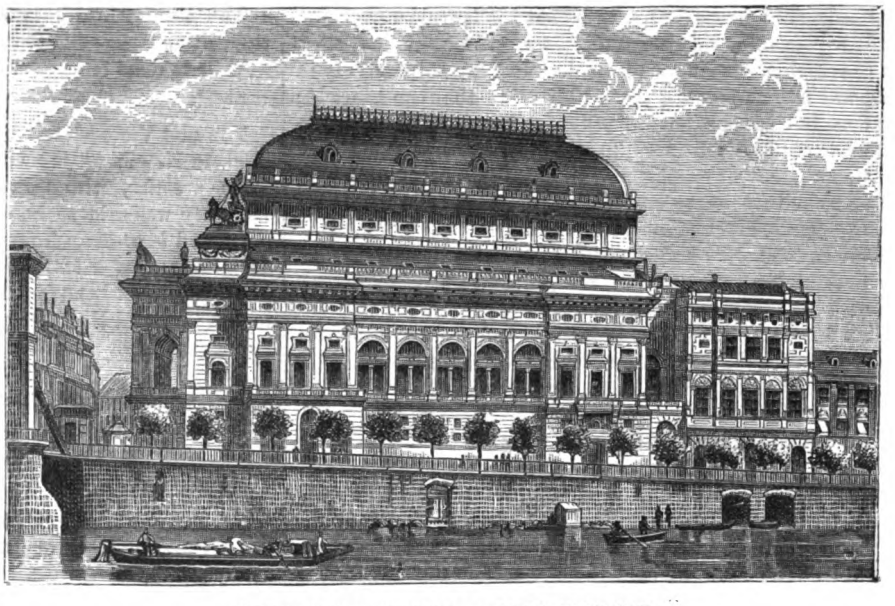


BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN HUSS, AT THE TIME OF THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

La Bernardi, the woman over whose voice all Spain has raved, is to test her powers in the most trying opera-house in Europe, before an audience whose dictum is accepted as final by the rest of the musical world, in the *rôle* of *Leonora* in the "Trovatore."

And Victor Karante, *jeune premier*, who has electrified the people of London and Paris for the past two years.

You remember, of course, that romantic episode in his career—something relating to a young English heiress whom he adored, and whose mother dismissed him on discovering his *caste?* Some



NEW BOHEMIAN NATIONAL THEATRE AT PRAGUE.

people say he did not love the lady, but was ambitious, and used a title to secure a fortune, and also that some other woman's heart was broken by the little affair; but then, there are so many *historiettes* connected with these artists, one does not know what to believe, and the "divine Russian," as the fair sex call him, may not, after all, have been the hero of any of these atrocities. *Quien sabe?*

Well, Victor Karante has promised to come from his villa at Florence especially to assume the *rôle* of *Manrico.*

There was some doubt as to his arrival, but a notice has just been hung out to the effect that he has arrived in Milan within the last ten minutes, and will "positively sing that evening."

The air was redolent of perfumes from the most fragrant flowers; the flutter of fans and the smiles of women, the gay toilets, the presence of royalty itself, lent to the great theatre a gala appearance; and the orchestra even now was pouring forth the ever-delicious strains of the overture to Verdi's most popular opera.

Behind the scenes a different picture presented itself: any number of chorus-singers, in their fantastic gypsy dresses, were clustered together behind a pile of dusty and disused flats and side-scenes; the manager rushed frantically across the stage, while the *Comte di Luna* carelessly twirled his mustache, and the prompter descended into his queer little box before the footlights.

The curtain finally rose, and the house was quiet until *Manrico's* mellow notes struck a thrill of delicious and mysterious ecstasy to the soul of every true musician there, until the divine voice of the woman who enacted *Leonora* carried its conviction of power, pathos, passion and sweetness home to the heart of every human being who heard it.

They met on the stage for the first time, and it was remarked that the *débutante* did not once glance even into the face of the tenor; he, apparently oblivious of aught save the immense sensation he was creating, had not even deigned to shine upon her with his cold blue eyes.

The curtain went down. It descended between the singers and an audience crazed with excitement over the voice of the woman. *Vivas* and *bravas* ran through the house, and cries were echoed and caught up again under the great dome for "*Leonora!* Bernardi! *Leonora!* Bernardi!"

It occurred to Victor Karante that his laurels were being stolen from him, that his honors were to be divided, that, in short, this woman, whose cold hand lay so passively in his, was more *simpatica* to the Milanese than he himself; and as he led her out to respond to their plaudits, he glanced carelessly down into her face.

"*Gran' Dio!*" he cries, under his breath, being so much an actor by nature as to exclaim in the language which he has last used, rather than in his own.

But on *Leonora's* white face, in her dark, dazzling eyes, there is no faintest gleam of recognition, surprise, joy, or pain.

She leaves him quickly, and turns to her dressing-room to prepare for the last act; but the tenor is with her, a mad, desperate look in his beautiful blue eyes.

"Weir!"

She turns back and stands still a moment amid the dusk and dreariness of the old Italian theatre.

"Weir!" calls a tender voice, in an agonized whisper, as the *jeune premier* kneels at her feet and catches at the hem of her garment.

"Yes," she answers, coldly and softly.

"Will you not forgive me? Can you not stoop from the height of your sweet womanhood and raise me? My love has been, always will be, yours. Do you remember what I said to you that night—that horrible night?"

"I remember."

A slight tremor passes over her tender frame.

"My little child, I have expiated my crime. I have murdered my ambition——"

"Ah," she says, with a slow smile, "it is not gratified with half a world at your feet; and as to crime——"

"Weir, I deserve all the obloquy that could be heaped upon me. I have been an impostor, a cheat, a man whose towering ambition led him to crucify his own heart within him. Weir, what could one expect of the son of a Cossack girl and a Russian noble? Will you not take me back? Will you not show me the heart that once was surely mine?"

"My heart!" she cries, in an odd way, with a mirthless laugh on her lips. "My heart! Why, do you not recollect two years ago, in Lady Hardinge's salon in the Hotel Mirabeau, at Geisbaden? Prince Kovalski broke my heart that night. *Manrico,* I must leave you now and dress for the last act."

She laughs a curious, light laugh as she passes by.

"My heart! Something throbs within my bosom, it is true, but it is not a heart. That was slain long ago."

The green curtain rolls majestically down on the last act of the "Trovatore." The audience are intoxicated with not only the voice, but the acting of La Bernardi.

The shouts and noise are deafening as they call her to come to them.

But *Leonora* only smiles as she turns faintly to one side on the low, hard stage-couch where they have laid her, and people run wildly about, screaming for a physician—ay, twenty of them!—as people always do scream when another human being falls in a death-swoon before their eyes.

"It is only death," she says, simply, as she smiles up into the divine Russian's face. "Death and love are real, are they not? All the rest of my life has been a sham and a seeming. Why should I weep at that which will bring me—rest?"

"Weir, Weir," murmurs Vladimir Kovalski, "my little child!"

"Yes, yours, Vladimir; you will not be ashamed of me *now,* because I swore I would be famous before—I—died, and—to-night—you—have—seen—it——"

The tired white lids fall gently down over the dark, tired eyes.

Weir is dead!

* * * * * * *

You met Victor Karante in Paris last year? No? Well, then, in New York last season? Yes, I thought so. The *jeune premier,* whom every woman raved over, whose secretary was said to be employed in answering daintily perfumed *billet-doux* from morning until night, and whose dressing-case was full of jeweled lockets and rings and photographs of beautiful faces—did you ever see him talk to a woman? No. Or glance toward one? Never. Is he not the most icy lover that ever trod the boards? Exactly.

And the secret of it all lies buried in a green, green grave in an Italian churchyard.

DECEIT and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver; and the act by which the kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.

MY PEREGRINATIONS IN PRAGUE.

By N. Robinson.

I do not think I quote the lines correctly, but I am positive that they express the meaning:

"Though the longitude's rather uncertain,
And the latitude's, too, somewhat vague,
If you're partial to dancing and flirting,
Go visit the City of Prague."

Being a Bohemian at heart, I longed to pay my respects to the capital of the country of the adoption of my Cardiac apparatus—I am all the better for having relieved myself of this Evarts-Bostonian sentence—and betaking myself unto that new and magnificent railway depot at Munich, at three and a half of the clock on a long Summer day of last year, I started for Prague, where I arrived without let or hindrance, but having sadly missed my beloved Pullman, at seven on the following morning.

The city, which surpasses in its grandeur and imposing appearance almost any other town in Germany, sits in the very centre of Bohemia, in a basin-shaped valley, cut in two by the River Moldau, and is surrounded on all sides by rocks or eminences, upon whose slopes the buildings of the town rise, tier above tier, as they recede from the water's edge. There is something of Asiatic splendor in the aspect and form of the domes, turrets and spires which rise up, almost without number, on all sides; but the object which riveted, or, indeed, I may say, opened my eyes, for I was hot and feverish, and but half awake after my journey, was the imposing mass of the Hradschin, the palace of the Bohemian kings, running along the crest of a lofty eminence, and overtopping all intermediate buildings. It is backed by the heights of the Laurenziberg, where the pagan Bohemians are said to have celebrated, in ancient times, the rites of their fire-worship. Those, who converted them to Christianity, doubtless perceiving the difficulty of banishing altogether the former heathenish associations connected with the spot, substituted in their place the more holy fires which consumed the martyr St. Laurence, whose church is built here, and to which I made pious pilgrimage during my stay.

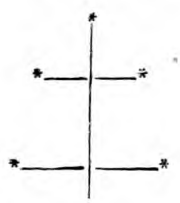
On the other side of the river, looking up the stream, were the black precipices of the citadel, Wyssehrad. Behind the towers of the Altstadt rose Ziska's Hill, which was fortified by the blind Hussite chief whose name it bears, and which seems to recall the recollections of those terrible religious troubles, in which Prague underwent such grievous and terrible suffering.

Hiring a fiaker attached to a pair of rattling good horses, —the ride only cost me seventy kreutzers—I spun through the ill-paved, narrow and quaint little streets in momentary expectation of being decanted into shop-windows, or sent flying up alleys when spinning round corners, and reached the hostelry known as the Schwarzes Ross, around the portals of which a number of unwashed Bohemians lounged, engaged in smoking unwieldy pipes and in conversing in a jargon, the sound of which can only be compared to the cracking of walnuts.

I had some little difficulty in awaking the Bohemian, who welcomed me to the shelter of the Schwarzes Ross, to the fact that I wanted a bath right away, and it was a round thirty minutes ere I was in a position to take the plash which made Richard feel almost himself again.

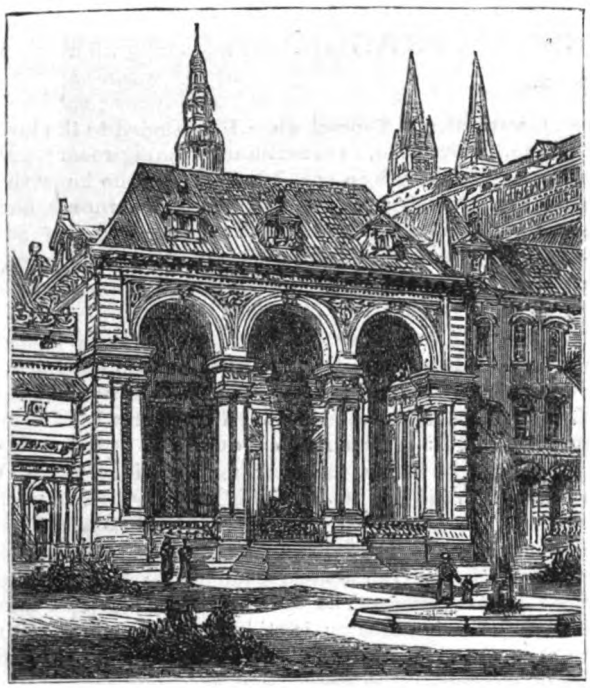
I ordered breakfast, trusting to luck; and the fates being propitious, a white fish with a name it would take a nutcracker to reduce to pronunciation, a funny dish, suggestive of tripe and tomatoes, served in a sort of whipped cream, were at my disposal when I descended to the low-ceilinged, wainscoted, portrait-hung dining-room; and having been advised by a friend in Munich, who knew the ropes, to wash down breakfast with white Cernosek, and dinner with red Melnik, both Bohemian wines of admirable body and flavor, I found myself after this, my first passage at arms with Bohemian cooking, a better and a wiser man.

My first visit was, of course, to the wondrous old bridge over the Moldau, connecting the Altstadt with the Kleinseite, which was begun in the reign of the Emperor Charles IV. in 1357, and finished in 1503. It measures 1,572 German feet, and is ornamented on each side with twenty-eight statues of saints, the most remarkable of which is that erected in 1683, of St. John of Nepomuk, the Patron of Bridges, who was thrown from this bridge into the river and drowned by order of King Wenceslas IV., because he refused to betray the secrets confided to him by the Queen in confession. The spot whence he was cast into the rapidly flowing Moldau is still marked by a cross with five stars on the parapet, in imitation of the miraculous



flames which three days subsequent to his drowning were said to have been seen flickering over the place where his body lay under the water. In 1729 the body was incased in a gorgeous silver shrine, and placed in the cathedral. From the circumstances of his death this saint has become the patron of bridges, and his statue occupies in many Catholic countries the same situation as in Prague. The festival of St. John of Nepomuk is celebrated every year, from the 16th to the 24th of May. On the first day thousands of persons assemble, not only from Bohemia, but from all the surrounding countries, on a pilgrimage to his shrine. A temporary chapel is erected over that part of the bridge where his statue stands. There is a permanent altar, before which I always beheld people at prayer, pass at what hour I might. In this temporary chapel mass is performed, and so large is the crowd of devotees, that the bridge and every avenue leading to it are choked up; all passage is stopped; carriages are interdicted, and must be ferried over in boats. It is even a work of danger to approach the chapel. The pilgrims last year amounted to over 80,000.

At the end of the bridge next the Altstadt is the old watch-tower, ornamented with sculptures and arms of the countries allied with Bohemia. It was this old tower that saved Prague from falling into the hands of the Swedes during the Thirty Years' War, 1648. They had quickly mastered the Kleinseite, and their attack being quite unexpected, and the bridge gate ill guarded, they had nearly caught the guard napping, when a Jesuit, rushing out of the college close to the bridge, let down the portcullis, and with the aid of three—Horatius had only two—held the bridge until the citizens and students rushed to the rescue. The Swedes bombarded that gate for fourteen weeks, but it never yielded an inch. I gazed at it with



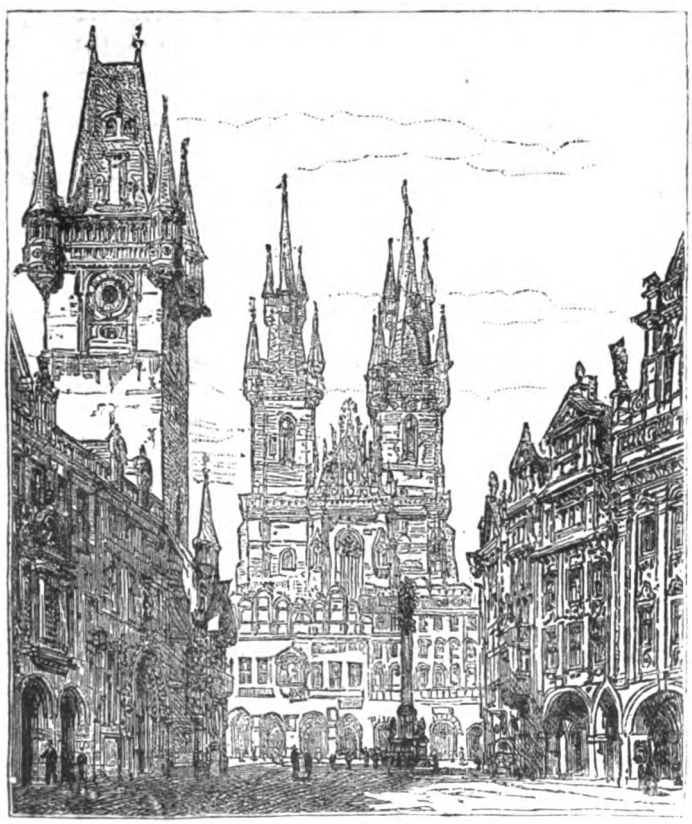
WALLENSTEIN'S PALACE.

OLD SYNAGOGUE.

reverential wonder, and bethought me of a certain explosive substance of recent discovery, called dynamite, which——

On the east end of the bridge is the Karlsdenkmal, or monument to King Charles IV., erected in 1848 by subscription to commemorate—think of this, provosts of Yale and Harvard!—the five hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the University. In niches on its sides are sitting figures of the four faculties, Theology, Philosophy, Jurisprudence, and Medicine, and grimly seated at the angles, statues of the two first Archbishops of Prague.

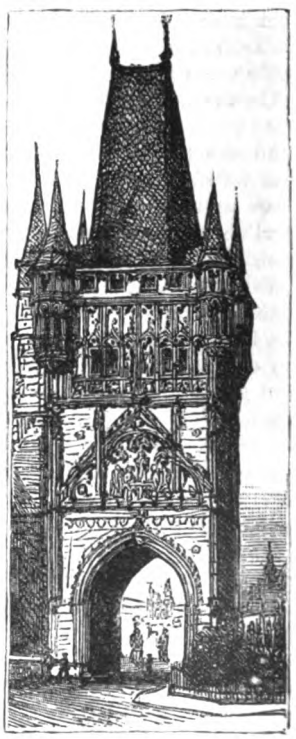
The Carlsbrücke and I became intimately acquainted, and many hours of my sojourn were spent, my elbows on its parapet, my chin on my elbows, as I gazed up or down the river, or stood leaning with my back to the parapet, watching Bohemians flitting past, the men doffing their hats to St. John of Nepomuk, the women dropping on their knees to offer up a prayer.



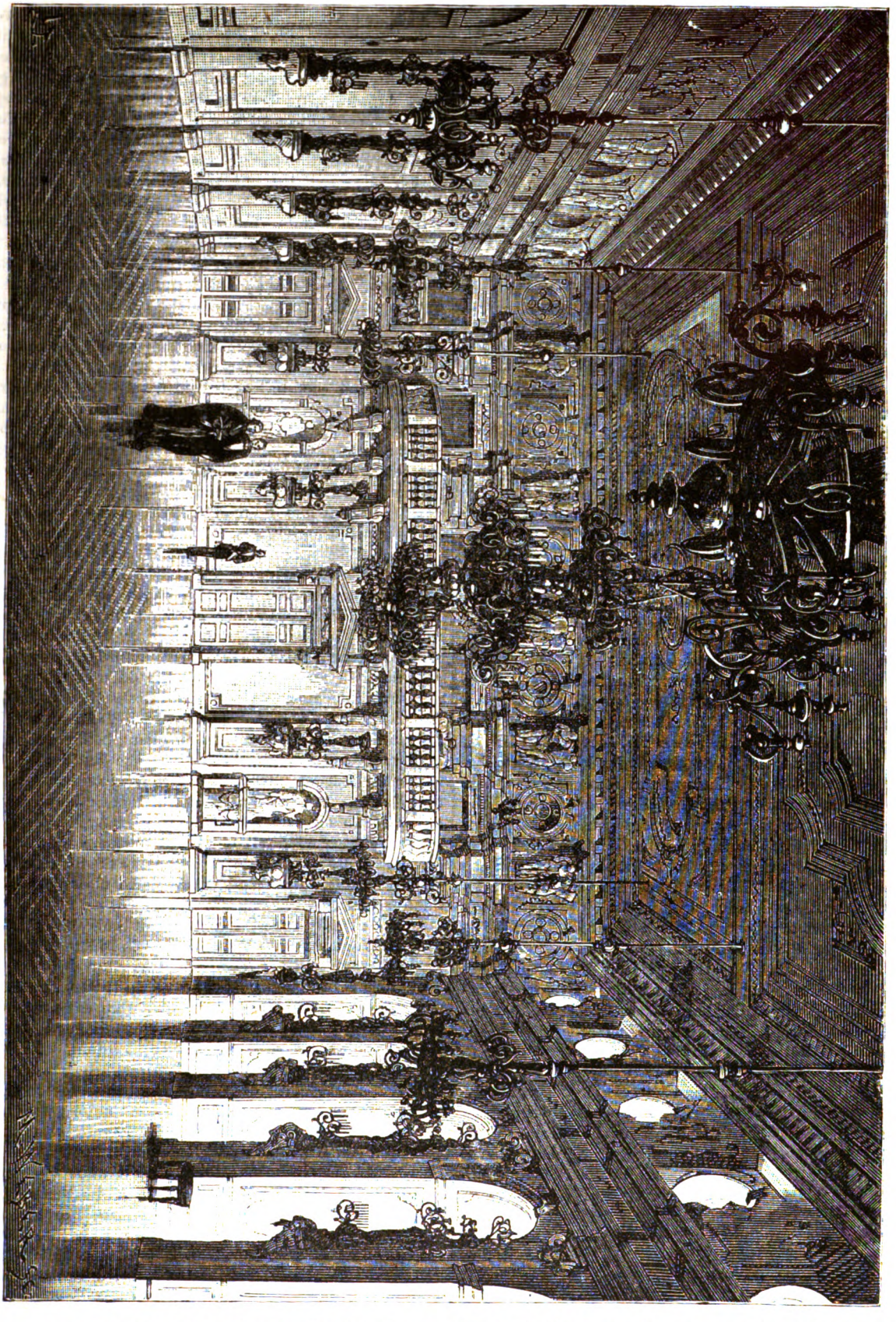
RATHHAUS, THEINKIRCHE.

Prague boasts an iron suspension bridge. Kaiser Franzenbrücke, constructed 1839–42, at a cost of $170,000, the centre of which rests on a little island in the river, called Schützen. Along the right bank, between this bridge and the Carlsbrücke, extends one of the most favorite promenades of the worthy citizens, called Franzensquai. There are two other chain bridges.

Within a stone's throw of the Carlsbrücke is the vast pile of the Clementinum, or Roman Catholic College, dating from 1653. Ferdinand III. built



ALT-STADT, BRIDGE TOWER.



BALLROOM IN THE HRADSCHIN CASTLE, PRAGUE.

it as a convent and seminary for the Jesuits. It now contains the seminary for the education of between 200 and 300 pupils, under the superintendence of the archbishop and the faculties of theology and philosophy belonging to the University. I was particularly struck with its lecture-rooms, which are in the richest style of Italian architecture.

I was conducted through the library by a grim and

ascetic-looking ecclesiastic, but the possessor of a laugh that would pile up a fortune for a dozen low comedians. It began in a wheeze, rose to a chuckle, and culminated in a guffaw; when it reached this point it went off with a loud bang; and to look at his reverence, one would imagine that a laugh was about ten thousand miles away from his strangely cut mouth.

In the library are upward of 100,000 volumes, particularly rich in Bohemian literature, and nearly 4,000 manuscripts. My *cicerone* most amiably permitted me to "cast a vagrant glance" at some autograph sermons of John Huss—and, oh, what a hand!—a Hussite liturgy, most richly illuminated, executed at the cost of the guilds of Prague.

"Here," observed my guide, as he rapidly and dexterously turned over the yellow leaves, "are three miniatures—one of Wycliffe striking the light, one of Huss blowing the flame, and Luther holding the blazing torch."

I was also shown Huss's autographic comments on the Book of Wisdom, and Tycho Brahe's on the Copernican system.

From the Clementinum I naturally drifted to the University or Carolinum in the Eisengasse, which I found singularly uninteresting as a building, but worthy of note as the first great public school established in Germany. It was founded by the Emperor Charles IV., on the model of that of Paris, in 1348. The fame of the teachers of the University and the privileges granted to scholars soon attracted hither students from all parts of Europe, who were divided into four nations: the *Bohemians*, including Moravians and Hungarians; the *Bavarians*, or Austrians, Franconians, and Suabians; the *Poles* and Russians; and the *Saxons*, including Danes and Swedes. A measure proposed in 1409 by John Huss—everything is Huss in Prague—for abridging the privileges of the foreigners and transferring the preponderance from them to the Bohemians, occasioned the secession in one week of—it takes the breath away to think of it—*fifteen thousand students*, who distributed themselves over Europe, and became the founders of the universities of Leipzig, Heidelberg, and Cracow. The number of seceders seems almost incredible, but then there were 20,000 students burning the midnight oil in Prague at that date. From thenceforth the Carolinum became the school of those new opinions in religion promulgated by Huss and Jerome of Prague, who gradually separated the Bohemians from the Roman Catholic Church. Huss himself was rector of the University, and here first taught those doctrines which he derived from the English reformer Wycliffe. England and Bohemia were cater-cousins at this time. Richard II. was married to "the good Queen Anne," a Bohemian princess, sister of Wenceslas IV. Englishmen studied in the University of Prague, and they transplanted into Germany the writings of Wycliffe and his translation of the Bible. During the Hussite troubles the University was repeatedly the scene of bloody strife, but it still maintained an important influence in Bohemia as the rallying-point of the Protestants, the seat of the Utraquist doctrines, and the sanctuary of the Bohemian language. After the fatal battle of the White Hill, however, its privileges and faculty of theology were transferred to the Jesuits' college of the Clementinum, the Protestant faith abolished, and the Carolinum converted into a school of medicine and law. On inquiring as to the number of students, I was informed that there were close to 2,000 on the books.

Having "had our fill" of university sight-seeing, I betook myself to the Rathhaus, through quaint and crooked streets, innocent of sidewalks, the houses with bulging bay-windows, causing sudden stoppages, to permit of the crowd filtering past, while during the travel of a vehicle it became necessary to seek sanctuary in dark and not over savory passages. To me it was an incongruous sight to behold some piece of rampant Parisian finery exhibited in a window rich in carved mullions and adorned with grinning corbels, some four or five centuries old. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.* The Rathhaus, or Town-hall, is situated in a wide, airy square, called the Grosser Ring, at the end of the Zeltner Gasse. It is a Gothic edifice, rebuilt in 1848, but the old tower still stands, together with the southern doorway and chapel, whose superb oriel window has been preserved. These latter portions of the building date from 1474. The portraits of the former Burgomasters, in the Council Chamber, possess the most "d—d disinheriting countenances" I ever cast eyes upon. A very curious clock ornaments the tower. It was constructed by Hanusch, in the year 1490. It registers the time from sunset to sunrise, in addition to the ordinary hours, and also the hours at which the sun and moon rise on each day of the year. As each hour strikes a door opens, and twelve figures, representing the Apostles, appear, and pass, one after the other, from right to left along a little platform, re-entering again at another door to the left. I stood, with some twenty other honest Bohemians, until the Lilliputian cortège passed, and marveled greatly, like Samuel Pepys, at "ye goodly and cunning machinery" whereof the clock was constructed.

This Rathhaus has some bloody stories to relate, and if its ancient stones could speak they'd a tale unfold. In a dungeon beneath the building, known as Schpinka, the Emperor Wenceslas IV. was confined, in 1403, for fifteen weeks. In 1420, the Hussites having, by tolling of the storm-bell, assembled in the square before the Town Hall, proceeded in marching array to the different churches of the city, in succession plundering, destroying and setting fire to all that fell in their way. In 1483 the most of the town, including many of the burghers, being dissatisfied with their magistrates, broke into the Rathhaus; they threw the Burgomasters out of the window first of all, as the English killed Admiral Byng, "*pour encourager les autres.*" This at the request of the many headed in the court below, who gayly cried out "Heave them over," pointing their spears upward to receive the luckless Town Councillors, five of whom were ejected after "the Bohemian fashion."

I have already referred to the battle of White Hill. I refer to it again now. It was fought in 1620, and the setting of the sun on the bloody field saw the death of Protestantism in Bohemia. The leaders of the party who had supported the Elector Frederick V. were executed on a scaffold in front of the Rathhaus, to the number of twenty-seven. This black roll included eight grand officers and nobles, fourteen councillors, and several magistrates. In order to pay a mark of grim respect to blue blood, the heads and hands of those of noble birth among the sufferers were stuck up on our old friend, the gate-tower on the bridge. The celebrated Wallenstein, immortalized by Schiller, in 1633 ordered a court-martial upon eleven officers of noble rank, and many more of inferior grade, for their cowardice in running away at the battle of Lützen.

Leaving the Rathhaus and crossing the square, I paid a visit to the Teynkirche. This church was built in 1407, and is Gothic in design. It possesses two tall towers with taper roofs, and four small turrets at the angles, and was constructed at the expense of the German merchants residing in Prague. It was in a special manner the church of the Hussites. Here the doctrines of Huss were long preached by the prelate, John of Rokyzan, whose body, entombed beneath the high altar, was in 1622 removed

and buried. I was lucky in hearing a portion of a service conducted in the Bohemian tongue, but I confess to a preference for the magnificent word-chords of the Spanish, that language of prayer.

This church contains the grave and marble effigy of Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer, who died in 1601. Were he alive during the late exceptional weather he would have been writing to the London *Times* and New York *Herald* on the subject of the comet. R. I. P. In the Maria-Kapelle is a finely executed marble group of the Bohemian Apostles, St. Cyril and Methodius, and there are two grim paintings by masters of the early Bohemian school, an Ecce Homo, and a Virgin and child.

I was desirous of beholding the residence of John Huss, but on this subject I could obtain no reliable information. He is said to have resided in the Bethlehemplatz, No. 257, a corner house, opposite to which originally stood the church in which he preached. The neighborhood to-day is singularly unsavory, for in its heart is the Tändelmarkt, or bazaar for the exhibition of old clothes, presided over by Hebrews, the sight of whose pronounced physiognomy would drive a Manhattan Beach waiter into hopeless lunacy.

Apropos of the Jews, I visited the Judenstadt or Jews' quarter. This is the oldest Hebrew settlement in Europe. They settled here from the foundation of Prague. One portion of the old town is appropriated to the Jews, though now they are free to go whithersoever their shekels will take them, the richer Hebrews having houses in the best parts of the city. The Judenstadt is no longer locked up at eight o'clock in the evening, as formerly, for gates and locks and walls have entirely disappeared.

This quarter is situated upon the low banks of the Moldau, close to the river, and is a labyrinth of narrow, dirty streets, and low houses, swarming with population like an anthill, and giving to high heaven what Sir John Falstaff calls "a rank compound of villainous smell." Tradition declares this colony to have existed before the destruction of Jerusalem, and that the Jews established themselves here in pagan times as slave-dealers, who bought and sold captives taken in the wars of the barbarians. In 1290 a raid was made upon the unlucky Hebrews, and they were almost exterminated, for having insulted a procession of the Host. The history of the Jews in Prague may be said to be written on the books of Christianity in blood and fire. They flourish, however, to-day, and preserve in the capital of Bohemia their manners and customs more strictly than in any other part of Europe. They have even retained their own institutions. Besides having eight synagogues and several schools, they have magistrates and a town-hall of their own, in which they manage the affairs of the community.

In a vast inclosure in the middle of the Jewish city stands the old Jewish burial-ground, piled up with the dead of centuries, and crammed with gravestones. It has not been used for over a century, for the good and sufficient reason that it will hold no more. The oldest memorials which remain are coeval with the most ancient structures in Prague. One of these was particularly pointed out to me as being the tomb of Rabbi Abignor Karo, A. D. 1439, to which pilgrimages are now made by Jews from distant lands. The monuments are generally slabs of rough sandstone covered with Hebrew characters deeply cut in. Those of the Rabbis, or of the more wealthy, are built in the form of houses, with sloping roofs. I noticed that many bore the symbols of the tribes to which the dead belonged—thus, a pitcher marked Levi, while two hands denoted the descendants of Aaron. Upon the top of these, and on every projecting ledge, I perceived little heaps of stones piled. Upon inquiring, I learned that these have been placed here by the friends of the dead in their visits to the graves—a practice which is considered even now a token of respect to ancestors whom the living know only by name.

Among the almost countless tombstones, some fractured, others awry, as though about to cave in, and mostly all weather-beaten by the winds and snows and rains of hundreds of years, rise a number of decrepit elder-trees—was it not on an elder that Judas hanged himself?—with wrinkled and twisted branches, which gives the appearance of a tangled wilderness to this great graveyard. The burial-ceremonies over the dead are performed in a sort of vestry-house within the inclosure, where grave-clothes are kept in readiness; and as soon as a corpse is brought in, be it of the rich or poor, it is set out in the same simple livery, and the same plain coffin of rough boards is provided for all.

The old Synagogue amply repaid my visit. It is a small building, supposed to have been erected in 1316, on the site of an earlier edifice, which perished in the fire of the Jews' Quarter. It is vaulted and divided into two aisles. Here the dust of ages is undisturbed, and the light which cuts in through the narrow Gothic windows seems to render the gloom of the interior visible. As it is the custom of the Jews to burn lamps and torches for days and nights without intermission, the smoky walls of the dingy building are Rembrandtish to the last degree. The women sit in a gallery running along the north side with narrow, round-headed openings, through which they can see without being seen. The holy books of the Law occupy the place where the altar stands in a church; they are inclosed in a fire-proof cabinet of metal, and consist of double rolls of parchment. The robes and breastplates of the priests—of which I had seen modern copies at the Passion Play at Oberammergau—embroidered with pomegranates and hung with bells, are as curious as they are dingy. A flag stretching across the roof was particularly noticeable. This, I was informed by my *cicerone*, was presented to the Jews by the citizens of Prague as a reward for the bravery exhibited by them during the siege in 1648.

I could not spare time to visit the Bohemian Museum, and I feel a pang as I write at having missed my chance, as the collection of Sláv antiquities is of the highest interest and value. I knew that my work was cut out for me by the Hradschin, a pilgrimage to which I reserved, for a *bonne bouche*.

My coffee and brown bread were disposed of at a very early hour on the morning that I set out to "do" the *Kleinseite*, or small side of the City of Prague. The Kleinseite is the seat of the Bohemian swells, and the magnificent palaces of the houses of Thurn and Taxis, Kolowrat, Lobkowitz, Ledebour, *et id genus omne*, are thick as leaves in far-famed Vallombrosa. The streets are uncomfortably narrow, and penned in by the high walls surrounding the palaces, over which the foliage of venerable and lordly trees stretches until a canopy or leafy tunnel is formed, serving to render the street "in the watches o' the night" dark as Erebus.

The palace of the celebrated Wallenstein, built in 1632, and restored by his collateral descendant, Count Wallenstein, its present owner, is one of the most interesting of these lordly dwelling-houses.

The parts of the building remaining nearly in their original condition are: an upper room, covered with fresco-paintings; a small chapel adjoining; and on the ground-floor a bath, and an open arcade looking into a garden. I was disappointed at the paucity of relics of the great Wallenstein. A very bad portrait in one room, and

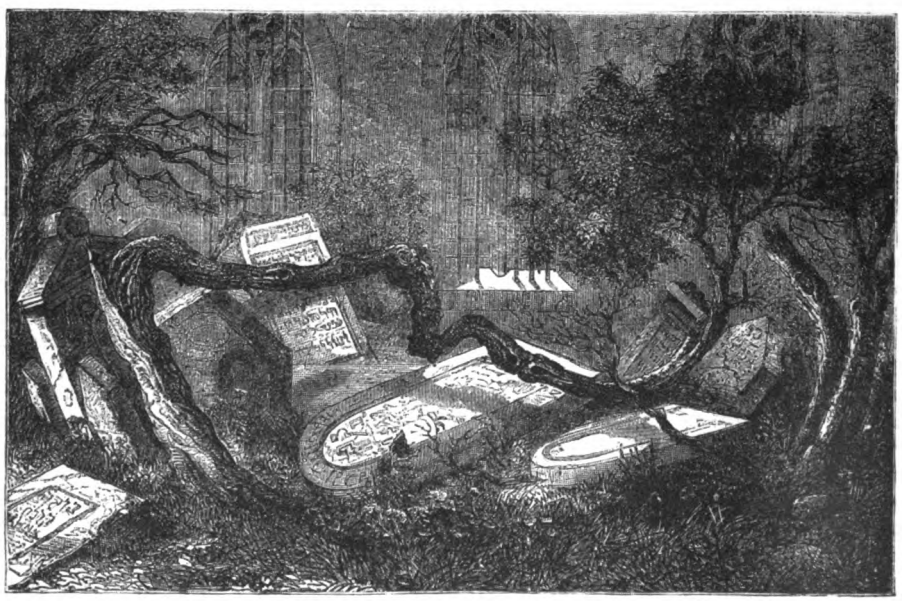
TOMB OF HENDL IN THE ANCIENT JEWISH CEMETERY AT PRAGUE.

the favorite charger which bore him at the battle of Lützen, stuffed, are all that are "on hand."

The history of the former magnificence of the palace is Arabian Nightish. To make room for it, one hundred houses were purchased and pulled down. The most skillful artists of all countries were summoned to decorate it. In the grand hall a fresco painting represented Wallenstein in a car drawn by four horses, crowned with laurel, with a star over his head, as the hero of a Roman triumph. Other apartments were decorated with allegorical subjects, and one circular chamber is still covered with mythological and astrological emblems, most probably from his own designs. It is well known that an Italian astrologer, named Seni, resided in his house; that Wallenstein put the most implicit belief in the science, and paid the greatest respect to his interpretation of the stars. The stables were profusely ornamented with precious marble; three hundred carriage and riding horses stood in them, and the animals were fed out of marble cribs. His daily levee was crowded with anxious visitors. In his ante-chamber six barons and six knights were in constant attendance, while his bodyguard, consisting of fifty armed soldiers, stood in the outer room, all dressed in his own uniform. Six sentinels continually patrolled outside of the building, to prevent any noise or tumult reaching his ears, for he had the greatest dislike to any disturbance. Sixty pages of noble families were educated in his house to wait upon him, and parents of rank contended for the honor of sending their children to him. When he went from home fifty carriages conveyed himself and his suite; fifty wagons carried his baggage, furniture and cooking apparatus; followed by fifty of the finest led horses. His fortune was enormous, his revenues exceeding six millions of dollars per annum; and yet, he was often, during wars, at a loss for a few thousand florins.

I also paid a flying visit to the palace of Count Nostitz, which contains a library of eight thousand volumes, including one MS. in the handwriting of Copernicus, while the picture-gallery boasts two hundred and ninety-one paintings, including a Christ by Albrecht Dürer, dated 1520; St. Bruno, by Van Dyke, and portraits by Holbein, Rembrandt and Rubens.

The palace of Prince Thurn and Taxis is a most magnificent building, the *façade* being in carved stone of quaint and curious design, and of the most imposing massiveness. The bronze gates of state open into a square court-yard, where I beheld a breed of Bohemian bloodhound somewhat resembling that of the celebrated Irish wolf-dog. The grand staircase, of white marble, of great width, and lined with priceless bronzes and effigies in armor, leads to a long gallery paneled and containing medallion busts of the lovelier daughters of the great house. Space will not permit of my describing the banquet-hall, with its succession of grim portraits and its suits of quaint armor; the library, full of precious tomes; the blue, gray, yellow and red reception rooms, a veritable dazzle of treasures and gilding and sheeny brocade, and rare *bric-à-brac;* the Japanese room, and other apartments shown me by grace especial. The palace possesses the double attraction of antiquity and of the most modern improvements, as witness an electric bell at the mailed elbow of a knight armed *cap-à-pie* in steel, while the gorgeousness of the surroundings proclaims the almost fabulous wealth of this great house. The Summer palace is situa-



TOMBS UPROOTED BY TREES IN THE ANCIENT CEMETERY, AND WINDOW OF THE PINKAS SYNAGOGUE.

THE GROSSE RING, PRAGUE, WITH A VIEW OF THE TEYN CHURCH.

ted at Laucin, about twenty miles from the capital, and is equally palatial in its appointments and surroundings.

I did not climb the Laurenziberg, and as a consequence lost a visit to the Monastery of Strahow, with its renowned library, with its curious portrait of Ziska, the blind leader of the Hussites, known as the Bohemian Samson; the

tomb of Saint Norbert, the founder of the Order of "White Canons"; and the grave of Count Pappenheim, the imperial general killed at Lützen, and direct ancestor of the Count Pappenheim at whose residence at the Monastery at Ettal I was so graciously entertained during my visit to Oberammergau of last year. I also missed the view from the Gloriette in Count Schönbrunn's gardens, which, I am told, lays Prague right at the visitor's feet.

As I have already stated, I took a "day off" for the celebrated Hradschin, and what I saw there I am now about to chronicle.

The Hradschin—Hrad, in Bohemian, means a castle—the palace of Bohemian kings and emperors for centuries, is a vast and prominent pile, more imposing from its extent and position than from the beauty of its architecture, and there are 198 steps—how I panted and puffed as I got well into the second hundred!—to ascend to it from the town. It is larger than the palace at Vienna—of which the beautiful, hard-riding Empress Elizabeth is so heartily fond—and contains no less than four hundred and forty apartments. The front building was begun by Ferdinand I., in 1541, on the site of an earlier edifice devoured by flame. Mathias I. erected the greater portion, and Maria Theresa completed it in 1775. A part of the building was occupied, in 1831, by Charles X. of France, and the ex-Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, who abdicated in 1848, resided here till 1875, when the grim sergeant Death, who respects neither king nor peasant, arrested him.

The Hradschin was originally built by Charles V., in 1353. Of this age there are three picturesque and Gothic-looking towers, the last remaining of twenty-two, which have been destroyed by war, fire, and the steel-cold hand of Time. Those known by the name of the Black, or angular tower, and White, or round tower, served as a state prison. The luxury of being confined in these towers was reserved for "swells" only, who were often condescendingly shuffled off this mortal coil without the somewhat necessary preliminary of a trial by jury, having first been treated to a turn on the rack, and other such aristocratic luxuries. Close to the White Tower is another, Daliborka, which still remains in a perfect condition, and affords to the dullest comprehension a pretty lively notion of the horrors of a prison of the Middle Ages. I must confess to a mental shiver as I inspected the low and vaulted chambers, never, not even "hardly ever," penetrated by the rays of the sun, the grim furniture consisting of bolts and bars and iron rings. In the floor of the entrance-room is an iron trap-door, with a pulley and rope attached to the roof above it. This proved to be but the ante-chamber to a lower dungeon, thirty-two yards deep, down into whose depths the criminal, destined never again to see the sun, was slowly lowered, the executioners taking a hellish pleasure in prolonging the ill-fated wretch's unendurable fire of torture. I experienced some difficulty in obtaining access to this chamber, and only I had a friend at Court who possessed the right ear of the Burggrafenaint, it would have remained a sealed book to me.

It was with a sigh of relief that I quitted it to turn into the Huldigungssaal. This magnificent Gothic apartment was built by King Ladislaus, in 1522, and here in former times were held those tournaments in which the Bohemian knights proved themselves so skillful on horse and on foot with lance and with sword. The nobles swear allegiance to their sovereign after his coronation in the Huldigungssaal, and the ceremony, I am told, is one which brings us back to the Middle Ages as if by the blast of a magic horn. The Landtag use the hall now for their semi-monthly meetings.

On a narrow terrace under the palace-walls, toward which I directed my gaze, my cicerone pointed out two small white obelisks. These mark where two unpopular members of the imperial government, with their creature and secretary, fell from a height of nearly eighty feet, when thrown out of a window of the apartment in which I was then standing, by the armed nobles on the 23d of May, 1618. The tyrannical and intolerant edicts which they had drawn up and issued in the Emperor's name against the Bohemian Protestants gave rise to this act of rapid transit. The gentlemen who caused the ejection excused themselves by saying it was a Bohemian custom thus to treat intrusive enemies. They felt considerably aggrieved that the gentry thus expelled were not killed. The preservation of the imperial counselors was attributed to their being received on a dunghill, which very opportunely lay in the way to break their fall. The secretary, who came from the window last, begged pardon of his superiors for having incommoded them by falling on them, and he lived to be raised to the peerage under the resounding title of Graf von Hohenfall.

This foolish and murderous deed of the nobles was the first act of violence in the great struggle of thirty years, and the war which ended in 1648 with the unsuccessful siege of Prague was begun, in 1618, on the spot of ground still marked out by these obelisks. On another portion of the terrace is an equestrian statue of St. George, dated 1373.

The Cathedral of St. Veit stands within the inclosure of the Hradschin, and was all boarded and scaffolded, as it is undergoing restoration and completion. This church was commenced in 1344, in the reign of John of Luxemburg, by Matthias of Arras, and continued during the reign of Charles IV. The only portions completed were the choir and one of the towers. This tower was five hundred and six feet high, consequently the highest in Europe, but was restored to its present height—three hundred and fourteen feet—after a great fire in 1541. The view from this tower is superb, and fain would I have spent hours gazing at the wondrous panorama unfolded to my view, but that time nudged me to be stirring.

The Cathedral, though rich in Gothic ornament, is not satisfying to the eye. Of course this is accounted for by its being left incomplete, and by its sufferings through the Hussite ravages. In 1757, too, during the Seven Years' War, Frederick the Great bombarded it, when 215 balls passed through the roof dome, while more than 1,500 battered their way into the church during the siege. Maria Theresa partially restored it; but it bears a damaged and crestfallen appearance. The interior is a perfect museum of curiosities. There are three aisles, of equal height, 105 feet. In the centre, close to the western door, is the mausoleum, in white marble, erected by Rudolph II. in 1589, as a monument to himself and other Kings of Bohemia, and princely persons who lie interred in the vault below it, among whom we may mention—as newspaper correspondents say—Kings Wenceslas IV., 1419, and George Podiebrad, 1458; Emperors Charles IV., 1378; Ladislaus Posthumous, 1458; Ferdinand I., 1564; Maximilian II., 1577; Rudolph II., 1612; Archduchess Maria Amelia, 1804. The effigies in the mausoleum, and the carvings, are a mine of treasure to those who, like Mr. De Ponsonby Smithe, "go in for that sort of thing, you know." There are ten other monuments in a side-chapel opposite to the altar of St. John of Nepomuk, remarkable as works of art, and of the date 1558. On the north side of the church, against a pillar, hangs a head of Christ brought by the Emperor Charles IV. from Italy. It is a wondrous specimen of Byzantine art. A series of representations of the City of Prague in the 17th century, engraved in wood, and which

stand near to this head of Christ, are singularly quaint and interesting.

The Emperors of Austria are crowned Kings of Bohemia in front of a high altar; the crown, sceptre and globe forming the Bohemian regalia, are kept in the crown room, above the St. Wenzel Chapel. At the back of the high altar, in the Sternberg Chapel, King Ottocar, who was killed in battle fighting against Rudolph of Hapsburg, is buried. The walls of this and numerous other chapels are hung with oil paintings, all sadly defaced, some of them in the last stages of decay. Can nothing be done for them? A few of the florins flung away on horses and grooms by the beautiful Empress would do something toward preserving these master pages of the history of a nation. I noticed one of the cannon-balls which fell into the church during its bombardment by Frederick, hung up on high and clothed in a frock of cobwebs. I was shown a candelabrum in the Chapel of St. Anne, the foot of which is said to have come from Solomon's Temple, and to have been brought to Prague from Milan to King Wladislaw, in 1162. The upper part bears date 1641.

And now I come to the chapel and shrine of St. John of Nepomuk.

This is one of the most richly gifted shrines in the wide world. Its accumulation of solid silver service, more valuable than beautiful of workmanship, is of enormous value. The entire weight of the precious metal expended on the shrine is estimated at thirty-seven hundred weight. The body of the saint is contained in a crystal coffin, inclosed in one of silver, and borne aloft by angels nearly as large as life, also of silver. The candelabra which stand around, the incense-burning lamps which hang above, are all of the same metal; and four angels having the appearance of flying in the air are said alone to contain nine thousand and ten marks of silver. These decorations were principally executed about the year 1736, by the silversmith Wirth, of Vienna; but these are only a small part of the wealth showered upon the saint in votive tablets, plate, etc., of all kinds. Before the coffin are four bass-reliefs, representing the story of his life and death; in one he is seen undergoing torture in the Hradschin, to make him disclose the Queen's confession. This bass-relief is relieved from much of its horror by its grotesqueness. I missed seeing the tongue of the saint, which is said to remain to this day as perfect as when it was cut out of his head. It is inclosed in a case in the wall above the altar of St. Wenzel's Chapel, and is regarded by the faithful as a most precious relic. St. Veit has a tomb and a statue near the shrine of the Patron of Bridges.

St. Wenzel (Wenceslas) is the patron saint of Bohemia, and the chapel dedicated to him is a very marvel. Its walls are inlaid with Bohemian amethysts, jaspers and chrysoprase, which serve as borders to a series of remarkable ancient fresco paintings, executed by order of the Emperor Charles IV., in 1347. Those in the lower room represent scenes from the life of our Lord, well painted and curious specimens of the Bohemian school of paintings of the fourteenth century; unhappily, however, they are rapidly fading away, being scarcely distinguishable. The upper paintings, representing the legend of St. Wenzel, are of a later date, and dauby. In this gorgeously decorated sanctuary repose the remains of the saint, together with his armor and sword. His statue, which stands under a shrine, is said to have been cast from the first cannon taken from John Ziska. The brass ring in the door is reverently pointed out, as it is asserted that the saint clung fast to it when he was murdered by his brother, Boleslav, in 936, in the Church of Alt-Bunzlau.

On the outside of the church, upon the south wall, is a mosaic, supposed to have existed in 1371, representing Christ in glory, surrounded by angels, with the six patron saints of Bohemia below, and the Emperor Charles IV. and his wife. This is interesting not only as a specimen of art, but as, perhaps, the only specimen of mosaic used as an exterior decoration to be found north of the Alps.

In the Schatzkammer of the Dom is a quantity of church-plate of immense value, and no less than 368 sets of vestments, a very museum of antique embroidery. One set was worked by the hands of Maria Theresa, another is made out of her bridal dress, a third out of the wedding robe of a Countess of Czernin. One of the most remarkable sets, if not *the* most, is a linen robe, embroidered with flowers and figures by the hands of the Bohemian Queen Anne of the fourteenth century, the last scion of the royal line of Przemsyl. Here, also, are a number of religious relics used at the coronation of the Bohemian Kings. Amongst these are portions of the bones of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the handkerchief of the Virgin Mary, a piece of the true cross, inclosing a bit of the sponge which was placed on a hyssop, two thorns of the crown of thorns, and one of the palm branches strewed in the way of our Lord as he entered Jerusalem.

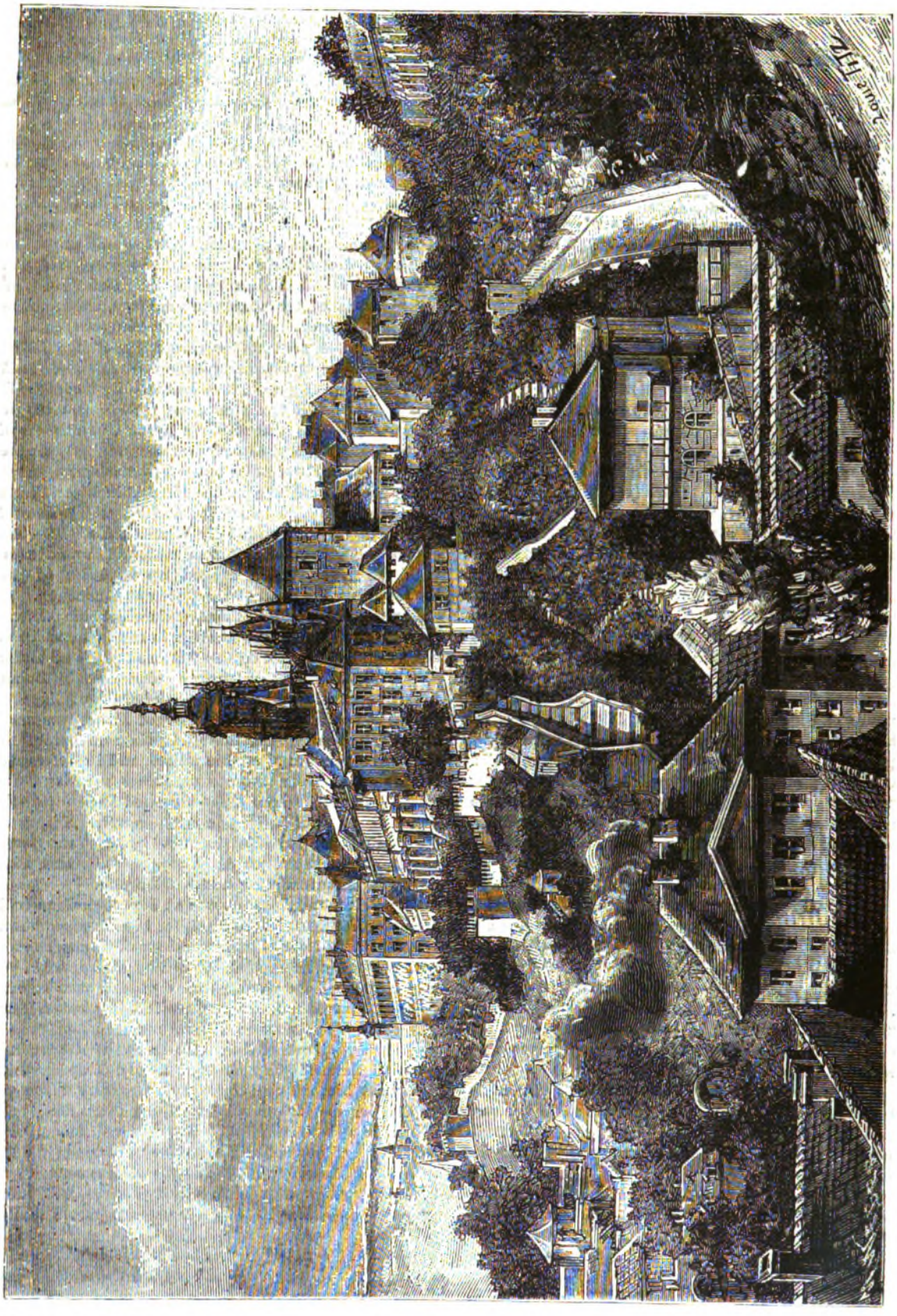
The oldest building in the Hradschin is the Church of St. George, with its two brick towers, which dates from 920, having been founded by Wradislaus I. The Abbess of the adjoining convent was endowed by Charles IV. with the right, which existed up to 1782, of placing the crown on the head of the Queen at coronation.

I quitted this wonderful Hradschin with feelings of intense regret, for it is a place wherein to ruminate, and to fling one's mind's eye back on the "stained pages of history."

Near the Hradschin are many palaces of the Bohemian nobility, notably those of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of Prince Schwarzenberg, the latter of Mauresque architecture. The once vast and splendid palace of Count Czernin, with its colonnades of marble pillars, and its internal decorations of marbles, sculptures, fresco paintings, etc., is now a barracks, where tight-breeched Bohemian soldiers move about as if attired in thin drawers. Opposite the Czernin palace, and adjoining the Capuchin monastery, is the Lorette Chapel, an exact copy, within and without, of the famous wandering house of Loretto.

The Belvedere, close by, was an Italian pavilion built by Emperor Ferdinand I. in 1536, for his Empress Anne. It is erroneously called the observatory of Tycho Brahe, that eminent astronomer, who, invited by Rudolph II., one of the most distinguished patrons of art and science in Europe, to settle in Prague, resided in a house near the Lorette Chapel, now no longer remaining. There is in existence a petition of Tycho Brahe to the Emperor, complaining that the Capuchins of the adjoining monastery disturbed him in the night by constantly tolling their bells. In consequence of this the Emperor gave the monks to understand that it would be well to stop ringing before the stars rose, and—they stopped ringing. It was in a house close by that the Danish astronomer, enjoying a snug pension of one thousand florins, with Kepler, prepared the tables called after their patron, Tabulæ Rudolphinæ.

I spent an evening on the bastions which surround the Kleinseite, and which have been transformed into walks. From the Bruska Bastion, built on a high promontory stretching out into the Moldau, is the finest view of Prague. The two islands in the Moldau above the bridge are favorite Summer resorts. The Sophien-Insel, above the chain bridge, is frequented by the higher classes. The ballroom is superb. The isle called the Gross-Venedig



CASTLE OF HRADSCHIN, PRAGUE.

is thronged on Sunday by the lower classes, and here I witnessed several of the national dances, as they have dancing saloons like those of Vienna.

It was but a flying glimpse I took of the capital of Bohemia, but its quaintness and its picturesqueness remain imprinted on my mental vision in bright and, I trust, lasting colors; and, true Bohemian that I am, I long to see it again.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

By Leslie Stephen.

Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield in 1709. His father, Michael, was a bookseller, highly respected by the cathedral clergy, and for a time sufficiently prosperous to be a magistrate, and, in the year of his son's birth, sheriff of the county. He opened a bookstall on market-days at neighboring towns, including Birmingham, as yet unable to maintain a separate bookseller. Michael Johnson was a High Churchman and Tory. He was a man of considerable mental and physical power, but tormented by hypochondria. His son inherited both his constitution and his principles. Long afterward Samuel associated with his childish days a faint but solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds and long black hood. The lady was Queen Anne, to whom, in compliance with a superstition just dying a natural death, he had been taken by his mother to be touched for the king's evil.

PORTRAIT OF DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The disease had scarred and disfigured features otherwise regular and always impressive. It had seriously injured his eyes. He could not, it is said, distinguish a friend's face half a yard off, and pictures were to him meaningless patches. The statement is, perhaps, exaggerated; for he expressed some annoyance when Reynolds had painted him with a pen held close to his eye, and protested that he would not be handed down to posterity as "blinking Sam." It seemed that minute attention atoned in some degree for this natural defect. Boswell tells us how Johnson once corrected him as to the precise shape of a mountain; and Mrs. Thrale says that he was a close and exacting critic of ladies' dress. He reproved her for wearing a dark dress as unsuitable to a "little creature." "What," he asked, "have not all insects gay colors?" His insensibility to music was even more pronounced than his dullness of sight. On hearing, in praise of a musical performance, that it was in any case difficult, his feeling comment was, "I wish it had been impossible!"

His queer convulsions were probably connected with his disease, though he ascribed them simply to habit. When entering a doorway he would suddenly "whirl and twist about." He would stop in a street or the middle of a room to go through this correctly. Once he collected a laughing mob in Twickenham meadows by his antics; his hands imitating the motions of a jockey riding at full speed, and his feet twisting in and out to make his heels and toes touch alternately. He presently sat down and took out a *Grotius De Veritate*, over which he "see-sawed" so violently that the mob ran back to see what was the matter. Once in such a fit he suddenly twisted off the shoe of a lady who sat by him. Sometimes he seemed to be obeying some hidden impulse, which commanded him to touch every post in a street or tread on the centre of every paving-stone, and would return if his task had not been accurately performed.

In spite of such oddities, he was not only possessed of physical power corresponding to his great height and massive stature, but was proficient at athletic exercises. He was conversant with the theory, at least, of boxing; a knowledge probably acquired from an uncle who was never beaten in boxing or wrestling. His constitutional fearlessness would have made him a formidable antagonist.

Once he is said to have taken up a chair at the theatre upon which a man had seated himself during his temporary absence, and to have tossed it and its occupant bodily into the pit. He would swim into dangerous pools, beat huge dogs into peace, climb trees, and even run races and jump gates.

In such a strange case was imprisoned one of the most vigorous intellects of the time. Vast strength hampered by clumsiness and associated with grievous disease, deep and massive powers of feeling limited by narrow though acute perceptions, were characteristic both of soul and body. These peculiarities were manifested from infancy.

As a boy he was regarded as something of an infant prodigy. His great powers of memory, characteristic of a mind singularly retentive of all impressions, were early developed. He seemed to learn by intuition. Indolence, as in his after life, alternated with brief efforts of strenuous exertion. His want of sight prevented him from sharing in the ordinary childish sports; and one of his great pleasures was in reading old romances—a taste which he retained through life. Boys of this temperament are generally despised by their fellows; but Johnson seems to have had the power of enforcing respect. Three of the lads used to come for him in the morning and carry him in triumph to school, seated upon the shoulders of one and supported on each side by his companions.

After learning to read at a dame-school, and from a certain Tom Brown, of whom it is only recorded that he published a spelling-book and dedicated it to the Universe, young Samuel was sent to the Lichfield Grammar School, and was afterward pupil-teacher at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire. A good deal of Latin was "whipped into him," and though he complained of the excessive severity of two of his teachers, he was always a believer in the virtues of the rod.

Johnson left school at sixteen and spent two years at home, probably in learning his father's business. This seems to have been the chief period of his studies. Long afterward he said that he knew almost as much at eighteen as he did at the age of fifty-three. His father's shop would give him many opportunities, and he devoured what came in his way with undiscriminating eagerness. His intellectual resembled his physical appetite. He gorged books, but did not study systematically. His memory enabled him to accumulate great stores of knowledge. Somehow he became a fine Latin scholar, though never first-rate as a Grecian. The direction of his studies was partly determined by the discovery of a folio of Petrarch, lying on a shelf where he was looking for apples; and one of his earliest literary plans was an edition of Politian, with a history of Latin poetry from the time of Petrarch. When he went to the university he was in possession of a very unusual amount of reading.

Meanwhile he was beginning to feel the pressure of poverty. His father's affairs were in disorder. Many years afterward Johnson, worn by disease and the hard struggle of life, was staying at Lichfield. He was missed one morning at breakfast, and did not return till supper-time. Then he told how his time had been passed. On that day fifty years before, his father, confined by illness, had begged him to take his place to sell books at a stall at Uttoxeter. Pride made him refuse. "To do away with the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a post-chaise to Uttoxeter, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers-by and the inclemency of the weather; a penance by which I trust I have propitiated Heaven for this only instance, I believe, of contumacy to my father." The anecdote reveals, too, that sacred depth of tenderness which ennobled his character.

He began residence at Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1728. It seems probable that he received some assistance from a gentleman whose son took him as companion. It is certain that he left without taking a degree, though he probably resided for nearly three years. His father's bankruptcy made the period one of trial.

At Oxford, Law's *Serious Call* gave him the strong religious impressions which remained through life. When told in after years that he had been described as a "gay and frolicsome fellow," he replied, "Ah, sir, I was mad and violent. It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and my wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority." Johnson was distinguished through life by the strongest personal independence.

Three of the most eminent men with whom Johnson came in contact in later life, Wesley, Adam Smith, and Gibbon, had also been students at Oxford. Johnson cherished his college friendships, delighted in paying visits to his old university, and was deeply touched by the academical honors which Oxford bestowed.

On leaving the University, in 1731, the world was all before him. His father died, and his whole inheritance was twenty pounds.

Accordingly, the young scholar tried to coin his brains into money by becoming an usher in a school. By one schoolmaster he was rejected on the ground that his infirmities would excite ridicule. Under another he passed some months of "complicated misery," and could never think of the school without horror. Finding this intolerable, he settled in Birmingham, in 1733, to be near an old schoolfellow, named Hector. Some small literary work came in his way. He contributed essays to a local paper, and translated a book of "Travels in Abyssinia." For this, his first publication, he received five guineas. In 1734 he made overtures to Cave, a London publisher.

Having no money and no prospects, Johnson naturally married. The lady was the widow of a Birmingham mercer named Porter. Her age at the time (1735) of the second marriage was forty-six, the bridegroom being not quite twenty-six. We have little in the way of authentic description of her person and character. Garrick said that she was very fat, with cheeks colored both by paint and cordials, flimsy and fantastic in dress, and affected in her manners.

On the wedding-day, as the newly-married couple rode back from church, Mrs. Johnson showed her spirit by reproaching her husband for riding too fast, and then for lagging behind. Resolved "not to be made the slave of caprice," he pushed on briskly till he was fairly out of sight. When she rejoined him, as he, of course, took care that she should soon do, she was in tears. But Johnson loved her devotedly during life, and clung fondly to her memory during a widowhood of more than thirty years.

Mrs. Johnson seems to have been a woman of some literary judgment. Johnson's grotesque appearance did not prevent her from saying to her daughter on their first introduction, "This is the most sensible man I ever met." Her praises were, we may believe, sweeter to him than those of the severest critics, or the most fervent of flatterers. Nothing affected his fidelity to his Tetty, or displaced her image in his mind. He remembered her in many solemn prayers, and such words as "this was dear Tetty's book"; or, "this was a prayer which dear Tetty was accustomed to say," were found written by him in many of her books of devotion.

Mrs. Johnson had one other recommendation—a fortune, namely, of £800—little enough, even then, as a provision for the support of the married pair, but enough to help Johnson to make a fresh start. In 1736, there appeared an advertisement in the "Gentleman's Magazine":

"At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages by Samuel Johnson."

Very few pupils came, and they seem to have profited little. The school, or "academy," failed after a year and a half, and Johnson left Lichfield to seek his fortune in London. Garrick accompanied him, and the two brought a common letter of introduction to the master of an academy from Gilbert Walmsley, registrar of the Prerogative Court in Lichfield.

Johnson was not the first professional author, in this sense, but perhaps the first man who made the profession respectable. The principal habitat of authors, in his age, was Grub Street.

Johnson could have but a slender prospect of rising above the ordinary level of his companions and rivals. One publisher suggested to him that it would be his wisest course to buy a porter's knot and carry trunks; and Johnson must sometimes have been tempted to regret that the advice was not taken. He long afterward burst into tears on recalling the trials of this period.

What we know is derived from a few letters and incidental references of Johnson in later days. On first arriving in London he was almost destitute, and had to join with Garrick in raising a loan. He dined for eightpence at an ordinary—a cut of meat for sixpence, bread for a penny, and a penny to the waiter, making out the charge. One of his acquaintance had told him that a man might live in London for thirty pounds a year.

Johnson, however, had a wife to support; and to raise funds for even an ascetic mode of existence required steady labor. Often, it seems, his purse was at very lowest ebb. One of his letters to his employer is signed *impransus*, whether the dinnerless condition was in this case accidental, or significant of absolute impecuniosity.

To the end of his life, Johnson was grateful to those who had lent him a helping hand. "Harry Hervey," he said of one of them, "was a vicious man, but very kind to me. If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him." Pope, impressed by the excellence of his first poem, "London," induced Lord Gower to write to a friend to beg Swift to obtain a degree for Johnson from the University of Dublin. The object of the degree was to qualify Johnson for a mastership of £60 a year, which would make him happy for life. The application failed, however, and the want of a degree was equally fatal to an application to be admitted to practice at Doctor's Commons.

Literature was thus perforce Johnson's sole support; and by literature was meant drudgery. His letter to Cave seems to have led to employment. From 1738 he was employed both on the *Gentleman's Magazine* and in some jobs of translation.

Once incident of the period doubtless refreshed the soul of many authors. Johnson was employed by Osborne, a rough specimen, to make a catalogue of the Harleian Library. Osborne offensively reproved him for negligence, and Johnson knocked him down with a folio. The book with which the feat was performed ("Biblia Græca Septuaginta," fol. 1594, Frankfort) was in existence in a bookseller's shop at Cambridge in 1812, and should surely have been placed in some safe author's museum.

Johnson was one of the first of reporters. Cave published such reports of the debates in Parliament as were then allowed, under the title of "The Senate of Lilliput." Johnson was the author of the debates from November, 1740 to February, 1742. Persons employed to attend the Houses brought home notes of the speeches, which were then put into shape by Johnson.

The most remarkable of his Grub Street companions was Richard Savage. Johnson's life of him, written soon after his death and published in 1744, is one of the most forcible performances, and the best extant illustration of the life of the struggling authors of the time.

There is something quaint about this picture of a thorough-paced scamp, admiringly painted by a virtuous man; forced, in spite of himself, to make it a likeness, and striving in vain to make it attractive.

Meanwhile he published a poem which did something to give him a general reputation. "London"—an imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal—was published in May, 1738. This poem attracted Pope's notice. It reached a second edition in a week, and attracted various patrons, among others the founder of Georgia, General Oglethorpe.

Ten years later (in January, 1749), appeared the "Vanity of Human Wishes," an imitation of the "Tenth Satire of Juvenal." It was written at a white heat, as indeed Johnson wrote all his best works. Its strong Stoical morality, its profound and melancholy illustrations of the old and ever new sentiment, *Vanitas Vanitatum*, make it, perhaps, most impressive.

For "London" Johnson received ten guineas, and for the "Vanity of Human Wishes" fifteen. Though indirectly valuable as increasing his reputation, such work was not very profitable. Garrick, who had become manager of Drury Lane, produced his friend's work, the tragedy of "Irene," in 1749. The play was carried through nine nights by Garrick's friendly zeal, so that the author had his three nights' profits. For this he received £195 17s., and for the copy he had £100. "Irene" was, on the whole, a failure, and has never, I imagine, made another appearance. When asked how he felt upon his ill-success, he replied "like the monument." He made it a principle to accept the decision of the public without a murmur.

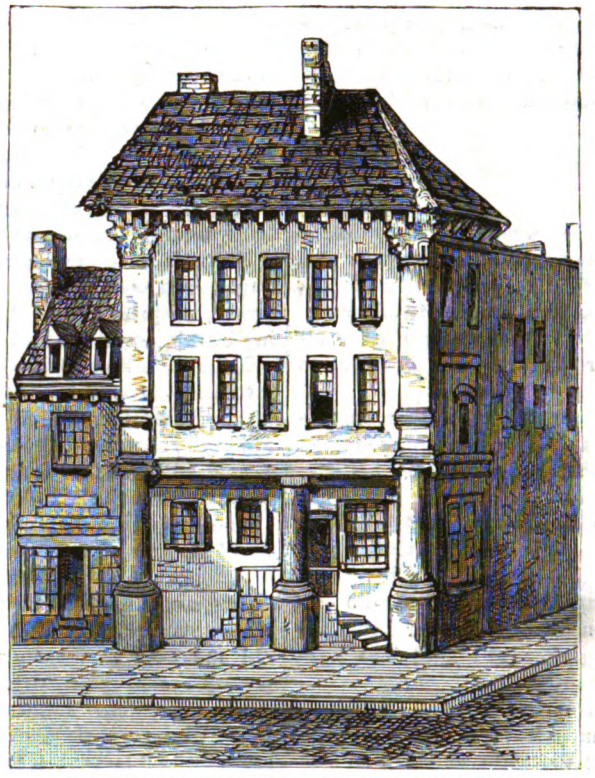
Meanwhile, Johnson was already embarked upon an undertaking of a very different kind. In 1747 he had put forth a plan for an English Dictionary, addressed, at the suggestion of Dodsley, to Lord Chesterfield, the great contemporary Mæcenas. Johnson had apparently been maturing the scheme for some time.

A dictionary, as Johnson conceived it, was in fact work for a "harmless drudge," the definition of a lexicographer given in the book itself. Etymology in a scientific sense was as yet non-existent, and Johnson was not in this respect ahead of his contemporaries.

Johnson had now on hand the biggest job that could be well undertaken by a good workman in his humble craft. He was to receive fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds for the whole, and he expected to finish it in three years. The money, it is to be observed, was to satisfy not only Johnson, but several copyists. It was advanced by instalments, and came to an end before the conclusion of the book. Indeed, when accounts were settled, he had received a hundred pounds more than was due. He could, however, pay his way for the time, and would gain a reputation enough to insure work in future. He was not yet elevated above the need of drudgery and economy, but he might at least be free from the dread of neglect. He could command his market—such as it was. His name was beginning to be known, and men of reputation were seeking his acquaintance. In the Winter of 1749 he formed a club, which met weekly at a "famous beef-steak house" in Ivy Lane. Among its members were Hawkins, afterward his

biographer, Bathurst, a physician, and Hawkesworth, an author. The Club gave Johnson an opportunity of displaying and improving his great conversational powers. He was already dreaded for his prowess in argument, his dictatorial manners and vivid flashes of wit and humor, the more effective from his habitual gloom.

The talk of this society probably suggested topics for the *Rambler*, which spread Johnson's fame beyond the literary circles of London. The wit and humor have, indeed, left few traces upon its ponderous pages, for the *Rambler* marks the culminating period of Johnson's worst style. Such literature, however, is often strangely popular, and the *Rambler* gave Johnson his position as a great practical moralist.



HOUSE AT LICHFIELD IN WHICH JOHNSON WAS BORN.

The *Rambler* was published twice a week from March 20th, 1750, to March 17th, 1752. The circulation rarely exceeded 500. The payment, two guineas a number, must have been welcome, and the friendship of many distinguished men of the time was a still more valuable reward.

Dearer than all other praise was the approval of Johnson's wife. She told him that, well as she had thought of him before, she had not considered him equal to such a performance. The voice that so charmed him was soon to be silenced. Mrs. Johnson died (March 17th, 1752) three days after the appearance of the last *Rambler*. Johnson's strong mind and tender nature reeled under the blow.

Long afterward he wrote:

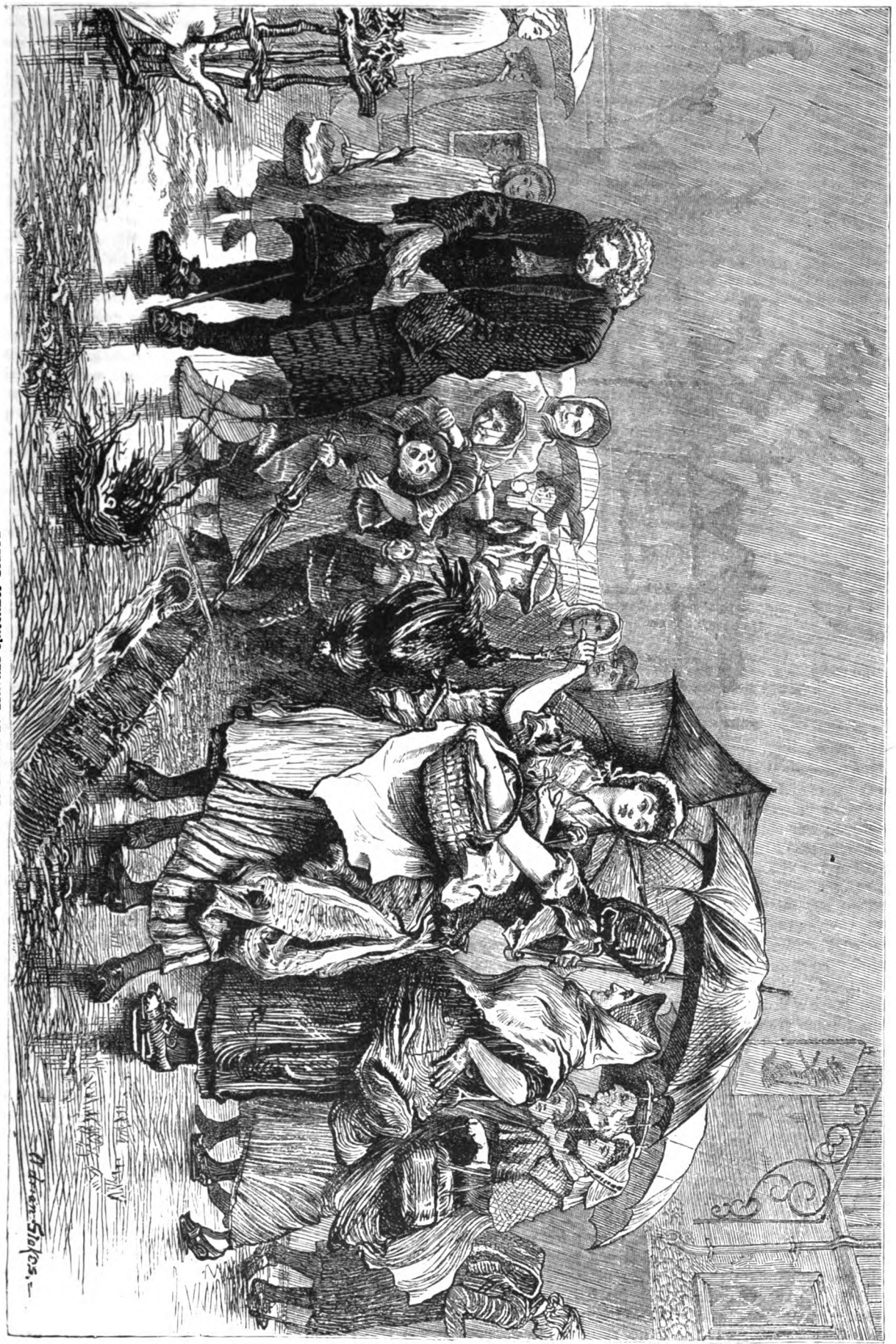
"This is the day on which, in 1752, dear Tetty died. I have now uttered a prayer of repentance and contrition; perhaps Tetty knows that I prayed for her. Perhaps Tetty is now praying for me. God help me. Thou, God, art merciful, hear my prayers and enable me to trust in Thee.

"We were married almost seventeen years, and have now been parted thirty."

It seems half profane, even at this distance of time, to pry into grief so deep and so lasting. Johnson turned for relief to that which all sufferers know to be the only remedy for sorrow—hard labor. He helped his friend Hawkesworth in the *Adventurer*; but his main work was the "Dictionary." Johnson had dedicated the Plan to Lord Chesterfield.

Men representing two such antithetic types were not likely to admire each other's good qualities. Johnson was naturally annoyed when the dignified noble published two articles in the *World*, in which the need of a dictionary was set forth, and various compliments described Johnson's fitness for a dictatorship over the language. Nothing could be more prettily turned; but it meant, and Johnson took it to mean, I should like to have the Dictionary dedicated to me; such a compliment would enable me to appear to the world as a patron of literature as well as an authority upon manners. Johnson therefore

JOHNSON TOUCHED BY QUEEN ANNE FOR THE KING'S EVIL.



DOCTOR JOHNSON'S PENANCE AT UTTOXETER.

bestowed upon the noble earl a piece of his mind in his letter:

'MY LORD:—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World* that two papers in which my 'Dictionary' is recommended to the public were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself, *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the arts of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms and was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, and one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, should less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord,

"Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

The appearance of the "Dictionary" made Johnson "the great Cham of Literature"—a monarch sitting in the chair previously occupied by his namesake, Ben, by Dryden and by Pope; but since that time vacant. His name was the highest at this time (1755) in the ranks of pure literature.

When the last sheet of the "Dictionary" had been carried to the publisher, Millar, Johnson asked the messenger, "What did he say?" "Sir," said the messenger, "he said, 'Thank God I have done with him.'" "I am glad," replied Johnson, "that he thanks God for anything." Thankfulness for relief from seven years' toil seems to have been Johnson's predominant feeling: and he was not anxious for a time to take any new labors upon his shoulders. Some years passed which have left few traces either upon his personal or his literary history. He contributed a good many reviews in 1756–7 to the "Literary Magazine," one of which, a review of Soame Jenyns, is amongst his best performances. To a weekly paper he contributed for two years, from April, 1758, to April 1760, a set of essays called the "Idler," on the old "Rambler" plan. He did some small literary cobbler's work, receiving a guinea for a prospectus to a newspaper and ten pounds for correcting a volume of poetry. He had advertised, in 1756, a new edition of Shakespeare, which was to appear by Christmas, 1757; but it did not appear for nine years; and then only in consequence of taunts from Churchill.

It seems, however, that he was still frequently in difficulties. When in January, 1759, his mother died at the age of ninety, Johnson was unable to go to Lichfield, and some deeply pathetic letters to her and her stepdaughter, who lived with her, record his emotions. Here is the last sad farewell upon the snapping of the most sacred of human ties.

"DEAR HONORED MOTHER," he says, in a letter inclosed to Lucy Porter, the stepdaughter, "neither your condition nor your character make it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and of all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you His Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Lord Jesus receive your spirit. I am, dear, dear mother, your dutiful son,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

Johnson managed to raise twelve guineas, six of them borrowed from his printer, to send to his dying mother. In order to gain money for her funeral expenses and some small debts, he wrote the story of "Rasselas." It was composed in the evenings of a single week, and sent to press as it was written. He received £100 for this, perhaps the most successful of his minor writings, and £25 for a second edition. It was widely translated and universally admired. "Rasselas" is a book of singular force, and bears the most characteristic impression of Johnson's peculiar temperament.

When George III. came to the throne, it struck some of his advisers that it would be well, as Boswell puts it, to open "a new and brighter prospect to men of literary merit." This commendable design was carried out by offering to Johnson a pension of three hundred a year. The bounty does not strike one as excessively liberal.

The pension suggested some difficulty. Johnson had unluckily spoken of a pension in his "Dictionary" as "generally understood to mean pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country." He was assured, however, that he did not come within the definition; and that the reward was given for what he had done, not for anything he was expected to do. After some hesitation, Johnson consented to accept it.

The Johnson of our knowledge, the most familiar figure to all students of English literary history, had already long passed the prime of life, and done the greatest part of his literary work. His character, in the common phrase, had been "formed" years before. Naturally enough, the fashionable world cared little for the rugged old giant. "The great," said Johnson, "had tried him and given him up; they had seen enough of him"; and his reason was pretty much to the purpose. "Great lords and great ladies don't love to have their mouths stopped."

The truth is, as Boswell explains, that the sage's uncouth habits, such as turning the candles downward to make them burn more brightly, and letting the wax drop upon the carpet, "could not but be disagreeable to a lady."

A hearty despiser of all affectations, he despised especially the affectation of indifference to the pleasures of the table. But his pretensions to exquisite taste are by no means borne out by independent witnesses. "He laughs," said Tom Davies, "like a rhinoceros," and he seems to have eaten like a wolf—savagely, silently, and with undiscriminating fury. He was not a pleasant object during this performance. He was totally absorbed in the business of the moment, a strong perspiration came out, and the veins of his forehead swelled. He liked coarse satisfying dishes—boiled pork and veal-pie stuffed with plums and sugar.

His appetite for more innocent kinds of food was equally excessive. He would eat seven or eight peaches before breakfast, and declared that he had only once in his life had as much wall-fruit as he wished. His consumption of tea was prodigious. "A hardened and shameless tea-drinker," Johnson called himself, who "with tea

amuses the evenings, with tea solaces the midnights, and with tea welcomes the mornings." One of his teapots, preserved by a relic-hunter, contained two quarts, and he professed to have consumed five-and-twenty cups at a sitting.

The huge frame was clad in the raggedest of garments, until his acquaintance with the Thrales led to a partial reform. His wigs were generally burnt in front, from his knack of reading with his head close to the candle; and at the Thrales' the butler stood ready to effect a change of wigs as he passed into the dining-room. Once or twice we have accounts of his bursting into unusual splendor. He appeared at the first representation of "Irene" in a scarlet waistcoat laced with gold; and on one of his first interviews with Goldsmith he took the trouble to array himself decently, because Goldsmith was reported to have justified slovenly habits by the precedent of the leader of his craft. As a rule, Johnson's appearance, before he became a pensioner, was worthy of Grub Street.

Rank of the spiritual kind was especially venerable to him. "I should as soon have thought of contradicting a bishop," was a phrase which marked the highest conceivable degree of deference to a man whom he respected. Nobody, again, could pay more effective compliments, when he pleased; and the many female friends who have written of him agree, that he could be singularly attractive to women.

Johnson, who had long regarded conversation as the chief amusement, came in later years to regard it as almost the chief employment of life; and he had studied the art with the zeal of a man pursuing a favorite hobby. The clubs in which Johnson delighted were excellently adapted to foster his peculiar talent. There a man could "fold his legs and have his talk out"—a pleasure scarcely to be enjoyed now. And there a set of friends meeting regularly, and meeting to talk, learnt to sharpen each other's skill in all dialectic manœuvres. Conversation may be pleasantest, as Johnson admitted, when two friends meet quietly to exchange their minds without any thought of display. But conversation considered as a game, as a bout of intellectual sword-play, has also charms which Johnson intensely appreciated. His talk was full of apposite illustrations and unrivaled in keen argument, rapid flashes of wit and humor, scornful retort and dexterous sophistry. Sometimes he would fell his adversary at a blow; his sword, as Boswell said, would be through your body in an instant without preliminary flourishes; and in the excitement of talking for victory, he would use any device that came to hand.

Johnson's view of conversation is indicated by his remark about Burke. "That fellow," he said at a time of illness, "calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now, it would kill me." Johnson, as he grew older and got into more polished society, became milder; but he had enough of the old spirit left in him to break forth at times with ungovernable fury, and astonish the well-regulated ladies and gentlemen.

His best friends—except, perhaps, Reynolds and Burke—had all to suffer in turn. None of his tiffs ripened into permanent quarrels, and he seems scarcely to have lost a friend.

This is so marked a feature in Johnson's character, that it will be as well at this point to notice some of the friendships from which he derived the greatest part of his happiness. Two of his schoolfellows, Hector and Taylor, remained his intimates through life. Hector survived to give information to Boswell, and Taylor, then a prebendary of Westminster, read the funeral service over his old friend in the Abbey.

Johnson paid frequent visits to Lichfield, to keep up his old friends. And, for the most part, the good people of Lichfield seem to have been proud of their fellow-townsman, and gave him a substantial proof of their sympathy by continuing to him, on favorable terms, the lease of a house originally granted to his father.

By far the most celebrated of Johnson's Lichfield friends was David Garrick.

Richardson seems to have given him substantial help. Hawkesworth's intimacy with Johnson seems to have been chiefly in the period between the "Dictionary" and the pension.

Two younger friends became disciples of the sage soon after the appearance of the *Rambler*—Bennet Langton, a man of good family, fine scholarship, and very amiable character, and Topham Beauclerk, a man of fashion, grandson of the first Duke of St. Alban's. Beauclerk was a man of literary and scientific tastes, and the old moralist entertained for him a peculiar affection. He specially admired Beauclerk's skill in the use of a more polished, if less vigorous, style of conversation than his own. He envied the ease with which Beauclerk brought out his sly, incisive retorts. When Beauclerk was dying, Johnson said, with a faltering voice, that he would walk to the extremity of the diameter of the earth to save him. Beauclerk had put upon a portrait of Johnson the inscription—

> "Ingenium ingens
> Inculto latet hoc sub corpore."

Langton, who bought the portrait, had the inscription removed. "It was kind in you to take it off," said Johnson; and, after a short pause, "not unkind in him to put it on."

Early in their acquaintance, the two young men, Beau and Lanky, as Johnson called them, had sat up one night at a tavern till three in the morning. The courageous thought struck them that they would knock up the old philosopher. He came to the door of his chambers, poker in hand, with an old wig for a nightcap. On hearing their errand, the sage exclaimed: "What! is it you, you dogs? I'll have a frisk with you." And so Johnson, with the two youths, his juniors by about thirty years, proceeded to make a night of it. They amazed the fruiterers in Covent Garden; they brewed a bowl of bishop in a tavern, while Johnson quoted the poet's address to Sleep—

> "Short, O short be then thy reign,
> And give us to the world again!"

They took a boat to Billingsgate, and Johnson, with Beauclerk, kept up their amusement for the following day, when Langton deserted them to go to breakfast with some young ladies, and Johnson scolded him for leaving his friends "to go and sit with a parcel of wretched *unidea'd* girls." "I shall have my old friend to bail out of the round-house," said Garrick, when he heard of this queer alliance; and he told Johnson that he would be in the *Chronicle* for his frolic. "He *durst* not do such a thing. His wife would not let him," was the moralist's retort.

Some friends, known to fame by other titles than their connection with Johnson, had by this time gathered round them. Johnson met Reynolds at the house of Miss Cotterell. He had specially admired Johnson's "Life of Savage," and, on their first meeting, happened to make a remark which delighted Johnson. He went home to sup with Reynolds, and became his intimate friend.

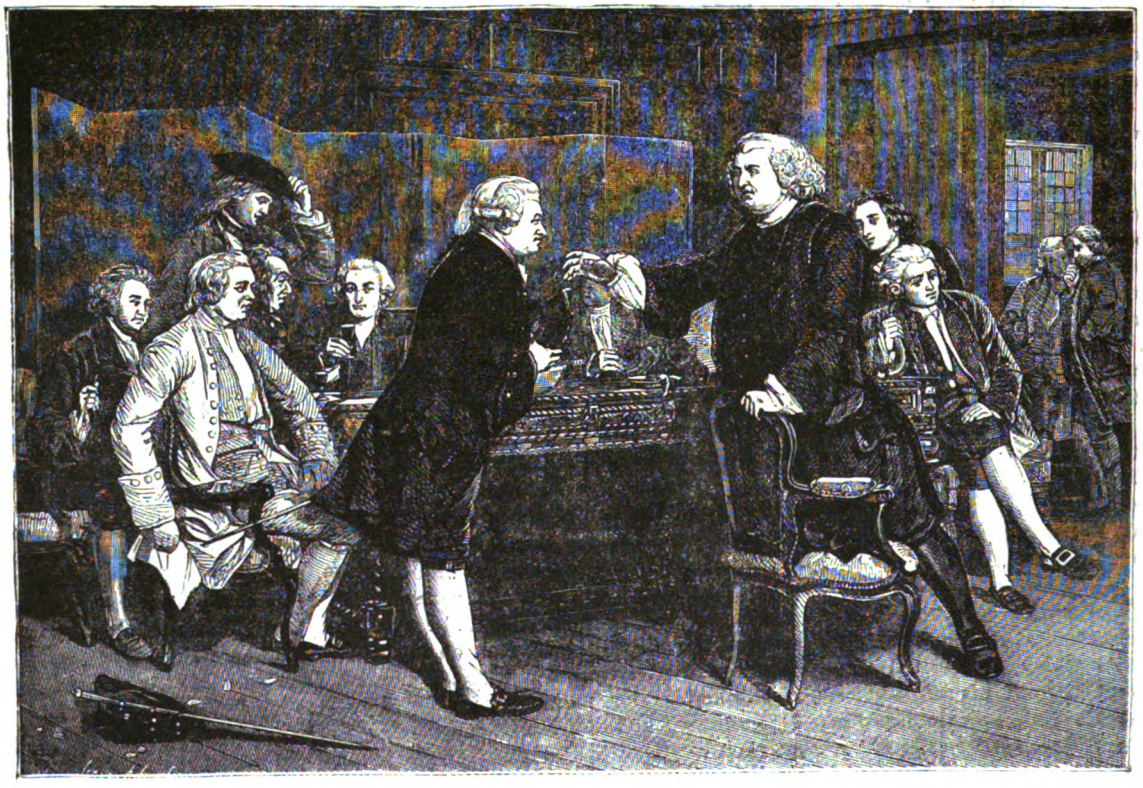
Burke and Goldsmith are to be added to these intimates. Goldsmith made Johnson's acquaintance in or before 1761. Like Johnson, he had tasted the bitterness of an usher's life, and escaped into the scarcely more tolerable

regions of Grub Street. His landlady one day arrested him for debt. Johnson, summoned to his assistance, sent him a guinea and speedily followed. The guinea had already been changed, and Goldsmith was consoling himself with a bottle of Madeira. Johnson corked the bottle, and a discussion of ways and means brought out the manuscript of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Johnson looked into it, took it to a bookseller, got sixty pounds for it, and returned to Goldsmith, who paid his rent and administered a sound rating to his landlady.

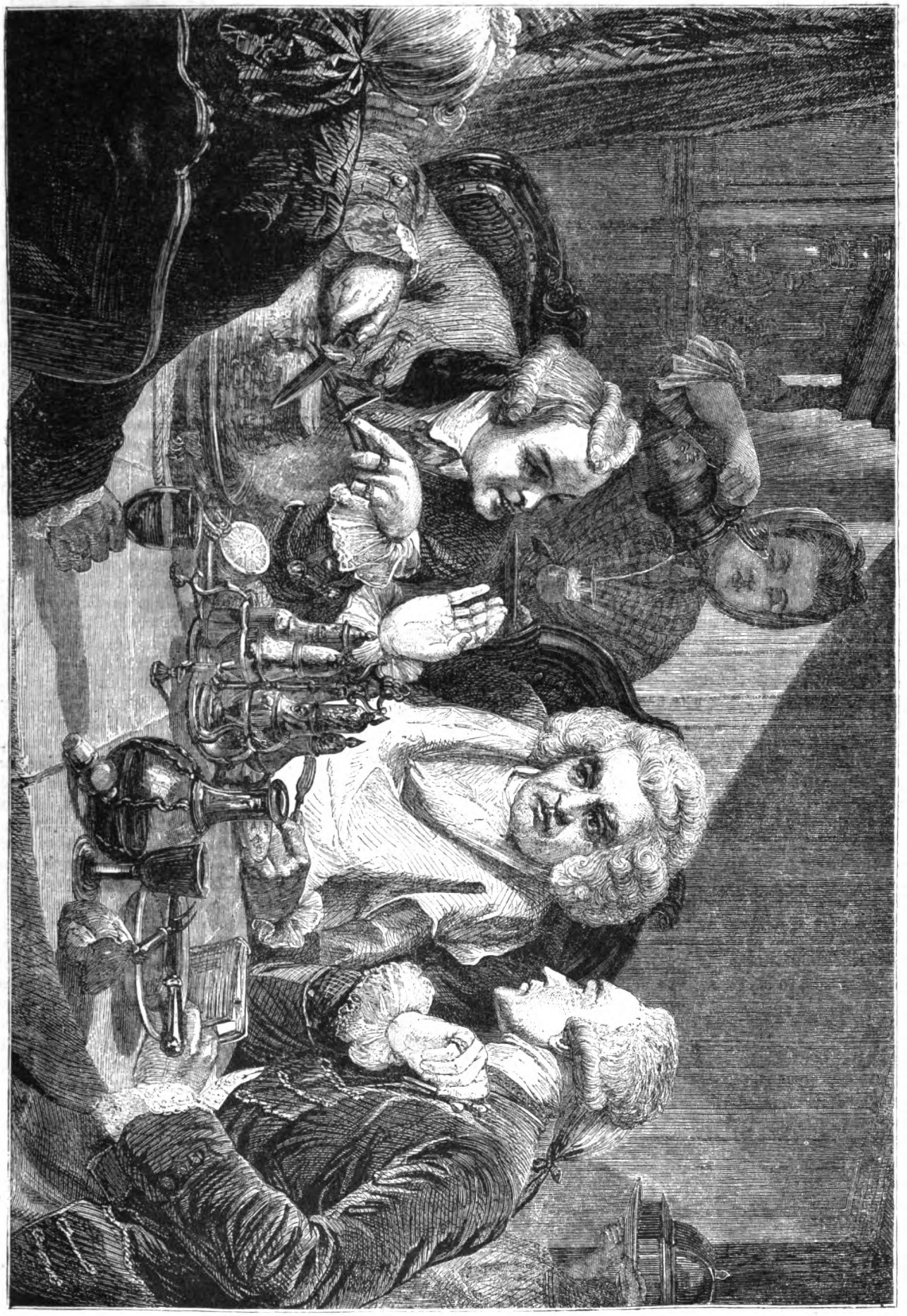
In January, 1765, he made the acquaintance of the Thrales. Mr. Thrale, proprietor of a brewery, married, in 1763, Miss Hester Lynch Salisbury, a woman of great vivacity and independence of character. She had enough literary culture to appreciate Johnson, and on occasion to play a very respectable part in conversation. The marriage, though not of the happiest, was perfectly decorous.

MRS. THRALE.

Arthur Murphy, actor and dramatist, one day when calling with the Thrales, found Johnson in a fit of despair. The pair then joined in begging Johnson to come to their country-house at Streatham. For the next sixteen years a room was set apart for him, both at Streatham and in their house in Southwark. He passed a large part



BOSWELL'S INTRODUCTION TO THE CLUB.



DOCTOR JOHNSON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH WILKES.

of his time with them, and derived from the intimacy most of the comfort of his later years. He treated Mrs. Thrale with a kind of paternal gallantry, her age at the time of their acquaintance being about twenty-four, and his fifty-five. He generally called her by the playful name of "my mistress," addressed little poems to her, gave her solid advice, and gradually came to confide to her his miseries and ailments. She flattered and amused him, and soothed his sufferings, humanizing somewhat his rugged exterior.

It is time to close this list of friends with the inimitable Boswell. He was born in 1740, the eldest son of a Whig laird and lord of sessions. He was intended for the bar, and studied law at Utrecht in 1762. In the following Summer he made Johnson's acquaintance.

Boswell had not a spark of philosophic or poetic power, but within the ordinary range of such topics as can be discussed at a dinner-party, he had an abundant share of liveliness and intelligence. His palate was as keen for good talk as for good wine. He was an admirable recipient, if not an originator, of shrewd or humorous remarks upon life and manners.

Boswell pried into the minutest details of his life and manners; he observed with conscientious accuracy that though Johnson abstained from milk one fast-day, he did not reject it when put in his cup. He notes the whistlings and puffings, the trick of saying "too-too-too," of his idol; and it was a proud day when he won a bet by venturing to ask Johnson what he did with certain scraped bits of orange-peel. His curiosity would have made him the prince of interviewers in these days. Nothing delighted him so much as rubbing shoulders with any famous or notorious person.

The appearance of so queer a satellite excited astonishment among Johnson's friends. "Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?" asked some one. "He is not a cur," replied Goldsmith; "he is only a bur. Tom Davies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking." The bur stuck till the end of Johnson's life. Boswell visited London whenever he could, and soon began taking careful notes of Johnson's talk. His appearance, when engaged in this task long afterward, is described by Miss Burney. Boswell, she says, concentrated his whole attention upon his idol, not even answering questions from others. When Johnson spoke, his eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the doctor's shoulder; his mouth dropped open to catch every syllable; and he seemed to listen even to Johnson's breathings, as though they had some mystical significance. He took every opportunity of edging himself close to Johnson's side, even at meal-times, and was sometimes ordered imperiously back to his place like a spaniel.

It is scarcely surprising that Johnson should have been touched by the fidelity of this queer follower. But Boswell was not without virtues, and still less without remarkable talents. Boswell has a little of the true Shakspearian secret. He lets his characters show themselves without obtruding unnecessary comment. He never misses the point of a story, though he does not ostentatiously call our attention to it. He gives just what is wanted to indicate character, or to explain the full meaning of a repartee.

The book which so faithfully reflects the peculiarities of its hero and its author became the first specimen of a new literary type. Johnson himself was the master in one kind of biography—that which sets forth a condensed and vigorous statement of the essentials of a man's life and character. Other biographers had given excellent memoirs, but a full-length portrait of a man's domestic life, with enough picturesque detail to enable us to see him through the eyes of private friendship, did not exist in the language. Boswell's example has been more or less followed; and we owe it in some degree to his example that we have such delightful books as Lockhart's "Life of Scott," or Mr. Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay." Yet Boswell remains as not only the first, but the best of his class.

From the time of the pension until his death, Johnson was elevated above the fear of poverty. He had a pleasant refuge at the Thrales', where much of his time was spent; and many friends gathered round him and regarded his utterances with even excessive admiration. He had still frequent periods of profound depression. His diaries reveal an inner life tormented by gloomy forebodings, by remorse for past indolence, and futile resolutions of amendment; but he could always escape from himself to a society of friends and admirers. His literary activity, however, nearly ceased. He wrote a few political pamphlets in defense of the Government, and after a long period of indolence managed to complete the "Lives of the Poets," which was published in 1779 and 1781. An account of the journey made with Boswell to the Hebrides appeared in 1775. This journey was, in fact, the chief interruption to the even tenor of his life. He made a tour to Wales with the Thrales in 1774; and spent a month with them in Paris in 1775. For the rest of the period he lived chiefly in London, or at Streatham. It was, however, in the London which he loved so ardently, that he was chiefly conspicuous. There he talked and drank tea illimitably at his friends' houses, or argued and laid down the law to his disciples. Especially he was in all his glory at the Club, which began its meetings in February, 1764, and was afterward known as the Literary Club. The original members were Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Nugent, Beauclerk, Langton, Goldsmith, Chamier and Hawkins. They met weekly at the Turk's Head, in Gerard Street, Soho, at seven o'clock, and the talk generally continued till a late hour. The club was afterward increased in numbers, and the weekly supper changed to a fortnightly dinner. It continued to thrive, and election to it became as great an honor in certain circles as election to a membership of Parliament. Among the members elected in Johnson's lifetime were Percy, of the "Reliques," Garrick, Sir W. Jones, Boswell, Fox, Steevens, Gibbon, Adam Smith, the Wartons, Sheridan, Dunning, Sir Joseph Banks, Windham, Lord Stowell, Malone and Dr. Burney.

Johnson's habitual mode of life is described by Dr. Maxwell. This gentleman generally called upon him about twelve, and found him in bed or declaiming over his tea. A levée, chiefly of literary men, surrounded him. After talking all the morning, he dined at a tavern, staying late, and then going to some friend's house for tea, over which he again loitered for a long time. Maxwell is puzzled to know when he could have read or written. The answer seems to be, that after the publication of the "Dictionary" he wrote very little, and that, when he did write, it was generally in a brief spasm of feverish energy.

In the year 1767 occurred an incident upon which Boswell dwells with extreme complacency. Johnson was in the habit of sometimes reading in the King's Library, and it came into the head of his Majesty that he should like to see the uncouth monster upon whom he had bestowed a pension. Johnson spoke of this interview with an unfeigned satisfaction, which it would be difficult in these days to preserve from the taint of snobbishness. He described it frequently to his friends, and Boswell, with pious care, ascertained the details from Johnson himself, and from various secondary sources. He contrived, afterward, to get his minute submitted to the King himself, who

graciously authorized its publication. When he was preparing his biography, he published this account with the letter to Chesterfield in a small pamphlet sold at a prohibitory price, in order to secure the copyright.

He found that the King wanted him to talk, and he talked accordingly. He spoke in a "firm, manly manner, with a sonorous voice," and not in the subdued tone customary at formal receptions. He dilated upon various literary topics, on the libraries of Oxford and Cambridge, on some contemporary controversies, on the quack Dr. Hill, and upon the reviews of the day. All that is worth repeating is a complimentary passage which shows Johnson's possession of that courtesy which rests upon sense and self-respect. The King asked whether he was writing anything, and Johnson excused himself by saying that he had told the world what he knew for the present, and had "done his part as a writer." "I should have thought so too," said the King, "if you had not written so well." "No man," said Johnson, "could have paid a higher compliment; and it was fit for a King to pay—it was decisive." When asked if he had replied, he said, "No, sir. When the King had said it, it was to be. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign." Johnson was not the less delighted. "Sir," he said to the librarian, "they may talk of the King as they will, but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." And he afterward compared his manners to those of Louis XIV., and his favorite, Charles II.

Boswell had the honor of introducing the two objects of his idolatry, Johnson and Paoli, and on another occasion entertained a party including Goldsmith and Garrick and Reynolds, at his lodgings in Old Bond Street. We can still see the meeting more distinctly than many that have been swallowed by a few days of oblivion. They waited for one of the party, Johnson kindly maintaining that six ought to be kept waiting for one, if the one would suffer more by the others sitting down than the six by waiting. Meanwhile Garrick "played round Johnson with a fond vivacity, taking hold of the breasts of his coat, looking up in his face with a lively archness," and complimenting him on his good health. Goldsmith strutted about bragging of his dress, of which Boswell, in the serene consciousness of superiority to such weakness, thought him seriously vain.

Boswell was asked to dine at Johnson's house upon Easter Day, 1773; and observes that his curiosity was as much gratified as by a previous dinner with Rousseau in the "wilds of Neufchatel." He was now able to report, to the amazement of many inquirers, that Johnson's establishment was quite orderly. The meal consisted of very good soup, a boiled leg of lamb with spinach, a veal pie, and a rice pudding. A stronger testimony of goodwill was his election, by Johnson's influence, into the Club. It ought apparently to be said that Johnson forced him upon the Club by letting it be understood that, till Boswell was admitted, no other candidate could have a chance. Boswell, however, was, as his proposer said, a thoroughly "clubable" man, and once a member, his good humor secured his popularity. On the important evening Boswell dined at Beauclerk's with his proposer and some other members.

Johnson once said to Goldsmith in the Poet's Corner at Westminster—

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."

When they got to Temple Bar Goldsmith pointed to the heads of the Jacobites upon it, and slyly suggested—

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur *istis*."

After some talk the gentlemen went to the Club; and poor Boswell remained trembling with an anxiety which even the claims of Lady Di Beauclerk's conversation could not dissipate. The welcome news of his election was brought; and Boswell went to see Burke for the first time, and to receive a humorous charge from Johnson, pointing out the conduct expected from a good member.

Boswell had reason to feel both triumph and alarm when he induced the great man to accompany him in a Scotch tour. Boswell's journal of the tour appeared soon after Johnson's death. Johnson himself wrote an account of it, which is not without interest, though it is in his dignified style, which does not condescend to Boswellian touches of character. In 1773 the Scotch Highlands were still a little known region, justifying a book descriptive of manners and customs, and touching upon antiquities now the commonplaces of innumerable guide-books. Scott was still an infant, and the day of enthusiasm, real or affected, for mountain scenery had not yet dawned. Neither of the travelers, as Boswell remarks, cared much for "rural beauties." Johnson says quaintly on the shores of Loch Ness, "It will very readily occur that this uniformity of barrenness can afford very little amusement to the traveler; that it is easy to sit at home and conceive rocks and heath and waterfalls; and that these journeys are useless labors, which neither impregnate the imagination nor enlarge the understanding."

On the whole, however, Johnson bore his fatigues well, preserved his temper, and made sensible remarks upon men and things. The pair started from Edinburgh in the middle of August, 1773; they went north along the eastern coast, through St. Andrew's, Aberdeen, Banff, Fort George, and Inverness. There they took to horses, rode to Glenelg, and took boats for Skye, where they landed on the 2d of September. They visited Raasay, Coll, Mull, and Iona, and after some dangerous sailing got to the mainland at Oban on October 2d. Thence they proceeded by Inverary and Loch Lomond to Glasgow; and after paying a visit to Boswell's paternal mansion at Auchinleck in Ayrshire, returned to Edinburgh in November. It were long to detail how Johnson grieved over the iconoclastic zeal of Knox's disciples, investigated stories of second-sight, cross-examined and brow-beat believers in "Ossian," and felt his piety warm among the ruins of Iona.

In 1774 Johnson managed to complete his account of the "Scotch Tour." Among other consequences was a violent controversy with the lovers of "Ossian." Johnson was a thorough skeptic as to the authenticity of the book. His skepticism was to some extent the expression of a general incredulity. He could scarcely be induced to admit the truth of any narrative which struck him as odd, and it was long, for example, before he would believe even in the Lisbon earthquake. Yet he seriously discussed the truth of second-sight; he carefully investigated the Cock Lane ghost—a goblin who anticipated some of the modern phenomena of so-called "spiritualism," and told stories to Boswell about a "shadowy being" which had once been seen by Cave, and declared that he had once heard his mother call "Sam" when he was at Oxford and she at Lichfield.

The precise point, however, upon which he rested his case was the inability of MacPherson to produce the manuscripts of which he had affirmed the existence. MacPherson wrote him a furious letter, of which the purport can be inferred from Johnson's smashing retort:

"MR JAMES MACPHERSON:—I have received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to

repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian.

"What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture: I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the public, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your 'Homer,' are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will. SAM. JOHNSON."

And so laying in a tremendous cudgel, the old gentleman (he was now sixty-six) awaited the assault, which, however, was not delivered.

On March 26th, 1775, Boswell met Johnson at the house of the publisher. Strahan reminded Johnson of a remark he had made, that there are "few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money." On another occasion Johnson observed with equal truth, if less originality, that cultivating kindness was an important part of life, as well as money-making. Johnson then asked to see a country lad whom he had recommended to Strahan as an apprentice. He asked for five guineas on account, that he might give one to the boy. "Nay, if a man recommends a boy and does nothing for him, it is sad work." A "little, thick, short-legged boy" was accordingly brought into the courtyard, whither Johnson and Boswell descended, and the lexicographer bending himself down administered some good advice to the awe-struck lad with "slow and sonorous solemnity," ending by the presentation of the guinea.

JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN BOLT COURT.

Soon after, Boswell won a bet from Lady Di Beauclerk by venturing to ask Johnson what he did with the orange-peel which he used to pocket. Johnson received the question amicably, but did not clear the mystery. "Then," said Boswell, "the world must be left in the dark. It must be said, he scraped them, and he let them dry, but what he did with them next he never could be prevailed upon to tell." "Nay, sir," replied Johnson, "you should say it more emphatically—he could not be prevailed upon, even by his dearest friends, to tell."

This year Johnson received the degree of LL.D. from Oxford. He had, in 1765, received the same honor from Dublin. Johnson, however, called himself plain Mr. to the end of his days, and was generally so called by his intimates.

In 1776 Boswell found Johnson rejoicing in the prospect of a journey to Italy with the Thrales. Before starting he was to take a trip to the country with Boswell.

On March 19th they went by coach to the Angel at Oxford, and next morning visited the Master of University College, who said that he would have given Johnson a hundred pounds for a discourse on the British Constitution; and Boswell suggested that Johnson should write two volumes of no great bulk upon Church and State, which should comprise the whole substance of the argument. Johnson was not unnaturally displeased with the dialogue, and growled out, "Why should I be always writing?"

They went to Birmingham, where Boswell pumped Hector about Johnson's early days, and saw the works of Boulton, Watt's partner, who said to him, "I sell here, sir, what all the world desires to have—*power*." Thence they went to Lichfield, and met more of the rapidly thinning circle of Johnson's oldest friends. Here Boswell was a little scandalized by Johnson's warm exclamation on opening a letter—"One of the most dreadful things that has happened in my time." This turned out to be the death of Thrale's only son.

It was after their return to London that Boswell won the greatest triumph of his friendship. He carried through a negotiation, to which, as Burke pleasantly said, there was nothing equal in the whole history of the *corps diplomatique*. At some moment of enthusiasm it had occurred to him to bring Johnson into company with Wilkes. To bring together two such opposites without provoking a collision would be the crowning triumph of Boswell's curiosity.

JOHNSON CARRYING THE HELPLESS BEGGAR-GIRL.

Boswell had been invited by the Dillys, well-known booksellers, to meet Wilkes. "Let us have Johnson," suggested the gallant Boswell. "Not for the world!" exclaimed Dilly. But, on Boswell's undertaking the negotiation, he consented. Boswell went off to Johnson and politely invited him in Dilly's name. "I will wait upon him," said Johnson. "Provided, sir, I suppose," said the diplomatic Boswell, "that the company which he is to have is agreeable to you." "What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Johnson. "What do you take me for? Do you think I am so ignorant of the world as to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?" Boswell worked the point a little farther, till, by judicious manipulation, he had got Johnson to commit himself to meeting anybody—even Jack Wilkes, to make a wild hypothesis—at the Dillys' table.

The great day arrived, and Boswell, like a consummate general who leaves nothing to chance, went himself to fetch Johnson to the dinner. The great man had forgotten the engagement, and was "buffeting his books" in a dirty shirt and amidst clouds of dust. When reminded of his promise, he said that he had ordered dinner at home with Mrs. Williams. Boswell softened the peevish old lady. Boswell flew back, announced her consent, and Johnson roared, "Frank, a clean shirt!" and was soon in a hackney-coach. Boswell rejoiced like a "fortune-hunter who has got an heiress into a post-chaise with him to set out for Gretna Green." Yet the joy was with trembling. Arrived at Dillys', Johnson found himself amongst strangers, and Boswell watched anxiously from a corner. "Who is that gentleman?" whispered Johnson to Dilly. "Mr. Arthur Lee." Johnson whistled "too-too-too" doubtfully, for Lee was a patriot and an American. "And who is the gentleman in lace?" "Mr. Wilkes, sir." Johnson subsided into a window-seat and fixed his eye on a book. He was fairly in the toils. His reproof of Boswell was recent enough to prevent him from exhibiting his displeasure, and he resolved to restrain himself.

At dinner Wilkes, placed next to Johnson, took up his part in the performance. He pacified the sturdy moralist by delicate attentions to his needs. He helped him carefully to some fine veal. "Pray give me leave, sir; it is better here—a little of the brown—some fat, sir—a little of the stuffing—some gravy—let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter. Allow me to recommend a squeeze of this orange; or the lemon, perhaps, may have more zest." "Sir, sir," cried Johnson, "I am obliged to you, sir," bowing and turning to him, with a look for some time of "surly virtue," and soon of complacency.

Gradually the conversation became cordial. Johnson told of the fascination exercised by Foote, who, like Wilkes, had succeeded in pleasing him against his will.

Johnson and Wilkes had one point in common—a vigorous prejudice against the Scotch, and upon this topic they cracked their jokes in friendly emulation. When they met upon a later occasion (1781), they still pursued this inexhaustible subject. Wilkes told how a privateer had completely plundered seven Scotch islands, and re-embarked with three and sixpence. Johnson now remarked in answer to somebody who said, "Poor old England is lost!" "Sir, it is not so much to be lamented that old England is lost, as that the Scotch have found it." "You must know, sir," he said to Wilkes, "that I lately took my friend Boswell and showed him genuine civilized life in an English provincial town. I turned him loose at Lichfield, that he might see for once real civility, for you

JOHNSON'S MONUMENT IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

know he lives among savages in Scotland and among rakes in London." "Except," said Wilkes, "when he is with grave, sober, decent people like you and me." "And we ashamed of him," added Johnson, smiling.

Boswell had to bear some jokes against himself and his countrymen from the pair; but he had triumphed, and rejoiced greatly when he went home with Johnson, and heard the great man speak of his pleasant dinner to Mrs. Williams. Johnson seems to have been permanently reconciled to his foe. "Did we not hear so much said of Jack Wilkes," he remarked, next year, "we should think more highly of his conversation. Jack has a great variety of talk, Jack is a scholar, and Jack has the manners of a gentleman. But, after hearing his name sounded from pole to pole as the phœnix of convivial felicity, we are disappointed in his company. He has always been at *me*, but I would do Jack a kindness rather than not. The contest is now over."

In fact, Wilkes had ceased to play any part in public life. When Johnson met him next they joked about such dangerous topics as Wilkes's political performances. Johnson sent him a copy of the "Lives," and they were seen conversing *tête-à-tête* in confidential whispers about George II. and the King of Prussia.

In the year 1777 Johnson began the "Lives of the Poets," in compliance with a request from the booksellers, who wished for prefaces to a large collection of English poetry. Johnson asked for this work the extremely modest sum of 200 guineas, when he might easily, according to Malone, have received 1,000 or 1,500.

Johnson himself seems to have shown few symptoms of increasing age; but a change was approaching, and the last years of his life were destined to be clouded, not merely by physical weakness, but by a change of circumstances which had great influence upon his happiness.

We catch some glimpses from his letters and diaries of that inward life, which consisted generally in a long succession of struggles against an oppressive and often paralyzing melancholy. Another most noteworthy side to his character is revealed in his lovable relations to persons too humble for admission to the tables where he was a despot.

Everywhere in Johnson's letters and in the occasional anecdotes, we come upon indications of a tenderness and untiring benevolence. His irritability never vented itself against the helpless, and his rough impatience implied no want of sympathy for real sorrow. In 1767, he took leave, as he notes in his diary, of his "dear old friend, Catherine Chambers," who had been for about forty-three years in the service of his family. "I desired all to withdraw," he says, "then told her we were to part forever, and, as Christians, we should part with prayer, and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me, and held up her poor hands as she lay in bed, with great fervor, while I prayed, kneeling by her. We kissed and parted—I humbly hope to meet again and part no more."

His charity was unbounded; he proposed to allow himself one hundred a year out of his pension; but the Thrales could never discover that he really spent upon himself more than £70, or at most £80. He had numerous dependants, and filled his pockets with small cash, which he distributed to beggars in defiance of political economy. When told that the recipients only laid it out upon gin or tobacco, he replied that it was savage to deny them the few coarse pleasures which the richer disdained. Once coming home late at night, he found a poor woman lying in the street. He carried her to his house on his back, and found that she was reduced to the lowest stage of want, poverty, and disease. He took care of her at his own charge, with all tenderness, until she was restored to health, and tried to have her put into a virtuous way of living. His house, in his later years, was filled with various waifs and strays. The head of his household was Miss Williams, who had been a friend of his wife's. She was a woman of some sense and cultivation, and when she died Johnson said that for thirty years she had been to him as a sister.

The next inmate of this queer household was Robert Levett, a man who had been a waiter at a coffee-house in Paris frequented by surgeons. They had enabled him to pick up some of their art. He attended his patron at his breakfast; breakfasting, said Percy, "on the crust of a roll, which Johnson threw to him after tearing out the crumb." The phrase, it is said, goes too far; Johnson always took pains that Levett should be treated rather as a friend than as a dependent.

Besides these humble friends, there was a Mrs. Desmoulins, the daughter of a Lichfield physician. Johnson had had some quarrel with the father in his youth. He supported Mrs. Desmoulins none the less, giving houseroom to her and her daughter, and making her an allowance of half a guinea a week. Francis Barber has already been mentioned, and we have a dim vision of a Miss Carmichael, who completed what he facetiously called his "seraglio." It was anything but a happy family. He summed up their relations in a letter to Mrs. Thrale. "Williams," he says, "hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll (Miss Carmichael) loves none of them."

There is one little touch which may be added. Johnson loved little children, calling them "little dears," and cramming them with sweetmeats. His cat, Hodge, should be famous amongst the lovers of the race. He used to go out and buy oysters for Hodge, that the servants might not take a dislike to the animal from having to serve it themselves. Boswell, no friend to cats, suffered at seeing Hodge scrambling up Johnson's breast, whilst he smiled and rubbed the beast's back and pulled its tail. Once, when Johnson was staying at a house in Wales, the gardener brought in a hare which had been caught in the potatoes. The order was given to take it to the cook. Johnson asked to have it placed in his arms. He took it to the window and let it go, shouting to increase its speed.

Mr. Thrale died suddenly in April, 1781. Johnson was deeply affected by the loss of a friend whose face, as he said, "had never been turned upon him through fifteen years but with respect and benignity." Thrale had made him one of his executors, leaving him a small legacy; and Johnson took, it seems, a rather simple-minded pleasure in dealing with important commercial affairs and signing checks for large sums of money. The old man of letters, to whom three hundred a year had been superabundant wealth, was amused at finding himself a man of business, regulating what was then regarded as a princely fortune. The brewery was sold after a time, and Johnson bustled about with an inkhorn and pen in his buttonhole. When asked what was the value of the property, he replied, magniloquently: "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." The brewery was in fact sold to Barclay, Perkins, & Co., and became the largest concern of the kind in the world.

During the Winter of 1781–2, Johnson's infirmities were growing upon him, and he went to Mrs. Thrale's, as the only house where he could use "all the freedom that sickness requires." She nursed him carefully, and ex-

pressed her feelings with characteristic vehemence in a curious journal.

A change, however, was approaching. Toward the end of 1780 Mrs. Thrale had made the acquaintance of an Italian musician named Piozzi, a man of amiable and honorable character, making an independent income by his profession. The friendship between Mrs. Thrale and Piozzi rapidly became closer, and in 1782 they were discussing the question of marriage.

Johnson, sickly, suffering and descending into the gloom of approaching decay, was present like a charged thundercloud ready to burst at any moment, if she allowed him to approach the chief subject of her thoughts. Gradually she became more petulant to Johnson than she was herself aware, gave palpable hints of being worried by his company. Johnson intrusted his forebodings to Miss Burney, and declared that Streatham was lost to him for ever.

At last, in the end of August, the crisis came. Mrs. Thrale thought it desirable to go abroad and save money. It had moreover been "long her dearest wish" to see Italy, with Piozzi for a guide. The one difficulty (as she says in her journal), was that it seemed equally hard to part with Johnson or to take him with her till he had regained strength. At last, however, she took courage to confide to him her plans for travel. To her extreme annoyance he fully approved. He advised her to go; and told her daughter that he should not accompany them, even if invited.

Johnson wished to go to Italy two years later; and his present willingness to be left was probably caused by a growing sense of the dangers which threatened their friendship. Mrs. Thrale's anger appears in her journal. He had never really loved her, she declares; his affection for her had been interested, though even in her wrath she admits that he really loved her husband; he cared less for her conversation, which she had fancied necessary to his existence, than for her "roast beef and plumb pudden," which he now devours too "dirtily for endurance."

The decision to leave Streatham was taken. Johnson parted with deep regret from the house; he read a chapter of the Testament in the library; he took leave of the church with a kiss; he composed a prayer commending the family to the protection of Heaven; and he did not forget to note in his journal the details of the last dinner of which he partook.

No immediate rupture followed the abandonment of the Streatham establishment. Johnson spent some weeks at Brighton with Mrs. Thrale. After another Winter in London, during which Johnson was still a frequent inmate of her house, she went to Bath with her daughters, in April, 1783. A melancholy period followed for both the friends. Mrs. Thrale lost her younger daughter, and Johnson had a paralytic stroke in June. A correspondence was kept up, but his old playful gallantry has died out. The old man evidently felt himself deserted, and suffered from the breaking-up of the asylum he had loved so well.

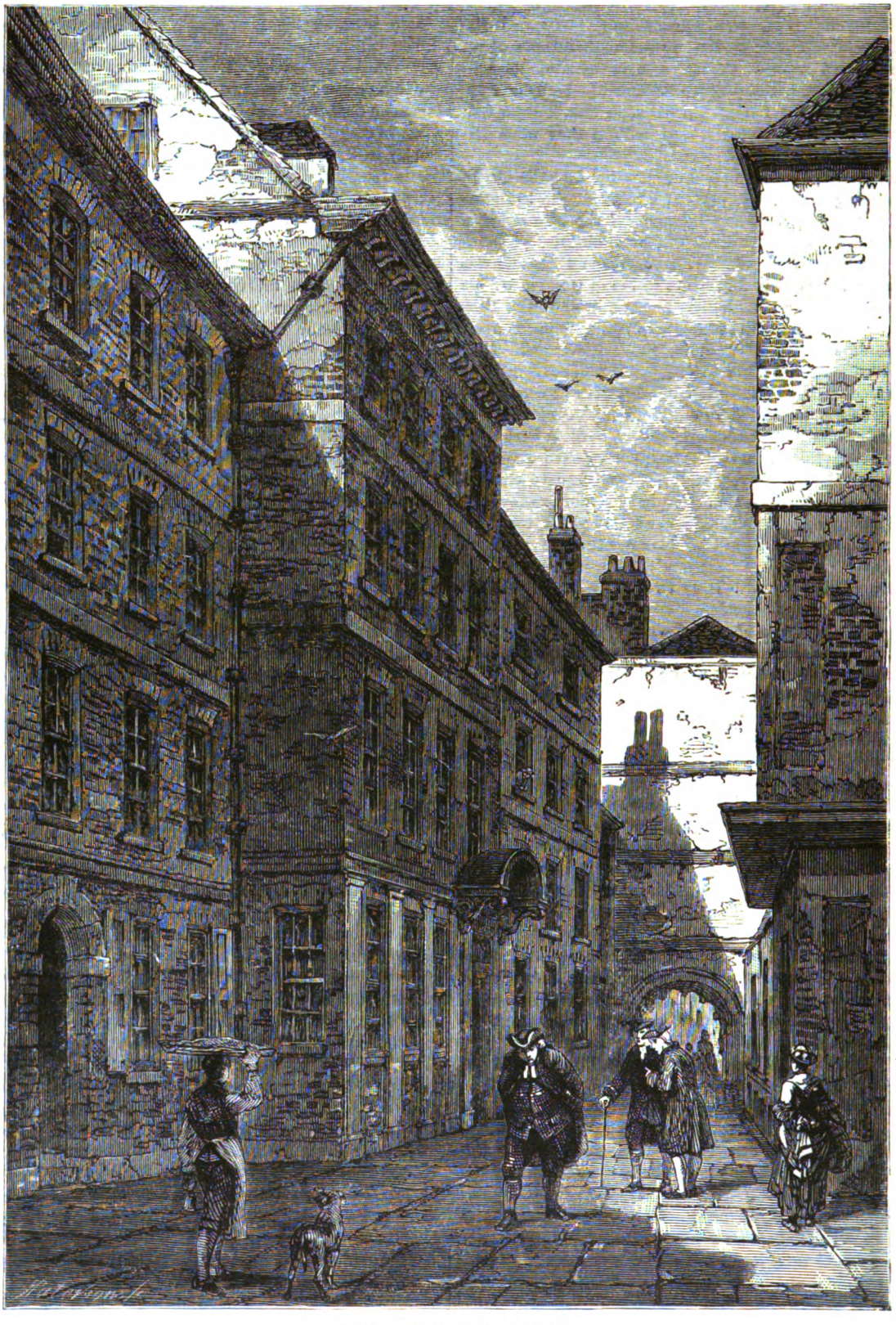
After much suffering in mind and body, Mrs. Thrale was married to Piozzi in June, 1784. She announced her marriage in a friendly letter to Johnson, excusing her previous silence on the ground that discussion could only have caused pain. The revelation produced one of his bursts of fury.

Mrs. Thrale replied with spirit and dignity, and ended by declining further intercourse till Johnson admitted in his reply that he had no right to resent her conduct; expressed his gratitude for the kindness which had "soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched." He then took leave of her, with an expression of sad forebodings.

Meanwhile Johnson was rapidly approaching the grave. His old friends had become memories of the past; and the gloom gathered thickly around him. The old man clung to life with pathetic earnestness. Though life had been often melancholy, he never affected to conceal the horror with which he regarded death. He frequently declared that death must be dreadful to every reasonable man. "Death, my dear, is very dreadful," he says simply in a letter to Lucy Porter in the last year of his life. Still later he shocked a pious friend by admitting that the fear oppressed him. "I am afraid," he said, "I may be one of those who shall be damned." "What do you mean by damned?" asked Adams. Johnson replied passionately and loudly, "Sent to hell, sir, and punished everlastingly." Remonstrances only deepened his melancholy, and he silenced his friends by exclaiming, in gloomy agitation, "I'll have no more on't!" Often in these last years he was heard muttering to himself the passionate complaint of Claudio, "Ah, but to die and go we know not whither!" At other times he was speaking of some lost friend, and saying, "Poor man —and then he died." The peculiar horror of death, which seems to indicate a tinge of insanity, was combined with utter fearlessness of pain. He called to the surgeons to cut deeper when performing a painful operation, and shortly before his death inflicted such wounds upon himself in hopes of obtaining relief as, very erroneously, to suggest the idea of suicide. Whilst his strength remained he endeavored to disperse melancholy by some of the old methods. In the Winter of 1783–4 he got together the few surviving members of the old Ivy Lane Club, but the old place of meeting had vanished, most of the original members were dead, and the gathering can have been but melancholy. He started another club at the Essex Head, whose members were to meet twice a week, with the modest fine of threepence for non-attendance. It appears to have included, as might have been expected, a rather "strange mixture."

As the end drew near, Johnson accepted the inevitable like a man. After spending most of the latter months of 1784 in the country with the friends who could give him most domestic comfort, he came back to London to die; he made his will, and settled a few matters of business, and was pleased to be told that he would be buried in Westminster Abbey. He uttered a few words of solemn advice to those who came near him, and took affecting leave of his friends. Langton, so warmly loved, was in close attendance. Johnson said to him tenderly, *Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.* Windham broke from political occupations to sit by the dying man. Once Langton found Burke sitting by his bedside with three or four friends. "I am afraid," said Burke, "that so many of us must be oppressive to you." "No, sir, it is not so," replied Johnson, "and I must be in a wretched state, indeed, when your company would not be a delight to me." "My dear sir," said Burke, with a breaking voice, "you have always been too good to me," and parted from his old friend for the last time. Of Reynolds he begged three things: to forgive a debt of thirty pounds, to read the Bible, and never to paint on Sundays. A few flashes of the old humor broke through. He said of a man who sat up with him, "Sir, the fellow's an idiot; he's as awkward as a turnspit when first put into the wheel, and as sleepy as a dormouse." His last recorded words were to a young lady who had begged for his blessing: "God bless you, my dear." The same day, December 13th, 1784, he gradually sank and died peacefully. He was laid in the Abbey, and the playful prediction which he made to Goldsmith has been amply fulfilled:

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."



DOCTOR JOHNSON IN BOLT COURT.

The names of many greater writers are inscribed upon the walls of Westminster Abbey; but scarcely any one lies there whose heart was more acutely responsive during life to the deepest and tenderest of human emotions. In visiting that strange gathering of departed heroes and statesmen and philanthropists and poets, there are many whose words and deeds have a far greater influence upon our imaginations; but there are very few whom, when all has been said, we can love so heartily as Samuel Johnson.

LEONIE: EMPRESS OF THE AIR.—"THE WOMAN IS BY HIS SIDE INSTANTLY, GREEDILY PEERING INTO THE HOLE SO CURIOUSLY EXPOSED, IN WHICH HAVE BEEN HIDDEN FOUR MUSLIN BAGS FILLED WITH FIVE-DOLLAR GOLD PIECES."

LEONIE: EMPRESS OF THE AIR.

By GERALD CARLTON,

Author of "Eileen Aroon," "Jasper Delaney," "Adam Ferguson," "Mark Mereton's Money," etc., etc.

Chapter I.—Eloise d'Ancre.

At the period at which our story opens there existed in the neighborhood of the Bowery a narrow, unsavory passage, which, for want of a better name, we will dub Burkett's Court.

Dingy as the place looked, it was alive all day with the gay singing of birds, for a number of men trafficking in the more common feathered pets had taken their abode in it. Indeed, almost every second store was packed with cages containing dainty prisoners. The other windows for the most part were filled with faded dresses and seedy coats, dubious boots, and shirts yellow with neglect and dust.

Were it not for the dismal hairdresser's at one end, a seller of tobacco and cheap literature in the middle, a fishmonger's on the opposite side, and a drumly second-hand book store at the far corner, it might be said that Burkett's Court belonged exclusively to bird-sellers and retailers of old clothes.

The Court itself was gloomy; there was no brightness about it, but in none of the houses was the gloom so pronounced as in that occupied by Ezra Isaacs, dealer in second-hand books.

A musty, forbidding place it was, cased with grime and crammed with tattered volumes, waiting disturbance to belch forth clouds of suffocating dust.

To-day as we look into the old book-store, a lamp suspended from a beam burns feebly, emitting just sufficient light to attract the eye to the mystery of the black sides and the dimness of the dull recesses. It shows, too, a woman seated upon a dusty box, sewing fitfully. The white stuff upon which she is engaged stares spectral-like

through the gloom, while her burning eyes, large and fascinating, pierce the obscurity.

See, if you can, a thin, supple, wiry form, slightly below the middle height; a low, long forehead, black hair, thick and somewhat shaggy eyebrows; a large though delicately cut nose; a tight, thin mouth, and a broad, certain chin; complexion exquisitely clear, and gently tinged about the cheeks; but for the rest coldly white.

These are some of the characteristics of Eloise d'Ancre, a woman destined to play an important part in this narrative. Her age is twenty, and for the time she is housekeeper to Ezra Isaacs.

Evidently not dexterous with her needle, many an angry exclamation escapes her as she blunders in her work. At length her patience is exhausted; needles, cotton and stuff are thrown from her, and stamping her foot, she mutters between her fixed teeth:

"I hate this beastly drudgery. There; I'll do no more! I was made for something better than stitch, stitch, stitch. Buried in this dirty, grinding, dismal hole, what do I see or know of pleasure? Oh, for money and the power money brings! Clothes fit to wear, attention, comfort. I will have it one day. I know—I feel—but I *will* have it. Then to scorn and trample, as I have been scorned and trampled upon. It will be delicious. The poor? Bah! I detest the poor. Fawners—mean and hateful and nasty. How glorious it is to make them cringe and feel the heel, and I, carriage-driven, sweep on radiant in diamonds! It must come. Meanwhile, anything to escape these pitiful, lumbering books. To be even the wife of a paltry clerk is better than my present lot. Let me have the lesser first, and the greater shall soon follow. Some little start, and then——"

Her reflections are interrupted by the sudden entrance of Ezra Isaacs himself. A man of shabby figure, with great stoop-shoulders—shuffling and morose-looking. His long, peaky face carries a pointed beard and quick, ferret-like eyes, while a seamless cloak, reaching to the ground, envelopes his meagre form. It is not unlike the worn covering of some ancient tome, and is equally as dusty. He looks as though he had once been tied in a knot, and when released had failed to straighten himself. The bends and twistings are still obvious; so distorted, indeed, is he that he writhes as he walks; and what a high-pitched, snappy voice the man has!

"How much have you taken?" he demands, with a snarl, as he hovers over the woman. "How much, you—you—limb?"

"Nothing," carelessly returns the girl, picking up the discarded work.

"You lie, you jade! You witch, you lie! Show me your pockets. Ugh! You hide it, you artful hussy; I know you hide it. You rob me. Yes, me. Great Prophet! *Me!* No one in all the morning? Oh! oh! I shall be ruined. Why do you laugh, you wicked, worthless woman? I say you rob me. You are a thief. You know you are a thief."

"I know you'll make me one," she returns.

"Steal, eh? Ah! ah! nothing here, Miss Treachery, to steal. No, no; only the books. No moneys, no treasures here. Ah! ah! ah! nothing here, you vixen. You shall be in the store no more; you pilfer when you sell a book."

"Old villain!" The words are scarcely audible.

"Eh, what? What do you say, deceit and lies? What do you mumble?"

"You need not concern yourself," she answers. "I shall leave you shortly. I am going to get married."

"Married!" and the old fellow gives an owl-like screech as he reiterates the word, and dances wildly round her. "Married! S'ho, s'ho, s'ho! Married! Hear her! Married! You graceless hussy—marry and leave me? Do you forget what I have done for you? Didn't I take you when you were ragged and starving? Haven't I clothed ye, you jade? Have you not been fed upon the fat of the land? Talk no more of such rubbish. There, take your dinner," throwing a greasy little parcel into her lap. "Beautiful beef, fourteen cents a pound, as I'm a pauper."

"Pooh! two ounces of dog-meat," she replies, in disgust.

"It's false. Here's five cents; get a loaf. You may have a new one to-day for a treat. Quick, I must be out again."

The moment the woman leaves the store Ezra moves a pile of books from one of the corners, and closely examines the floor.

"Safe!" he cries, joyfully clapping his knotty hands and writhing horribly; "safe! Ha, ha! They'd never think of looking in such a place as this for my money."

He has barely time to replace the heap, however, when Eloise returns.

"A beautiful dinner," exclaims Ezra, with fervor, breaking off, as though unconsciously, a piece of the loaf and a good mouthful of the beef; "fit for a queen. Be a good girl now. See what I do for you. I waste my substance upon you. Don't rob me, and some day I'll—tut, tut, if you rob me I'll have the law. I'll have the law on you."

Left alone, Eloise munches the scanty fare in silence. Her thoughts are busy, however. At length she mutters:

"Rob him? More unlikely things than that happen, Boss Ezra; but there's precious little here, I guess, to take. Anything would be better than this drudgery. There, I'll wait no longer. If Dick asks me to be his wife to-day I'll marry him."

A hand is laid upon her shoulder at this moment, and she starts nervously.

"Good gracious, who's that?" she exclaims.

"Who is it? Who should it be? Who, but your faithful adorer, Dick; your own Tomkins."

CHAPTER II.

"GOLD—BRIGHT, SHINING GOLD."

MR. RICHARD TOMKINS was a lawyer's clerk—ignorant, ostentatious; and, like many of his kind, he succeeded, though his income was slender, in placing upon his unhappy person a vast amount of adornment.

His necktie itself was a wonder. An ornate pin, presumably of the finest gold and the most precious stones, reposed upon it. This display was gracefully balanced by a huge diamond finger-ring, which, judging from its size, must have been of extraordinary value, while his clothes were cut in what he believed the latest fashion. Expatiating upon the transcendental beauties of his coat, he once observed to his fellow-clerk:

"This, they tell me, is the sort of thing they are doing just now for the young swells of Fifth Avenue—in a word, the genuine article, my boy. This flap, you see, is quite new; in fact, Slocum assured me on the quiet that it wasn't every one he'd allow to have it just yet. Must keep the cream a little select, you know."

His dress first, because it is the only striking thing about Mr. Tomkins. The face is an ordinary one, with small greenish eyes and a saucy leer.

He is a dangerous fellow, for there is much venom in his nature. He believes himself to be "doosed 'cute," and perhaps there is some foundation for this estimate. Nothing like a low-class lawyer's office to sharpen the faculties and to generate cunning.

Mr. Tomkins shakes his head knowingly as he informs his friends that it will be essential for them to rise exceedingly early in the morning should they have any intention of over-reaching him; and he inquires at the same time, playfully, whether they have ever heard of such an animal as a weazel, and, if so, if they think much of the chance of catching him asleep.

A frequent passer through Burkett's Court, the strange beauty of Eloise d'Ancre and her wondrous eyes attracted him.

For many weeks he regularly bought a book, which proved no great draw upon his pocket, for there was a prodigious box outside containing an amazing assortment of dilapidated pamphlets, old plays and effete song-books —price, indifferently, five cents.

Mr. Tomkins chatted, and bashfulness finding no place in his moral dictionary, it was not long before he (as he described it), "popped the question," and asked Eloise to be his wife.

Now, in the ordinary way, marriage was the last thing such a character would dream of; but it was Tomkins's rare "'cuteness" that suggested the idea.

"I'm afraid," he confided to a friend, "I'm afraid she's awkward-tempered; a bit of a jiber. But when the job is properly finished *we*" (Mr. Tomkins laid great emphasis on the pronoun), "will put the bearing-rein on. She'll go quiet enough then, I reckon."

To-day, as it happened, he awaits his answer. He is very confident, in excellent spirits, and scarcely the least bit anxious as to the turn events may take. Notwithstanding her "awkward temper" and her "jibing propensities," he has too high an opinion of his own excellent qualities to contemplate for a moment the possibility of his being refused.

"Well, my beauty," Dick cries, gayly, "sweeter than the honeysuckle, softer than the rose, how am I? On the fair mountain of Hope, or in the valley of Despair? Do I return to-night to dream of bliss, or to embrace the cruel waters of oblivion—*alias* the limpid Hudson? Are you agreeable to share with me the noble sum of twenty dollars per week, with a sweet little elysium in prospective, in the shape of a snug tobacconist's, or is it evangelical magazines and old plays, as usual?"

"Don't talk to me of books—I hate them," she says, with some asperity.

"Very well, then," Dick returns. "Rather the fragrant Havana, the full-flavored Cuba, the sober cheroot, or——"

"Do hold your tongue. I am in no humor for fooling."

"My love, my all, I obey," Mr. Tomkins rejoins, with a melodramatic flourish.

Eloise regards him severely.

"And so," she says, slowly and quietly, "you have the audacity to ask me to marry you upon the miserable pittance of twenty dollars a week?"

"Well," Tomkins responds, "I certainly do make you an offer of my hand, my heart and my home, but it did not suggest itself to me in the light you put it. Oh, you vixen," is his silent commentary, "if I do get you into harness, *won't* I use the whip."

"Do you know," she continues, "that I should think ten times the amount a week no extravagant sum. Can your little mind grasp *that?* I say that I should think two hundred dollars a week not too much to satisfy my desires."

Mr. Tomkins is amazed.

In its wildest dreams his imagination had never even approached a sum like that. Over ten thousand a year. Why, it's absurd.

"Whew!" he whistles. "G-r-acious! Well, hang me. Burkett's Court and two hundred dollars a week—whew! I've always heard that woman's brains can't stand books, and general session me if this don't beat all." Then to himself, "I'll shake this out of you, my lady. I guess you won't come it that way over *me*."

"You see," Eloise resumes, "there is much difference in our ideas."

"I see," is Tomkins's uneasy rejoinder.

"I wish you well to ponder over this, and to thoroughly understand it. Let me be frank with you. You shall know the truth, even if it lacerates you. You are no more to me than this broken box. I care no more for you than this tattered book. If I marry you it is simply to escape the drudgery of this miserable den. Expect from me no love. You will get no hate. You are utterly, absurdly indifferent to me. If you, recognizing this, and believing me to be, as I am, in earnest, still ask me to be your wife, I say Yes, upon one condition—the ceremony must be performed with the utmost expedition."

"I've read a lot about courting," exclaims Dick Tomkins, regarding her with as much wonder as his face was capable of expressing, "I've heard a lot. I've had some experience myself, but anything to equal this I've never heard of, read of, nor seen. It sounds very grand, and it may be the way with first-class mashers, heavy swells and the genuine article; but general session me if I like it. Its just this," he continues, "I'm willing to give my hand where I've parted with my heart. If that's good enough for you, I'll chance the rest."

"She's a queer one," he ruminates, biting his lips; "a regular uncaged one. If the cigar caper doesn't turn out O K, I'll put her on the stage. Guess she'd take there with the best of 'em, and there's money in it."

"Come," he says aloud, "let's have no more beating about the bush; give us a kiss and call it settled."

After this they get on more comfortably, chiefly because Eloise says little, and Dick rattles on to his heart's content.

He perches himself on a substantial pile of books, and with astonishing loquacity details his future plans—the joys and glories of the cigar trade.

His enthusiasm gets into his legs and into his arms. He gesticulates to such an extent that the heap of books is scattered, and he lands on the floor.

"Ups and downs of life," he laughs. "As I was saying, there's only one objection to your serving in the store; your sweet little hands will turn——Hello! how loose your boards are, here's a bit of one right out. Oh! by jimminy! G-r-a-cious! Well, I *never!* Genuine gold five-dollar pieces, and heaps of 'em. Gracious! What a silly hiding-place to put so much money in."

The woman is by his side instantly, greedily peering into the hole so curiously exposed, in which have been hidden four muslin bags filled with five-dollar gold pieces.

The eyes of both burn with voracity as this sight catches their gaze, and then their faces meet in a craving, burning look.

"When will old Isaacs return?" Tomkins asks, in a low tone.

CHAPTER III.

"NO MARRIAGE IS POSSIBLE BETWEEN US—THE WHOLE COURSE OF MY LIFE IS NOW CHANGED."

ELOISE'S eyes meet his; his form is figured on her retina, but there is no responding sensation produced on her brain. Still before her is the glittering, glorious, intoxicating gold. In imagination her dress is already silken, and diamonds flash from her neck. A rich carpet receives her daintily-clothed feet, and around her is the most costly furniture.

The picture is suddenly blurred. A nudge from Dick Tomkins, as his gasping voice repeats his question, brings her rudely back to the sordid realities of Burkett's Court.

"When will old Isaacs return?" he reiterates.

Eloise regards the over-dressed form before her with disgust. Never had he appeared so mean and vulgar as now. She actually shudders as she gazes upon him. That *she* should have contemplated marriage with such a creature! Faugh!

"Why?" she coldly asks, as she carefully replaces the board, and piles the books as they have been previously arranged. Then she quietly resumes her seat upon the box, and commences sewing.

Dick notes these movements with a rueful face.

"Why?" he reiterates, doggedly; "come, I like that, and a minute ago you looked as if you could have eaten the lot."

"I don't understand you."

"Oh, don't you? Don't you?" he continues, in the same tone; "then you must be precious hard of hearing. I say you looked as hungry as a shark after it, and now you're going on as if nothing had happened. That won't do—I guess not."

Her head is bent over her work, nor does she look at him as she replies, harshly:

"What *has* happened? If you cannot speak plainly don't speak at all. I can make nothing of you."

Eloise is a puzzle to Mr. Tomkins. After the eager, greedy look, her coldness and apathy are unaccountable.

"I wonder," he reflects, "what her little caper is. I expect she means going for the lot; but no, no—Tomkins to the front—Dick ain't the boy to get left." Then aloud: "Well, when I looked at you, general session me if I didn't think it was all settled. I never saw any one look so longing in all my life."

Eloise stamps her foot with impatience.

"What's settled? What does the stupid mean?"

"Why, the money," Dick blurts out.

"Oh, the money. Mr. Isaacs prefers to keep it there. He is no believer in banks, though he might have found a safer hiding-place." This is spoken with the most supreme indifference.

Dick is staggered.

Surely he must have been mistaken? But no; he cannot forget that look.

"I made sure," he went on, "that you meant having it. That would be something like to start a place for the——"

"What?" she cries, springing up and regarding him with amazement and indignation. "What? you atrocious little scamp; rob my benefactor—rob the man it is my duty to protect? You unmitigated scoundrel, how dare you propose such a thing to me?"

"Humbug!" Dick bawls, defiantly. Her epithets roused him; he lost his hesitation and gathered courage; his eyes shone wrathfully, and her burning gaze and flushed face failed to quail him. "Humbug!" he reiterates; "you meant having them right enough, and you've got some plot on now, durn me if you haven't. I don't mean being left—see that. Perhaps I'm only a little clerk; perhaps I can only earn twenty dollars a week; perhaps I'm nobody—see that. But I've got a heart and I've got feelings; I've got a mind that can ferret out a thing or two—see that. And little clerks with paltry twenty dollars a week have a nasty knack of turning, they have—see that. If you play any tricks with me I'll make you suffer for it—general session me if I don't!"

He paces the store rapidly, and his eyes gleam with passion.

"You are a vile fellow to talk to me like this," retorts Eloise; "a pretty fellow, indeed, to cover me with low abuse because I refuse to rob my employer. I've a good mind to call a policeman to you."

"I don't believe it is his money at all. It's treasure, that's what it is; treasure that's been there ever so long."

"Oh! if you really thought that," returns the woman, in a quieter tone, "it is of course different."

She has her own reasons for desiring a termination of the conflict. She has, in fact, misjudged her man. Her indignation she had imagined would cover him with confusion; would silence—awe him. His outburst is totally unexpected; it is a warning, and she accepts it as such. Dick Tomkins might work a considerable amount of mischief.

"You are not so unreasonable as to expect me to steal," she says. "I might as well tell you to rob your employer's safe."

"It's a rare disappointment," he rejoins, sulkily; "I made certain we were all right when I saw it. Some women," he continues, maliciously, "take a pride in bringing their husbands a little money. But I generally find that those who talk so grandly about what they can spend are deuced bad ones at getting."

Eloise bites her lip, but does not reply.

"However, if it can't be, it can't be; so there's an end of it. I'll keep my eye on you, my beauty," he soliloquizes, as he regards Eloise with no pleasant gaze. "You're up to something, I can see. If you have any of that money I mean getting a fair share, so look out."

"Ill-gotten wealth would do us no good," she remarks, demurely, dropping her eyes; "it would bring but a curse."

"Ah, I daresay," he sneers; "*you* wouldn't touch it, would you? Oh, I can't see; not worth a cent. I should like a lot of this sort of curses, and chance what followed. I could do with their coming in like coals, a hundred weight at a time. I'd submit to 'em appearing with the regularity characteristic of the morning milk. I'd have a constant supply laid on like water. But there, what's the use of making a fuss about a few hundred, when I could marry a woman worth forty thousand a year if I liked."

"Forty thousand!" smiles Eloise, incredulously.

"Forty thousand a year," repeats Dick, dwelling on the word unctuously. "That's the sort of caper, I reckon, fit for the avenue, heavy swells and the genuine article. One? Bless you, I know two—forty thousand each. What do you think of that, eh?"

"I wonder, Dick," says Eloise, "that you honored a poor girl like myself with your attentions."

"Well, you see, it's like this: Fancy goes a long way in these matters. If I was all head, I shouldn't have gone for you—due entirely to a throbbing, bursting heart." Mr. Tomkins places his hand over his spleen, evidently

HER BIG BROTHER.

under the impression that that member is thereabout. "Head said, No; heart said, Yes. Heart won in a canter."

"I feel flattered, I assure you."

"That's the proper caper. I am aware of two young ladies," continues Mr. Tomkins, "who'll have forty thousand a year each, and the joke is there are only three people who know they are coming into this wealth. They don't know themselves. Out of these three individuals there's only one eligible for matrimony—yours obediently, faithfully and truly."

"Forty thousand a year!" muses Eloise; "that is something worth working and scheming for."

"I should think it was."

"How paltry this little gold seems beside such wealth. One would do much to get a sum like that," says Eloise.

"Oh, you think that a deviation from the straight course would be justified for such a sum, do you? But how about the curses? Well, come, never mind; it's no good rowing. Give me your hand, and I'll tell you all about it. You know my boss's got a lot of queer clients. There's an old fellow who lives in some out-of-the-way place in New England who is the queerest of the lot. Got loads of money—eighty thousand a year, and a lump more. He lives all alone, and never sees a friend or relative—strikes me they've all pretty nearly forgotten his existence. I saw him about eight years ago, when I first went there. He hasn't been in New York since then. You better guess we were pretty startled to see him stalk in some weeks ago. Such a grim-looking figure, if there ever was one. Long white hair covered his shoulders; his face was so wild that he looked mad; great staring eyes—I never saw such large ones. Yours are the nearest to them I've ever met. A fine man, but his looks frighten you. He was a long time with the boss—at last I was called in. I saw what was up in a minute; he had been making his will. I and another witnessed his signature. I'm a funny sort of fellow; I've got a queer love for reading wills. I've read them all in our office, and I made up my mind to have a go at this one; in fact, I couldn't rest till I'd seen it. It don't matter how I got it; perhaps I've a key that fits the boss's safe, and perhaps I haven't. That don't matter. I read this one clean through that night, and a regular old caution it was, I can tell you. It seems the old boy, when he was a youngster, acted badly to some girl or the other, and then deserted her. About a year ago his conscience began to worry him, and he employed us to discover her whereabouts. We soon ferreted her out—at least we got news of her. She died. So his repentance came a bit too late. There had been a child—a girl; there was no doubt that she was dead, too. However, he never believed this. He declares that she lives. First, then, he leaves the whole of his money to this girl; but as she is dead, that's nothing. Then, in the event of our failing to find her, he leaves eighty thousand to two nieces, whom he has never seen; but they are only to have the money on one condition. It is this: they must be married before the expiration of two years from yesterday—not from his death, mind you. He ordered very precisely that they are on no account to be told of this provision. He doesn't wish them to marry just to get the money, or to be carried off by fortune-hunters."

"Supposing they fail to fulfill this condition?"

"Then the money goes to a nephew—a regular loafer; an out-and-out scamp. If one isn't married he gets forty; if they both remain single, then he gets eighty thousand. Death, of course, being equivalent to non-marriage. A queer will, ain't it?"

"I've read of more extraordinary ones," is Eloise's reply. "Are the girls likely to marry?"

"Don't know; I've never seen them. If I hadn't come across you I should have had a try for 'em. I often hankered for a bit of old Courtlandt's money."

"What?" shrieks Eloise; "what name did you say?"

"Courtlandt."

"Good God!" she exclaims, sinking upon the box.

"Gracious me, what's up—what's the matter?"

"And the nephew's name—Herbert Gaythorne?"

"Yes," falters Dick, looking at her in consternation. "Don't give me away, for goodness' sake. I wouldn't have told you for the world if I'd thought you knew any of the parties. What a fool I am. What's her game now, I wonder?" he asks himself, as he gazes at her.

She is sitting immovable. Her great eyes are fixed, and her face is rigid.

"Don't stare so," he ejaculates, in alarm; "you look so awful."

She rises slowly.

"You may go," she says, with peculiar calmness.

"Go?" he cries; "what do you mean? We have settled nothing yet. What about this marriage?"

"No marriage is possible between us," she retorts, decisively; "talk no more of such a thing. The whole course of my life is now changed."

He stamps his foot with passion. He shakes his fist menacingly at her.

"I won't be played fast and loose with," he petulantly whimpers; "I won't be made a fool of—see that. If you don't marry me you sha'n't marry anybody else, so there——"

"The best place for you is outside," remarks Ezra Isaacs, who had just entered, taking him by the collar and quietly dropping him on the sidewalk.

"Curse her," hisses Mr. Richard Tomkins, between his set teeth, savagely kicking over the box of five-cent pamphlets (unromantic assistants to his tender passion). "Curse her; she shall smart for this!"

CHAPTER IV.

"I WILL KILL YOU—YOU CANNOT HIDE FROM ME!"

THE majority of the inmates of No. — Washington Square are enjoying, at the various restaurants, the repast which men term lunch, when Mr. Herbert Gaythorne, lodger, third floor, back room, is contemplating his breakfast.

There is a decided suggestion of stale tobacco-smoke in the room, with a hint of vapid beer. The atmosphere is mawkish and depressing, while the occupant himself looks anything but bright or cheerful.

His legs are stretched and wide apart; his hands plunged into his pockets; his hair, ragged and untidy, has evidently not yet been brushed; it is of a sandy color, and runs down his cheeks in pointed whiskers.

A mustache of a similar hue partially conceals a thin-lipped, ill-shapen mouth, and to a great extent hides the complete absence of teeth upon the right side.

More particular examination shows that the tiny nose deviates slightly from its point, and the idea occurs that at some distant period Mr. Gaythorne had been engaged in an exceedingly unfortunate pugilistic encounter, in which, probably, his antagonist had it all his own way.

Then there is a nervous twitching of Mr. Gaythorne's eyelids, and it is easy to see that the gold-rimmed glasses dangling upon his breast are necessary. Were it not, they would still be worn.

Herbert Gaythorne, no matter how dilapidated his garments might be, would on no account part with so useful and ornamental an appendage as his glasses. It is worth noting that there is a vast amount of difference between the foppery of this gentleman and the foppery of Tomkins. With the former it is natural, and not to be abandoned; with the latter it is assumed, and ill-becomes the wearer. The one amused; the other disgusted. Mr. Gaythorne had associated with gentlemen; slangy and disreputable as he now is, poverty cannot hide many indications of refinement.

"I don't see much sign of the roast and the boiled today," he muses, as he rises to adjust his glasses. Two envelopes on the table attract his attention. "What a funny thing I did not see them before," is his mental exclamation.

Considering that he is terribly short-sighted, the fact is not so curious as he imagines.

"Ah, one from Maggie; money, too—the wild roast and the boiled loom in the distance. Confound it all," he cries, in a disappointed tone, as he examines the letter; "only five dollars. It's too bad of her, really it is. Let's see what she's got to say."

"My Dear Herbert," he reads: "I was very pleased at receiving your letter, but I do wish you could do better in New York. I wish you had never gone there; our house has been a wretched one since you left. Pa says he will never have you enter it again. Oh, Herbert, dear, do be a good boy, and you will make us all happy. Pa declares he will never see your face again; he says that you have disgraced us all; he has forbidden us to write to you even. But I know you will atone for the past, and that all will yet be well. Do, there's a good, dear Herbert, for our sakes. Poor Ada is so miserable about you; I heard her sobbing all night long. She sends her love. She does wish so that she could help you; but you know you had all her quarter's money. I send you five dollars, it is all I have in the world, and I had to borrow that. Edward called yesterday and wanted to take me out, but I could not go, for I had no gloves. I dare not ask papa for more, he would be cross if he thought I sent you money. I hate the name of that wretched New York. I do hope you will be a good boy, and come home to be with us as you used to be. With love from both of us, your affectionate sister,

"Maggie."

"Umph!" grunted Mr. Herbert, placing the letter in his pocket. "She is a good little girl, but I can't understand what she wants with money. Let's see what the other is. From my old love—the inextinguishable one—Eloise d'Ancre. What can *she* want? The old tale, I suppose—money. I thought that lawyer fellow had taken her off my hands."

The ill-written, dirty scrawl ran as follows:

"Dear Herbert:—You must meet me to-night at nine o'clock, at the corner of Burkett's Court. I have something of the utmost importance to communicate. Upon no account fail. Much depends upon your coming. Eloise."

"That's good enough," he exclaims, decisively; "that's quite good enough. When she writes like that there's something in it. Nine o'clock, the corner of Burkett's Court, and Mr. Herbert Gaythorne will meet. She's a sensible girl, and no humbug about her. First an eye-opener, a walk down Fifth Avenue, a little billiards, and then for Eloise d'Ancre."

Gaythorne's walk is practically a waltz. With stick held at arm's length, hand at either end, he waltzes down Fifth Avenue. Nine o'clock finds him with the same slim partner waltzing at the corner of Burkett's Court, gazing in every direction but the right one for the expected lady.

"It's a funny thing," he says, as Eloise takes his arm, "that I didn't see you. Which way did you come?"

"I am glad you are here," she returns, in a low tone, slightly tremulous; "it was very important to both of us that we should meet. There is a grand future before us."

"What is the scheme, my dear?" he asks, anxiously.

"It is one that will lead us to wealth—real wealth; forty, or, perhaps, eighty thousand a year."

"Eighty thousand a year!"

"Yes, think of that. If we make up our minds to have the eighty I am sure we can. Alone, neither of us stands the slightest chance. We must work together."

"I'll do anything, if there's a likelihood of its producing the roast and the boiled. Let mine be the evening part. I can't get up early in the morning."

"Pooh! you do not understand me. You must marry me."

"What?"

"Marry me—and at once. There must be no delay."

"Marry you?" he reiterates, gazing at her in astonishment. "Marry you? Now, now, now, my dear little Eloise, do be reasonable. What do you think my landlady would say," he continues, playfully, "if I were suddenly to appear on the scene with a bride—a real, live bride—a bride that can play the deuce of a caper when she's put out? That confiding landlady would say unto that erratic and unpunctual young man, 'Depart. Skeedaddle! Find another suite of apartments.' Seriously, old lady, it can't be done. The finances at the present moment amount to two dollars, all told, and you talk of marriage. I always regarded you as a girl of sense——"

"Hush!" she cries, excitedly; "I must return in a moment. Do not be foolish. Marriage with me means certain, positive, actual wealth. Do you think I would marry you unless I saw some bright prospect in the distance? Whatever my old love was, we quite understand each other *now*—you deceived me, and I suffered for it. I never upbraided you; but, Herbert Gaythorne, if you thwart me now, if you stand between me and a brilliant future, as there's a heaven above me I'll kill you; I say," she continues, in a low, hissing voice, her large, staring eyes flashing fire, and her limber fingers clutching eagerly his arm, "Herbert Gaythorne, I will kill you—you cannot hide from me!"

CHAPTER V.

"OH, YOU VIXEN! SEE ME USE THE WHIP!"

Herbert Gaythorne uneasily releases his arm at the threat of Eloise d'Ancre. There is something in her words and wild manner which absolutely terrifies him.

"What folly this is!" he manages to blurt out. "I object to the marriage as much for your sake as my own. I have nothing to support you on. Tell me what your scheme is——"

"Not a word until we are man and wife."

"Hang it all," he adds, persuasively, "you must acknowledge yourself that it is a queer go. Now, if I only had a little money——"

"See this," Eloise interrupts, dragging him from the dark entry in which they had been talking to the gas-lamp—"see this?"

Mr. Gaythorne, notwithstanding his shortness of sight, does see it—sees it with an exclamation of surprise—sees it with irrepressible joy, satisfaction, and astonishment—"it" being a muslin bag full of five-dollar gold pieces.

"About a hundred here," he says, handling it fondly. "It's a long time since I've seen so many shiners. Are these for me?"

"Four bags like this will be my marriage portion in hand, bright, shining gold. Are further arguments required to satisfy you as to the expediency of our immediate union?"

"None whatever; I am more than convinced. Two thousand dollars! Why, I'd marry one of the Salem witches for that. You know what I mean, Eloise?" he pursues, hastily, seeing how uncomplimentary his speech has been. "We were always good friends."

"And good friends we must remain. We cannot afford to quarrel now. No," she answers, in reply to a suggestion of his—"no; this bag must not be touched. I have three five-dollar gold pieces in my purse; take them and do the best you can with them. Be here the day after tomorrow at nine in the morning; I shall be ready."

Mr. Herbert seems considerably disconcerted at the sight of what now looks to him a contemptibly insignificant sum.

"A few dollars more or less——" he pleads.

"It cannot be, I tell you. If this bag be interfered with—— But no matter. I tell you that it cannot be," she went on. "Do not fail me. I must go; I have already overstepped my time. Good-night. Remember, nine o'clock."

"If this had happened a few years since," almost sighs Herbert, "we should not have parted without a kiss."

"Bah!" and she laughs savagely. "I thought only of love then."

"And now?"

"Wealth and vengeance!"

"Vengeance!" echoes Herbert, in alarm.

"Vengeance on a world that has so ill-used me. Good-night."

She walks a few paces, and then returns suddenly.

"You have two sisters?"

"Yes," he replies, regarding her with surprise.

"Are either of them engaged or likely to marry?"

"What on earth——"

"Answer me quickly; I can't wait."

"One is engaged——"

A cry of rage escapes Eloise, and she stamps her foot impatiently.

Herbert Gaythorne is astonished at her totally inexplicable anger.

"And the other?"

"Is, I believe, free—not engaged."

"Nor never shall be! Don't question me now. What is the name of the man to whom the one is betrothed?"

"I don't see——"

"Tell me his name."

"Edward Delmar."

"What is he?"

"Manager of the New York and Havana Bank."

"Ah! Again good-night."

And the thin, snake-like form, closely muffled, stole noiselessly into the obscurity.

"I don't half like her mood," mutters Mr. Gaythorne, as he waltzes rakishly away. "She did look evil, and no mistake. But there—if she tries any nonsense with me I can easily leave her."

Out of the gloomy court of the dreary street, out from the heavy darkness, bounding lightly into the road, suddenly appears our legal acquaintance, Dick Tomkins.

"You're a pretty one," he soliloquizes; "a nice member of the community to be behind a tobacconist's counter, you are. So you're going to sell me, are you? That's your caper, is it? I knew you meant vice. Oh, you wicked woman, to rob me of my heart and my confidence, and then give me away like this. All right. Go on. Do all the plundering, run all the risk, have all the work, and Dick Tomkins will enjoy the spoil—luxuriate in the specie. Tomkins, there's a future before you; Fifth Avenue swells and the genuine article will be nowhere. Oh, you vixen! See me use the whip!"

And a moment later Tomkins had followed in the direction of Herbert Gaythorne.

CHAPTER VI.

"LEONIE, EMPRESS OF THE AIR."

TWO days after the meeting faithfully narrated in the preceding chapter, Mr. Richard Tomkins, having completed his elaborate toilet, stands before the looking-glass, fondly examining his precious figure.

Dick lives in a tiny house in the neighborhood of Central Park; he lives, in fact, with his sister. She has a small independence; but had she not, her brother would, out of his own slender income, have provided for her. His fraternal instincts are strong, and his love for and generosity to her, his only relative, are the best traits in his character.

With the aid of a silk handkerchief he is getting upon his hat a gloss which threatens to rival in its dazzling properties the resplendent door-knocker of his little cottage.

"The day of vengeance and the hour of triumph," says Mr. Tomkins, unctuously, quoting the last novel he had read. "The skeleton at the marriage feast. They won't look blue when they see me upon the scene. Oh, no; I guess not! I feel that savage with her," he continues, using the handkerchief with vicious swiftness, "that—there, I could pinch her. After all, though, General Session me if I don't think it's happened for the best. As the song says, 'If she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be?' Two thousand dollars at old Isaacs'. Oho! I'll have at least half of it, and not a cent less. She's clever; but she didn't think I was listening to all her precious plans. I knew they'd come the next night. It wasn't in reason that they wouldn't meet again before this morning. 'I must take fresh apartments,' says he. 'On no account,' says she; 'you can explain to your landlady that you are going to get married; take the parlors, which you say are to let, and there we will remain for a time.' Ah! ah! ha! good, my lady, good. You didn't think the little clerk with the paltry twenty dollars a week was listening, eh? You didn't think that the man you had despised and trampled upon had followed your loafing lover and settled things with the servant? Oh, no; I guess not. Half-past twelve you're timed to reach Washington Square; one o'clock will see your fond admirer with a thousand dollars in his pocket, or Miss Eloise d'Ancre—I beg her pardon, Mrs. Herbert Gaythorne—will spend her honeymoon in the Tombs. I think that's good play. I rather think it's very excellent play; it occurs to me that it's the proper caper; if it isn't, I should just like to know what is?"

"What on earth are you doing? You'll be terribly late at the office," cries the admonitory voice of his sister.

"Don't worry yourself," says Dick, entering their tiny sitting-room; "no office for me to-day. This is my idle day, on which I am going to do the most important business of my life. I shall return by six; be ready, Ann, and I shall take you out."

"Oh, Dick!"

"I will so. And I'll tell you what's more; if you're a good girl, I'll give you a new dress; and what do you think of that?"

THE LETTER-BOX.—FROM THE PAINTING BY LOBRICHON.—"ONE SMALLER THAN YOURSELF IS SOMETIMES USEFUL."

"What do I think?" she exclaims, giving him a hearty kiss. "I think you are the best and most delightful brother ever girl had—there!"

A bright, plump, enthusiastic little woman, this sister. Very demonstrative, and possibly very common; but a merry, guileless soul for all.

"What time are you going?" she adds, after a pause. There is a trace of anxiety in her voice which does not quite escape her brother's notice.

"You seem in a rare hurry to get rid of me; I'm off now. Give me a kiss for luck. You see this; it's a five-dollar piece, isn't it? When I return I shall have two hundred of 'em."

"Gracious!"

"Think of it, my pet. One thousand dollars! And that will lead to another thousand, and so on. Good-bye. Be a good girl."

In the most airy manner Mr. Tomkins leaves the house, and with a twinkle in his eye and a saucy grin upon his face (calculated to do prodigious damage to susceptible female hearts), he passes on his way.

Ann stands for a moment watching with genuine admiration the retreating figure. She has a high opinion of her brother's talents, and is a firm believer in the elegance of his conversation.

"A thousand dollars! I wonder where he'll get that from. I'm sure, I hope he'll be successful. It will be such a shock to him when he hears that I am going to get married. I shan't like leaving our house," she sighs, and a tear courses down her cheek; "it's such a dear, dear place."

"I can't think," ruminates Mr. Tomkins, jauntily subduing each blushing damsel as he passed, "what's up with Ann to-day. Doesn't seem to want me in the house a moment. I suppose she's going to give the little place a thorough overhauling, and it wants it, too."

This is one of the fictions which enliven the Tomkins household. It is a cherished Tomkerian tradition that the house wants a "thorough overhauling" four or five times a week, notwithstanding that the sharpest eye fails, after a most diligent search to discover one speck of dust on the daintily-kept residence. "A thorough overhauling" it had, too.

Woe to the man who entered its sacred precincts with muddy boots, or a dripping umbrella. Woe to the careless person who spilled his crumbs, or the man of audacity who would presume to smoke in the wee parlor, so severe in its tidiness. Dick sternly rebuked the offender, and Ann's reproachful glances were things not readily forgotten.

"I'm early yet," communes Mr. Tomkins, as he leaves his horse-car in the vicinity of Bleecker Street. "I'll have a gentle walk round, and steady myself for the coming triumph. I wonder how old Isaacs looks now. If he hadn't thrown me out as he did I might have given him some assistance. I'll have a look at him, and then for Washington Square."

Tomkins is deprived of the satisfaction of twitting the ancient dealer about his misfortune—the bookstore in Burkett's Court is closed.

"This is queer," Dick mutters. "I shouldn't have thought that under any circumstances he would have closed his store. Surely," he continues, with a shudder, as a horrible idea suggests itself, "surely she hasn't murdered him! But no, no, I don't think she would do *that*."

Unable to quite shake off this ugly thought, and filled with a vague feeling of terror, Mr. Tomkins called at No. — Washington Square.

The door is opened by a hard-featured, sharp morsel of humanity, enveloped in an enormous apron, begrimed and greasy, and bearing a pail within a foot or so as high as herself.

Dick nods knowingly to the antiquated infant, and is about to enter.

"Do you not know," says the mite, in a sharp, decisive voice, stopping him, "that they are away?"

"What?" he gasps, seizing her arm.

"That the gentleman's gone."

"Gone!" echoes Dick, falling back against the wall and staring at the child vacantly. "Gone!"

"Don't I tell you? He was away early this morning."

"In a carriage?" falters Dick, anxiously. "Some chance of finding them if they used a carriage."

"No, no. He just walked."

"Gone!" groans Dick. "Sold, hoodwinked, befooled, beaten! And so near, too. Curse 'em, the villains! But I'll find 'em. I won't rest till I find 'em. To be left like this, when it was within my grasp. On the very verge of triumph, and then to be frustrated. It's wicked, it's downright wicked, that's what it is."

He almost cries with vexation.

"She shall suffer for it, if it's years before I find her, the vixen. They're spending the money now," he whimpers; "my money, the wretches. If I don't find 'em soon it will be all gone. I feel angered to that degree that I could punch her, I could."

"Where's the use crying?" says the old-fashioned little servant, philosophically. "You must just take what's sent you."

A letter-carrier hands her a letter.

"Miss Courtlandt," he says.

"She can wait, I can't go to her just now. It *is* a big one," she adds, eyeing it critically.

At the second mention of the name Dick starts.

"Courtlandt," he muses; "why, that's the name of the old fellow in New England with all the money. Miss Courtlandt! Gracious! Supposing the child isn't dead after all? Supposing this should turn out to be the identical one? What a chance; whew! That would nicely upset all Mrs. Gaythorne's little plots. All the money goes to the daughter. It isn't likely it will come to anything, but general session me, it's worth inquiring into. He told me himself he would give a few thousands to find her."

His reflections are interrupted by the appearance at the door of a tall, magnificently-dressed woman. She is exquisitely formed, and the large-featured, bold face is strikingly handsome. Her tone is imperious, and her manner reckless. The stuff she wears is rich in quality, but the colors are glaring, and her whole appearance is "flashy." Her fingers are covered with rings, and conspicuous jewels are attached to her dress. The rouge-pot has not been spared. In a word, she is surrounded by an unmistakable atmosphere of vulgarity, notwithstanding her beauty and the grandeur of her figure.

"You little wretch—you pig!" she cries, twisting the child's ear till the little thing yells with agony. "Have I not told you to bring me my letters on the instant? You little beast! I shall kill you one day."

She snatches the letter from the trembling girl and tears it fiercely open.

"The idiots!" she exclaims, contemptuously, then scatters the letter into a hundred fragments and sails grandly down the square.

Tomkins quickly overtakes her.

"Pardon me," he says, in the most conciliatory manner. "You are, I believe, Miss Courtlandt?"

She turns upon him furiously.

"You come from that hag, Mother d'Albo? I know you do. Tell her I will never pay her—never, never, never! Tell her if she sends you again that I will twist your wretched neck into a million knots. Ah! See! Tell her that."

Tomkins hastens to explain that he is totally unacquainted with the lady whose misfortune it is to have kindled Miss Courtlandt's ire; that his business is entirely of a pacific nature, and that it might be much to her advantage to listen to him quietly.

"You are a fool, or a liar, or both," is the lady's amiable retort. "Say what you want with me. Must I wait upon every puppy that stops me in the street?"

"It's this," returns Tomkins, nettled. "If you're *the* Miss Courtlandt I want, I can introduce you to eighty thousand a year; if you're not, there's an end of the matter."

"Now, *mon brave!*" says the strange lady, smiling upon him, "now you talk with charming reason. I see we shall be excellent friends. Ah! your name? Richard—Richard Tomkins—delightful! I foresee, Monsieur Richard, that we shall be great friends. You shall get this money for me, my handsome Richard—*mon bon ami.* And you shall be rewarded. I am not yet married. You hear, Richard? Not yet married. Courtlandt I am. What else? Ah, Richard, what else? What else, think you, my honest Richard? Leonie, Empress of the Air—you have heard of me?"

Mr. Tomkins has not only heard of her, he has seen her and trembled at her mid-air flights.

"Applause! Bah! I care not for it. I see below me faces blanched with fear, and the eager, fierce gaze of the fiends who watch for me to make a slip. They glare hungrily. I slip, I destroy myself, and, *hey, presto!* joy! But, my good Richard, eighty thousand a year? Ah, that will cheer me when my eyes cease to shine, when I am old and wrinkled. Who was my father? The world. Who was my mother? The world. Heartless, wicked parents. Who taught me my tricks? D'Albo, the gypsy. Who flogged and tortured me? D'Albo, the gypsy. Who starved and lashed me till my hot blood spurted into his face? D'Albo, the gypsy. The tyrant, the demon! Who gloated over my sufferings? D'Albo, the gypsy. Who has lost his eyes and now starves upon the world? D'Albo, the gypsy. I turned upon him in my strength. He robbed me of all joy in life; he sent me headlong to perdition. I only seized his eyes, when I might have clutched his heart."

The woman speaks loudly, and with a savage satisfaction awful to hear.

Dick would give much to be seen in the company of so celebrated a woman as Leonie, Empress of the Air, whose marvelous feats were the theme of universal wonder. But he trembles at her vehemence, for she is, indeed, a fearful creature.

"Your mother," he says, "supposing you to be the right party, died with this same D'Albo, the gypsy. He declares that her infant also perished. This may have been a lie, told for some purpose of his own. There's one thing—you are exactly like old Courtlandt. Of course, we shall have to work up the legal proofs. I'll see the firm at once——"

"No, my excellent Richard; we shall keep it out of the lawyers' hands, and work together. If you succeed—if you prove my identity—there shall be wealth for you, Richard—wealth. Come, we will drink; I am fevered."

"This is a strange complication," thinks Tomkins, following the monarch of the air, and feeling about as comfortable as he would were he leading a tigress. "However, there's money in it, and the day won't be such a bad one after all."

They are crossing Washington Square, when he looks back. A lady is at the door of No. —, ringing for admittance.

"Gracious!" cries Dick. "Why, if there isn't Ann. What on earth can she want there?"

Leonie hurries on. Had Mr. Richard waited, he would have seen the door opened, and in a few minutes after, his sister fall fainting upon the step.

Leonie is silent. She thinks. Her thought is this:

"What made me take the name of Courtlandt? I wish to heaven I could remember."

CHAPTER VII.

"ALL WHO OPPOSE ME MUST GIVE WAY OR SUFFER DESTRUCTION."

MISS ELOISE D'ANCRE becomes Mrs. Herbert Gaythorne. The newly-married couple take apartments in the neighborhood of Newark, N. J.

She has no fear of being recognized by Ezra Isaacs. Who will confound the lady-like, well-dressed, delicately-perfumed Mrs. Gaythorne with the drudge of Burkett's Court?

Her dress is a simple, tight-fitting black silk. A tiny white collar encircles her neck, and pretty little cuffs are around her wrists. A gold locket, suspended below her collar, and her wedding-ring and keeper, are her only ornaments. Her black hair is drawn tight to her head. With a faint flush upon her white cheeks, and her eyelids drooped upon her large, fierce eyes, she looks very unobtrusive, very pleasant, and very harmless.

She falls into her new position with rare grace, and no one to see her now would believe that she had not from her youth been surrounded by refinement.

As for Herbert, in his fashionably-made clothes, and with his heavy chain, he presents a very fine figure, indeed. There can be no mistake about *him.* The servants of the establishment unanimously declare him a "real" gentleman. He scatters money lavishly, and for the moment lives at an astounding rate. Eloise does not object to his extravagance; the time has not yet come. When it does, without a shadow of doubt her commands will have to be implicitly obeyed.

Three days after their marriage Mr. Gaythorne might be seen gayly waltzing round the table bearing the morning meal. There is a variety of cunning preparations to tempt the jaded palate; the cloth is of snow, and the sun shines upon burnished silver.

The gentleman with the inevitable waltz looks more rakish than ever, and as he sails round he eyes the table with a prodigious amount of satisfaction.

"Ah," he says, gayly, "before this noble array of the good things of life, the boiled and the roast do not stand the remotest chance. Appetite comes, and dryness of the throat vanishes." With a drawl he commences singing—

"Fair, fair, without compare."

"My dear bride! what a strange thing I did not see you come in. Give me a kiss. By gum, how well you look! I should never have believed that such an alteration was possible. To think of you——"

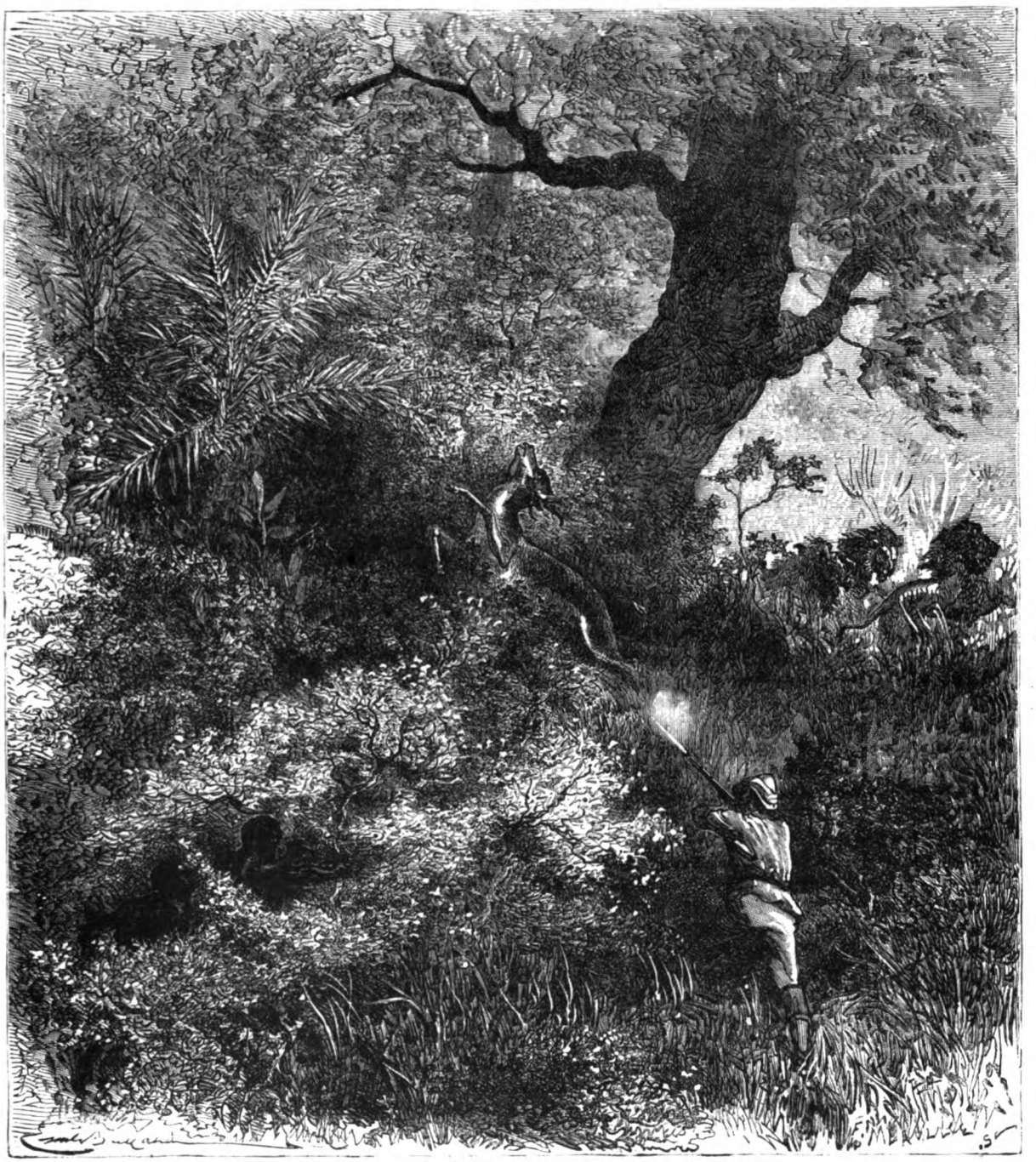
"You are always dwelling upon the past," she interrupts, slowly and quietly. "Forget it. Think that my

PLEASANT READING.—STATUE BY PIETRO GUARNERIO.

life has been anything but what it has been. Think that you met me anywhere but where you did. Forget I ever bore the name of D'Ancre, forget my rags, and—forget Burkett's Court. I wish," she continues, excitedly, "the wretched place were pulled down—razed from the face of the earth. I hate—I loathe the past," she declares, with intense earnestness and a slight shudder. "Cease to think of it; it must for ever remain a closed subject between us."

"Come, don't look so serious. Are my glasses hanging about there loose? Thank you. My bride," soliloquizes Mr. Gaythorne, "is a pretty woman to look at; but she has got a very funny temper." Then, aloud, "There's only this to be said, my love—if your part is to be closed, and you won't open your plans for the future, it occurs to me that the range of our conversational subjects will be rather limited. Try some of this *caviare;* it's delicious—seems to put such a tone upon your palate. You don't want a tone? Oh, very well. What a miserable breakfast you are making—a slice of bread-and-butter and a cup of coffee. You won't look as well as you do for long if you don't be more generous to yourself."

"It was a fortunate thing," says Eloise, in a low tone, as though musing, "that I returned after you that night. If I had not seen that wretch, Tomkins, following you, he might have occasioned us very serious trouble. From what I said, he imagined we were going to Washington Square. I am impatient to know whether my surmise is right. If he has called, and finds we have out-manœuvred him, he will give up the search. He hasn't much time for it, and his means are limited. He is the only one besides yourself," she continues, in a strange voice, "that can establish anything against me—the only one."



SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA—HUNTING THE KOODOO.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Herbert does not like her tone. He moves about uncomfortably.

"You behaved with rare foresight, my love," he remarks. "If it hadn't been for your 'cuteness, we shouldn't be here now. Old Isaacs would——"

"No," returns Mrs. Gaythorne, calmly. "No, Tomkins

may have forced some of the money from us—he may have caused us intense worry, but rather than give him the opportunity of betraying me to Isaacs, I would——"

The eyelids no longer drooped; the great staring eyes gleamed fiercely.

"What?" asks Gaythorne, uneasy under her gaze.

"Have silenced him for ever! All who oppose me must give way or suffer destruction. I have begun the conflict. I will not rest until I have secured the prize."

"Don't look so wild, my charming one. I can't help thinking that it's a pity you don't tell one more—I might help you," is the observation of Mr. Gaythorne.

"At present you can do nothing. What more would you know? I tell you that if your sisters do not marry before the expiration of two years, you come into great wealth. We must scheme to prevent them finding husbands. A few months can make no difference to them. The wealth once yours, you can provide for them as you like. Really we are plotting as much for them as for ourselves."

"Precisely. Mustn't they know?"

"Certainly not. Fancy, Herbert, eighty thousand a year! Once mine, the labor over, the anxiety at an end—ah, then I will enjoy life!"

In her visions of the future she does not see her husband, Herbert Gaythorne, with her and eighty thousand a year? No, no; she shudders at the idea. To toil and to slave, and have him dragging at her side—never!

Enjoy yourself, Master Herbert, your cigars and your billiards, your wine and your countless follies, while you may; waltz as you will—eat, drink, and be merry! Do not dream of the future. Your fate is not yet settled, but is in the hands of a woman remorseless and cruel as the baffled tigress—inexorable as destiny.

"So far," declares Herbert, with a chuckle of satisfaction, "all has gone well—awfully well, and there's every prospect of the roast and the boiled coming well forward. What's the programme to-day?"

"To-day I play my first card."

"The first," he laughs. "You won the last, and there's the proof," pointing to the purse upon the table.

"No," she replies, calmly, not a muscle of her face moving. "I seized that. The next I play for. I commence the game to-day."

"Let me see your cards."

"The first card will show you Mrs. Carados, a lady from Havana, becoming familiar with your sister's sweetheart—the manager of the New York & Havana Bank."

"Mrs. Carados being," observes Herbert, airily, "a dark little woman with very large eyes, at present in apartments of——"

"Who," resumes Eloise, "has a thousand dollars or more that she wishes to deposit in some place of safety."

"And who," suggests Herbert, "firmly believes in the stability of the New York and Havana Bank."

"She is anxious," proceeds his wife, "to obtain some light employment in the country."

"Residence of my worthy father—Reverend Laurence Gaythorne—preferred?" he queries, gayly. He leans back in his chair, and he supports his head with his clasped hands, regarding her with the utmost satisfaction.

She is calm and serious.

"This idea held, most certainly," she promptly answers, "but not hinted at."

"Well?"

"Well? Then I wait and see the other side play."

"Excellent! Excellent!" shouts Herbert, enthusiastically, jumping up and waltzing wildly round the room; "what a head you've got." He stops suddenly.

"I'm afraid that we've made one mistake," he says.

"What's that?" she demands, impatiently.

"I don't like the idea of trusting that 'private detective' fellow to watch my old residence."

"I was anxious—indeed, it was of the utmost importance that I should know whether Tomkins was moving in the matter or not."

"Quite true; but you see a man like Tomkins knows most of these fellows. They may even be friendly. Why, if the private detective fellow told Tomkins who employed him, there would be a deuce of a caper. By gum, he might be round here at any moment. Gracious me," he adds, in consternation, "fancy that!"

"There is danger," she acknowledges, thoughtfully; "there certainly is danger. Danger remote, it is true, but danger which must be met—danger which must be provided for. These men, after all, cannot be indifferent to the interests of their employers; if such were the case, they would get no business."

"They go where the money is," is the reply. "It is a matter of dollars and cents with them. In my opinion there's not a 'Private Detective' Office in the country honest. It's true there's nothing in this case to excite particular interest. But I do suggest that there is just the possible chance of our being betrayed."

"Then we must act cautiously," returns Eloise. "The man will be here in a few moments, and while you speak to him I will examine the street from the window. If the house is watched I'll discover it. Either way we had better leave here immediately. While I return to New York, you remove our things to Philadelphia. Take apartments there, and await me at the Tontine House. If there are spies about they will follow me and leave the coast clear for you. I will come back here as if nothing had happened. Having seen me safely housed for the night, they will probably leave me until the morning. When all is safe I will join you. But on no account show your face here, though you have to wait for me a week or longer."

A knock at the door prevents her proceeding further. A servant enters, and announces "Mr. Nathaniel Ferrett."

(To be continued.)

SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Hunting the Koodoo.

Starting with a Makololo for a little shooting in the jungle, my guide informed me that the elephant-ground was a long way off, and that it was too late now to go there, but that he thought he could show me some ngoma, which the natives call the koodoo (*strepsiuras kudu*) before dark.

After crossing, in rear of the village, about half a mile of ground, which was cultivated with Indian corn and cotton, we entered a stunted forest, where the footprints of different kinds of antelope were to be seen at almost every step, showing an abundance of those animals.

Prominent amongst these was that of the koodoo, by far the most beautiful, though by no means the largest, antelope in Africa; and it was not long before I found myself unexpectedly within a hundred and twenty yards of five of them. One was a fine buck, who, with his gray hide beautifully striped with white, and his large, spiral horns, stood in the midst of four females, all ranging full on in line, and gazing intently in the direction from which I was coming.

We saw each other almost at the same instant, and one of the does turned sharply round and disappeared. It

was all but a matter of a second to draw a bead on the chest of the fine buck and fire. He fell where he stood; and as the others turned to fly I took a snap shot at one of them, but it ran away as if untouched.

I was much pleased at obtaining this fine specimen of a male koodoo, as I had looked forward with more anxiety to killing these animals than almost any other in Africa. Having cut off the head, I handed it over to the native who accompanied me, and followed up the track of the female. A walk of a few yards showed she had been hit. Large red drops of blood lay in her wake, and we hurried on. I soon observed her walking quietly along about fifty yards in front of me, and it required the greatest caution to keep within that distance of her unperceived till she should turn one way or the other, and offer a more favorable shot. At last she did pull up, turning broadside on to me; but, with all the cunning of these wary animals, guarding her entire shoulder with a stout tree, close to which she stood.

I took a steady aim at the ear, a measure I should have hesitated to adopt had the head borne a fine pair of horns instead of an ugly pair of ears, and fired. Rigby again did its work, and the doe bit the dust. On examination I found that the bullet had gone through the head, literally smashing the skull to pieces. My sole object in killing this animal was that I might have specimens of the skin of both sexes.

As it was now growing dark, I found it necessary to leave the skins where they were till morning, and accordingly returned. Within a hundred yards of where I had killed the last animal, a bush-bock ran past me at a distance of seventy yards; but I missed him, the ball passing over his back in a good line. On my way to the boat, and not very far from the village, I saw the fresh spoor of elephants and buffalo, but it was too late to dream of trying to follow them up that night.

WHAT BECOMES OF BOOKS.

THE world has never had so many books as to-day, and but for the destroying agents that keep pace with the progress of book-making, the present rapid multiplication of books would soon usurp for printed volumes an undue share of space suitable for their preservation. The rain and the sunshine, the frost and the thaw, gaslight and heat, mold and decay, children and servants, prepare the books in modern households for the kindling of fires sooner or later, or for the junkman—the modern undertaker of literature.

It is estimated that not less than 25,000 new books are published every year, running through editions numbering from 1,000 to 25,000 volumes. There are 1,100,000 printed books in the British Museum Library, and there are 3,000,000 books in the Bibliotheque Nationale of Paris. Our American libraries are wonderfully large for a new country, and it is believed that there are larger collections of books in libraries now than ever before. Bibliophiles of to-day do not trust the old stories of the enormous number and value of the books destroyed at Carthage and at Alexandria. Even with the steam press, which has been working a half century, it is extremely difficult to collect a half million different books in a modern library, and the accounts of old writers of the wonderful extent of ancient libraries are doubted, because of the scarcity of books before the invention of printing.

While some bibliophiles estimate that probably not one-thousandth part of the books that have been are still extant, they are not disposed to mourn their destruction, for doubtless mountains of rubbish were removed, which, if the cleansing fires had not come, would have rendered destructive measures necessary for sheer want of space in which to store so many volumes.

The libraries of MSS. collected by the Egyptian Ptolemies were doubtless famous throughout the world, and when they were burned in Cæsar's Alexandrian war, B.C. 48, at Alexandria, and again by the Saracens, A.D. 640, an immense loss was inflicted upon mankind; but although Gibbon, the historian, accepts the story that 700,000 volumes were thus destroyed, many book-men gravely doubt it. These volumes, like all of the manuscripts of the early ages, were written on sheets of parchment, with a wooden roller at each end, so that the reader needed only to unroll a portion at a time. The next great destruction of books was at Carthage, when 500,000 books are said to have been burned.

With heathens burning Christian writings and Christians retaliating upon Pagan literature, books disappeared rapidly in the twilight of civilization. Mohammed destroyed books because if they contained what was in the Koran they were superfluous, and if they contained anything opposed to it they were immoral. Twelve thousand books printed in Hebrew were burned at Cremona in 1569, and at the capture of Granada Cardinal Ximenes made a bonfire of five thousand copies of the Koran. The great monastic libraries fell under the teeth of time in the Reformation. The books were destroyed to scour candlesticks, clean boots and light fires. Some were sold to grocers and soap-sellers for wrapping purposes, and a merchant, for forty shillings, bought two noble libraries containing paper stock enough to last him ten years. Many books from the first presses, including Caxton's translation of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, and probably his *Lyf of th' Erle of Oxenforde*, were torn up to cover the bottom of pans in the baking of pies.

The great fire of London, in 1666, reduced many priceless collections to cinders, including an immense stock removed for safety to the vaults of St. Paul's Cathedral. A curious heap of scorched leaves, looking like a monster wasp's nest, may be seen in a glass case in the British Museum, as a relic of the fire, in 1731, at Ashburnham House, Westminster, which partly destroyed the Cotton MSS. These books, by the exercise of much skill, were partly restored, although charred almost beyond recognition.

With all the devastation of fire, some fate seems at times to have guided the flames about precious books, for there are many rare old pages which have come through fierce heat with only a loss of their bindings and their margins, while they retained an untouched oval centre of plain print. About one thousand volumes were thus saved from the Offor collection, when it was burned in Wellington Street, London.

Mohammed II., when he captured Constantinople, in the fifteenth century, ordered the books of all the churches, as well as the 120,000 manuscripts in the library of the Emperor Constantine, to be thrown into the sea.

The destruction of books has been greatest, doubtless, from natural causes. A broken pane of glass in a cathedral library in England admitted the tendril of an ivy-branch, which grew and grew, until it attached itself to a row of books worth hundreds of pounds. Then, in rainy weather, it conducted water as though it was a pipe, along to the tops of the books, and soaked them through and through. The rain coming in over a skylight in one library of rare books, rotted some Caxtons and other early English books, one of which, in spite of its rotten condition, was sold for $1,000.

LASSOING A SPECTRE.—A COSSACK'S EXPLOIT.

Some few years ago, toward the end of December, all Moscow was startled by the rumor—at first vague and doubtful, then more and more distinct—of a hideous figure which showed itself nightly just outside one of the principal "barriers" of the city, terrifying all beholders with the veritable semblance of a demon—horns, tail, fiery eyes, and all.

After a time, however, it was whispered that every one who had been "interviewed" by this disagreeable promenader had ended by finding himself minus his watch, purse, or some other valuable—a fact which aroused suspicions that the pretended demon was, after all, only some daring thief, requiring the exorcisms of the police rather than those of the clergy.

Such, at least, was the view taken in the Bureau of Police itself, where the matter was being discussed one night by some dozen members of the "force," with the addition of such details as popular rumor or their own lively fancy suggested.

Suddenly a young Cossack, recently enrolled, who had sat perfectly silent during the whole conversation, arose and said, quietly but firmly: "It's against orders to let the devil walk about! I'll just go and tackle him."

So saying, the adventurous lad went forth, saddled his horse, and set off in quest of the pocket-picking demon, taking with him no weapon save his "arkan"—a short lasso, as formidable in Cossack hands as in those of the American "Gaucho."

It was dark long before he reached the barrier, but a faint gleam of moonlight showed him a ghastly figure, which seemed to rise out of the earth at his approach, and said, in a hollow voice:

"Halloa, there! I *want* you! Come down with me to my kingdom below."

The sinister summons was barely uttered when the noose settled around the speaker's neck, and the half-throttled demon found himself jerked from his feet and flung violently to the ground.

The Cossack bound him hand and foot, trussed him up behind the saddle, and started back through the town at full gallop, utterly regardless of the cries of astonishment that followed his course, and the crowd that gathered at his heels like a snowball.

Meanwhile, the chief of police, having gone to bed earlier than usual, had just fallen asleep, when he was aroused by a violent knocking at his door and a shout of:

"Your excellency! your excellency!"

"What the deuce is the matter?" cried "his excellency," savagely, adding a brief but forcible apostrophe.

"The devil, your excellency," answered a voice from without.

"The devil?" echoed the great man, somewhat startled at the announcement of such a visitor, despite the appropriateness of the hour.

"There's a Cossack below, your excellency, who says he has caught the devil, and wants to know what he's to do with him."

A sudden recollection of the "barrier demon" at once flashed upon the chief's mind, and he comprehended the whole affair.

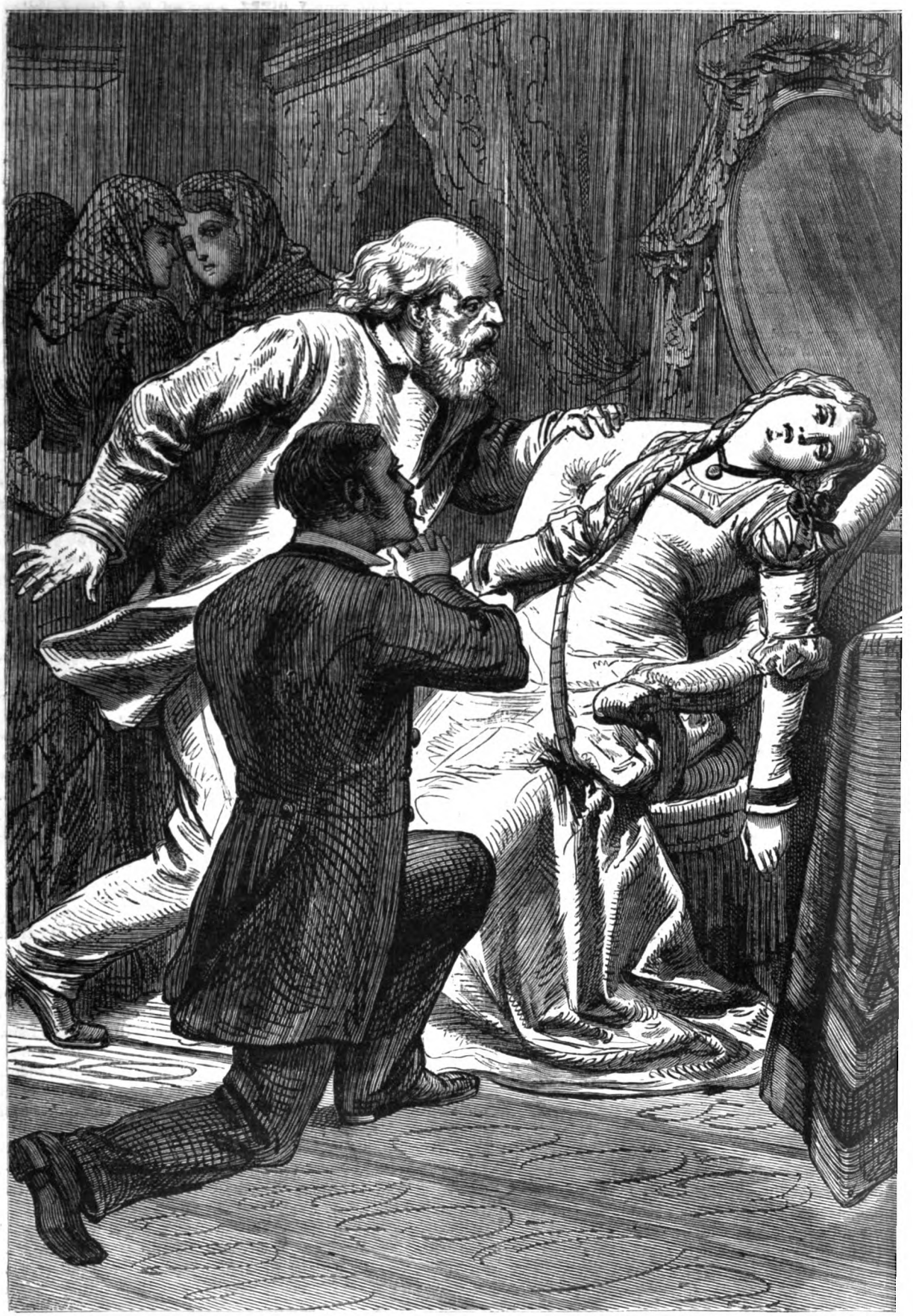
Hurrying on his clothes as quickly as possible, he rushed downstairs, and found at the door the horse with his ghostly burden, while the Cossack, making his salute, said quietly: "I've caught the devil, your excellency. What are your excellency's orders about him?"

LASSOING A SPECTRE.—"THE COSSACK, MAKING HIS SALUTE, SAID: 'I'VE CAUGHT THE DEVIL YOUR EXCELLENCY. WHAT ARE YOUR EXCELLENCY'S ORDERS ABOUT HIM?'"

Stifling a laugh at his follower's coolness, the chief ordered the prisoner's disguise to be taken off, when the features revealed were those of a noted thief, for whose apprehension a large reward had been offered.

The rascal was promptly packed off to Siberia, while his captor received in full the recompense to which he was so well entitled.

Every year of our lives we grow more convinced that it is the wisest and best to fix our attention on the beautiful and the good, and dwell as little as possible on the evil and the false.



BERTA'S SACRIFICE.—"THOSE WHO ANSWERED THE PIERCING CALL SAW STEPHEN BURNETT KNEELING BY THE GREAT ARMCHAIR, THE FATHER BENDING OVER THE FAIR STILL FACE WITH MOANS OF UTTER MISERY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

PERFECTION : TWO SONNETS.

I.

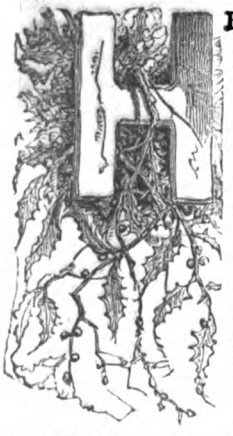
All-conscious of a power that strangely came
And thrilled each nerve, a maiden lingered long.
Seeking some noble subject pure and strong,
That she might paint, and win a golden fame.
But all her seeking was but fraught with shame:
She sought perfection and she sought in vain;
Men, women—heroes, heroines—the stain
Of long life-journey's tarnished every name.
And then she took her brush, half in despair,
And traced a child's face delicately fair,
Unmarred by sin and sweet with every grace;
And these the words she wrote beneath it there:
"Perfection is not; but its noblest trace
Is surely hidden in a child's sweet face."

II.

A dreamer read the lines and turned away,
His soul all stirred within him—"Can it be?
Perfection nearest found in infancy?
The early dawning brighter than the day?
The molded figure weaker than the clay?"
And then before his eyes cloud-fancies passed,
And in their misty shapes he traced at last
Grand noble faces, bright with purest ray;
Faces all marred, but rich with wondrous glow
Refined with fire and purified by woe—
Women in weakness of their womanhood,
Men in their strength, living for other's good;
For as in gold are set fair jewels of price,
Most perfect lives are set in sacrifice.

BERTA'S SACRIFICE.

By S. Annie Frost.



"HERR SHENFELD'S? Yes, sir. Across the street. The small white house with the garden in front."

The young man who had requested the direction, with a brief "Thank you," nodded and strode across the street to the white house. It stood close upon the skirts of a large German city, but its surroundings were somewhat more rural than its close proximity to the city might have led one to expect. The little front garden was a mass of Summer bloom, and the vine-wreathed porch was shady and inviting.

The stranger lifted his hand to the primitive knocker, then paused and sat quietly in the porch, without any demand for admittance. For, out upon the clear Summer air, from a room whose low windows opened upon the porch where he waited, there floated a voice that held him spellbound. A voice free as a bird's, full of most delicious natural sweetness and power, and cultivated to the most exquisite artistic perfection.

Exercise followed exercise, holding in mute, listening patience the stranger upon the porch.

He was a man with the free, erect form and grace of an Indian, the head of an Apollo, and the air and dress of a young nobleman. Yet, withal, carrying about him that indescribable ease of manner, combined with independence, that proclaims a citizen of the United States to a foreigner, in whatever clime it may please him to sojourn.

He listened with the air of a connoisseur well pleased, following the intricate passages with a soft patting of his delicately-gloved hand. Once he leaned back on his bench, and, gently lifting a corner of a dingy curtain, peeped into the room. No one observed him, so he studied the inmates for several moments.

At the piano he saw an old man with a thick-set figure and thoroughly German face. Gray hair, very thin, fell in long locks over a shabby coat. Large blue eyes were fixed upon the open music before him, following every note of the singer's voice with critical attention.

And the singer? The hidden spectator felt a sense of disappointment looking at her. Her voice had associated itself in his mind with a majestic queen of opera, radiant in beauty, gorgeous in attire.

This was what he saw: A slender girl of eighteen, of medium height, dressed in a very much worn calico of dingy blue, with a huge apron of brown check over it. Hair of pure golden yellow was dragged off a small, oval face, and made into a heavy coil high upon the head. Eyes of deepest brown, shaded by black lashes, shone from under arching black eyebrows. Eyes large and lustrous, looking doubly so in the pallor of a pure, utterly colorless complexion. And the mouth, that would not disfigure the face, though open to let out the glorious voice, was small and adorned with pearly, even teeth.

While he looked the soaring voice dropped low, and the girl spoke:

"It is late, dear father. If I do not make the soup you will have no dinner."

"Go, then," was the reply, in deep, guttural German, followed by a heavy sigh. "Ah! when the people once hear your voice, we will not need to make our own soup, my Berta."

For reply she dropped a kiss upon his brow, and left the room, singing merrily a saucy aria.

"Bah!" cried the old man; "do not waste your voice on that!"

"Ah, it rests me! These long exercises are so tiresome," she called back from a room beyond.

There was silence then, save for the low ripple of the merry aria, sung in a soft, subdued voice, and coming like a faint Æolian harp to the listener on the porch. He rose up then and sounded a rousing peal upon the knocker. The old man opened the door.

"Herr Shenfeld?" the stranger asked, in a very passable German accent.

"That is my name, sir. Will you walk in?"

Accepting the invitation, the stranger explained his errand. He was seeking a quiet home for a few months' sojourn in the city, and at the hotel had been sent to Herr Shenfeld's.

"I have rooms," was the old man's reply, "but if you are a student they will not suit you. I am leader of the orchestra of the —— Theatre, in the city, and I train voices for the stage. So there is very little quiet here. It is the objection always made to the house."

"It will be no objection to me. I am not a student, but traveling for pleasure, and want a few weeks' rest. I shall probably be away from home most of the time. Can I see the rooms?"

"Certainly."

They were found to consist of a moderate-sized sitting-room and bedroom, handsomely furnished, though the rest of the house was dingy and meanly appointed.

The stranger, giving his card, upon which was engraved "Stephen Burnett, New York," engaged the rooms at once, and in answer to his host's inquiry, said he preferred taking his meals with the family to eating in solitary state.

"I will go over to the hotel and send my trunks here," he said, "and be back to dinner."

"In two hours," said Herr Shenfeld; and, escorting his lodger to the door, he hastened to the kitchen. "Berta, the rooms are taken by a young milord from New York. He never questioned the price, and will be here to dinner. Send for Gretchen, my child. You do not need to make the soup when there is a lodger."

"But to-day, father, I must make it. There is no one to go for Gretchen."

"I will go—I will go! Put on your good frock, Berta!"

But Berta did not leave her post until the strong-armed servant, who came and went, as the necessities of the small family required, was actually in the kitchen.

Then she went quickly to her own room, the barest of attic chambers, and, dressing rapidly in a woolen dress scarcely less worn and dingy than the one she took off, but finished with soft lace ruffling at the throat, she opened an Italian grammar. While she studied, softly speaking the musical words, her fingers flew over a piece of knitted lace, fine as a cobweb, growing rapidly under her hands.

For Berta Shenfeld, whose father pictured her ever in the future as one of the triumphant queens of song, lifting him with herself high above all poverty and sordid toil by the might of her genius, led, in the present, a busy, hard-worked life.

The child of an Italian mother, who abandoned her hope of fame to settle down as Herr Shenfeld's loving wife, she had known mother-love only three short years, when death left the German music-teacher widowed and desolate.

For years he grieved as only deep, tender natures can, then he wakened to a new hope. Berta inherited her mother's voice! It became a labor of love with the old music-teacher to train her for the stage, and in his heart sprang up ambitious dreams that became the very mainspring of his life.

Meaning ever to lift the child to the highest place in the world of song—his only world—he taxed every power of her mind for that one aim. She was educated well, by skilled professors, especial attention being paid to languages, that she might be, in a measure, at home in every great city to which her father fondly hoped she would be summoned.

But it required money to pay professors, money to allow Herr Shenfeld to give Berta the hours of time taken from other pupils, and so a floor was fitted up for lodgers.

When it was occupied a servant did the household labor, when it was vacant—and that was three-fourths of the time—Berta was cook, seamstress, housemaid. The long, slender fingers that could evoke the very spirit of music from violin or piano, were skilled in all culinary arts, could sew and knit, sweep or scrub, as occasion required.

And they were never idle. Mother-love would have seen that the pure, sweet face was far too pale, the little figure far too slender. Mother-love would have detected the spirit-light shining in the large dark eyes far too brightly. Mother-love would have wept for the *spirituelle* beauty, and striven to win more of earthly strength for the tender form.

But the father, worshiping the child, saw only the power of genius in the low, broad brow and the glorious dark eyes; was proud of the precocious intellect that grasped and conquered every difficulty of study put before it. While the brave, bright spirit was so steadily true, the father never questioned the strength of its earthly tenement.

And the child, knowing fully the future planned out for her, was obedient to every rule, and said nothing of the horror of that future to her own heart.

Shy and reticent, she turned cold and sick whenever she thought of facing crowded houses, of being thrown amongst strangers behind the scenes, of acting with people utterly unknown. It was part of her education to go often to the opera, and no one knew of the sleepless nights that followed, haunted by a nightmare-dread of her own future.

She knew intuitively that no strength of mind, no devotion to study, would ever make her an actress. By the power of her voice alone she must win the place her father coveted for her. And it needed the actress's devotion, the ability to merge personal identity in mimic life, to conquer the womanly modesty that shrank from the life on the stage. It was not that she undervalued the genius that could reign there; could counterfeit the passions that move an audience to enthusiasm, but she knew she never could possess it.

And so, when her father would walk home beside her, and rapturously talk of the hour when the applause, the triumph would be hers, she could only sigh faintly, and hope the disappointment would not be more than he could endure. For every day the conviction was pressed more deeply upon her heart that her father's whole life-scheme was built upon her success or failure.

So she studied and practiced, knit fine lace to sell, through Gretchen, to supply her simple wardrobe, cooked when the rooms were empty, poured over her books when they were full, and grew daily in delicate, frail beauty.

She flushed a little when at dinner the new lodger greeted her with the respect he might have offered the queen of song her father hoped that she would be. Never in her life had she been treated as anything but a child, and it was a novel pleasure to receive the quietly courteous attentions of this American milord.

With the intuitive penetration of natural refinement, she understood the position at once, and Herr Shenfeld chuckled inwardly to see how quickly see substituted a gentle, womanly dignity for the childish modesty of her former manner. She found the words, too, to answer the gentleman's conversation, and even made merry once or twice, when he hesitated for a German expression, by speaking a few words of broken English.

The meal was a pleasant one, for Stephen Burnett had the art of making himself at home, and winning friends readily.

Before he returned to the solitary grandeur of his own room, he had won the cordial liking of both his host and Berta. And in return he gave them, too, a meed of cordiality he had never before felt in the same relations. A host to him, in five years of European travel, had never before represented the head of a home, and a hostess was apt to figure in his recollections as a she-dragon.

But this old music-teacher, in his shabby coat, with his short, fat figure and broad German face, was a gentleman in manner and speech, while Berta, whose voice rang yet in his ears—what was Berta?

On that first day, Stephen Burnett could scarcely have answered. But a month later he knew well that to him Berta had become the personified ideal of a young man's dreams. Not all at once had the fair face won its throne in his heart; not all at once had the refined, cultivated mind won his respectful admiration; not all at once had the glorious young voice taken every sense captive. Very gradually the influence had taken in every thought, every hope of his life, and when he wakened to the knowledge, he bent every power to the task of winning her.

So easy a task! The secluded artist-life had never held a hero. Not one of the stuffy old professors, not one of the tinsel-decorated singers, had ever touched the little maiden's imagination, much less her heart, and when it

wakened all fluttering to the fact that there was room for more than filial affection there, it was conscious, also, that the handsome face and tender voice of the American already filled the niche.

A faint, tender color would creep up to the pale cheeks to greet Stephen's step or voice, and the little white hands would flutter and falter on the most familiar airs when he came in.

The old music-teacher was blind to it all. Berta's future was so fixed a fact to him that he never suspected it was threatened. So long as she was obedient to his call to practice, so long as the voice upon which every hope was built improved each day, Herr Shenfeld asked no more.

But to Stephen Burnett himself the knowledge of his own love brought deep perplexity. He was the heir-apparent of a mammoth American fortune, being the orphan nephew of a widowed, childless aunt, a woman of strong prejudices, who exacted an implicit obedience to all her whims as the price of the heirship.

It had been no easy matter to keep in her good graces, but Stephen had succeeded, congratulating himself heartily upon comparative freedom, when she decided that he must spend a few years in Europe. It was to escape the bondage of his aunt's home that he had lingered so long, and he knew his recall might be expected at any moment.

Wholly dependent upon his aunt's caprices, to offend any of her prejudices, was simply to face beggary.

THE HARVEST MOUSE.—SEE PAGE 727.

And the strongest of her prejudices, the one giant in his path, was her dislike to anything belonging to the stage.

Stephen knew that one whisper of Berta's future prospects would blight every hope of his inheritance. He loved her, and would win her for his wife if love could win her; but he must do it quickly, or her appearance in public would make it imperative to choose between his love and his wealth.

After all, he argued in his youthful arrogance, he could easily settle an independence upon her father when once he held the wealth that would be his, and Berta need never sing save for him alone.

It was simply impossible for him to understand anything of Herr Shenfeld's ambition—to know how utterly powerless money was to purchase the abandonment of his life-dream. An artist in every nerve of his unwieldy frame, he would have stared astonished at the suggestion that there could be any degradation in the career before his child.

And to Berta, the story of her lover's perplexities were but a rude shattering of her tender maiden fancies. He came to her in the soft twilight of an Autumn day, as she sat knitting lace in the little parlor. He prisoned the little white hands, and told her his love, bending his proud head low to catch the whisper that told him he had won the pure, true heart. It was ecstasy enough for many long moments to sit holding the little hands, watching the color come and go in the shy, half-hidden face, coaxing a tender glance from the soft brown eyes.

But there was the fact ever before Stephen Burnett, that a day in October had been already set for Berta's first appearance. Already daily rehearsals were training her voice and acting for *Marguerite*, and the score of the opera of "Faust" was the daily practice.

It was none too soon to define the position; and, in lover-like phrases, Stephen pleaded his case. No word of the aunt or threatened inheritence escaped him. Only by his love he pleaded the right to take from Berta's life all toil—all necessity for public singing.

And Berta, shrinking every day more and more from the publicity, feeling with every rehearsal the certainty of her own incapacity to unite the art of actress and singer, heard with a wild hope this scheme of rescue. Never to face an audience, and feel every pair of eyes stabbing her heart. Never to need to be brought into contact with the members of the opera troupe, and simulate the dramatic passions that were mere names to her. Oh, if there could be a happiness added to her love, it was this hope of escape!

Late as it was when Herr Shenfeld returned from the theatre, Stephen waited to see him; and while Berta, humming a blithe little tune, prepared her father's supper, Stephen pleaded his cause.

The utter audacity of the proposal fairly stunned the old German at first. What! coolly ask Berta to relinquish her whole future when the hour of triumph was almost at

BUONDELMONTI'S BRIDE.— FROM THE PICTURE BY H. M. PAGET.— SEE PAGE 727.

hand! Ask him to give his child, upon whose musical education years of study had been spent, to a foreigner, to carry away, leaving his old age desolate! But when Stephen, having exhausted every argument else, brought forward the true one, the old man's patience gave way.

"You want to buy my Berta with your aunt's gold! You want to crush out all her glorious future to coax an old woman's prejudice. I laugh at you. My Berta will win gold—more than that, she will have fame. You do not understand. I would not give my child to an

emperor if he wanted to waste the toil of years and bury my Berta's genius!"

Much more he said, his voice rising as his indignation increased, and Berta's song ceased as the deep guttural accents reached her in the kitchen, where she was frying sausages for the supper, while Gretchen spread the tray.

It never occurred to the girl, as her heart sank lower and lower under the fiery words of her angry father, that there was any course open to her but obedience to his will, however imperative, however obedience might crush her heart. She had hoped for one brief evening that love might lift her life above the necessity for bread-winning, out of the terrors of a public appearance; but when she followed Gretchen back to the parlor that hope was dead.

She made no remonstrance when her father, in a voice that admitted of no rebellion, bade her put all this new folly aside and think of nothing but the *début* that would decide her whole future. She let Stephen kiss her pale, cold cheek when she bade him good-night, but made no reply to his whispered "Courage! I will win his consent yet."

She knew only too surely that this was labor lost—a vain, hopeless endeavor. She did not try to sleep, sitting beside her window, looking into the night, slowly, one by one, bidding all the fair dreams of the past weeks an eternal farewell.

Her face, when she greeted her father in the morning, was so white, so utterly hopeless, that even his heart was touched.

"Berta," he said, gently, "is it for him you grieve?" and he pointed his fat forefinger toward the lodger's door.

"I love him, father," she said, quietly.

"And would you give up your profession for him? Would you break my heart by wasting all the labor I have spent upon your voice?"

"I will do just as you wish, father."

"That's my good maiden. And listen, Berta. It is for gold, for his rich aunt's favor, that Herr Burnett would snatch you back from the future that you have prepared for by the studies of your whole life. Well, you will have gold soon—gold enough to go to him and bid him laugh in his aunt's face."

Would that be so? Would he forgive her for her artist life if she could give him gold? Berta took this tiny ray of comfort into her weary heart, and hugged it there close, in those toilsome days preceding the *début* upon which her father built such high hope, such dreams of triumph, of future glory, that seemed but an added burden to the recipient in prospect.

The intercourse between the lovers in those last few days of preparation was brief and constrained. Stephen, wounded alike in his love and pride by his inability to move Berta's filial duty, was cold, and, if he spoke, only urged his suit anew, promising everything if Berta would marry him in defiance of her father. And Berta, tortured by such prayers almost beyond endurance, gladly availed herself of the excuses of practice, rehearsal and dressmaking to avoid the trying scenes.

On the evening when her success or failure was but a matter of a few hours, she came into the dingy parlor, hoping to find Stephen and win just one word, or even smile, of encouragement to help her through the ordeal before her.

She was trembling with excitement, and a deep crimson stained each cheek. Over her dress was a heavy cloak, the hood drawn up around her face.

There was no one in the parlor, but she stood listening for the familiar step upon the stairs till she was startled by her father's voice.

"Berta," he said, "you know I told you some rich milord had taken an entire stage-box. I have just learned who it is—Stephen Burnett. He has decided to witness your triumph, and to-morrow he will be at your feet."

"Are you sure, father, he has the box?"

"I am sure. You see, I was right. A little resolution on your part has brought him to his senses. Sing your best, and see if he does not lead the applause this evening."

And Berta, with a lighter heart than she had carried for many long days, followed her father to the carriage that was to take them to the theatre.

Already the house was filling fast, for the beauty of the young *débutante's* voice had already been whispered of by the few who had heard it at rehearsals. In the stage-box he had secured, Stephen Burnett watched, with a gloomy brow, the steady stream of people; he called himself hard names for being there, but he could not keep away. Certain that Berta must succeed, he knew well that her success would separate them utterly; yet he could not refrain from witnessing her first effort to win a throne in the great kingdom of music.

As he caught the first look of her face in the picturesque dress of *Marguerite*, he could scarcely refrain from a cry of surprise and admiration. Was that radiant peasant-girl Berta? In place of the dingy, unbecoming dress of everyday wear, the brightly colored costume, the trim velvet bodice and soft white waist set off the pretty figure to perfection; while the tiny feet in the low-buckled shoes were surely never the heavily shod ones that moved about the housework. The golden hair he had ever seen strained back and knotted fast now fell in long, broad braids, while above the broad, white brow, clustered a thousand tiny ringlets, forming a golden halo to the sweet face. But what a face! Eyes full of radiant hope, joy, love; cheeks burning with a brilliant fever-flush; lips parting in the smiles of a happy child!

No wonder a hearty round of applause greeted the beautiful *débutante* as she bent in graceful, half-timid greeting.

The first notes of the pure, sweet voice held the large audience inthralled. With the new hope of shaking Stephen's resolution singing in her heart, Berta threw herself into her part with a happy *abandon* that was a surprise to those who had been rehearsing with her for weeks.

"A great singer, but no actress!" was the future all had predicted, from the manager down; and at the outset she was electrifying them by her power of acting! Not one guessed that the very perfection was gained by the fact that Berta was not acting, but singing out of her full heart. No one of the many who heard the tender love-songs sung with such wondrous effect knew how the love in Berta's own heart soared out in the music.

Herr Shenfeld, as every song wakened new demonstrations of applause, could scarcely see the score upon his desk for the happy tears that welled up into his eyes. His hour of triumph promised to be a proud one, and Berta was nerved to new effort whenever her eyes fell upon his face, glorified, even in its plainness, by his pride and love.

"If only she can keep up! If only her strength does not fail!" the father whispered, as the young *débutante* entered for the final scene.

But his very heart seemed to stop in its pulsations as his eyes rested upon Berta.

"Who will say now she is not a great actress?" he thought, exultantly.

A great actress! Berta had given one long, despairing look into the stage-box as she left the stage in the previous scene. She had seen there a man pale as death, with his face set in cruel lines of stern resolution. The eyes that

had met her own had told her, forcibly and unmistakably as spoken words, that the applause that carried her on the wave of popularity to the goal her father coveted was the death-knell of her love.

She took the truth home to the heart that had throbbed with such high hope, and came forward slowly, slowly for the last, sad song. Her long, white dress trailed behind her, while her hands, loosely locked together, fell, utterly nerveless. Her face, white as the face of a corpse, was set in lines of utter, hopeless despair. The great dark eyes looked mournfully at the vast audience, seeing none of them—only the dreary, heart-breaking desolation of her own life. The baby-curls no longer clustered brightly above the white brow, but clung there, dampened by the great drops of anguish wrung from her misery. You might have heard a pin drop in that crowded house as the wailing notes rose upon the air, carrying the burden of the heart's anguish in every thrilling tone.

Old frequenters of the opera, hardened to stage effect in every phase, held their breath to listen; critics whispered low that the lyric stage had found another great actress to interpret song; women paled and wept softly.

For a moment after the last notes died away there was utter silence; then the applause rose, maddening cheers rent the air, and the orchestral notes were drowned in the people's assurance of Berta's triumphant success.

It was all over! the curtain had fallen for the last time. Berta, still deadly pale, had come before the audience to bend in gratitude for their full recognition of her power. Herr Shenfeld, with his eyes lighted by a wondrous radiance, went through the house, stopped every moment by congratulating voices, extended hands, words of cheer.

It was the culminating moment of his whole life! The dreams of years were realized. The toil of years was repaid. Hereafter there would only be a triumphant course before himself and his gifted child. His slow walk to the door that would lead him to the stage was interrupted every moment.

The last to greet him was Stephen Burnett.

"You are going behind the scenes?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes; Berta will wait there for me."

"I will accompany you, if you are willing. Probably I shall not see your daughter again, as I leave the city at daybreak."

At another time Herr Shenfeld would have felt the full significance of the words, and hesitated before taking Stephen to his child at that hour. But in his excitement he scarcely heard the sentence, hurrying forward now, as the auditorium was nearly empty. Across the stage the two hurried, side by side, meeting little groups of actors discussing the evening's performance, or hastening from the dressing-rooms, cloaked and hooded, to meet the night-air.

Past them all to the green-room. No one was there but Berta. Utterly alone, still in her white clinging dress, she was sitting in a great armchair, her head resting wearily against the back, her long golden hair falling around her, her eyes closed.

"Berta, child, why have you not changed your dress?" her father cried.

There was no glad response to his voice. The long black eyelashes did not move from their resting-place against the pure, pale cheeks. Something in that marble stillness struck a chill to two hearts.

"Berta—Berta!"

The cry burst from Stephen's lips in a voice thrilling with an agony of fear, while all the set sternness of his face was broken up in pleading tenderness.

Still no word, no movement, to assure the father and lover their voices were heard.

Herr Shenfeld, trembling violently, went forward and lifted one of the listless hands. It fell heavily from his grasp, and the cry of despairing horror wrung from him brought every lingerer in the house to his side.

Those who answered the piercing call saw Stephen Burnett kneeling by the great armchair, the father, with moans of utter misery, bending over the fair, still face. But the calm of that marble pallor was all unbroken.

Still and pale, with a faint smile lingering upon the perfect lips, Berta sat motionless, deaf to her father's voice, blind to her lover's tears, cold, dead, heart-broken in the hour of triumph.

For her art she had sacrificed love, and her life was the price exacted.

BUONDELMONTI'S BRIDE.

A MODERN painter has chosen an incident in Florentine annals, striking enough to form a tragedy. It is of the time when the feuds between great families convulsed those cities of fair Italy, destroyed all feeling of patriotism, and finally led armies from France, Spain, or Germany to overthrow their liberties, and make the once free and prosperous republics mere provinces.

Buondelmonti, a young noble, counseled against the inclinations of his heart to marry a daughter of the rival house of Amedei, proposed for her hand, and was accepted. Peace seemed about to prevail, but the young man already had given his heart to a maiden of the house of Donati, and on the morning fixed for the marriage dictated by policy, took his real love to a church, and became her lawful husband. The enraged Amedei could not brook such an insult. They sought out the bridegroom, and slew him on the spot.

What was the horror of the new-made wife, thus widowed on her wedding day, may be conceived. Madness fixed her countenance into a rigid stare of horror. Laying her husband's head in her lap, the Donati bore her in procession through the streets of the city, rousing the sympathizing people to indignation and fury.

THE HARVEST-MOUSE.

THE length of the harvest-mouse, including the tail, is four inches. Its color a beautiful reddish-yellow on the back and sides, the whole of the under parts being a pure white. The head is small, the nose sharp, the eyes large and prominent and jet black. The whiskers are numerous but weak, ears short, the fore-feet small, with four toes and a rudimentary thumb. The nails are long in proportion, and with them the animal firmly holds its food and conveys it to his mouth. The hind feet are much longer and stronger, having five distinct toes, long, and covered with fine hair to the nails. The tail is equal in length to the body, prehensile, thus greatly assisting them when climbing amongst the grass. Weight, two pennyweights and eighteen grains. All the movements of this little creature are agile and graceful. When seated on their hind legs they are capable of extending the body to a considerable angle, like the kangaroos.

A nest, containing a female and three young ones, was taken in a hayfield in the month of June. The young were apparently about a month old. They were all placed in a cage, where the young ones grew rapidly, and in a short time could feed themselves, although the mother continued to suckle them. They were the most playful as

THE VALLEY OF SOULS.—SCHEETALA, THE GODDESS OF THE NEWLY-BORN, ANNOUNCING TO CHIRTA GOUPTA THE DECREE OF BRAHMA.

well as diminutive of all quadrupeds, being in constant motion during their hours of exercise, climbing about the wires of their cage and holding by their prehensile tails, frequently hanging by one foot and the tail. They sometimes feed during the middle of the day, but more generally in the evening, at which time they are most active, between the hours of nine and eleven, and perhaps most part of the night. In their gambols the eye can scarcely follow them, such is the rapidity of their motions, for they dart like lightning, scarcely appearing to touch the ground. Their cage was six inches high from the bottom to the top wires, and it was a favorite exercise to leap from the bottom to the top, in the same manner as the leopards and tigers in confinement. This feat was done by all in succession, as if they were following their leader. When the height of the animal and the spring are taken into consideration, it may be considered enormous, being twelve times as high as itself. They are fond of canary seed, barley, bread or biscuit. They drink frequently, by lapping like a dog. In their state of freedom, the pearly dewdrops must be their beverage, as the fields where they were taken are dry, having no water of any kind.

The nest of this pretty little animal is made of grass, formed into a ball about the size of a cricket ball, and is suspended on a plant about five inches from the ground, sometimes on the head of a thistle. In Winter, the little animal burrows deep into the ground, and makes a warm bed of grass.

THE VALLEY OF SOULS.

WEARY of the misery songs of the Western World, weary of its air and steam and pain, weary of polemics and wire drawn romance and faded sentiment! Art thou weary of all this? When that hour comes take refuge in India of the olden time—in the India of Kalidasa, where the King Dushmanta wooes Sacoontala under palms; where the gazelle starts in the quiet noontide at the footstep of the solemn-eyed Brahmin. In the infinitely deep, solemnly joyful India, where man for the first and last time declared and determined to himself what was eternal truth, and in that faith lived and died. In that glorious India which gave to the world a glorious drama, like that of Shakespeare, and the most perfect, sublime poem ever written in the Maha Bahrata—a poem before which the highest flight of Milton is trifling and the genius of the

whole West feeble. Believest thou not? Read—and find in it the grand primeval epic of which the Iliad and Song of the Nibelung and all Norse and Finnish Saga Cycles and Slavonian Rukopis Kralodvorskys are reflections, echoes, after-songs.

I might speak much longer of the sentiment of the East, but what I now have in hand is one of its legends, which lies before me in French, and which I translate, trusting that it may prove as pleasing to the reader as it has been to me:

According to an Indian tradition, below the earth, in the second sphere of inferior heavens, whither sunrays never pierce, there lies a vast valley, half-lighted or ever in strange twilight. There are unearthly bluish foliage gleams in phosphorescent light on the trees; the plants, strangely formed, are only crystallizations of different colors, their flowers are wildly expanding gems, leaves of emerald and topaz, calyxes of amethysts, chrysopras and garnet, daisies of diamond, lotuses of all marvels, all gleam and wildfire and mystery and change!

In the midst of this strange twilight all is silence. There is heard neither the song of a bird nor the murmur of a bee. Any earthly being would die there. Even the wind is never heard to murmur among those motionless trees.

A great lake, fed by no source, fills the lower portion of the valley, not with bounding, sounding water, but with a solemn bed of white vapor, which bathes without wetting the feet of mountains, the base of promontories, or winds like a gleaming scarf around shining islands. But there is movement in this silent world. Across the vapory sea flit forms, not of flesh and blood, but almost of the same substance as the lake in which they continually sink and rise. At times they leave it and wander or flit along the silent shore. Dreaming, dreaming ever, lost amid a real unreal, not life, not death—what are they?

They live between their past life and a new life—for they are the souls which await a new existence on earth.

After having been judged by the terrible and incorruptible Yama, at once the Pluto and Minos of the Hindoo hell; after having been duly punished for their sins or rewarded for their good lives; after having been reconciled to Brahma, the Preserver, and Shiva, the Destroyer, they await births on earth and new lives.

One day Chitra Goupta, the angel of green hue and six-winged, came as first minister of Yama, to obtain his souls for the earth, and met before the gate Scheetala, the protectress of children born or about to be born.

The green angel lowered upon her, for he saw in her a rival.

"Comest thou again to importune us with griefs, and to demand for thy nurslings gifts which only the superior gods can accord?"

"I demand nothing more," said Scheetala; "for I have obtained of Brahma what I desire for the benefit of all humanity, and I come to declare his order."

"And that?"

"Listen Chitra Goupta, and be proud to aid me in so great and holy a work. Often man is born to occupy a body not to his liking. From this time he will be made aware of his future destiny, and may accept or refuse it. Such was the prayer I addressed to Brahma, and he has granted it."

The minister of Yama, the lord of hell, burst into godlike laughter. Then again silent, he said:

"Dreamest thou, mother! Did Brahma himself, intoxicated by the soft perfumes of Camalata, or the sweet liquor of the Amreeta cup, did he dream when making this promise? I believe he jested with thee when he made this promise?"

For answer Scheetala drew from her scarlet robe the decree from Brahma, carefully wrapped in the sacred leaves of lotus and of cusha, and gave it to him, while the diamond gate opened of itself before him.

THE VALLEY OF SOULS.—THE GIRL OF PATNA ACCEPTING HER DESTINY.

"The world is coming to its end!" murmured Chitra Goupta, sending out such a sigh that all the airlight souls were blown before it over the lakelike foam before the wind. "What! make man the master of accepting or refusing his destiny! The excess of kindness—oh, ancient mother, has made thee weak; in future there will be no souls to furnish, save to the rich and powerful. Before half a century, kings will be born without subjects, and Brahmins will preach to the deserts."

"Let us try!" said the goddess.

They swept together toward the shore through the silent land

"Where the cock never crew,
Where the sun never shone and the wind never blew."

As he approached the lake, the Summoning Angel read aloud from the register of fate the last names on earth of six souls.

As each name was pronounced the lake quivered, a light ebullition appeared at one point of its misty silver surface, then a shadow shot upward and slowly passed to the shore.

Then Chitra Goupta made known to them the decision of Brahma, reading to them also the final clause:

"The soul refusing to occupy the body predestined for it must remain here in the Silent Land among the shadows so many years as it would have passed in that body."

Then he summoned the first soul—that of an old Yoghi or saint, who had left behind in Mysore the tradition of a life passed in holy austerities and the most cruel self-torments.

"Thou," said the angel, "will be born again in an honest family of merchants, removed equally from the honors which disturb reason and the misery which depraves it. Rejoice!"

"Rejoice doubly," added Scheetala, "for I have been allowed to watch thee even unto the end. After having just reached the sweet consciousness of the light of the sun and the kisses of thy mother thou wilt—still wrapped in the robe of innocence—die an infant. This time thou wilt obtain the triumphant prize without having striven, without having suffered."

"Die a child!" exclaimed the old saint. "What! put my lips to the edge of the cup without half draining it—see the gates of life again open on me and pause at the threshold! Better not be born. I have tasted the joys of heaven—I wish to taste those of earth. I will wait."

And with a gesture indicating refusal, he plunged again into the lake.

"Folly is found even in seeking heaven," said Chitra Goupta, and, with a gesture, he called the next soul.

"Excessive virtue is subject to remorse as well as vice," said Scheetala.

The next was a beautiful Bayadere, whose voluptuous dances and grace had been admired by all Benares. Her loveliness had made her one of the chosen ones of the temple, a favorite of the Brahmins while on earth, and of the gods after death.

The beautiful shadow advanced, bounding as in a dance, to the feet of the divine pair, who were seated on a rock of malachite deeply veined with gold.

"Thou wilt be beautiful," said the messenger of Yama "and thy beauty will make thee the wife of a wealthy lord. He will lavish on thee every treasure. Rejoice!"

The soul of the Bayadere thrilled, as with rapture she glanced, like a fawn, around on the endless millions of gems, on the strange wealth which adorned the Land of Shadows, as if anticipating that these in another life would be regarded far differently than here. But before assenting she asked: "Will the Nabaub be young?"

"He will be thrice thy age, but will soon die, leaving thee his wealth, and then thou wilt marry again, one who will be young and beautiful."

"And I, shall I be a mother?"

"Thou wilt not?"

The Bayadere was at once in deep misery.

"Without children! Disgraced again! No children!"

And turning away she sank deep in the lake, murmuring as she vanished in its shades:

"To live without children is to be ever dying."

The messenger of Yama smiled grimly.

"Didst thou expect all this—oh, Mother of the Newly-born? All refuse what all on earth covet. Thy sex, gentle goddess, is capricious as ever, even in the Realm of Shadows."

"If the tree condemned never to bear fruit could speak—oh, Chitra Goupta, it would reply, 'Sterility is a disgrace.' For woman it is worse still. Brahma, the divine, has deigned since the first day of creation to share with her the creative power; almost from infancy she thrills with the aspirations of maternity; a woman herself young anticipates giving birth. Man, a god, thou knowest not the mystery of maternal feeling. Poor Bayadere!—I well understand her refusal."

"'Tis well, Scheetala; but we are in danger of not finding a soul willing to quit this valley. Well, the next is a man—and ambition, the great thirst for honor, moves all his kind. This time I shall not fail."

And, with a gesture, he called the next soul.

"Rejoice!" said Chitra Goupta, as he came upward—"rejoice and thank the gods. Thou wilt be born a king!"

"King!" cried the soul. "A sad and cruel trade is that in these days. To be the executioner of one's own family in order to maintain a firm hold of the people, and then, when one has merited the wrath of heaven and the scorn of man, to become the pensioner or prisoner of the iron armies of the Western world! Never. My uncle was the powerful ruler, the Dekan; he put out my eyes with fire, fearing that I might supplant him, and *he* died a wretched servant of the English. King! I had rather be born in the humblest hut of a Pariah than in the golden halls of the monarch of Delhi."

"The danger is greater even than I feared," said the minister of Yama, "since even wealth and kingdoms are refused. But we are only half advanced. Onward!"

Of two other souls summoned, one was to occupy the body of a banker who would be most unscrupulous in acquiring wealth, but who would be enormously rich, while suffering much at the same time from bad health. The other was destined to be a poor working man, but gifted with strength and health.

"To be misirable and healthy," said the latter, "will be to have a good stomach with the devil of hunger lodged in it."

"Riches in company with suffering," said the other, "is a garment of gold over a corpse."

And so both refused!

"Well, Scheetala," said the Angel of the Green Wings, smiling proudly, "dost thou still believe it to be right to show man his future life, and leave it to his choice to live or not to live? On this condition, as I say, the world would soon be depopulated. Thanks to the prayer addressed by thee to Brahma, there are now five poor mothers who are weeping for their children born dead!"

And the good goddess bowed her head low in shame, making no reply.

"Believe me," he added; "go no further, for no soul will again venture on the road of human life."

Unfolding the register, he was about to erase the six names inscribed, but the last soul still lingered near.

It was the shadow of a poor girl of Patna, whose only lot on earth had been that of suffering. A stranger to pleasure, power or fortune, she had lived for years only for her aged mother, and when at last she was about to be married to one who loved her well, she had perished the day before her nuptials, stung in the foot by a serpent.

"Feeble child of a fatal destiny," said the angel, "I will not say to thee as to others—rejoice—for I have only to offer thee a new existence of pain and suffering. Two souls have just refused wealth and health. Thou art to be poor and in suffering. Wilt thou accept?"

Without retiring, the shadow rested silent, as if a gleam of future happiness was at last gleaming on her dimly.

"Poor daughter of suffering," exclaimed the kind goddess, "accept the privilege accorded by Brahma, and decline. Not only will poverty pursue thee and weakness and pain overtake thee, but finally, after a life of harsh field-labor, thou wilt be burned with thy dead husband."

But the girl's soul asked, hopefully and almost with joy:

"But will he be *my* beloved? Will he love me then as he once loved—he for whom I am to suffer so much?"

"For a time—yes."

"Blessed be the holy name of Brahma—I accept!"

A throb, as of rapture, thrilled through all the silent land, the shadowy lives to be threw their pale forms upward to the twilight, and the pale soul, led by the goddess, floated away over the portals of eternity toward the world, while Chitra Goupta rose to the seventh sphere, where the decree of Brahma was registered by Indra.

In his golden book of the chosen names of those who were in future lives to reach the highest bliss, Indra wrote the name of the peasant-girl of Patna.

A POEM BY ROBESPIERRE.

ROBESPIERRE has come unexpectedly before the world as a poet. The following pretty lines, in his handwriting, have been found among the papers of a deceased old lawyer of Toulouse. The *Messager du Sud-Ouest*, of Agen, inserts them through favor of a friend:

A deux époques de la vie
L'homme pronounce, en bégayant,
Deux mots dont la douce harmonie
A je ne sais quoi de touchant:
L'un est MAMAN, et l'autre J'AIME;
L'un est créé par un enfant,
Et l'autre arrive de lui-même
Du cœur aux lèvres d'un amant.
Quand le premier se fait entendre,
Soudain une mère y répond.
La jeune fille devient tendre
Quand son cœur entend le second.
Ah, jeune Lise, prends bien garde;
Le mot J'AIME est plein de douceur,
Et souvent tel qui le hasarde
N'en connut jamais la valeur.
Il faut une prudence extrême
Pour bien distinguer un amant.
Celui qui mieux dit "Je vous aime!"
Est plus souvent celui qui ment;
Qui ne sent rien parle à merveille.
Crains un amant rempli d'esprit.
C'est ton cœur, et non ton oreille,
Qui doit entendre ce qu'il dit.

MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE.

VIRTUE pardons the wicked, as the sandal-tree perfumes the ax that strikes it.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

OF all prizes that men in the army and navy covet, there is none more eagerly sought, more jealously guarded, or more dearly loved than the simple cross in gun-metal bearing the inscription "For Valor."

The Victoria Cross was instituted by Royal Warrant on the 19th January, 1856, as a reward for individual instances of merit and valor in the army and navy. Although many acts of heroism had been performed in both services in the earlier part of the Queen's reign, it was not deemed advisable to make the action of the warrant retrospective, and the heroes of the Crimea were therefore the first who received the much-coveted decoration.

The cross itself is a simple piece of gun-metal, made at first from captured Russian guns, bronze-colored, with the royal crest in the middle, and below, the words, "For valor"; in the centre of the reverse, the date of the act of heroism is inscribed, and on the bar to which the ribbon is attached, the name of the individual and of the corps to which he belongs. On this bar also is engraved a sprig of laurel, and the bar is attached to the cross by the letter V on a red or blue ribbon, according to the service in the army or navy of the recipient. It is not to soldiers and sailors only, however, that the Victoria Cross is awarded, and many civilians who have distinguished themselves by acts of conspicuous bravery have been enrolled among the hero-band.

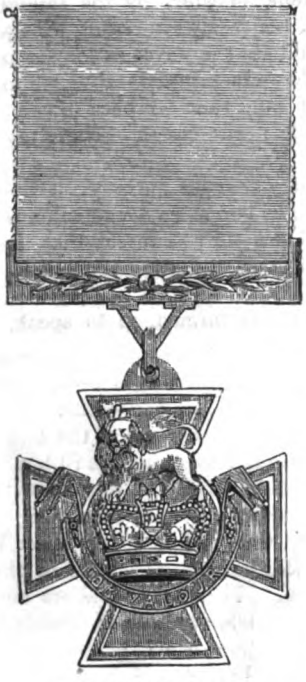
The actual money value of the cross is only a few shillings, but the laurel crown of the Roman cost even less, and decorations are, of course, altogether valueless from that point of view. Many a brave knight has gone into the clash of arms and has fought bloody battles for the sake of a flower from the hair of his mistress, or a scarf which has encircled her fair neck; and in these later times many a man has gone into the deadly breach and through tempests of fiery missiles for the love of country and honor, sustained in the midst of dangers by the hope that some day that simple Maltese Cross devised by the Queen, and always when practicable conferred by her own hand, may rest upon his breast.

The Victoria Cross carries with it £10 a year pension for each non-commissioned officer and private, with an additional annuity of £5 for every additional bar, such bar being added upon each fresh act of bravery equal to the first.

When a gallant act has been performed by a body of men, and the courage displayed by all has been equal or nearly so, it is provided in the Royal Warrant, under which the Victoria Cross was instituted, that "one officer per squadron, ship's company, or detached body of seamen and marines not under fifty in number, and one officer per troop or company, shall be selected from among the officers present, and one petty or non-commissioned officer, and two seamen, private soldiers, or marines per similar body, shall respectively be selected by their comrades."

The first occasion when the Victoria Cross was distributed was one day in June, 1857, when thousands upon thousands of people assembled in Hyde Park, and amid all the pomp of courtly splendor and rejoicing, the Queen fastened with her own hands the decoration on the breasts of men of all ranks and ages, who thought that small medal ample compensation for the loss of arms and legs and for wounds that had left their deep scars to be carried to the grave.

On that day sixty-one crosses were conferred upon as brave a band of heroes as ever stood forth amid the ringing cheers of a grateful and admiring crowd of their



THE VICTORIA CROSS.

countrymen. Forty-seven were given to the army, twelve to the navy, and two to the marines.

If the reader should chance to take up the English Army List, he will find a list of names of about one hundred and fifty officers and men who obtained the cross for acts of gallantry performed in connection with the Crimean war alone, and another long list of heroes who distinguished themselves in the Indian mutiny, and another list of those who earned for themselves and for their country renown in colonial warfare.

Men of all ranks and classes, and the noble and wealthy no less than the obscure and humble, cherish that mark of distinction as the highest the world can give. And it is significant, too, that though honors are thick upon the heads of some, and though they are privileged to attach to their names letters indicating distinguished titles, the initials that stand foremost are V. C., and in courtly parade the adornment which is most conspicuous is the simple bronze Maltese cross, the same adornment that is worn by the humble man whose house is a garret and whose family are children of the soil. And so this cross links all men together; it stands as a symbol of the highest that man as man can attain; it places the hearts and the generous impulses of all men on a common level, and the words "For Valor" are as dear to the noble duke as they are to the unlettered private.

This decoration has not been lavished without judgment, like the cross of the Legion of Honor, and hence it is coveted by all, and has inspired many a heroic act.

ANCIENT SAXON LANTERN.

This magnificent lantern is of Saxon origin, and tells of times when our forefathers had no paved walks, and no lights in the streets. We can imagine that this lantern was used by some rich old citizen, who, with it in his hand, led the way to and from church, his numerous family and retainers following in the rear. Lanterns have not long been out of date. They were common in London a century since, and not seventy years ago they could be found suspended beside the old "fire-buckets" in most of the substantial houses of New York City.

A loving heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food and soften his pillow. It were a great thing for a man that his wife and children could truly say of him, "He never brought an angry or ill-tempered word across his threshold." The best likeness of heaven ever seen on earth is a well-conducted, happy home.

THE SHELL.

A Romance of Martinique.

On a terrace of the Faubourg St. Germain a young man stood contemplating in a melancholy manner some objects ranged on a small table.

All at once the sound of the bell awoke him from his reverie. He opened the door.

"Doctor! why, it's you!" he exclaimed, in a pleased voice.

"I myself to serve you, unless, indeed, an academician is really something less than nobody or nothing."

"Do you bring nothing newer than that, Master Academician?"

"Better than that! See this letter, stamped 'Monsieur Jules de la Pointe, Quai Voltaire, Paris'?"

"My dear doctor, a thousand thanks! It's a letter from Martinique, and from my sister. Strange I had a presentiment to-day that I should hear from her. Just now, looking at the setting sun, dreaming of heaven up there, where houses do not stop one's glances and dreams, I thought of her."

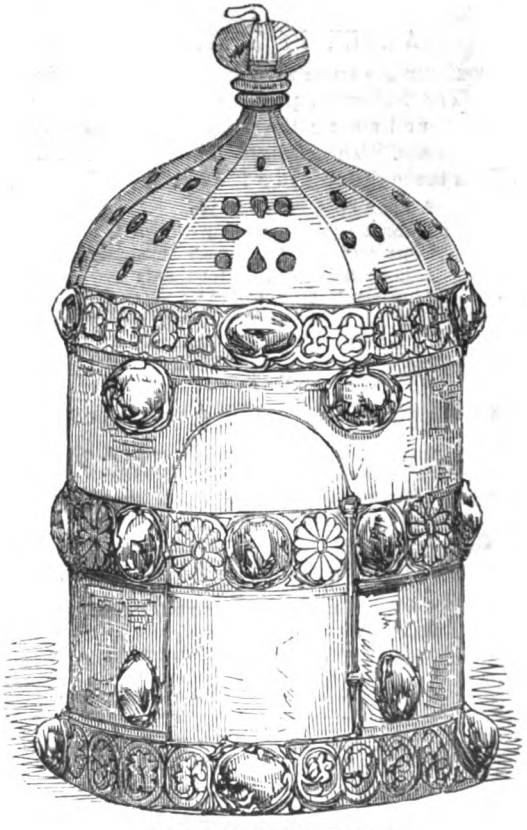
Jules de la Pointe opened the letter with emotion. He seemed to tremble with joy as he read; a tear stole down his cheek.

The doctor stepped out on the terrace. Jules rejoined him almost immediately.

"My sister is married," he cried; "married to the man whom she has loved since infancy."

The man of science squeezed with tenderness the hand of his young friend, as a proof of sympathy. Then followed the usual congratulations.

"You find me," he said, after the event had been duly spoken of, "in admiration before your collection of shells. What exquisite care you have taken of them! What art



ANCIENT SAXON LANTERN.

you have shown in applying varnish to them! A painter could not have shown more art in bringing out the colors. I'm sure you've placed them in full sunlight to recall to them the sun of their tropic clime."

"Yes, doctor, I give them that treat every fine day."

"But," continued the *savant*, "my curiosity is strangely piqued. How!—a conchologist of your talent failing to observe the rules in this manner! Why does this crooked, malformed, battered shell occupy the main place in your collection, while these *tritons' helmets, murexes*, and others which reflect all the colors of the rainbow are in the second rank? Well, I'm not familiar with this department of the labors of Linnæus and Lacepede, or I certainly should have placed this glorious prismatic-colored shell in lieu of yon conch."

Jules looked at the absurd shell with a sincere expression of happiness and gratitude.

"Doctor," said he, "what shines most in this world is that which is worth the most. Do you not believe it? You, botanist, do you not prefer a violet to a dahlia? This shell, which excites your disdain, once saved a family; it insured the happiness of my sister."

"Explain."

"I shall be happy to do so. Let us draw up to the fire and listen to my story; 'it is the true truth of the good Lord,' as our negroes say in their picturesque language."

You have often told me that you know the Island of Martinique. Then you have heard them speak of the Caravelle. It is a wild isthmus, so-called by the sailors from a Spanish wreck. The sea is always raging wildly enough there. Ah, you should see the waves as they leap madly on the rocks. Then they break into dazzling white foam—sheets a furlong broad—and then fall back in vain. And it is always going on; it never ceases. There my father's house was situated.

But further down the country changes entirely; it becomes perfectly fascinating. The two sides of the isthmus resemble two fairy lakes. It was for this reason that its proprietor, the Count de Saint Croix, called it Beau Sejour, the Beautiful Home.

The Saint Croix family and ours formed, so to speak, only one; we were so intimate. Francis, the count's only son, was like a brother with my sister and me.

THE SHELL—A ROMANCE OF MARTINIQUE.—SASSAGARI, THE CARIB, RESCUES THE SHELL FROM THE WAVES.

You may get some idea of my sister from that picture. It's a good painting; people would call it, I suppose, a very good likeness. But it certainly does not give the exquisite freshness and charm of her complexion, nor her strange and lovely smile; least of all, her eyes—her great, black, bewildering eyes.

Praise sounds weak in so near a relative; but I, at least, never saw so beautiful a woman.

As for Francis, he was as fascinating to the women. His temperament was creole in exquisite tenderness and tropical passion; he had that indefinable grace which we associate only with noble women; but he was Northern in strength of character, and Northern in his personality. Blue eyes, clear as heaven, and curling locks, like the silk of Indian corn. Well, we were all about the same age.

Any one who had seen us three, hand-in-hand, running like deer over the sand, our hair lifted by the breeze, mingling our merry laughter with the murmur of the waves, would have believed that there are some happy beings here on earth.

Our greatest pleasure was to run out on the cayes or sand-bars, and hunt for shells. We left at sunrise, a little basket on our arms. The songs of the negroes, fishing in their log canoes, came to us over the water:

"Nègre pas tini tè-la,
Tè-la c'est à béqué;
Mais Nègrè tini mè-la
Mè-la pasa à béqué.

"Nègre pas tini cann'la,
Cann'la, c'est à béqué;
Mais Nègrè tini cass'la,
Cass'la pas à béqué."

"The negro has no foot of land,
The land's the white man's own;
But the shining sea's beyond the sand,
And that is his alone.

"No sugar-cane the negro sells,
The canes are not his own;
But the negro has the ocean shells,
And they are his alone."

One Winter day we returned from running on the sands. It was an evening foreboding storm. Distant lightnings darted across the sky. Julie was delayed by endeavoring to tear up from a sea-fan a shell. The tide rose until the sandbank on which she stood became an island. The poor girl became alarmed, and lifting her arms, cried aloud for assistance. Her long black braids flapped in the storm-wind, and coiled like serpents around her neck.

The negroes, hearing the cry, came in their canoes. Before they arrived Francis had swam across, and stood by his sister, supporting her.

They carried her beneath the palm-trees which bordered the shore. With her arms entwined around her brother, she cast on him glances of love; but from time to time looked regretfully toward the island.

"Who will bring me my shell?" she cried, at last.

And, as if she had power to command the elementary spirits, there suddenly arose a deep, strange voice, which exclaimed, "I."

A man of copper hue, gray eyes, bushy brows, long hair, dripping with salt water, came forth from the waves, bearing the wished-for shell.

"Father Sassa!" cried all the negroes.

Father Sassa was neither white, mulatto, nor black. He was of the indigenous Carib race. His family, a last remnant of the original tribes found by the Spaniards, had escaped the massacres of civilization, and taken refuge among the rocks of our wild peninsula. But the family had been sadly reduced under the English rule of the island, and Sassa alone survived. He bore the title of cacique, though without subjects to rule. His name was Sassagari, but the blacks, following their custom of giving diminutives, always called him Father Sassa.

He had brought the longed-for shell to Julie. When he first heard her cry he had plunged into the waves.

"Ah! what a horrible shell!" I cried, perceiving a dark mass in the hands of the Carib. "Why, 'tisn't worth the pain it has cost. Throw it back into the sea, Father Sassa.

"To the sea! to the sea!" cried all the negroes.

But the Carib, deaf to these murmurs, advanced with us under the shade of the cocoa-trees.

"Little whites," said he, "you love what shines, and for that reason do not throw away this shell. It is colorless on the surface, but it gleams within. The stars of night have marked its heart."

"What, Father Sassa?" we cried. "Do you mean to say that you can see through the shell?"

The cacique stretched out a hand toward the last rock of the Caravelle, where his little hut gleamed out and vanished every moment in the frequent lightning.

"Come there," said he, "and you will learn more.

And entering his canoe, he disappeared.

The lightning grew more brilliant; large drops quickly falling announced a coming tropical hurricane. We hastened homeward, bearing the shell.

The next morning, the banana-trees beaten down in the fields, the uprooted trees borne afar by torrents, were the only indications of the storm of the previous night. The heaven and the sea rested, calm and beautiful, after their wild passions had been gratified.

We started for the cabin of Father Sassa.

We found the Carib seated on a great stone before his dwelling, preparing nets for fishing.

Seeing us he raised his heavy eyebrows; his strange eyes gleamed, as with a gratified feeling that we had remembered him and what he had told us the evening before.

"Who gave me this twine to mend my net with?" said the Carib.

"I, Father Sassa," replied Julie.

"Who gave me this good knife to cut the twine, make me wooden needles, cover my cabin with reeds, carve my canoe?"

"I, Father Sassa," replied Francis.

"And for that," continued the cacique, "Sassagari follows you wherever you go. Sassagari would let the sharks eat him before a hair of your heads should be injured. Sassagari saw the little master and mistress yesterday struggling against the sea; he went under the water; he saved their shell."

"But what is this shell, Father Sassa?" I inquired; "and what was the meaning of all the sorceries of Zombi (a negro fetish), which you told us yesterday evening under the cocoa-trees?"

"See!" said the Carib, pointing with his finger to the fragments of shells heaped up around his hut—"see what remains of Sassagari, my father, who was the first in these lands to walk securely beneath the deep."

We observed that the shells were of the same kind as ours.

"The white strangers chased our fathers from their home. We are not negroes. To escape from slavery the old Sassagari embarked his family in his canoe, but he would not leave behind him these shells, which bring luck to the fisherman and keep afar the witchcrafts of the water. The whites suspected some mystery. They broke the shells against the rocks. Furious at finding nothing but the white gleam of the shells, they pursued us—we rowed in vain! They shot all except me, who saved myself by swimming under the water. I was alone; the sea did not require my bones. I have caught since then far more than they snapped up, the bloodsuckers. The rock only, besides Sassagari, knows the nest where they slumber. But keep the shell of yesterday, little whites. When it speaks Sassagari will reply. He who sings in the shells the plaints of the sea, and who paints the sunrise on their faces will make the stars of his heaven sink into their heart."

So the Carib spoke. He was motionless, his glance sweeping afar to the verge of the horizon.

We silently left him and gained our cool hall before the burning noon made it intolerable without.

But these early happy days were coming to an end. We were about to quit this pleasant paradise for new scenes.

We grew up. Our parents spoke of sending Francis and me to France. When Julie heard this she sighed—was agitated.

One evening my father came home from the town, and said that passage had been taken for us on board a vessel which would sail in two weeks.

My poor sister, the news was terrible to her. I think I can see her now during those days. She would sit for hours under a great palm-tree looking at the deep-blue sea.

Once when Francis stole up to her, taking her hand, he said, in the tenderest tones:

"My lily, what is it you see there at the bottom of the sea?"

"I see," she replied, "the white sail of a ship which bears you far away—away!"

The count consoled them both, and, passing his hand over the golden curls of his boy, said:

"You love Julie very much, then?"

"Yes, papa, and if I were never to see her again I would drown myself."

The day of departure came. We bade adieu. Julie, pale as a sheet, came to us with her shells. She gave the finest to Francis, and taking me by the hand, said:

"Jules, I give you this horrible old shell; don't forget that I found it that evening when Francis saved my life. Keep it in memory of your sister and of her love for Francis."

* * * * * * *

Six years later, during the Winter of 1747–8, a handsome young man completed a highly successful course of studies at the University of Paris, and entered aristocratic life. It was the Vicomte de St. Croix. From the first day his position was among the very leaders of fashion. The ladies had but one fault to find with him—

"He is cold."

In those three words the reader sees that his affections were still concentrated on Julie.

We made our preparations to return to Martinique. We counted the days with impatience. Francis had, with his exquisite taste, selected the *corbeille* of marriage gifts.

How strangely and terribly are the fairest hopes often dashed to earth!

That, dear reader, sounds to you so trite—so worn! Wait till some pleasant plot of your own, just approaching a delightful *denouement*, is broken in on! How strange, how original, how meaningful will it then seem! What a play of colors and weird shadows will flit over the once dull landscape!

Between our departure and the wedding there came an obstacle. This obstacle was a revolution!

The freedom of the blacks was proclaimed. The Count de St. Croix was ruined. He hoped to save his crop by borrowing. The money was obtained and wasted in vain efforts.

You know with what strange rapidity life advances in such times. It seems now to pass before me like a dream how Francis rose in dignity and energy during this trial! "I will overcome this disaster," he said. "I will not be crushed. I will go to America; a few years of labor and we shall be reunited, and Julie will be mine."

He left soon for Havre and for New York. Not long after his departure his father, the old count, arrived in Paris. He hoped to obtain from Government some indemnity for his lost estates. Every effort was in vain. One morning the poor old count tottered into my room, and, casting himself on the sofa, exclaimed:

"All is lost!"

In sudden alarm I started up to relieve him, and that so suddenly as to overthrow a heavy table. Owing to its concussion the portrait of Julie, which hung on the wall, fell to the ground, and with it *the shell*, which rested on the upper portion of its frame. As the shell fell it separated into two portions, from which rolled three white balls.

I picked them up with a strange wild flutter at my heart. It must—and yet it might not be; but it was, indeed, a vast discovery.

They were the *stars of night*—three extremely large, immensely valuable pearls!

"We're saved! we're saved!" I cried—almost fainting with excitement. "Hurrah—a fortune—a fortune! Return to Martinique—seek for father Sassa. If he still lives we are rich. He has an incalculable treasure in his cave."

* * * * * * *

That very day the first jeweler of Paris gave us thirty thousand dollars for the three pearls.

Shall I prolong the tale? Need I say that we met again in Martinique—that the marriage was solemnized—that we sought the old Indian and cast ourselves, shedding tears of gratitude, into his arms?

"Father Sassa," said Francis, "you told us the truth. We found the stars of heaven in the shells of the sea."

The eyes of the chief shone with a strange light.

"Who were kind to the poor old Indian? Who gave him wood for his canoe, a knife for his fishing? Who were good to him? For all that, children, follow me!"

He placed his hand on a great smooth stone, or rather rock, which seemed cast where it was by the fury of the waves.

"Sassagari goes to the far South. He goes to the hidden land to join his fathers. There they live in the silent city, where all is of gold, where the race of the Incas of the South and of the Aztecs of the North talk the old sacred language of the serpent and of the sun. There the voice of the white was never heard. Children, adieu!"

He rolled away the stone. It covered the entrance to a cave in which we saw piled high hundreds of shells containing pearls. We stood bewildered at the sight of such enormous wealth, and then turned to embrace the Carib. He had disappeared. But afar off in the last rays of the setting sun, vanishing in its purple mist, we saw a dark canoe paddled by one dusky form, which waived us an adieu.

We had gained a million. On the grotto we placed the inscription:

TO SASSAGARI,
LAST OF THE CARIBS OF THIS ISLE.

APPETITE AND HUNGER.

THE notion that appetite is a low degree of hunger, and hunger an intensified form of appetite, does not seem to be borne out by facts. The two desires or longings are different in their nature. Appetite is the craving of the apparatus of taste, and sometimes of the digestive organs; while hunger is the demand of the organism as a whole, or of some of its parts, for food. Use the words appetite and hunger as we may, there are actually two needs to be expressed, and much mischief arises from confounding them. The one cry for food which we call appetite is an affair of habit, or caprice, and may, for a time at least, be stimulated by appealing to the sense of taste, or promoted

by certain cordials and stimulants; but, looking at the matter from a physiological point of view, it is difficult to see what we gain by exciting the organs of digestion to take food, unless the system is in a condition to receive it. The rational mode of procedure would seem to be to wait the expression of a need in the system; in short, to look to hunger rather than appetite as an incentive to the act of feeding, instead of exciting the palate and sense-organs to take food when we have no organic reason to suppose that there is an inner need of it. There are certain evil consequences of the civilized mode of feeding by appetite on the basis of habit which it may be useful to point out. First, separating appetite from hunger, and developing it as an independent sense or function, there naturally springs up a fashion of life which may be described as "living to feed." The purveyor of food trades on the taste and cultivated longings of the consumer, and the consideration what to eat and what to drink comes to occupy a place in the self-consciousness which it was probably not intended to fill, and in so far as this is the case man is more animal, and less spiritual and intellectual, than he ought to be; although it may be conceded that the refined taste of cultivated nature is less offensive than the simple voracity of the savage. There are some who contend that man is the gainer by the development of his appetite. If this be so, the gain is a good not unmixed with evil. Another drawback is that by severing appetite from hunger we lose the indications of quality which nature gives with her orders for food. The man who eats a regular number of meals daily, with a duly stimulated and organized habit, probably eats much more in the twenty-four hours than his system requires, or the organism as a whole is constituted to deal with.

A PROMISE should be given with caution and kept with care. It should be made with the heart, and remembered with the head.

THE ROMANCE OF REDLEAF.

"A BEAUTIFUL woman."

Yes! for that she had been a very beautiful woman, and even now was beautiful in spite of the almost faded look which fatigue, weariness, and, possibly, sorrow had impressed upon her features, was certain.

Nothing could rob the observer of that conviction.

"God help me!"

These words were uttered under her breath, almost inaudibly, as she is sued from the railway terminus in which Doctor Swinton had just noticed her, and gazed along the street which was already covered with the driving snow that had commenced powdering the outskirts of Hartford some quarter of an hour earlier. Doctor Swinton was not only a young man, but a new settler in Hartford.

Nor had he as yet acquired much practice, partly, perhaps, on account of his youth, and partly from his means not necessitating him to hunt up employment, as most young medical men are compelled to do. He had just returned from New Haven, where he had been upon a visit to an elder brother for the Christmas week, and had returned to Hartford on the last day of the old year, in order not to neglect visiting, on the morrow, some half-score of friends who had already, or might, in all probability, soon call him in to act in his medical capacity.

AT CROSS PURPOSES.

YOUNG LADY (just from Rome, with strong Italian sympathies)—"*Mi permetta ch'io le dica una parola?*"

ORGANIST FROM LIMERICK (overjoyed at the sound of the language of his ancestors)—"*Honamadioul, Baithershin, mabouchal!*"

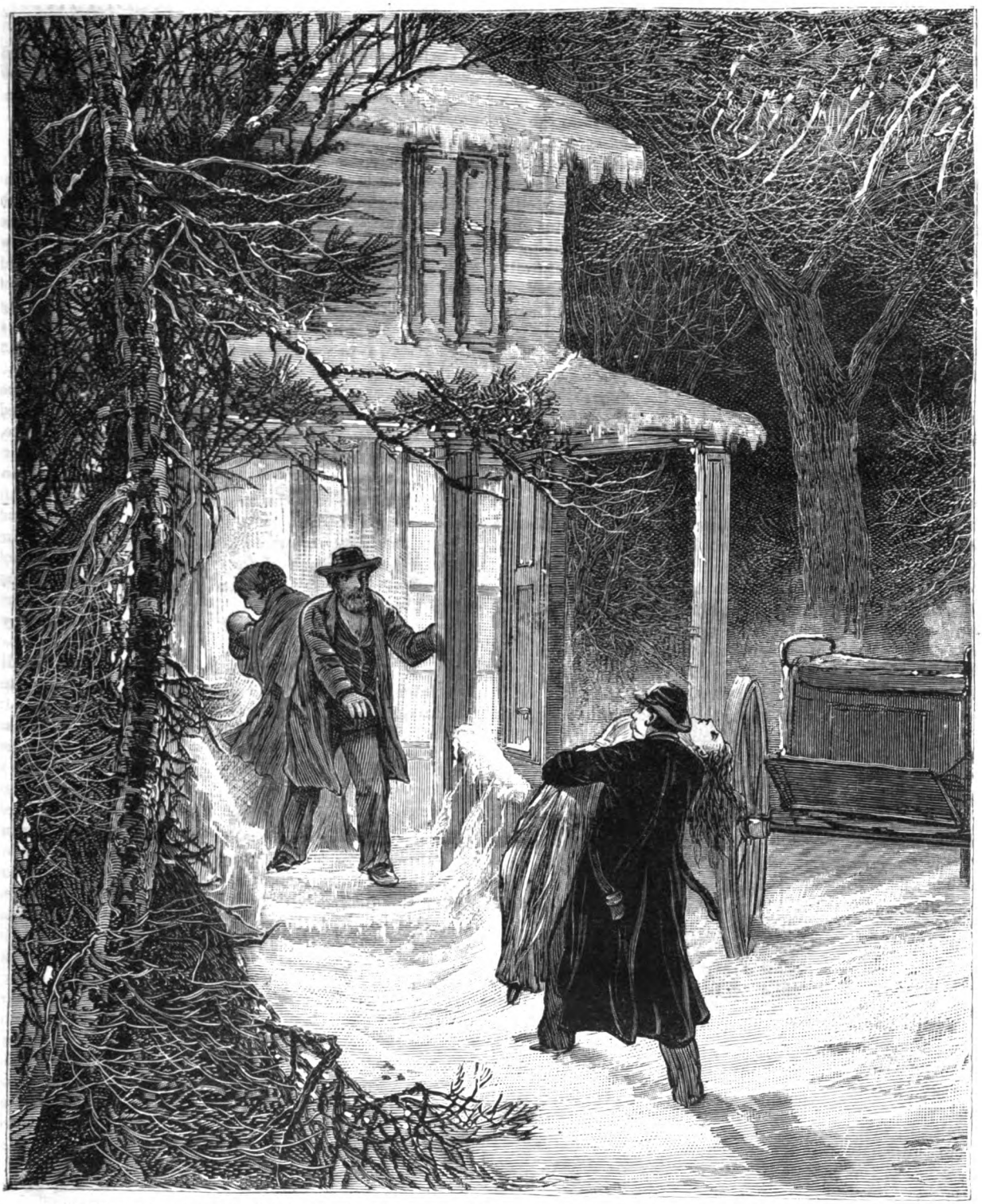
His drag and servant had been waiting for him at the terminus more than half an hour, and he was just going toward it when his attention had been attracted by the figure he had involuntarily called:

"A beautiful woman!"

He might have taken no more notice of her had it not been for that scarcely audible cry which had issued from her lips.

When he overheard it he could not resist the momentary impulse to address her.

It must be remembered he was not over twenty-five or twenty-six years of age.



THE ROMANCE OF REDLEAF.—"SLOWLY AND TENDERLY HE LIFTED THE FAINTED FORM OF HER DAUGHTER FROM THE VEHICLE, AND BORE IT INTO THE KITCHEN."

Lifting his hat with as much respect as he might have done on his introduction to the wife of a millionaire, he said:

"You seem not to have found those who should have been waiting for you, madam! Can I not be of some assistance to you?"

The lady—she was a lady, of that he was certain—started as he spoke, and with her left hand pulled her vail across her features, while, as she did so, he for the first time noticed she had a bundle under her cloak pressed closely to her bosom, which a quasi-professional instinct at once decided was an infant.

Then, through her vail she closely scrutinized his features, as if in doubt whether she dared to accept the assistance he had offered her.

Apparently her scrutiny was satisfactory, for, with what sounded like a gulping sob, she replied:

"Yes, sir! You can, if you are disposed to act so charitably."

The last word rather chafed Doctor Swinton's nature.

As the young not unfrequently do, he entertained a considerable contempt for what the world calls charity, and felt by no means delighted at the stranger's attributing to himself the disposition for charitable action.

It was somewhat stiffly he uttered his next sentence.

"I am disposed, madam, to do you any immediate service you can require."

Without another word, she turned from him and was about to issue from the shelter of the terminus into the fast-thickening snow, when, with a muttered curse on his own hardheartedness, he laid his fingers gently but detainingly upon her shoulder.

"You cannot walk through this snow."

"I must, sir!"

"Allow me to drive you into Hartford, madam."

"I am not going into the city, sir."

"If I may be allowed to ask, where are you going, then?"

For a moment she hesitated, and then, almost with a gasp, replied, as she shook his detaining fingers from her shoulders:

"To Redleaf Farm, sir."

"To Squire Heatherleigh's?" he asked.

"He is my father, sir."

Something he seemed to have heard talked about earlier, when he had first settled in Hartford, and the strange melancholy of old Heatherleigh, to whom he had been summoned some few months earlier, flashed upon his mind, without, however, unraveling the riddle of the daughter of the wealthiest farmer in the neighborhood preparing to walk more than five miles to the home of her childhood in a snowstorm like the present, which had already covered the ground to the depth of an inch.

His determination was, nevertheless, instantly taken.

"Redleaf is more than five miles distant. I shall insist, madam, upon your allowing me to drive you there." She muttered some objection—what, he did not distinctly hear—but, in an imperiously bantering tone, he added, "I could not, of course, object to your putting yourself out of the way by such a ridiculous exposure, but I decidedly deny your right to kill this little one.

As his fingers touched the small form covered by her cloak, the wail that came through her lips cut him to the heart.

Why this should have been so, it would be difficult to say, for the young doctor not only had the reputation with those who knew him of having his heart covered with a tolerably thick skin, but positively believed that portion of his internal organization to be as hard as a nether millstone.

However, the next few minutes were so occupied in bidding his servant dismount, and giving him the small valise he had in his hand, with directions to carry it on to his dwelling in Hartford, in placing the daughter of Squire Heatherleigh with her babe in the drag, wrapping her up warmly to face the blinding snow, and in taking his place beside her, that he had no time to discuss the nature of his present sensations.

"Am I to sit up for you, sir?" was the last inquiry of the servant.

"Most certainly," said the doctor.

Man, however, proposes, and God disposes, as both would subsequently have said if the proverb had occurred to them, as he did not return that night.

The doctor's chestnut mare was a fine animal. He was, indeed, fairly enough, proud of his knowledge of horseflesh, and this night it was justified.

In the very teeth of the storm the gallant brute sped along, and covered the first two miles in very little more time than she would have done it in tolerably fair weather.

When they had first started, Doctor Swinton had heard his fellow-traveler sobbing violently.

He did not interrupt her misery by an attempt at conversation. In truth, he could scarcely have done so, for he knew not what he could say to her.

At length, however, her sobs ceased, and she leant back quietly enough in the vehicle.

Then he thought he would say some words of comfort to her, if he could only have settled in his own mind how to frame them.

This seemed impossible, as he could not remember what it was he had heard of her.

That she had left her home some year and a half since he knew, but no more, and if at the time he heard it alluded to he had known the squire, a not unnatural curiosity might have induced him to inquire into the particulars.

But old Heatherleigh had then been unknown to him, even by name, and the doctor's thirst for knowledge which might trench upon gossip or scandal, was, truth to say, of a very mild or homeopathic class.

In consequence he had left the scandal, if scandal it was, very thoroughly alone.

Now, it suddenly occurred to him the squire might possibly not be overthankful for his officiousness in driving out to Redleaf a daughter who might possibly have disgraced him.

Supposing—but that was utterly impossible, or, at all events, he would not believe it.

At any rate, he has to say something to her, for have they not already passed the third mile, and the last cottage or villa upon the road between Hartford and Redleaf?

"Eh! Is anything the matter?"

Why is she leaning so deadly and heavily against him?

As he turns abruptly toward her with the intention of speaking, she slides from the seat into the bottom of the vehicle, and he hears the sudden wail of the babe, startled by the unexpected jolt from its slumber into frightened wakefulness.

With a jerk, he reins in his mare.

After this he bends down and removes the cloak from her shoulders—lifts the child from her arms, and, as it crows aloud, places it on his knees and protects it from the night-air with the thick bearskin rug which has hitherto been covering his own lap as well as that of his traveling companion. As he was doing so, his fingers have touched her cheek or brow—which, he knows not.

She does not turn it away.

Neither does he hear her breathe, which his keen professional ear must have done, even through the heavy panting of the chestnut, when he chooses to listen for it.

"Yes! as I supposed"—he mutters to himself. "The idiot has fainted, while we have yet two miles and a half before us."

Then he raises her body and rests her head upon his knees—removes the cloak from her face, and throws back the rug, exposing her features to the cold air, as it drives over them laden with snow, for the chance it may revive her—utters a sharp malediction, shakes out the reins with a "Go it, old girl! as hard as you can," to his panting mare, and is once more whirled along the road through the four or five inches of snow which now cover it, in the teeth of the pitilessly pelting storm.

For one moment he had paused.

It was certainly a singular manner and an odd hour in which his only child was being brought home to Squire Heatherleigh.

There must be some cause for her coming back to her father in this strange and unannounced style.

What if the old man should refuse to take her in and compel him to drive her back to Hartford? What if there had been a disgraceful reason for her absence. What if ——

This was followed by the malediction which has been mentioned.

A little earlier than this, about seven o'clock, after supper had been over in the large kitchen at Redleaf, where supper was always eaten in a patriarchal manner, the employer, his wife and the farm-hands and domestics eating at the same long deal table, the hale old squire had looked out of the front-door.

"What was it I told you, George, this morning?" he asked of one of his men.

"We war to have a deep snow, squire!"

"And we're having it, George! To-morrow we shall be snowed up."

"Dash it, squire," said the man—"and on New Year's Day, teu."

After this the doorway had been locked, the window-shutters bolted, and the old man and his wife had retired to the small sitting-room at the end of the kitchen, which was reserved for themselves.

His wife, Mary Heatherleigh, seated herself at one side of the open fireplace, knitting, while the farmer, having cleaned his spectacles leisurely and taken up the *Courant* which was lying on the table, opened it and commenced gravely to read the news aloud.

He had been doing so for some twenty-five minutes or less, when he turned his eyes from the paper to his wife, saying:

"Do you hear nothing, mother?"

"I fancy I do, Nathan."

"It is a drag coming up the road to the house, and but I heard yesterday Doctor Swinton was in New Haven I'd swar it was his."

"Nonsense, Nathan! when the snow is two inches deep."

"Four or five, mother. But"—as the vehicle drove rapidly up and passed by the door of the farmhouse—"snow or not, it is the doctor's drag."

"What can bring him here?"

The old man was already at the door as he heard the traveler, whoever he was, pounding on it with the butt-end of his whip, and as he opened it to the impatient summons, saw the snow-whitened figure of Swinton and the chestnut mare covered with a cloud of steaming vapor that testified clearly enough to the speed with which she had covered the distance from Hartford to Redleaf, and especially the last two miles.

"What, in the name of heaven, has brought you here at such an hour and on such a night as this, doctor?"

"An errand of love and mercy," was the grave reply.

To own it frankly, during the last two miles of his unexpected and very uncomfortable drive, John Swinton had been sorely puzzled as to the mode in which he should present the two, very possibly, unwelcome visitors he was bringing with him to Squire Heatherleigh.

During the period he had occupied in covering the distance, however, he had managed to map out all he intended to say, and, considering his utter ignorance of the position which the daughter occupied with regard to her father, it cannot be denied that his plan of action had been very skillfully arranged to prevent any sudden explosion of rage on the part of the old man.

"Love and mercy!" exclaimed the squire, slowly and hesitatingly.

"Of love for your grandchild!" ejaculated the doctor, as he lifted from his drag the now wide-awake child, and thrust it into the arms of old Heatherleigh, "and of mercy for your miserable and suffering daughter."

At his first words, Mrs. Heatherleigh had been inclined to snatch the boy, who was crowing with delight at the light and warmth for which he had so suddenly exchanged his cold and chilly place on the knees of Swinton from the arms of his grandfather; but as the doctor uttered the last, she looked up into his face with a yearning and passionate love, which positively transfigured her somewhat withered features.

"Where is Blanche—my child? Give her to me."

The appealing desire which colored these simple words made them wondrously eloquent.

So much so, indeed, that the smile with which Dr. Swinton turned from her to his drag was half-sanctified by the very unusual tear-drop which stood in his gray eyes.

Slowly and tenderly he lifted the fainted form of her daughter from the vehicle, and bore it into the kitchen.

"Have you a bed ready, Mrs. Heatherleigh?" he asked, in a subdued voice. Perhaps he did not wish to call the old man's attention at such a moment too closely to what he was doing. "This is more than a mere fainting-fit. I shall have to remain near her this night, at all events."

"Take Blanche to our own room, mother!" exclaimed the squire, in a firm voice. But there he broke down utterly, sobbing out: "She is come back at last, my darling!"

In the next instant he had rushed into the sitting-room with the crowing babe, and had closed the door behind him.

No sooner had Doctor Swinton heard what the old man said than with a rapid step he bore the woman, whose beauty had, as it were, compelled him into her service, up the narrow staircase, leading to the principal bedroom of the farmhouse, first having bidden George look after his mare, who was doubtless delighted at her escape from not being driven back to Hartford the same night, and appreciated the warmth and comfort of the stable at Redleaf as she had rarely before done similar blessings in that of her master.

Then, having placed Blanche upon the bed, and given the mother directions what to do, and to summon him directly she showed any symptoms of returning consciousness, he descended to the sitting-room, whither the squire had retired with the child.

Here he found that old Heatherleigh had displayed a degree of sound common sense for which he was little disposed to have given him credit in such a case as the present.

He had summoned one of his female domestics, after the first few minutes had been passed by him alone with his grandson—for the child was a boy of some seven months—and begged her to give him what he required.

She was the wife of George, and was then nursing a girl of some three months of age.

After the babe had been taken to her breast and appeased its hunger, the grandsire had again volunteered as its nurse, and it was sleeping soundly in the arms of the old man.

Naturally enough, Doctor Swinton was curious to know the history of the woman he had brought back to her parents, but would have been too delicate to make any inquiry respecting it, had not Squire Heatherleigh, after learning how he had met her and been induced to bring her home, volunteered to give him the information, which he did while the doctor was devouring, with an excellent appetite, sharpened by his chilly drive, the cold turkey

LEILA.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 754.

and ham which had been set before him. It must not, however, be imagined that the tale was in any way a continuous one.

The doctor was summoned repeatedly to the chamber in which Mrs. Blanche Woodruffe—he had already learnt her name—was recovering from one fainting fit only to fall into another; and it was about one o'clock in the morning that he at length pronounced her as well as he had any reason to expect, or, perhaps, better, seeing that she had fallen into an exhausted, and in all probability refreshing, sleep, which had been promoted by the stimulants he had from time to time caused to be administered to her.

It was after this he heard from the old man the last portion of her too common story.

Blanche Heatherleigh had been sent to finish her education at a first-rate boarding-school in Boston.

In addition to her remarkable beauty, she had exhibited rare vocal talent, which had made her an almost phenomenal distinction amongst her fellow-pupils when she was barely seventeen years of age.

Naturally enough, this distinction was a matter of personal pride with herself as well as with her parents, more especially her mother; and when, after quitting her place of education, she was requested to act as bridesmaid to one of her schoolmates—her dearest friend, as she phrased it—and accompany her on her bridal tour, permission was given her, although grudgingly, by the squire.

Perhaps he already began to doubt the propriety of having educated her out of the line of life in which, comfortably situated in the way of worldly means as he undoubtedly was, himself and Mrs. Heatherleigh were moving. She accompanied the bride upon this tour, and, as the squire said, was never again herself.

After her return to Redleaf, she was followed by Ralph Woodruffe, apparently a charming and accomplished young man, but, as old Heatherleigh said, and Swinton, from subsequent details, had no reason to doubt, a thoroughly unprincipled scoundrel.

The "fellow" remained at Hartford for three months, until Blanche let her father perceive her infatuation for him. Then was it the squire considered it necessary to make inquiries respecting his character.

All of them resulted unfavorably.

He was only thirty-two, yet had run through a fortune of some sixty thousand dollars; been upon the stage for some three years, served in the navy for a few months, swindled his brother out of several more thousand dollars, and had been for four or five years a confirmed gambler.

"I told all this to my girl," said old Heatherleigh, "but she refused to believe it. Then I entreated her to give him up, and finally, when I found my entreaties were useless, I forbade his visits, and commanded her to see him no more. The result was, one morning some two years since, she did not appear at the breakfast-table. Her mother found her bed had not been slept in. The little fool had gone."

"Is the scoundrel dead now?" curtly inquired the doctor.

"I should hope he was," replied Nathan Heatherleigh, with a savage groan. "But we shall never know, unless she chooses to tell us, and, albeit she is my child, she can be cross-grained. When she is so, she will only do what she wills."

John Swinton was unable to avoid smiling.

Perhaps if Mr. Heatherleigh had himself been less cross-grained he might have saved his daughter and himself much of their trouble during the last few years.

Naturally enough, the doctor had a bed found for him at Redleaf, and when the morning at last aroused him from a troubled slumber, it was to find the snow of the past night so deep that he was persuaded, for the sake of the sick woman and her child, to tarry that New Year's Day at Redleaf.

In spite of the white covering of the earth, George, however, attempted to pay a New Year's visit to his brother, some three miles and a half distant across the country, but eight miles away by the regular road.

Need it be said that the nine or ten inches of snow which covered the earth precluded him from doing so, and that he returned, toward evening, in a wet and disgusted condition, from which it required a rousing draught of the squire's best bourbon to restore him?

During that morning Nathan Heatherleigh had been called to the bedside of his daughter.

There himself and his wife had learned the cause which had induced Blanche Woodruffe to decide upon abandoning her husband.

It appeared that he, in collusion with another gambler, had fastened upon a poor pigeon, whom they had commenced robbing of his plume feathers in the usual way.

This, nevertheless, had not progressed with sufficient rapidity to suit them.

They had consequently arranged a plan to strip him of his plumage in Woodruffe's own dwelling.

A PORTUGUESE HEROINE.— SHE SEIZED TIGHT HOLD OF THE WOLF, AND THEN, AFTER A STRUGGLE, CONTRIVED TO BLIND HIM WITH A STONE, AND EVENTUALLY KILLED HIM."— SEE PAGE 743.

For the success of this it was necessary to secure the connivance of the wife of the latter.

"He had reckoned upon my readiness to assist him, and, perhaps," she said, with a flush of shame, "not unreasonably, as he knew I was acquainted with the mode by which he maintained me and himself in comparative luxury. Oh, father! he could not have known the bitterness which had been gradually stifling all my love since I had become acquainted with the ways of his life. Then it was that my whole anguish and reproach found a voice. I told him all that came up in my mind. I refused to be his accomplice. I reproached him for having lured me from a pure and happy home, with the purpose of debauching and corrupting my soul. I told him it was my purpose to return to you, and on my knees supplicate for your pardon in not having believed you when you told me his love would be my ruin, and then—he struck me." As she said this, she bared her bosom and showed the livid mark of his cowardly blow. The squire groaned, and her mother pressed her trembling lips on the discolored flesh. "From that moment, she continued, in a despairing tone, "all my love for Ralph Woodruffe disappeared, and I left him as speedily as I could—for ever!"

This was necessarily repeated to Doctor Swinton.

Singularly enough, as he frankly acknowledged to himself, his only regret was, the pigeon's talons and beak would not probably be sharp and keen enough to slay the hawk if it swooped upon it.

At all events, on the same evening, that of the first day of the New Year, a thaw set in.

It was a very sloppy and rapid thaw, under a dark and gloomy sky, which corresponded with the tone of the doctor's own mind, when he decided there was no more necessity or occasion for his medical attendance at Redleaf.

Consequently, after leaving necessary directions for her care, about seven o'clock in the evening, he bade George hitch up his chestnut, and, without bidding any formal adieu to his patient, quitted her, as he mentally said, "for ever."

Curiously enough, his mental phrase was almost precisely the same as that in which Blanche Woodruffe had told her father she had quitted her husband.

Will fate keep it for him as well as it will keep it for her?

John Swinton's drive into Hartford that night was by no means a comfortable or happy one.

That it was not comfortable depended on the state of the road.

Six inches of slushy, thawing snow are not conducive to the cleanly or desirable progress of a drag, even when such a capital mare as the doctor's is whirling it along.

He was not ordinarily addicted to swearing, yet it must be admitted, when a splash of the thickened and cold liquid through which his rapid course lay was dashed by the hoof of his vigorous chestnut, or a wheel which jolted into a rut, or over a stone, up in his face, his perhaps involuntary exclamations were by no means of a too pious

character. That his drive into Hartford was not a happy one arose from a very different cause.

Assuredly, it was not to be supposed such a well-regulated head and heart as those owned by Doctor Swinton could by any chance have fallen into love at first sight with another man's wife, especially when this other man was a gambler.

"And yet," he could not help saying, "she is a beautiful woman."

Even more—he was unable to avoid telling himself, but that the fruit was, in any case for the present, forbidden, he would most decidedly have attempted to gather it.

Nay! In his practical mode of general thought, he could not but compare himself with the fox in the fable who crouched beneath the wall, watching the bird on its summit with the coveted morsel in its mouth, and hoping it might fall.

But what was the use of troubling himself?

The affair had begun and ended.

It had reckoned itself with the past in something less or more than twenty-four hours.

Yet, as he thought this, he could not but say to himself it was not completely over—at least, not for the present.

And while thinking so, he passed the principal hotel, in which he had stopped while examining the city in which he proposed to locate himself, drove into the main street, and in a few minutes more had paused at his own door.

Nor was it a very great length of time before he was finding fault, most unjustifiably, with his man-servant, and rating his housekeeper.

But as Doctor Swinton was a man of generally equable temper, his offense was condoned by each of them on the score of his being snowed out at Redleaf for twenty-four hours, and having returned with his mare, drag and himself in such a deplorably filthy condition.

"And all," as the housekeeper said, "because he had such a good heart!"

Being a staid and respectable woman of sixty, it need not be supposed that her eulogy implied any wish to entrap it.

On the following day he had apparently subsided into his usual staid and decorous temper.

He even apologized to his housekeeper for his ill-temper on the preceding evening, and bestowed a first-rate overcoat of his own, very little the worse for wear, upon the man.

It would be needless to say that for the moment the latter appreciated "the heart" of his master even more keenly than the housekeeper had done.

Some six weeks later, among the list of new arrivals at the principal hotel, he saw the name of Ralph Woodruffe.

Tossing the paper which contained this item of intelligence from him, he rang the bell for his domestic, and ordered him to bring round his drag to the door as quickly as possible.

Since New Year's Day he had not been at Redleaf.

But now, he must certainly go there.

Blanche Woodruffe should not be left in ignorance, even for a second longer than possible, of her husband's presence in Hartford, if, haply, he had not already made himself visible to her at her father's farm.

"If he has," he muttered to himself, "the old squire is hale and strong, and I trust has thrashed him within an inch of his life."

However, it would be as well to first find out whether he was still at the hotel.

In consequence of this reflection, taking his hat and coat, he stepped round to the stable and bade his servant drive there after him.

This was about half-past eight in the morning.

It was considerably after two when he reached Redleaf, and it was with a grave but scarcely displeased expression of countenance that he drove up to the door.

The squire was standing in it.

He had been apparently expecting him, and, as it seemed, anxiously.

"So you have come at last, doctor! We have been waiting for you."

"I did not know my presence was required."

"You were sent for three hours since."

"For Mrs. Woodruffe?"

"Yes. Her rascally husband is at Hartford, and has written."

John Swinton interposed abruptly:

"He is there no more, Mr. Heatherleigh."

The old squire saw the strange meaning written on the countenance of the doctor, but failed thoroughly to comprehend it.

"What is it you would say?"

"The pigeon he has been plucking has followed him from New York."

"Eh! And——"

"He shot him down in front of the clerk's desk in the hall of the Continental, about half-past eight this morning. I happened to be passing, and was called in. He was unconscious from the time he received the bullet, but only died some hours since."

"May the Almighty be thanked for his mercy to my poor child! Now, go to her, doctor! If she can understand you, the news you bring will do her more good than all your medicine."

"I am sure of it."

Something more than the bare recital of the actual shooting of Ralph Woodruffe may be necessary.

It would seem that he had not only plucked the pigeon itself, but defrauded his own partner in the plucking of his share in the unrighteous gains.

He had, however, sufficient dread of Moses Levick not to propose remaining in the same city with him so long as his wrath was hot.

Therefore he had fled to Hartford with the intention of compelling his wife to accompany him into Canada.

His only delay in following the latter had been for the purpose of consummating the ruin of young Dornton, the pigeon already alluded to, which had taken himself and Levick a much longer time than they had bargained on.

When he had fled to Hartford, he had, however, forgotten that Levick knew where his wife had come from.

That individual rightly guessed the place to which he had fled.

With a blushless face, he had sought out young Dornton, and, disguising as much as possible his own share in the business of stripping him of his tail and wing-feathers, had told the whole truth, as well as where it was probable he would find Woodruffe.

The recital of the mode in which he had been plucked changed the pigeon into a bird of prey, more honest, but more savage than the hawk which had robbed it.

On the same night he followed him.

Next morning he met him in one of the corridors of the hotel.

He had discovered the number of his room from the reception-book at the clerk's desk.

A sharp altercation had taken place, and when the whilom pigeon demanded from Woodruffe the restoration of the money he had been plundered of, and that scoundrel had actually laughed at him, Charles Dornton lost all command of himself.

Plucking a small revolver from the breast-pocket of his coat, he shot him.

It will be needless to say he was arrested, and some months after placed upon trial for murder, when a verdict of "justifiable homicide" sent him out into the world again a ruined man, in all probability to profitably live in the same line of business which had cost Ralph Woodruffe his life.

There is no necessity to enter into the details of the illness which prostrated his unfortunate, or ought she not to be called his fortunate, widow.

For the moment the news which John Swinton communicated to her failed to comfort her as he and the squire believed it might have done.

She was even inclined to reproach herself with being in some way an accessory to her husband's death.

At last, however, the unwearying affection of her mother, the arguments of old Heatherleigh, and, singularly enough, a certain fancy that the attentions of the doctor were not merely professional, won her from her sorrow.

The old color returned to her careworn cheeks, and the past brightness once more illuminated her eyes.

Yet September had come and gone in the Fall of the same year before the lover who, at first sight, had pronounced her "a beautiful woman," dared believe she would listen kindly to his declaration of love.

It was evening, and they were strolling slowly along one of the green lanes in the neighborhood of Redleaf when he made it.

"I had known it long since, John."

His heart beat rapidly as he heard her utter his Christian name for the first time, for he did not know how often she had murmured it lovingly to herself in the solitude of her own chamber.

With an eager cry of joy, he flung his arms around her trembling form, and pressed his lips passionately on hers.

As the surging color mounted into her face, suffusing her cheeks, brow and neck with its pulsing scarlet, John Swinton said, in his own secret soul, she was not only "beautiful," but the "most beautiful woman" he had ever known.

A PORTUGUESE HEROINE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pall Mall Gazette* at Lisbon vouches for the truth of the following narrative, which he translates from the *Diario de Noticias:*

At the distance of one kilometre from the village of Fratel, near Niza—*i. e.*, on the frontier of Spain and Portugal, near the town of Portalegre—Theresa Maria, who was carrying her husband's dinner to him in the fields, was told by a little shepherd boy that a wolf was prowling about the place.

Wishing to see one for the first time in her life, she put down her basket and climbed up to a high place to which the boy directed her. There she saw the animal in the act of devouring a lamb.

The shepherd boy began shouting and throwing stones, to see whether it would let go its prey, and the wolf, in its fury, then attacked the poor little fellow, jumping up at his face, tearing the flesh from his jaws, and throwing him upon the ground.

The woman, seeing the boy's imminent danger, in an impulse of heroic self-devotion ran on the wolf wholly unarmed, seized tight hold of him, and then, after a struggle, contrived to blind him with a stone, and eventually killed him.

Meanwhile, the boy whom she had rescued ran, wounded as he was, to seek help in the village. While several villagers were coming up, armed with guns, stones and sticks, to kill the beast and save the woman from its fangs, she was returning to the village covered with blood, and with her arms, hands and face terribly wounded.

She said that at times she was on the point of being overcome, but contrived to keep the animal's throat in the close hold of her left arm, while hitting him hard on the head with a stone which she was able to pick up. She was taken to the Niza hospital.

It is with regret that all will read what I have now unfortunately to add—that exactly a month afterward the poor creature died there of her wounds. She has left eight children, six of whom are very young, and a distracted husband, to mourn her loss; but she found comfort in her last sufferings, and under the pain of such a parting, from the recollection that she had given her life for another. The English and Portuguese have sent some twenty-two pounds as a small consolation to a poor and industrious family who have to mourn a noble heart taken from them.

In a postscript, written two days later, the correspondent says:

"I am sorry, indeed, to have to add to the narrative that the little shepherd boy for whom the brave woman sacrificed her life is dead also. She was allowed to console her dying hours with the belief that she had perished in saving a life. But it was not to be so. The poor child died in the terrible sufferings of hydrophobia. Besides the subscription raised on behalf the bereaved husband and the orphans, another has very properly been started to erect a monument to Niza, so that such a deed may not be forgotten."

WHY THE ROMANS WISH EACH OTHER "A GOOD AUGUST."

EVEN in the earliest days it was the custom to wish a "good" August and to make presents and to give dinners and entertainments. The reason—for there is a method in all these Roman madnesses—is, that August is the most unhealthy month in the year in Rome. If you escape the fevers until then, you can rarely escape them in August, unless unheard-of precautions are taken, of which you soon get tired.

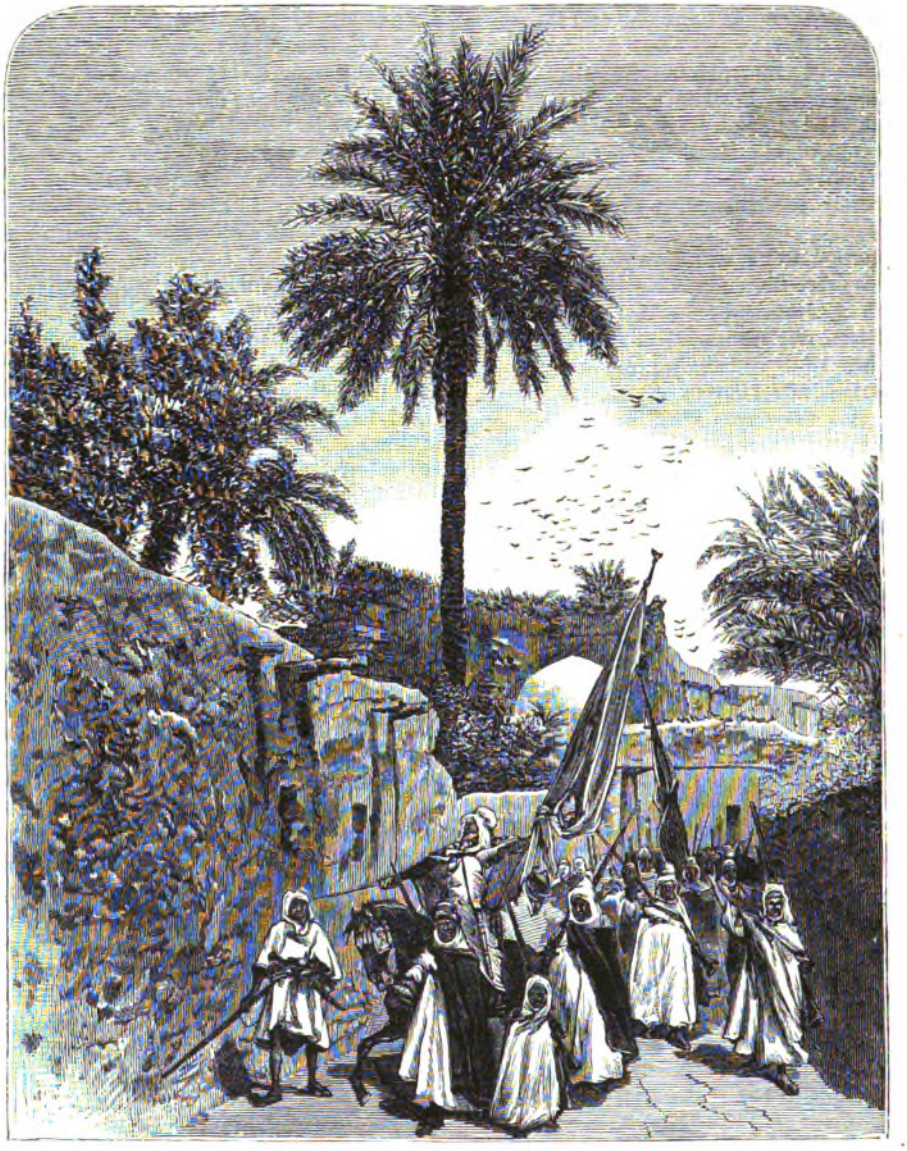
As rest, sleep and good wine are the surest preventives of Roman fever, the August gifts usually take the form of poultry and wine. If you can eat well, sleep well and never go into the open air while there is a ray of sun, you may escape the fever. But eat irregularly, and drink poor wine and go out during the hot hours, and sooner or later you will be seized with fever, and Roman fever is not easily forgotten. It begins with a shivering fit that shakes the very room in which the patient lies, nor can the heaping on of eider-down quilts and pillows stop it. It sometimes continues for hours. The teeth chatter and you feel as if suddenly cast naked on an iceberg. When the shivering fit ceases the fever commences, and after that comes a profuse perspiration. The more you perspire the better, for if the patient does not perspire, he is suffering from the worst kind of Roman fever, called the "perniciosa," whose very name makes Romans quake with terror, for it carries one off in a couple of hours.

SURELY half the world must be blind—they can see nothing unless it glistens.

MOHAMMEDAN "HOLY WAR."

By Frederic Daniel.

The French expedition to Tunis has given rise in North Africa to troubles that are likely to be of no little duration. In a word, France has again stirred up the Mohammedan world as it did by the conquest of Algiers in 1830. The expedition has been successful in so far as the subjection of Tunis to French supremacy; but the inhabitants of the province will undoubtedly continue in the same state of chronic insurrection that the Algerians have been in during the last half-century. Already a formal insurrectional movement among the Tunisian tribes is booked to occur before the end of the present year. Several Arab fanatics have been hanged by the Bey (now under French influence) for running through the streets of Tunisian cities and calling on their Arab brethren everywhere to join in a "holy war" against the "infidel invaders."



A MARABOUT ROUSING THE TRIBES TO WAR.

The son of Abd-el-Kader, the famous chief and marabout who caused so much annoyance to the French in Algeria, is exerting himself in behalf of such a war, and, though a Turkish pasha, threatens to visit Tunis for the purpose of hoisting the "green flag" and personally directing "the cause." As to Abd-el-Kader himself, he has been persuaded by the Sultan to forego the pleasure of again drawing his scimitar for Algerian independence, in order to apply himself in a wider field—viz., Panislamism at large. On his side, the Sultan, in his capacity of Caliph, or Commander of the Faithful, has succeeded in uniting all the forces of Islamism under his influence, having displayed considerable skill in inspiring them with a fresh stock of fanaticism as against all modern contingencies.

A census just completed from the best obtainable authorities numbers the believers in Mohammedanism at 175,000,000. No less than 93,250 pilgrims visited Mecca last year. A decided spread of the creed is going on in the heart of Africa. In that dark continent it is reported to be alive and at work proselytizing as fiercely as in the good old days of the Caliphs of Bagdad, of "Arabian Nights" memory.

Each year adds thousands of dusky converts, and the result will shortly be the erection of a sub-Caliphate in Soudan. It is a system which is indigenous to the tropics, as characteristic as the fauna or the flora of the torrid zone; and it may be taken for granted that the Sultan would be highly gratified to exhibit to mankind a "Young Africa" wholly under the Crescent.

The full meaning of the "holy war" idea of Mohammedanism was made exceedingly manifest from the very origin of this creed. Mohammed, its founder, may assuredly be cited in proof of the French wit's saying, "All depends upon one's coming into the world at the right time," for evidently he found everything favorable and ripe for starting just such a monster imposture as he set afloat at Mecca, in Arabia. It may truly be said that he was a man of his age, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the times and tribes amidst which his lot was cast.

The Arabs, more familiarly known as Saracens in the times of the Crusaders, claim to have possessed from the Flood two-thirds of Arabia, properly so-called, the remaining third being subsequently annexed. Arabia, in its original narrow limits, was the tract of land the Greeks

SLAUGHTER OF FRENCH COLLIVATORS ON THE ROAD TO GERRVILLE, BY BOU AMEMA.

comprehended under the name of "Arabia the Happy." The soil about its famous city, Mecca, has always been so very barren as to yield no fruits but what are common in the desert. The inhabitants of the city, however, are generally very rich, being considerable gainers by the prodigious concourse of people of almost all nations at the yearly pilgrimage, at which time there is a great fair or mart of all kinds of merchanise. They possess, also, great numbers of cattle, and particularly of camels. However, the poorer sort, of course, live very indifferently in a place where almost every necessary of life must be purchased with money.

The country itself has been noted from all antiquity for the happiness of its climate, its fertility and riches; yet in reality great part of the riches which the ancients imagined were the produce of Arabia came from the Indies and the coasts of Africa. Hence, notwithstanding the great sterility near Mecca, outside this belt the soil on all sides has plenty of good springs and streams of running water, with a great many gardens and cultivated lands.

It is the especial boast of the Arabs that they have preserved their liberty with scarcely any interruption from the very Deluge, for, though great armies were again and again sent against them, all attempts to subdue them proved in the end unsuccessful. They laughed at Assyrians, Medes, Persians, and snubbed Alexander the Great on his march to the East, by declining to send him presents or embassadors. Not even the Roman legions, headed by the redoubtable Cæsars, subdued them. And so to-day the little Arab in the streets of our cities is the accepted type of liberty, he, too, remaining unsubdued under the cuffs and kicks of pedestrians and the other blows of fortune.

The Arabian religion, prior to Mohammed, was gross idolatry, chiefly a worship of the fixed stars and planets, and of angels and their images, as inferior deities or companions of one supreme God, named "Allah," and recognized as the creator of the universe. It was from the running after these inferior deities that Mohammed boasted to have reclaimed his countrymen unto the sole adoration of "Allah."

As for the original language spoken by the Arabians, their great men confidently assert that it was one of the most ancient, its rise being attributed to no less a source than the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. Several dialects of it have existed and still exist. The Koran, or Mohammedan Bible, is said to be written in the one that has been unanimously dubbed by erudites "the perspicuous and clear Arabic"; one, in short, so copious, according to Arab belief, that no man without inspiration can master it in its perfect extent.

The accomplishments the Arabs chiefly valued themselves on were eloquence, horsemanship, expertness in arms, and hospitality. Their own writers acknowledged freely that they had a natural disposition to war, bloodshed, cruelty and rapine, and this disposition survives in the race. They are so much addicted to bearing malice that they scarcely ever forget an old injury, and this vindictive temper, according to physicians, is occasioned by their frequent feeding on camel's flesh, that creature being most malicious, and t nacious of anger. The frequent robberies by these people on merchants and travelers have rendered the name "Arab" infamous throughout the world. When speaking of anything in their possession, they use the following directness of speech: "I robbed a man of this."

The sciences most cultivated by the Arabians before the era of Mohammedanism were genealogy and history, such a knowledge of the stars as to foretell the weather, and the interpretation of dreams. They seem to have made no further progress in astronomy, which branch they afterward cultivated with so much success and applause, than to observe the influence of the stars on the weather, and to give them names; and this it was obvious for them to do, by reason of their pastoral life, lying night and day in the open plains. The inhabitants, from time immemorial, have been divided into two sorts; those dwelling in cities and those dwelling in tents, the former living by trades and tillage, and the latter by pasturage, cattle, roaming the desert and plundering the caravans; silently folding their tents at one point, in order to steal away and pounce upon some other spot with better pickings.

Such was the condition of the country and the material at hand for his undertaking when Mohammed came into the world at Mecca, November 10th, 570, A.D. At his setting up, the Persian, Grecian and Roman Empires were weak and declining, and Arabia was strong and flourishing; thus he could not have entered upon the scene at a more opportune moment. The Arabians were numerous and hardy; the very jealousies among their tribes enabled him to propagate his ascendency among them, and then weld them into a unity no less necessary and conducive to their future conquests and grandeur. Ere starting out he had mastered the situation, and, as he was a man of extraordinary parts and address, he knew how to make the best of every incident, and turn it to his own advantage. He traveled through his native land as a merchant during his youth, thereby gaining an intimate knowledge of the people he was destined to mold into a scourge of the world.

His ambition was spurred forward by the disadvantages under which he was born. His father, Abdallah, left him an infant in the arms of his mother, and in very poor circumstances, their whole possessions being five camels and an Ethiopian female slave. An uncle took care of him, and, at the age of thirteen, instructed him in the business of a merchant; later on this same relative recommended him as a general superintendent to Khadijah, a noble and rich widow. The young man went to work, and behaved himself so well that this widow married him, raising him to an equality with the richest in Mecca; evidently he was not one to "beware of vidders." She was, perhaps, responsible for the rise of the new faith and its long train of holy wars, for without h r he might have been a follower of caravans—a simple pillager of the plain—who knows? Victor Hugo, in his description of Waterloo, says that if it had not rained on the morning of that battle Napoleon would have won, and the destinies of the world might have been changed.

It is certain that the marriage of young Mohammed with the widow brought about a marked change in his life. The advantageous match enabling him to live at his ease, he at once set to work to hatch out a scheme for establishing a new religion, or, as he expressed it, of replanting the only true and ancient one by destroying the gross idolatry around him, and weeding out the abuses and corruptions afflicting his countrymen. He gave himself out accordingly as a Reformer, or messenger sent from God. Ambition and the desire of satisfying his sensuality were the secret motives of his undertaking—a deep-laid design to raise himself to the supreme rule over his country, rather than religious enthusiasm, being at the bottom of his plans.

When this fancy struck him, he affected solitude, and usually retired for a month in the year to a cave in Mount Hara, near Mecca. Before making any attempt abroad, he keenly divined that it was indispensable for him to begin by the conversion of his own household. Having,

therefore, retired with his family, as he had done several times before, to the cave, he there opened the secret of his mission to his wife, Khadijah, and acquainted her that the Angel Gabriel had just appeared to him, and told him that he was appointed the Apostle of God. Khadijah, as, perhaps, any other Arab's wife would have done, received the news with great joy, swearing by him in whose hands her soul was, that she trusted he would do all things proper for the good of his country, and of his whole country. She then immediately went and told what she had heard to a cousin, who, not to be outdone in zeal, assured her that the angel sent to her husband was the same Gabriel that had been sent to Moses.

This first overture the prophet made in the fortieth year of his age, which is, therefore, usually called the year of his mission. Encouraged by so good a beginning, he resolved to proceed, and try for some time what he could do by private persuasion, not daring to hazard the whole affair by exposing it too suddenly to the public gaze. He soon made proselytes of those under his own roof; then a few of the principal men in Mecca were gained over to the new way of looking at things. After a short while he began to preach in public to the people, who heard him with some patience until he upbraided them with idolatry and obstinacy, when they would have made short work of him if he had not been then and there protected by his uncle, Abu Taleb, who took an oath to stand by him against all his enemies; and it so happened that Abu Taleb was a very influential man in the city. Fortune favors the bold.

During the next dozen years the new creed began to spread from the very opposition it met with among some of the tribes, the prophet himself being compelled to flee temporarily to a retreat sixty miles from Mecca. In the twelfth year of his mission Mohammed gave out that he had made a night trip from Mecca to Jerusalem, and thence to heaven, where he had conversed with God; he thus secured a basis whence to attribute divine authority thereafter to all his sayings. This happy incident was vouched for by his best friends. His authority thereupon increased until he was secure of being able to make his adherents swallow whatever he pleased to impose on them.

Had his fellow-citizens in the first instance treated him less injuriously, and not obliged him, by their persecution, to seek refuge elsewhere and to take up arms against them, it is just possible that he might have contented himself with an humbler lot, and a moderate respect for his assumed office; but, being once at the head of a little army, and encouraged by success, it was inevitable that he should have expanded into a conqueror, reaching further than he ever dreamed of doing at his outset.

He was confessedly a great lover of women, over whom supreme power gave him full control. He established a plurality of wives as a cardinal point in his religion, which, in this respect, moreover, was in accord with the customs of the country; indeed, had he decided to cut his fellow-citizens off from such plurality, and made the mistake of allowing only one wife per Arab—the same as none at all in Oriental eyes—it is generally admitted that his Koran would have had a slim chance of reverence, and he himself would have been summarily disposed of.

His judgment seems never to have been at fault on any capital point for the successful propagation of his scheme. His personal qualifications were ever available at the critical juncture; he was persuasive, gentle, witty, comely, firm, bold, energetic, all in due season. It is well ascertained that he had little or no book-learning; and of this, so far from putting a stop to his design, he made the greatest use, by insisting that the writings which he produced as revelations from God could not possibly be a forgery of his own, because it was not conceivable that a person who could neither write nor read should be able to compose a book of such excellent doctrine, and in so elegant a style. For this reason he is called in the Koran itself the "illiterate prophet," and believers glory in their master's ignorance. Withal the plan of religion he framed, the design and artful contrivance of the written revelations composing his Koran, are proof positive that they were coined in his own brain, though outwardly fashioned and polished by the erudition of assistants.

After securing a firm foothold, he sent out his followers to teach Islamism, or the new faith. At first he claimed to proselytize only by peaceful methods, but ere long his enemies in Mecca and elsewhere compelled him to violence in self-defense. He therefore formed the nucleus of an army by promising Paradise to all who swore to defend his person from insults and attacks. From this time on he relied on the sword. The truth is, he resorted to force as soon as he could use it with any show of success against his enemies, who in the beginning had been in overwhelming odds against him.

No sooner was he enabled to make headway than he gave out that God had allowed him and his followers to defend themselves against all infidels or unbelievers; and at length, as his armies increased, he pretended to have divine leave even to attack them, destroy idolatry, and set up the new faith by the sword. The first passage which he incorporated in the Koran as confirming his authority to use arms is said to have been that laid down in the twenty-second chapter, after which, of course, a great number to the same purport were revealed, as suited his convenience. The twenty-second chapter says: "Permission is granted to those who take up arms against the unbelievers; and God is certainly able to assist them, for God is strong and mighty."

Here, after the incorporation of this verse in his code, the imposture assumed its true character in the eyes of all men. Taking up arms at first for his own defense against persecution, he afterward used them for the establishment of his religion, which at last worked its way only through fire and sword into the fairest portions of Asia, Africa and Europe. Fortunately, it never came to America—if we except that fragment specially imported by the late Brigham Young and the Latter-Day Saints of Salt Lake City. Your true-blue Mussulman, who is eager to defend the divine character of his religion, is sorely puzzled to-day by the damning proof that it owed its progress and establishment almost exclusively to the sword, having brought war and hatred instead of peace and good-will in its wake.

Despite the spread of the new faith there remained in Mecca a clique of malcontents who cherished a personal grudge against its founder; and at length they formed a conspiracy to kill him. Mohammed, being forewarned of their intentions, took time by the forelock, and gave out that it was revealed to him by the Angel Gabriel that he should retire to Medina, in order to build there a great temple for the worship of his religion. With this object in view he miraculously escaped thither, and hence dated the first year of his hegira, or flight. After erecting the temple, he set out to conquer with armies not only his native city, but all Arabia and the outside world. After repeated successes over his enemies, in the eleventh year of his hegira, he died on the 8th of June, 632 A.D., at Medina, where he was buried under a splendid tomb. He expressed the greatest satisfaction on his deathbed that he had lived long enough to see the new faith firmly established; truly his whole career had been a continuous run of luck. Under the Caliphate of his immediate successor,

Abu Bekr, the Arabs, united in one creed and under one prince, found themselves in a condition of making those conquests which extended Mohammedanism over so large a part of the world.

The teachings of its founder are recorded in the Koran, which signifies in Arabic "The Reading"—namely, that which ought to be read. Its chapters, as claimed, were revealed to the Prophet, some at Mecca, some at Medina; they imitate the Scriptural manner and phrases, but, on the whole, constitute a very unsuccessful plagiarism, and a very silly kind of "reading." The style is concise unto obscurity, enlivened with florid, sententious expressions. As faithful believers hold, it was from eternity written on a preserved table by God's throne, and only a transcript or copy of it was sent down to the lowest heaven, whence Gabriel revealed it to Mohammed in parcels, or page by page, as it were, during the course of twenty-three years, as the exigency of affairs required. However, the consolation was awarded him of being able to see the whole once a year, the said copy being bound in silk, and adorned with gold and precious stones of Paradise; in the last year of his life he was granted the favor of seeing it twice.

Upon his death, his revelations were left in some disorder, and they were arranged in the present method by his successor, Abu Bekr, who was really the compiler, therefore, of the Koran. Its fundamental doctrine is summed up in these words: "There is no God but the true God, and Mohammed is his Prophet." Fatalism and polygamy are two of its main tenets. It inculcates a resurrection and a judgment day, the greatest sign thereof being held to be the sun's rising in the West, where some imagine it originally did. It locates Paradise in the seventh heaven, where beautiful black-eyed maidens, called Houris, and many other delights, will be awarded the faithful, and to the faithful only. Into this Paradise it is held that women will not be admitted on the same footing as men are, because their places will be supplied by the aforesaid Houris; nevertheless, good women will go into a separate place of happiness, where they will enjoy all sorts of delights, but whether one of those delights will be the society of agreeable young men specially created for them, to complete the economy of the system, is nowhere found decided in the Koran. One circumstance relating to these beatified females, conformable to what he had asserted of the men, he acquainted his followers with. In the answer given to an old woman who, upon desiring him to intercede with God that she might be admitted into Paradise, was told that no old woman would enter that place, which set her a-crying, he explained by saying

ABD-EL-KADER, LEADER OF THE FIRST HOLY WAR IN ALGERIA.

that God would there make her young again. The good news was too much for her, and she fainted.

The pilgrimage to Mecca is so necessary a point in the practice of the Mohammedan religion that, according to a saying of Mohammed, he who dies without performing it might as well die a Jew or a Christian; and the same is expressly commanded in the Koran. Every Mussulman, therefore, must once in his life make the pilgrimage. Those who accomplish it acquire the title of *hadji* (pilgrims) and the privilege of wearing the red turban. In the early period of Islamism the Caliphs and subordinate princes went in great pomp, having a host of attendants, and scattering magnificent presents on the way. Now, as for centuries past, such examples are unknown. But most Mussulmans have, nevertheless, an earnest desire to make this religious journey, and, while awaiting the opportunity, they communicate with those who accomplish it, and charge them with bringing back souvenirs from the holy places which they propose to visit later in life. Each year numerous caravans depart from Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Egypt, Syria and the extreme Orient, at a time so as to be able, at the same period of the year, to meet each other at Mecca. The itineracy has been fixed for centuries, together with a list of the provisions required and of the resting-places on the way.

SCENE DURING THE RECENT HOLY WAR IN ALGIERS.

Every pilgrim caravan receives marks of respect from the population on the way; but the zeal manifested for its reception springs not alone from the religious spirit. The pilgrims combine business with pleasure, and are not strangers to commercial speculations, and the numerous classes of the Mussulman world met are also occupied in promoting their material interests. Most of these people go and return with small quantities of merchandise, which they dispose of, and whose profits cover their expenses and compensate them for their fatigue.

The day when the caravans pass any given point is known in advance, and traders come from afar to meet them, bringing provisions and taking in exchange merchandise. When the pilgrims encamp in the desert, the exchanges are made with each other. The caravan is under the authority of a sheik, or elder, assisted by a kadi, who maintains order and decides all differences arising. Pious travelers, flocking from so many countries, arrive in Arabia in three principal groups: first, those from the West, or North Africa; second, those from the Orient; and third, those from Bagdad and the neighboring regions. These three groups go on the very day of their arrival at Mecca to Mount Arafat, from whose consecrated summit an Iman offers with a loud voice a prayer, to which the pilgrims listen with bare heads and feet.

CALLING PEOPLE TO ARMS FOR A HOLY WAR.

According to a tradition, the number of believers present at this solemnity must be on each occasion eighty thousand. If it were more, God would reduce it by a scourge; if less, the angels would complete it. Then they go to worship before the black stone of the holy "Kaaba," which is the temple believed to have been built, or at least founded, by Abraham. The black stone, which was from time immemorial the object of idolatry on the part of the Arabs, prior to Mohammed, was let down by God himself perpendicular under the original which is in heaven,

according to Mussulman tradition; it was perfectly white during the innocence of Adam, and became black only at his fall. It was upon this stone that Abraham is believed to have rested while superintending the construction of the "Kaaba," in which labor the angels took a share.

The sanctuary of the "Kaaba" is erected in the middle of the vestibule of the great mosque at Mecca, and is of a square form, surrounded with a black vail raised in festoons from point to point. Pilgrims make the tour around it seven times with naked feet and with special tunic when they have had the good fortune to perform their ablutions in the sacred fountain of Zemzem, into which every believer must throw a pebble and religiously partake of its waters.

In short, pilgrims at Mecca spend fifteen days going through with the ceremonies, and then set out for Medina to complete their pilgrimage by visiting the tomb of the Prophet. The mosque at Mecca is called the "Dwelling of God," and that of Medina, which contains the tomb, the "House of the Prophet." The two cities are inseparable in the veneration of believers, and are frequently called the two Meccas.

Great numbers of pilgrims go by steamer, the way by sea being the more expeditious and less painful; but still a majority, who have not the means of paying their passage, take the land route, which is therefore considered as more meritorious, according to the doctrine of compensations. Many make the pilgrimage a second time; and there are those who repeat it several times, and their renown for holiness becomes so much the greater, with some exceptions which have given point to a malicious Arab proverb of ancient date: "If your neighbor has made the pilgrimage to Mecca once, suspect him; if twice, be on your guard; and if three times, give him a wide berth."

Mussulmans are bound on every occasion to make their profession of faith in God and in Mohammed as his prophet. The mere passive adoption of this creed is not enough; every Islamite is bound to impose it on infidels, who must also adopt it or suffer the prescribed penalties. This armed proselytism is called "The Holy War." It has been the prevailing rule for the extension of Islamism. "Fight," says the Koran, "until all worship be that of the one God."

In various passages the injunction of warring against infidels is declared to be of high merit in the sight of God, those slain while fighting in defense of the faith being reckoned martyrs and promised immediate admission into Paradise. Hence this duty is greatly magnified by the Mohammedan divines, who call the sword the key of heaven and hell, and persuade their people that the last drop of blood spilt "in the way of God" is most acceptable unto Him, and that the defending the territories of the Moslems for one night is more meritorious than a fast of two months. On the other hand, desertion, or refusal to serve in these holy wars, or to contribute toward carrying them on, if a man has ability, is accounted a most heinous crime, as declared in the Koran.

Once proclaimed by the Iman, the "Holy War" becomes obligatory on all. Riches and life must be ready as a sacrifice for the cause of God. "Paradise lies in the shadow of swords" is a favorite Mussulman saying. Yet before beginning the war, infidels must be summoned to be converted to Islamism. If the summons be rejected, then they may be punished by death or by the infliction of a special tribute. Once all infidels in Mussulman countries were subjected to this trying ordeal. The Prophet declared that the Holy War should last until the day of judgment; there might be a truce, never a peace, and hence the institution of "Mohammedan Holy War" is a permanent one, never ceasing for an instant, and equally as incumbent on all believers in it now and in the future as in the past.

Practically, the civilized world is enjoying a truce, and the turbaned gentry are liable to come up to the scratch again at any moment which may be convenient to them—and it is for this reason that the French officials are keeping a weather eye open for the renewal of the Holy War business in Algeria and Tunis.

Thus the world is considered as divided into two great hostile factions—believers on one side and infidels on the other. These last, who, as we have seen, are the *perpetual* objects of the Holy War, until they are converted or submit to the tribute, have no right to govern themselves, or even to live. Government belongs by right to Islamism, which tolerates the independence and even the existence of infidels only while awaiting a favorable occasion to impose upon them the alternative of the tribute or death. When the faith was in its infancy, the opposers thereof taken in battle were doomed to death, without mercy; but this was judged too severe when it was past the danger of subversion at the hands of its enemies. Hence in declaring war against an infidel people, the latter are given three offers—viz., either to embrace Mohammedanism, in which case they become not only secure in their persons, families and fortunes, but entitled to all the privileges of other Moslems; or to submit and pay tribute, by doing which they are allowed to profess their own religion, provided it be not gross idolatry or against the moral law; or else to decide by the sword; in which last case, if the Mohammedans prevail, the women and children which are captured become absolute slaves, and the men taken in the battle may either be slain, unless they turn Turk, or be otherwise disposed of at the pleasure of the prince.

From the Moslem standpoint it has always been well understood that Islam—which is the true name of their faith, and means absolute resignation to God—is the sole religion of right and by law, and that consequently the rule of the world has been from all time promised to it. Unbelievers in it are taxed not only with infidelity, but with ingratitude and bad faith for resisting and willfully taking sides against the truth; they do not merely err in opinion, but place themselves in a state of malicious and open rebellion, of insolent and abominable impiety. The mission of Mohammed having been duly announced and disregarded by the said unbelievers, it is held to be only proper that they should be made to suffer therefor, even unto utter destruction both here and hereafter. And it has not been from any lack of pious, fanatical zeal that this stern decree as laid down in the Koran has not been carried out to the very letter The truce of the "Holy War" has existed and still exists only becaue Islamism found itself considerably the weaker party in the fight.

During three centuries after the death of Mohammed, Arabia was under the Caliphs, his successors. Each of them strove, by all the means in their power, to extend the faith, and their triumphs in various directions were easy. North, East and West bowed before their battle flags. The terror of those flags swept over Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria and Morocco in Africa, and over Arabia, Syria, Palestine and Persia in Asia. When the leader of the Mussulman arms reached the extreme west on the Atlantic, he entered its waters on horseback, calling on the God of Mohammed to witness that he stopped in his victorious march only where land failed him. This heyday of success was long continued, especially under the Caliphs of Bagdad, when the centre of gravity of Mohammedanism was shifted thither.

The terrible destruction of the Eastern churches by the

sudden spreading of the new creed inspired a horror throughout Christendom. Jerusalem was closely held by Mussulman arms; though one of the Caliphs had graciously sent the keys of the Holy Sepulchre to Charlemange, to hold and to keep as his own, the seeming deference to a Christian ruler was annulled by his immediate successor. In short, Islam was triumphant everywhere in the East.

About the year 1095 A.D., a monk, who afterward became renowned as Peter the Hermit, visited Jerusalem, where he was subjected to such taunts and insults that he returned to Europe with the firm resolve to preach a crusade for the delivery of the Holy Sepulchre from the despicable hands into which it had fallen. He so earnestly besought and stirred up the princes and peoples of Christendom that in the very next year, or in 1096, A.D., he was enabled to march forth from France at the head of the first band of Crusaders toward the Holy Land. His movement was the origin of the wars of the Crusades, which continued, with intermissions, during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, until the Christian aim was at length carried, and the Holy Sepulchre liberated. The wars of the Crusades have been chronicled in many huge tomes; the one which is still enduring is the celebrated poem of Tasso, entitled "Jerusalem Delivered." The Mussulmans found often, to their cost, during the Crusades, that they had no monopoly in carrying on the Holy War business, and that it was a game at which somebody else besides the turbaned followers of Mohammed could play.

However, upon the withdrawal of the Christian forces, the Orient again fell under the control of the Caliphs, and they have held it ever since. Having been attacked at home by Christians, the Mussulmans made up their minds to turn the tables, and carry the Holy War into Christendom—this was to be their revenge. From their base at the Strait of Gibraltar they found it comparatively easy to pass over and occupy Spain, and, to tell the truth, the Moorish traces they left on that unfortunate peninsula are still distinctly visible at this late day. From the eastern side, the organized forces of the Turks were availed of by Islamism to bear its banners even as far as under the walls of Vienna, which capital they besieged and came within an ace of taking, it having been saved from such disgrace only through Polish instrumentality and gallantry.

Although Islamism was compelled by the verdict of battle to withdraw from its invasion of civilized Europe, the foothold secured in European Turkey was from that day to this the base of its operations in behalf of the Holy War idea. Whenever the Turks could get a chance, they hoisted the green flag of the Prophet against Venice and other Italian principalities, as well as against the larger powers of Europe; and from Barbary, as North Africa under Saracenic rule has always been termed, the spirit of Mohammed emerged in the guise of piracy, attacking the infidel shipping on the Mediterranean, and swooping down even on the coasts of Spain, France and Italy, to carry off their inhabitants and make slaves of them.

In the conflicts between Turkey and Russia during the present century, the Turks were animated with the spirit of the Holy War idea, though precluded by circumstances from carrying it out to the very letter. During the Crimean campaign England and France would not have permitted their ally, the Sultan, to avail himself of his high privilege to raise the Prophet's flag. That campaign was followed by an insurrection against Russia of the Circassian tribes, under the leadership of the notorious Schiamyl, who, for his part, was thoroughly imbued with the vindictiveness of Islamism. He held the Russian soldiery at bay in the Caucasus for years, and was only captured after his forces had been used up; as compensation for his bravery, the Czar treated him with the greatest consideration as long as he lived. The campaign between Czar and Sultan, in 1877, again brought forth the topic of a Holy War; but, though this time the Sultan found himself sorely pressed, and at the same time untrammeled by a Christian ally, he dared not, in the face of civilization, invoke the spiritual potentiality of the faithful under the guise of a Holy War. At one time, however, during that campaign, when Russian troops were under the walls of Constantinople, a Holy War pressure was very near being applied against them, from the fact of England's interference and the intervention on the scene of the royal Mussulman army of India. The largest part of the Sultan's spiritual subjects are among the inhabitants of that country, and the royal troops which were brought by order of the English Government over to the Mediterranean were of the Mussulman persuasion. If England had taken an active part in the hostilities, it is very likely that her Mussulman soldiery would not only have fought for her diplomacy, but at the same time, and more particularly, to advance the true spirit and interests of their religion—and it is very doubtful whether the English cabinet would have entertained the slightest objection to their doing so.

In the belligerency with the French invaders in North Africa the Mussulman forces, spiritual and material, are more conveniently and freely placed. Practically, the Holy War spirit will be carried out as far as the French generals will allow. Having taken possession of Algeria, it was almost a necessary sequence that the French should, sooner or later, get control over Tunis. The expedition of St. Louis was a historical reminder to them that the flag of France had before floated in the regency, though not undefied by the Saracens. That monarch was unfortunate in his efforts to liberate the Christians captured by the Arabs; he died on Tunisian soil a short while after putting foot on it, and was not able to rout the Arabs in battle. His task was more successfully fulfilled later on by Charles V. of Spain; but even his success was only temporary, and soon the whole of Barbary relapsed into the possession of the Arabs. Yet Tunis, the ancient Carthage, has again and again been coveted by both France and Italy. It is the finest position of North Africa. Commercial preponderance and control of the Mediterranean, by means of its tenure, have long been its attraction for the Powers which have disputed with each other for its possession or for its neutralization.

Tunis, or, rather, Carthage, was the first episcopal see after the introduction into North Africa of Christianity, which nowhere more than there was flourishing for several centuries after its propagation. From Egypt to Tangiers, from the desert to the coast, throughout this territory where to-day the Koran reigns, the Gospel reigned until the sixth century. The courage of the many martyrs of the African Church, the number and activity of its bishops, the science, zeal and eloquence of its learned men are still subjects of admiration. The celebrated father of the Church, St. Augustine, was born on Tunisian soil. The Church flourished like a green bay-tree until the Arabs came to paralyze and uproot it.

From that date Tunis has remained under the Islam faith and power. The Beys, its chief rulers, are a legacy from the Turkish domination; and, indeed, the province is nominally at law under the Government of the Sultan. At the opening of this century Tunis was a nest of pirates, whose career was only ended by the French capture of

Algiers. The latter, as well as Tunis and Tripoli, influenced by the Holy War spirit and the desire of plunder, had previously assumed to exercise a kind of maritime supremacy over the Mediterranean, and imposed burdens upon all the Christian Powers whose vengeance they did not immediately fear. Not only the ships of nations that refused to pay tribute were pursued and captured, but frequent descents were made upon their coasts, and the inhabitants were carried off and compelled to serve as slaves, subjected to the most cruel hardships and indignities. To this day all along the northern coasts of Italy are to be seen towers or lookouts perched high on the mountain slopes, still remaining as relics of the times when the inhabitants kept watchers in them to give the alarm upon the approach of the barbarous corsairs. This piracy was a very profitable business, and was, of course, increased by the very panic which prevailed on the innocent coasts. Among other depredations committed by the corsairs were attacks on commercial vessels bearing the American flag. In 1801 the United States began war against Tripoli; it was only ended in 1805, after much good had been accomplished for civilization. Nevertheless, the corsairs remained on the high seas, but in diminished numbers, and were only effectually banished from it by the brave and praiseworthy course of France, in 1830, in taking the Saracen bull by the horns on his own soil. France has been shaking that mad animal ever since in Algeria, and now she has taken a fresh hold, and will have to struggle with him in Tunisia. May the fullest success attend her efforts and blows, which, in behalf of all mankind, are really aimed for the overthrow of "Mohammedan Holy War."

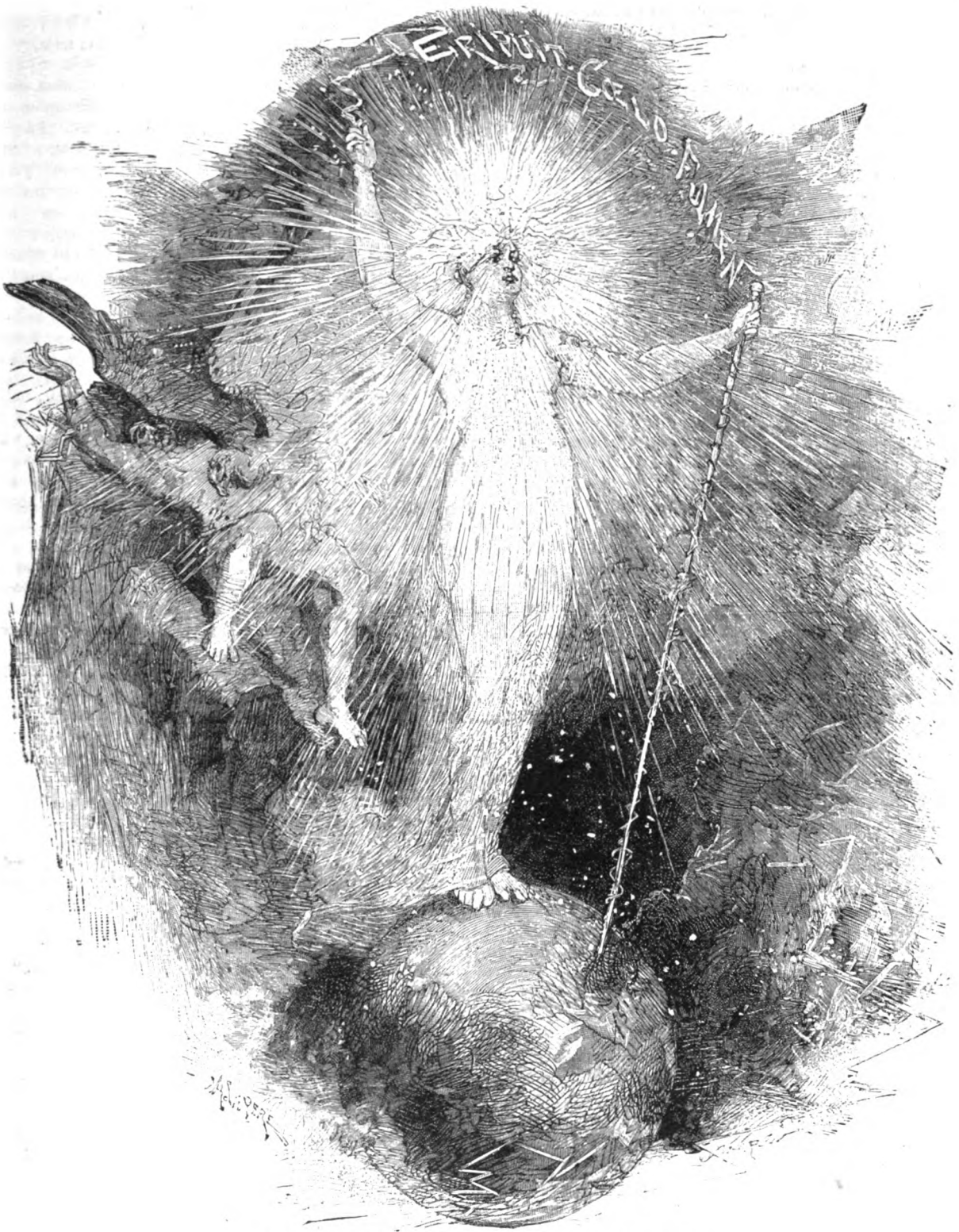
SURRENDER OF FANATICAL INSURGENTS.

BOU AMEMA, LEADER OF THE PRESENT HOLY WAR IN ALGERIA.

QUEER COUNTRYMEN OF OURS.—The people of the Hatteras region are of an amphibious nature, and live so much in water that most of them, I am sure, are web-footed. They live mainly on fish, clams, oysters, crabs, terrapins and wild fowls. When they leave home they go into a boat, and whether they go to court or go courting, or to trade, or to mill, or to a funeral, they always go by sail. Their corn-mills are run by sails, and some of them pump their water with windmills. They don't go up-stairs, but "go aloft"; and when these wonderful countrymen of ours take it in their heads to go to bed, they "turn in"; when they are suffering from any kind of sickness they are "under the weather," and when in robust health they are "bung up and bilge free." They speak of a trim-built sweetheart as "clipper-built." If she is a little stout they say she is "broad at the beam," or she is "wide across the transom." Many of them have ship's cabin-doors in their houses that slide on grooves, and to their buildings they give a coating of tar instead of painting them. The "old woman" blows a conch-shell when dinner is ready, and they measure time by "bells." Their babies are not rocked in cradles, but swung in hammocks. They chew black pigtail tobacco, and drink a wild tea called "Yeopon." As if this were not enough, they manure their land with sea-grass and bury their potatoes in the sand-hills. When they want the doctor they hang a red flag against a hillside as a signal of distress. If he don't come, because the "wind ain't fair," they take a dram of whisky and copperas, soak their feet in sea-water, "turn in," and trust to luck. If they die they will be buried on the top of a sand-ridge; and when you see several sailboats on the water in solemn procession, so to say, and with a flag at half-mast, you are looking at a funeral. Every man is captain of some kind of a boat, and "she" is always better than any other boat in some way. "She is hard to beat in a

gale of wind," or "before the wind," or beating to windward," or "with the wind on the beam," or "she can sail closer to the wind," or "will carry sail longest," or "hard to beat in a light wind," or "totes more stock," or "is stronger," or "dryer," or "bigger," or "she is a big little boat," or "draws the least water," or needs less ballast," or "she is the newest," or "has the best timbers," or "steers the best," or "she is a lucky boat," or "stands up better," or "she is best for fishing," etc. Perhaps "she comes about better than any other boat." She is bound to have something better than anybody else's boat.

A MAN who can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one out of him.



ELECTRICITY, THE QUEEN OF OUR CENTURY.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

LEILA.

She reclined where softened sunbeams
Gleamed dim through the musk-laden air;
They crept to her feet to kiss them,
They glanced through her dusk silken hair,
Close pressed to the gilded lattice,
Where she listened entranced and mute;
For what to her heart was dearer
Than the sound of her lover's lute?

Oh, Leila - rosebud of maidens!
Bend down from your golden bower,
More sweet than the opening petals
Of the fragrant pomegranate flower;
More fair than the bloom of the lotos,
Reflected from crystalline streams;
More pure than the dove's white plumage,
Or the pale stars' silvery beams.

I dream of your rosy fingers,
Of your eyes that shames the gazelle's,
Of your lips more fair and honeyed
Than the crimson-hued cactus bells;
I hear your pattering footsteps
When the zephyrs breathe through the trees,
I see the beat of your bosom
In the throb of the moon-lit seas.

Oh! fly to me, Leila, waiting
In the white marbled court below;
I have lingered so long to greet you,
Where the glistening fountains flow,
And the roses lose their perfume
And they droop and die at my feet:
For how can they live without you?
Hasten to them, my rose-queen sweet.

ELECTICITY, THE QUEEN OF OUR CENTURY.

By Arthur V. Abbott.

The past decade has witnessed the most rapid advance in electrical science that the world has ever seen. All the practical applications have, in fact, developed during about fifty years, for prior to 1830 electricity was a subject of philosophic study only. And down to 1871 there were but two practical uses important—the telegraph and electro-plating. Since then discoveries and inventions in this field have come in swarms, until now one is surprised if each day's paper does not announce some electrical novelty. Electricity is, indeed, the Queen of our Century.

During the Fall of 1881 there have gathered at Paris the foremost representatives of science and art from all lands, bringing to this most brilliant exhibition which the world has ever seen whatever applications of electricity the various nations have produced, each visitor being eager to observe and study what his competitors have put forth. In this Exhibition Hall are displayed the results and tokens of ten years' progress.

To gain some idea of the general scene, the reader should imagine a vast *palais*, or hall, arranged somewhat as was the Crystal Palace of old times, or Main Hall at Philadelphia, or like a mechanics' fair—an exhibition of products of every variety; all, however, having electricity as their motive power and central point of interest. The views given display the scene better than many words of description. As one enters the great hall he finds half the space occupied with the French exhibits; the other half with those from other nations; among these the articles from the United States are conspicuous both for number and novelty. Gold medals awarded to Brush, Maxim and Edison (five to Edison), indicate that American inventors "held their own" in the great competition. Exhibits from England, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, fill large spaces.

Among the more prominent objects in the grand display are an engine of one thousand horse-power from which the necessary force is supplied to the electric lights; the electric lighting system itself, which floods the hall and brings every object distinct to view; a splendid model of a French lighthouse holding an electric light; a balloon, or "flying-machine," fitted with a propeller worked by electricity. In galleries above are arranged numerous rooms convenient for various exhibits; here are, for instance, a representative dining-room, drawing-room, antechamber, kitchen, bathroom, each furnished with every convenience appropriate to its domestic uses which electricity can promote, such as electric bells, signals, police and cab-calls, instantaneous lights, and contrivances for turning a sewing-machine, knife-grinding wheel, or what you please of the kind, by electricity. By way of annex is the Salle des Auditions. This room communicates by telephonic contrivances with one of the chief opera houses in Paris, and evening visitors may hear the opera or the play by electricity.

Pages might be given of description of the various exhibits as they stand arranged in the hall and side-rooms, with incidents of the exhibition during its course. But what is here written cannot reach the reader until, perhaps, the exhibition shall be closed. He will, then, feel more interested in knowing results. What has the exhibition revealed of the recent progress of electrical science? What has it shown of new, fresh achievement? What novelties were displayed which practical men should lay hold of and bring into use in everyday affairs? These will be the reader's questions.

The sudden progress which has developed what was seen in the exhibition was due not to the discovery of any new principle in electrical science, but to the improved mechanical adaptation of principles previously known—especially to the substitution of the economical and convenient dynamo-electric machine for the expensive and troublesome galvanic battery.

The magneto-electric machine of the present day, commonly called, for brevity's sake, the "dynamo," is founded on two laws developed theoretically many years ago by Faraday and Arago, as follows: If a piece of insulated wire be coiled around a rod of iron, and an electric current be allowed to pass through the wire, the iron will be a magnet as long as the current flows; conversely, if the wire-covered rod be moved to and fro near a magnet so as to be influenced by its magnetism, currents of electricity will be produced in the wire while the motion is continued. The reason is obscure. This effect is called "magnetic induction."

In the construction of the usual machine for producing electricity by aid of this principle, the rod, with its covering of wire, is bent into a ring and mounted between the poles of a magnet, so that it may be easily and rapidly rotated by steam-power or otherwise. In its revolutions each part of the iron is brought in succession underneath the magnet poles, which, under the operation of this mysterious "induction," causes currents of electricity to flow

through the wire covering. These are collected and carried to their destination by an ingenious device called a "commutator." The ring is called an "armature." The numerous machines in use for producing electricity—a dozen of which, varying greatly in form and construction, were in the exhibition—are all founded on this general idea.

How superior this method is to the old-fashioned battery only practical workers in electricity will realize. Yet an idea may be gained from a mention of the giant dynamo-electric machine recently built by Mr. Edison, which stood prominent in one corner of the exhibition—a machine requiring one hundred and fifty horse-power to turn its massive armature, and trusted to supply electricity to a thousand of the little incandescent lamps throughout the building. The economical, expeditious, convenient means embodied in these machines of producing electricity in quantity is the foundation of recent successes in applying the new force to practical uses.

Let us now review the more prominent exhibits in the department of electric lighting. How to avoid the flickering or unsteadiness so often noticed is the prominent question of the day. Many years have passed since Sir Humphrey Davy showed that if the poles of the battery were tipped with bits of charcoal, and these were touched together for an instant, then separated a little, the electricity, in crossing the gap, would heat the charcoal points till they would glow with an intense white light. But the charcoal was speedily consumed. The substitution of a very hard coke, called gas-carbon, which would bear the heat better, enabled experimenters to keep the light burning for some length of time. But these points of carbon are consumed, though slowly. They must be pushed toward each other exactly as fast as they burn; if too fast they will touch, if too slow, the space between them enlarges; in either case the light is extinguished. It is largely because this movement of the points toward each other has not yet been made perfectly uniform and steady—precisely equal at every moment to the slow consumption—that the electric light flickers.

The exhibition contained many ingenious devices seeking to remove this difficulty. Prominent are the lamps of Maxim, Wallace and Brush, of America, and those of Siemen, Faucault, Gramme, Serrin, and other foreign makers. More noteworthy still, perhaps, are the systems recently introduced by Reynier and Werdermann. In some forms of the lamps which permit the carbon to burn, but seek to replace it at the same spot as rapidly as it is consumed, the current is allowed to pass through a rod, and from the end of the rod to the surface of a block of carbon. A difficulty with this device is that as the rod always rests on the same part of the carbon block, any impurities in the materials employed produce a pile of ashes at that spot, which impedes the current. In Reynier's lamp this defect is obviated by making the lower block a vertical disk, on the edge of which the lower end of the conducting rod rests. This disk is mounted on an axis, and as the rod wears away and descends, its descent causes the disk to rotate slightly, and thus it steadily presents a fresh surface toward the descending rod. Yet the most recent models of Reynier's lamp do not contain the rotating disk, but a simple block of carbon; the reason being that carbon can now be made of so superior quality as to leave but very little ash. From this form of Reynier's lamp Werdermann's differs chiefly in having its carbon block above, and the rod arranged to ascend toward it.

Analogous to lamps of this class is the famous Jablochkoff candle, in which the two rods of carbon are placed side by side, separated by a strip of glass to insulate them. This construction keeps the electricity always at the top of the combination; as it plays back and forth there the intense heat melts the glass, and thus fresh carbon is exposed as needed. But the light is unsteady, and the little candle is consumed within two or three hours.

In contrast with all lamps of this class—in which light is obtained by the passage of the current of electricity between two points of carbon—are those which employ what is called the incandescent system. In these the current is forced through a thin strip of carbon, a bit of platinum wire, or some other infusible substance, which is a poor conductor. The current raises the intermediate substance to a white heat, and causes it to give a pure light not liable to the cause of flickering above described. This is the method of the lamps of Swan, Edison, and of Maxim's incandescent lamp, which are constructed very much alike, and is known as the incandescent method. In such a lamp there is a small glass vessel, pear-shaped, and usually not larger than a good-sized pear. Inside this is a hair-like strip of carbon, made by calcining some compactest vegetable fibre in an iron mold, and supported upon two platinum wires hermetically sealed into the glass. In lamps of this construction the utmost care is needful to exhaust perfectly all air, for oxygen is a deadly foe to the incandescent carbon, greedily attacking the glowing filament and soon destroying it. The exhibition contained the choicest examples of lighting by points, and of the incandescent method, but did not establish either as superior. Each has its merits under particular circumstances.

Turn we now to the inventions in which electricity is used as a mechanical power. The dynamo machine, like a "good rule," will work both ways. If, instead of supplying power to the pulley, and obtaining through the magnets and the armature currents of electricity, the operator supplies a current of electricity to the machine, through the knobs which in the other use give out electricity, the action is reversed, power is developed, the wheel begins to revolve with great velocity and force, and, by placing a belt on the pulley, this force may be used to run a mill, saw wood, drive a car, or do like work. Thus, by supplying power the dynamo may be used as a source of electricity, or by supplying electricity it may be made a source of power. Hence the possibility of the electric railway.

During the exhibition a car was run from the Place de la Concorde into the Exhibition Building. The general method of construction is that at some convenient station on the line a number of steam engines are located with dynamos to correspond. These dynamos are busy developing electricity, which is conveyed by some suitable conductor to the car. A dynamo in each car receives the electricity and reconverts it into power, which is used in propelling the driving-wheels of the car. This invention is due to Messrs. Siemen & Halcke, of Berlin. A car of about the size of the street-cars in American cities—holding say twenty persons—may be driven in this way advantageously. Such a road is in operation in Berlin; one has been commenced between Portrush, Ireland, and Giant's Causeway, and some efforts have been made to introduce the system into Philadelphia. The idea is so recent that no one can tell to what extent it may be developed. There is no present prospect that electricity will ever supersede steam in the business of drawing heavy trains at high speed over long distances, but the electrical car seems to be just the thing for use in city streets, either on surface or elevated roads, where short trains or single cars running frequently are needed, and freedom from dust, smoke and noise is very desirable. And what is thus

GENERAL VIEW OF THE ELECTRIC EXPOSITION AT PARIS.

practicable on the railroad track is likewise possible in navigation. A small boat—a pleasure yacht, a boat for a park pond, a light ferryboat—may be propelled by electricity. Such boats were contributed to the exhibition, and one was kept plying upon the river Seine.

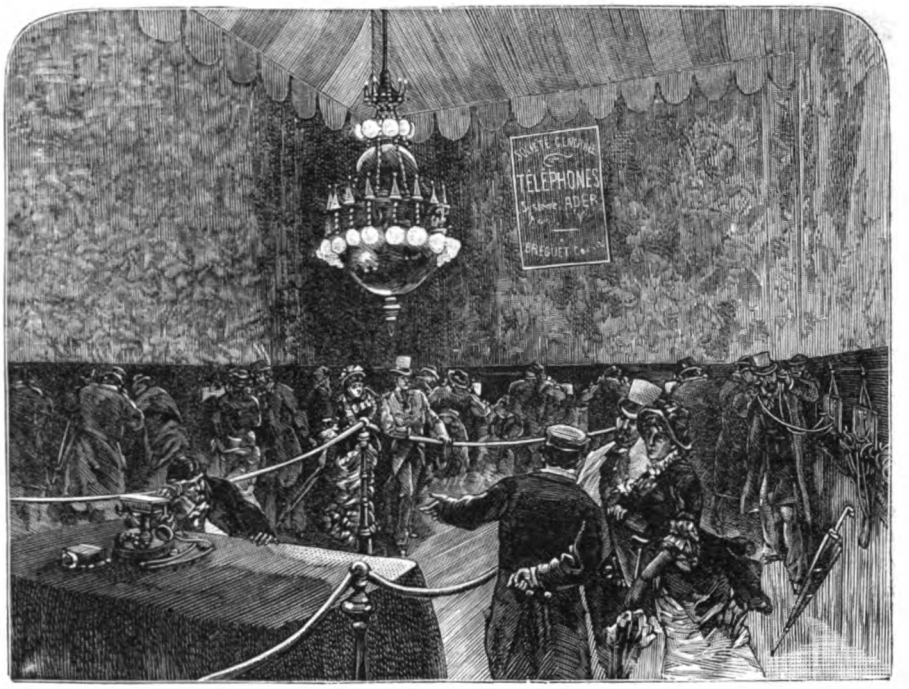
In one corner, standing in connection with a dynamo machine, were a number of small black jars, specimens of the now famous Faure accumulator, which, invented only a few months ago, promises to be one of the most valuable acquisitions of the age. It has long been known that the action of the galvanic battery might, in possibility, be reversed, so that by forcing electricity backward into the battery, the zinc consumed by the acid in the process of generating electricity might be recovered.

Only during 1880 was this possibility reduced to use. M. Faure's battery is made by placing in a cup containing diluted sulphuric acid a series of alternate strips of sheet lead and flannel, thickly coated with a paint composed of red lead—the oxide of lead. These strips may be of any convenient size or shape, and may be even rolled together, provided the pieces of metal do not touch; the use of the flannel is to keep them apart. After the plates are immersed in the acid, if half of them be connected to one pole of a large battery or other source of electricity, and the other half to the other pole, the current flowing into the cell or cup produces a remarkable change in the red lead. From the read led on one-half of the plates the oxygen is driven off, the metallic lead being left. The red lead upon the other half absorbs more oxygen, and becomes what is known as peroxide of lead. When all the red lead has thus been changed, the cell is said to be fully charged. If now the sheets of lead be joined—by a wire, for instance—a current of electricity will be generated, and this will continue until the metallic lead and the peroxide have been changed back to red lead. The battery is then exhausted. It may, however, be recharged, and then used again indefinitely. This invention promises to become a very valuable means of storing power to be carried from place to place. The apparatus is clean, free from acids and fumes, portable, and does not require repairs. The materials used are cheap. The current supplied is steady while it lasts, and exceedingly well adapted for electric lighting and other

THE LIGHTHOUSE AT THE ELECTRIC EXHIBITION AT PARIS.

practical work. The invention opens a possibility that wherever great reservoirs of natural power exist, as at Niagara Falls, or where strong tides run through a narrow channel, this power may be used in storing Faure cells, and the cells may then be transported over the country, to be used at pleasure in the workshops and dwellings of the land.

The various devices connected with the telephone were exhibited in great number. Many readers have some general acquaintance with the rival methods of Bell and Edison. The chief novelty in this department presented at the exhibition is understood to have been Dolbear's telephone, sent from the United States. The receiver has no magnet, but has two parallel metallic plates near together and insulated from each other. One of them is connected with the line wire, and the other with the return wire. These two wires are connected with the terminals of the secondary coil of a small Ruhmkorff, located at the sending station. The voice of the speaker produces variations in the primary current, on the usual plan of varying the resistance in the circuit of a local battery by variations of pressure. The instrument exhibited was very effective, reproducing even a whisper with increased power. This form of the telephone is also claimed to be free from the disturbance experienced in other forms when they are used in the neighborhood of wires whose currents may affect them. A portable form of receiver, standing on a tripod, which may be moved about in a room, was exhibited.



ENJOYING OPERA BY TELEPHONE AT THE ELECTRIC EXHIBITION, PARIS.

Two very curious and valuable improvements in telegraphy were exhibited. The most useful is the system already employed by the American Rapid Telegraph Company to increase the rapidity of communications. Instead of sending the message by a hand-key in the ordinary way, the dots and dashes, which in the Morse alphabet represent the letters of words, are punched in a strip of brown paper. This strip, in telegraphing, is drawn between a metal roller and a point forming a part of the telegraphic circuit. While the unbroken paper is moving under the point it keeps the point and roller separate, and no electricity passes. The moment a puncture representing a dot or dash reaches the point, the point drops into the puncture and touches the roller, making a connection, and a flash of electricity passes to the receiving-station, and there actuates an electric magnet, which, by means of a machine similar to the ordinary Morse receiver, makes a corresponding pencil dot or dash on a paper strip. As any number of punching-machines may be employed at the sending-station in preparing strips, the number of words which may be sent over the single wire is limited only by the speed at which the paper can be drawn between the roller and the point. The claim is made that 60,000 words per hour can be transmitted.

The other telegraphic novelty was a device for transmitting fac-similes — for reproducing the signature upon a check, for instance. To accomplish this the signature is written in an ink which is a

AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY AT THE EXHIBITION.

conductor. The method may be used in transmitting any autograph matter, or a picture, or the like.

A very curious little device, invented by M. Maigret for lighting and extinguishing a lamp, was shown. The lamp is supported on a small stand in which is concealed an electro-magnet. The armature of this magnet carries two slender arms supporting a spiral of platinum wire. When the current is sent through the magnet it draws the armature to itself, and brings the spiral of platinum down on top of the lamp-wick, and at the same time the wire becomes red-hot from the current and ignites the oil. There is a little bellows, also actuated by the magnet, which at pleasure may be made to send a puff of air through a small tube so directed as to impinge on the wick and extinguish the flame.

But the number and variety of lesser novelties such as this exceed possibility of description in an article. The list of improvements shown in the photophone, chronograph, electric alarm compass, fire-alarm, annunciator, the electric brake for railroads, the electric propeller and rudder, for balloons, and other conveniences for civilized life, embraces many hundreds of objects. The reader may imagine almost anything in the line of apparatus, implement, tool or toy, and may believe that it has been or soon will be realized through electricity.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Celluloid is made by dissolving pyroxyline (or gun-cotton) in camphor, instead of ether or alcohol. To prepare it for treatment with the camphor it is first ground in water. After the water has drained off it is placed under pressure in a perforated vessel, and almost converted into a solid body, which, however, still contains enough moisture to prevent spontaneous ignition in the subsequent operations. This mass is now intimately mixed with camphor by grinding them together in the water. One part of camphor, by weight, is employed to two parts of pyroxyline, but other proportions can be employed with good results. The desired pigments and other substances are added along with the camphor. After they have all been very thoroughly mixed, the mass is subjected to a very heavy pressure, which removes all the moisture, and also brings the camphor into more close contact with the pyroxyline to aid it in dissolving the latter. The dried and pressed mass is now put into a vessel of the form in which it is desired to have the celluloid. In the top of this vessel is a piston or plunger, so that it can be subjected to the action of a hydraulic press. While under pressure it is heated by steam or otherwise to from 140° up to 265° F., according to the quantity of the mixture. It is kept at this temperature and under this pressure until the camphor has dissolved all the pyroxyline. The temperature increases the solvent power, while the pressure keeps the ingredients in intimate contact. The result is a solid mass, perfectly homogeneous throughout. Artificial ivory is prepared from 100 parts of ivory-dust, 100 of pyroxyline, and 50 of camphor. The pyroxyline is ground wet, then pressed until only enough water remains in it to prevent ignition. It is then mixed with the ivory-dust and camphor, and pressed between absorbing cushions until all the moisture is extracted. Then 50 parts of nitrite of ethyl are added. The mixture is then left for several hours in a closed vessel, until the nitrite is equally distributed throughout the mass. It is next subjected to heavy pressure in heated cylinders, as before described, and rolled between hot rollers. The product thus obtained has the appearance of natural ivory, is free from streaks and spots, is not attacked by moisture, and while hot can be pressed into any shape.

The European Vice-Consul at Tchesme telegraphed to Constantinople on August 27th that Tchesme and Chio were, on the night of the 26th, visited by an earthquake still more terrible than that of the 3d of April. The destruction of property, he says, is considerable, and the inhabitants are in despair. Contemporaneously with the shocks of earthquake felt at Chio and Tchesme, the earth at Zante is reported to have suddenly given out intense heat, accompanied by a strong breeze from the east, causing much alarm. These phenomena, however, subsided immediately. On September 24th the entire island was enveloped in smoke, clouds from the west-southwest obscuring the sea from noon until dusk. Masses of calcined leaves also fell throughout the island.

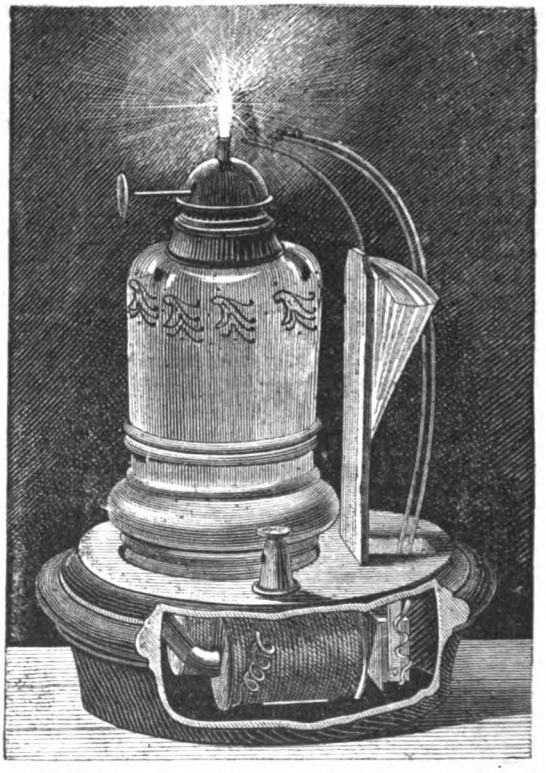
Prof. Hutchinson, in his lectures on the Laws of Heredity ("*Medical Press and Circular*"), mentions a very interesting fact ascertained in Berlin. Among Catholics, who prohibit consanguineous marriages, the proportion of deaf mutes is 1 in 3,000; among Protestants, who view such marriages as permissible, the ratio is 1 in 2,000; while amongst Jews, who encourage intermarriage with blood-relations, the deaf mutes are as 1 in 400.

Fish Mortality in the Gulf of Mexico.—The fishing interest of Key West is an important one, supplying thousands with the means of subsistence. The fishermen state that a volcanic spring exists in the Gulf, the waters from which are of a high temperature. The polluted waters are of a red brick-color; their influence is seen for a distance of two hundred miles. A scant supply of sea water from the Gulf of Mexico sent to Washington was examined by Mr. F. M. Endlich, of the Smithsonian Institution. That in which the fish died (A) contained a large quantity of algæ and infusoria, and the pure water (B) had none. They gave the following analysis:

	A.	B.
Spec. grav.	1·024	1·0.2
Solids per cent.	4·0780	4·1095
Ferric compounds per cent.	0·1106	0 0724
Injurious organic matters	ratio=3	=2

Even on spectroscopic analysis Mr. Endlich could not find in A any mineral constituent which could noxiously affect the fish, and he thinks that death must be caused by parasitic algæ, while Surgeon Glazier agrees with the prevalent opinion that the catastrophe is due to salt water being impregnated with gases discharged from volcanic or geyser-like springs. During November last the waters of Tampa, Sarasota and Charlotte Harbor were covered with thousands of dead fish, and the stench was quite overpowering.

Electric Lamplighter and Extinguisher.—An electrician has invented a very ingenious apparatus which threatens, to no little extent, to do away with matches. By means of it, when you enter your hall at night, you can light a lamp by pulling a cord, and, curiously enough, can extinguish it by pulling the same knob or tassel. The apparatus consists of a kerosene or other lamp on a stand, in the base of which is an electro-magnet, the armature supporting two little copper rods with a little coil of platinum at the end. From this the cord extends. Pulling the cord sends a



current through the apparatus; the electro-magnet attracts the armature and brings the spiral over the wick; this gets red hot and lights the lamp. When you no longer pull, the electro-magnet releases the armature, the spiral draws back, leaving the lamp lighted. On a second pull the armature is again attracted, but the copper rods press a little bellows, the nozzle of which bears directly on the flame of the lamp, and thus extinguishes it.

Some curious astronomical calculations have been presented by Mr. C. B. Warring before the Poughkeepsie Society of Natural Science, a few of which possess general interest. If we suppose the distance between the earth and the sun (about ninety-two and one-third millions of miles) to be reduced to a dozen rods or more, the size of the two globes to be reduced in the same proportion, the distance from the earth to the nearest fixed star would still be, on the same scale, about two thousand miles, and to the more distant ones it would not be less than eighteen millions of miles. From those more distant stars the light must travel for sixty centuries before it reaches us, and yet light travels so fast that it would circle round the earth more than seven times in a single second of time. If the sun could be reduced, in imagination, to 1-100 of an inch in diameter, the earth would then

be of microscopic size, about 1-10,000 of an inch, but the distance between it and the nearest star would be not less than three miles. If the sun were a hollow sphere, and the earth were placed at its centre, with the moon revolving around it in its established orbit, there would still be a distance of 200,000 miles from the lunar orbit to the surface of the solar sphere. If these relations of size and distance are inconceivable, the forces which compel the planets to move in their elliptical orbits are quite as much beyond our comprehension. A bar of steel three inches square will sustain a weight of 540 tons, but a bar having a section of 144 square inches would sustain 8,640 tons, which, upon a railroad, would require 864 cars to support it, and 23 locomotives to transport it. To deflect the moon from a straight course in its present orbit, or what is the same thing, to retain it in its present course, would require the united strength of not less than eight steel bars, each one hundred miles square, or more accurately, a single bar whose section is 87,500 square miles—more than large enough to cover the States of New York and Ohio together. If this force were represented by a web of steel wires, each one-quarter of an inch in diameter, stretched from the earth to the moon, they would be distributed over our earth on the moon side only six inches apart, and if a similar web were stretched from the earth to the sun, the force exerted between these two bodies would require the wires to cover one side of the earth as close together as blades of grass upon a lawn.

RUNNING MILLS BY ELECTRICITY.—Electricity has been put to many uses, and one of the most ingenious applications of it is to he middlings-purifier, in place of the air-blast. Frictional electricity is employed, the middlings passing under hard rubber rollers electrified by friction against a sheepskin cushion. The bran is attracted to the roller, and is swept off by brushes, the middlings passing through the bolts in the order of their fineness. The machine, which has been in practical use at a large mill for a year past, is said to be economical of power, and works without the dust and waste involved in any process of purification by air. It is quite within the range of probability that some day great flouring mills will have their machinery run by electrical engines, converting the power of water-wheels at a distance, be lighted by electric lamps, and have their middlings purified by another kind of electricity.

A SIMPLE process of nickel-plating by boiling has been described by Dr. Kaiser. A bath of pure granulated tin tartar and water is prepared, and after being heated to the boiling point, has added to it a small quantity of pure red-hot nickel oxide. A portion of the nickel will soon dissolve and give a green color to the liquid over the grains of tin. Articles of copper or brass plunged into this bath acquire in a few minutes a bright metallic coating of almost pure nickel. If a little carbonate or tartarate of cobalt is added to the bath, a bluish shade, either light or dark, may be given to the coating, which becomes very brilliant when it is properly polished with chalk or dry sawdust.

THIS is how M. Picart accounts for the tails of comets: A comet consisting of gaseous matter and luminous ether appears at a distance from the sun in spheroidal form, the luminous ether thus being visible. But when the sun is approached the luminous ether of the centre of our planetary system repels that of the comet, which then takes on a luminous tail.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

THE marriage tie is often ty-rannical.

WHEN hens get in your garden it is safe to shoot at 'em on the spot.

AN exchange says: "The butchers of Baltimore are very handsome." That is when they are dressed to kill.

"THE funniest part of a dog's tail is the wag," and the only funny thing about the erysipelas is the humor.

A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.—A village paper says: "Our brass band was out in full force on Saturday evening, and played several pieces as, we are glad to believe, only they could play them."

LIFE IN THE MARKET.—"Isn't that a beautiful color?" said the fish-dealer, as he cut into a large salmon. "Yes," said Flotsam; "I suppose he is blushing at the extravagant price he is getting for himself."

STUPID DONKEY.—"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And then, as he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face and went away mad.

STUFFING.—*Mike* (to Patrick): "Did yez ever see a flying-fish, Pat?" *Patrick* (with a look of wonder): "I've seen illustrations of 'em, but never an original." *Mike* (earnestly): "Oh, I've seen wan alive, but it was stuffed."

SAVORY REPLY.—A man who was excessively addicted to tobacco, asked his wife at the opera a conundrum. "My dear," said he, "what part of the performance do I resemble?" "The over-chewer," she sweetly replied.

SOME people are very hard to convince. "Why, I thought you were dead," said a gentleman to a neighbor. "Well, you see, the report was false," was the rejoinder. "I don't know about that," continued the man of obstinacy. "The person who told me never yet deceived me, and I can't say as much for you."

IT is sometimes pretty hard to decide which gives us more pleasure—to hear ourselves praised or to hear our neighbor run down.

A MARRIED man has his most acute sense of the meaning of the word "failure" when he first attempts to sing his teething baby to sleep.

STRANGE.—It is considered a wrong thing for a husband to strike his wife, but perfectly right for a wife to collar and cuff her husband.

WE have the statement that an old Shanghai hen in Reading has been setting four weeks on a carpenter's hammer. She declares that she will hatch if it takes all Winter.

THE Binghampton *Republican* learns that an old lady in Geneva feeds her daughter on fish because of the phosphorus, that article being an essential ingredient in match-making.

HERE is the account of the shortest courtship on record. "Rachel, the Lord has sent me to marry thee," said the suitor. "The Lord's will be done," was the submissive reply.

A YOUNG lady in Indiana was suddenly kissed at a party, and was so greatly shocked and mortified that she became insane. This ought to put an end to kissing, but it is to be feared that it will not.

WHENEVER you find a house with the motto "Welcome!" hung up so high that it catches every eye, you needn't be surprised at a cold dinner, and a hint that keeping a boarding-house doesn't pay in these times.

THE woman who leaves church with a sense of inability to describe the dress of her neighbor in the next pew, does it with a deep feeling of sensibility that somehow or other she has been remiss in her duty.

THE Cleveland *Herald* having published some verses entitled, "Why do I Sing?" and written by a young woman, the Chicago *Tribune* rejoins that it is probably because her father paid five hundred dollars to a music-teacher for spoiling a good stocking-darner.

BROWN asked a young lady lately at a party to favor the company with a song; she made all the usual excuses—cold, out of practice, hadn't her notes, etc., and said, "I can't sing, anyway." "I know you can't," said Brown, and led another young lady to the piano.

A COUNTRYMAN who had never heard of a bicycle came to hear General Weaver one day, and when he beheld a youth whirling along on one of those airy vehicles, he broke out into soliloquy thus: "Golly, ain't that queer! Who'd ever 'spect to see a man ridin' a hoopskirt."

"MAMMA, is it wicked to whistle on Sunday?" "Yes; Sunday is to be kept holy, my boy." "Is it very, very wicked?" "Very," answered the pious mother. The lad rested from his inquiries, as if deeply pondering the information he had received, and then, glancing up, said, in a half-sorrowful tone, "Mamma, I guess quails don't go to heaven."

A NEW HAMPSHIRE woman has preserved a part of her wedding-cake for forty-nine years. Wedding-cake is famed for making girls dream of their future husbands, and it is believed that the maiden who ate this particular piece of cake now would have a vision in which she would figure as a female Mormon with seventeen husbands. That cake has accumulated power with age.

THE black crickets of B—— have snakes in their stomachs eight to fifteen inches long, according to the experiments lately made by snakeologist Barton, a few evenings since, before an awe-stricken company in one of the saloons. Some unprincipled cuss has been saying about the town that Professor Barton "had 'em," and the balance of the company "had 'em," but the cricket actually "had 'em," at least.

A DARKY came to a Galveston justice of the peace and asked him for a warrant for the arrest of Jim Webster. "What's he done?" "He stole my chickens. Dar's de fedders in his yard." "How do you know those feathers belonged to your chickens?" "I kin prove it by Colonel Jones, but I doesn't like to have him brung into court, 'cause he is modest-like." "What's the matter with Colonel Jones?" "Nothing, boss; but, to tell the troof, eber since I stole his chickens I loses all confidence in de man as soon as he looks me squar' in de face."

GOOD BABIES.

'Tis a jolly day from East to West,
For children thrive and mothers rest,
The darling girls all named Victoria,
And with the boys, they have CASTORIA.
Here is a fact, there is no maybe,
A mother's milk can't save the baby,
While sweet CASTORIA digests their food,
Gives them health and makes them good.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has invented a machine by which the crackling of the flames in the sun can be heard. It will now be possible to satisfactorily determine whether Mars is inhabited. With the professor's machine a woman in Mars might be heard calling her fourteen-year-old son down to breakfast half an hour before school-time. The instrument might not be sensitive enough to convey the sound of her first call, because she doesn't elevate her voice very altitudinously, but the fourteenth shriek for "John Henr-r-e-e!" would nearly knock the safety valve off it.

CORRESPONDENCE DISCOVERED.

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